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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY,

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR THE PEOPLE.

CONDUCTED BY

J. G. HOLLAND.

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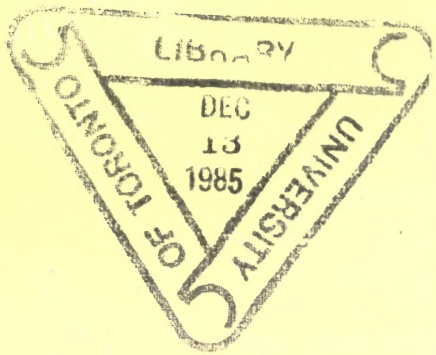

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SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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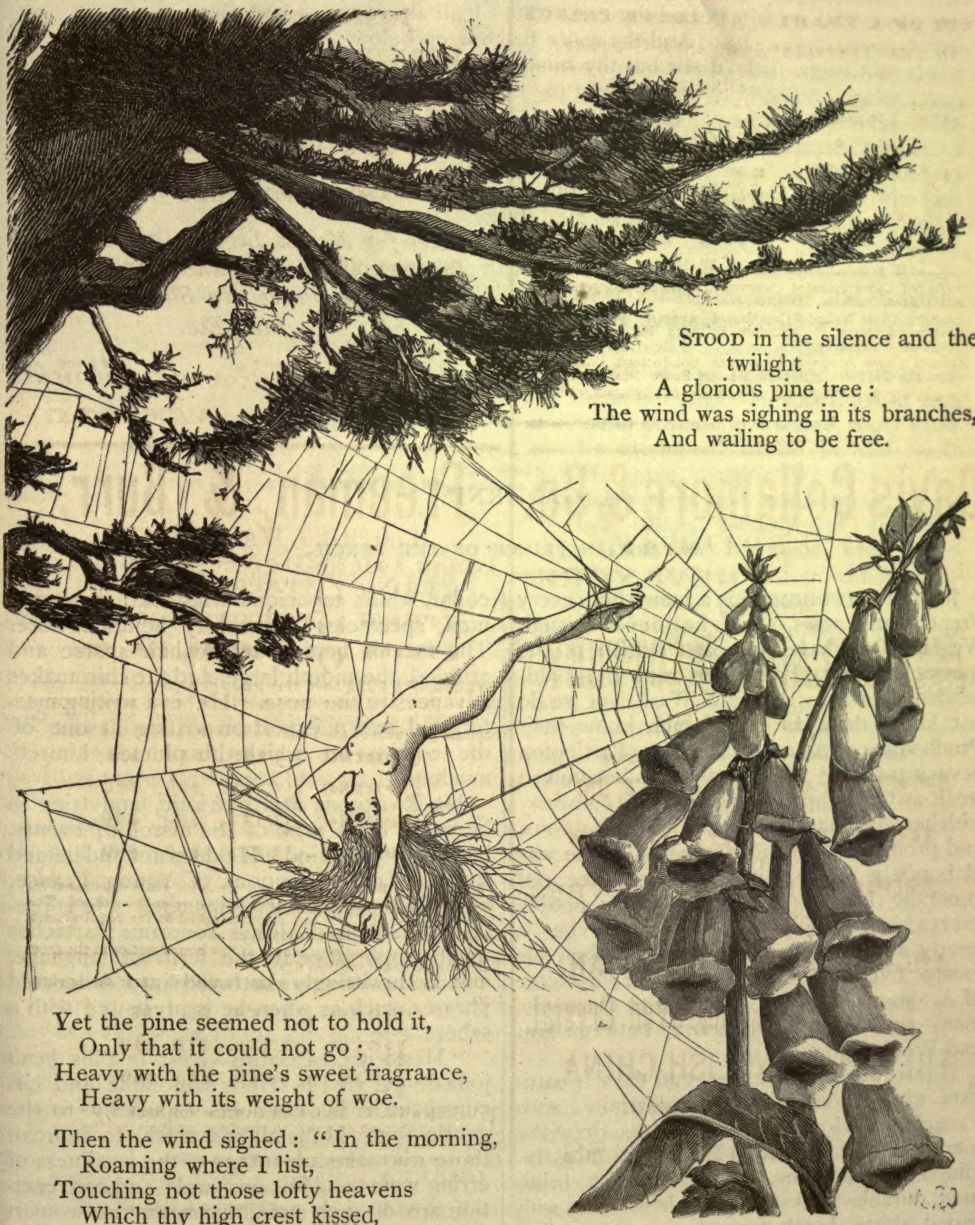
THE PINE TREE.



STOOD in the silence and the twilight
A glorious pine tree :
The wind was sighing in its branches,
And wailing to be free.

Yet the pine seemed not to hold it,
Only that it could not go ;
Heavy with the pine's sweet fragrance,
Heavy with its weight of woe.

Then the wind sighed : "In the morning,
Roaming where I list,
Touching not those lofty heavens
Which thy high crest kissed,

"I but stirred the meadow grasses,
Roused the bee asleep;
Entering not that deep and dark earth
Where thy roots strike deep.

"Now, at evening wand'ring, weary,
Thy sweet fragrance comes to me
All enraptured, dizzy, wond'ring,
I have giv'n myself to thee.

"Lo! thy crest waves high above me,
And thy roots strike deep below.
I stir but thy smallest branches—
Thou lov'st me not! oh! let me go!"

Gentle stirrings in the branches
At the wind's low cry.
Fainter grew the sound, and fainter,
'Till it seemed to die.

Fell the darkness with a strange might,
Black as shadows 'gainst the sun.
Gazing, I saw but the dark night;—
The night and the pine were one.

GAVARNI:

A PARISIAN PRINCE OF THE PENCIL.

JOSEPH PRUDHOMME is a man whom every Frenchman knows, yet he has never existed. We fancy we have an exact notion of the spectacled Mrs. Partington and the bald-headed showman Artemus Ward, but we do not know them as the French know their Prudhomme. As a creation Mrs. Partington never was strong, and in latter days became so weak as to disappear altogether—in company with her son Isaac. Artemus is still vigorous, and promises to live for some time. He was elaborately studied, with a persistence not generally known. English-speaking people everywhere have adopted him, and he is nearly as much in vogue now as when his creator lived. A clear idea of the character of Artemus exists, but vague as to the outer-man—and this is the difference between him and Prudhomme.

Henri Monnier, a writer, and the caricaturists who made Joseph Prudhomme, with Frenchmen's love of completeness, drew the man to the last detail. He is past fifty, inclined to corpulency, wears a broadish brimmed durable beaver, black dress coat with broad skirts, black trowsers, great standing collar, white capacious waistcoat, silver-rimmed spectacles on a very aquiline nose. The face is benignant, the hair sparse and grizzled, the mouth large, and the chin makes advances to the nose. He is a writing-master, and sworn expert on writing at one of the courts—on which he plumes himself much.

He is virtuous and patriotic, and tries to be in the front rank of the march of events, but is always behind. He does not understand the new-fangled notions of Young France, and his extraordinary language. He is precise, polite, and always sonorous; attaches much importance to the form of language, and is unwittingly betrayed into dislocated phrases, such as when he is presented with a saber:

"Messieurs, ce sabre—c'est le plus beau jour de ma vie!" He is honorable and circumspect in his conduct—especially to the gentle sex. He is always ready to reprove those who take advantage of the weakness of erring woman. His own walk and conversation are of such straightness, that no woman can breathe a word against his reputation.

"GO TO THE THEATER, IF YOU INSIST UPON IT, MADAME PRUDHOMME; BUT NEVER FORGET, IN THE MIDST OF THE FRIVOLITIES OF THE WORLD, THAT YOU ARE THE SPOUSE OF JOSEPH PRUDHOMME—SWORN EXPERT IN WRITING."

He recommends what he considers correct literature and theaters, and makes the daily incidents of life point a moral or a parallel. He is always ready to impart the wonders of science and writing to the young, and goes through life to instruct himself as well as others.

Monnier started the man many years ago, and did not touch him afterward, but others, of perhaps more cleverness than his creator, took him up and have kept him going. Thus the portrait has received a touch from many hands, and the original sketch has been considerably developed.

Prudhomme is the essence of bourgeoisie: unlearned, pretentious, kind, prudent, order-loving, respectable, and reasonably religious—clothed in exaggerated manner and speech. The mention of his name in any part of France brings a smile to the lips of the Gaul—where he is not absolutely ignorant.

Captain Cuttle may be termed a popular creation, but not in the sense of Artemus Ward, and particularly of Joseph Prudhomme. Cuttle was made under lock and key and handed over to the public when he was completely finished. Browne and Monnier showed the first outlines of what they did to the public in fugitive pieces through the journals, and the public helped them by stimulation and suggestion. Whilst they gave birth to the creations, the public was the nurse that gave them nourishment, stood at the cradle, rocked them into popularity, and fostered them into maturity.

Allusions to Prudhomme, and quotations of his quaint words, are frequently made, and to seize the conversational ball which flies about so nimbly in French circles, one must understand the character. He is known and appreciated down to the lower classes of society, and in this he is national. Many who are familiar with Prudhomme have never heard of Monnier. It is to some extent the same with Artemus Ward; there are Americans and Englishmen well acquainted with him who have never heard of Browne.

All of the published writings of Monnier might be contained in one small American volume, but what he attempted to do he did well. He gave realistic sketches of the bourgeoisie and conciergerie, bonnes, artists, seamstresses and the like. De Kock did the same, but with a certain degree of nastiness, from which Monnier was comparatively free. The former had some inventive faculty and weaved a story around his characters—Monnier had none; he simply described what he saw, just as a painter paints from nature. He made the ways, dialect, and bad grammar of the people a close study. His field was not that of the knowing slang of the boulevardier, but the naïf speech of the illiterate—those who say collidor for corridor, j'avons for j'ai, z'haricots for les haricots.

Artemus is unapproachable in his way, but Prudhomme is more finely drawn. One is indebted to bad orthography for a good share of his success—the other has none of this, but owes it to the twist in his phraseology and dubious grammar, aside from the success of manner and sentiment. Bad spelling is not an element in French literature, except according to the absolute requirements of art, and then in moderate measure. Page after page of it would offend the artistic taste of the Gaul, and lead to the rejection of work clothed in such garb, however meritorious in other respects.

Pencils did more for Prudhomme than

pens. Artists like Gavarni, Gill, and particularly Cham, through pictorial journals, made the public eye familiar with his traits—always accompanied with characteristic speech.

There is no comical representative of French nationality such as we have in Brother Jonathan and England has in John Bull, but what comes nearest to it is Joseph Prudhomme. The English tried to foist the frog on France in that character under the name of Johnny Crapaud—blundering into toad for frog—but the Gaul never accepted him.

The discursive, patriotic side of Prudhomme is shown in a court of justice, in one of the Monnier sketches. His portliness adds to his self-importance, and he answers the questions of the president of the court with that voice which is always sonorous. When asked if he is related to the accused, he answers that he might be, but he is not; thereupon he prepares to enter on the subject by way of elucidation, when the president stops him, at the same time requesting him to turn to the jury, which he does with a grand bow. He begins his deposition and soon runs off into stilted, disjointed sentences about Paris, the modern Athens—the center of art and civilization, and he is recalled to the question. Another effort is attended with a like result—the judge growing impatient. At length the witness is pressed into a corner, when it is discovered that his testimony does not bear upon the case. He is asked if he has nothing else to say. It is all—he has done his duty by enlightening justice. The court, somewhat disgusted, orders him to return to his seat, but Prudhomme in a solemn tone, by way of conclusion, tells the gentlemen of the jury that he seizes the opportunity to assure them, and, through them, France entire, the whole of Europe and the universe, of his unbounded attachment to the king and the great and glorious institutions of the French nation. "Go to your seat," cries the president.—"To the king, to the gendarmerie," pursues Prudhomme. "Be quiet," from the president. With growing fervor, the witness continues, "All that can contribute to our happiness, the king, the constituted authorities, the gendarmerie and his august family."—"Huissier, take out the witness," shouts the judge. And here the fervent witness is ejected, amidst the laughter of the audience.

It is of course impossible to do justice to Prudhomme in any other language than his own. This court scene, as here presented, gives but a pale reflection of the man.

Prudhomme exchanging amenities with the concierge as he lights his bougie or deposits his key; delivering heavy platitudes to fellow-passengers in a diligence on the scenery and the historic events which it calls up; dining out at set dinners of the bourgeoisie where he displays gallantry to the women and heavy stale wit to all;—these are the principal phases which Monnier first showed to the public. But it was not long before he passed from the hands of Monnier and became the property of caricaturists.

"OH, YOU ARE THE MONSIEUR THAT PAPA SAID WAS A BORE."

In time, the character underwent changes. He was first a bachelor with a cane. Now, the delineators frequently represent him with Madame Prudhomme, and an only son bearing a pretentious name, to whom he imparts his varied knowledge of men and things with paternal care and complacency.

Gavarni was the first to draw him, but his conception was not the true one—he made him too much of a gentleman. It was Cham who caught the popular idea of Prudhomme, and familiarized the people with his well-known characteristics.

Gavarni was more to France than John Leech was to England. Leech was a votary of the Horse, and whatever appertained to him; hence, was

much given to cabs and cabmen, tops of omnibuses with driver and guard, urchins in the way of the coming vehicle, hunters going over fences, and women riding in Rotten Row, all of which was background for the Horse. The caricatures and delineations of Gavarni cover a wider range of subjects and were much more numerous.

The two were contemporaneous in their popularity, but Gavarni's was much greater than Leech's—each in his respective country, for Gavarni is but little known in England and Leech is scarcely ever heard of in France.

That there is much humor in John Leech's faces all Americans and Englishmen concede but the Frenchman fails to see it as we do. Punch does not make him laugh. On the other hand, we think there is a grotesque extravagance in the French caricature which is overdone, and which does not amuse us as it does him. This probably arises from a want of familiarity with French physiognomy and habits, and *vicè versa*.

Gavarni was to France, in delineation, what Balzac was in literature. He drew the history of his time with the pencil as the other did with the pen. Many of his drawings offend the eye of the Anglo-Saxon—those relating to scenes in the life of the demi-monde, grisettes, lovers and deceived husbands, but the Gaul avers that he is prudish, squeamish, and more or less hypocritical. It is possible that there is some truth in the Gaul's statement. Masters in art and literature have generally drawn and written boldly and frankly concerning every phase of humanity, —of whom Hogarth and Shakespeare are the most brilliant examples.

Gavarni may be regarded as the French Hogarth. In delineation and caricature he has never been equaled in his own country, for the water-colors of Eugène Lami have not the completeness of Gavarni's work in the way of caricature—the burlesque comic vein.

One of his reprehensible creations—from an Anglo-Saxon point of view—is Monsieur Coquardeau, who in celebrity comes next to Joseph Prudhomme. Before the time of Gavarni, the elements of character in Coquardeau existed beyond a doubt, but the artist put them together in a body and breathed into it an individuality which was unmistakable—the victim of conjugal infidelity.

There are certain signs of such a condition familiar to all Frenchmen. In color, yellow shows it; in form, horns sprouting out of the head, or the semblance thereof. A tall white night-cap, with a trembling tassel crowning the apex, may not indicate what they call a

"BEHOLD IN ME THE PAPA OF MAM'SELLE JOLIBAIS."

stab in the marriage contract, but it reveals a ridiculous spouse. Naturally, Gavarni availed himself freely of these adjuncts in portraying Coquardeau.

The French have a reprehensible habit of making light of the misfortune of such a victim—unless he kills some one, when the smile disappears in the tragedy. But when the deceived is weak, and accepts the situation through want of penetration, the world makes sport of him. Poor Coquardeau is of this number. Yet the artist tries, in some sense, to justify Madame Coquardeau, by similar acts of infidelity on the part of her husband. In all this, the skeleton is never fully disclosed, but indicated by delicate touches.

Customs, in a great measure, make morals. The penalty of the Lothario who encroaches on the rights of another, in America, is severe. The aggrieved considers himself justified in shooting him down at the first opportunity, and twelve of his peers will generally be found to absolve him. But such vengeance is punished by many years of hard labor, or perhaps by death, in France The only recourse then, is the so-called field of honor. If the injured man is an indifferent shot and swordsman, and the offender is skillful, it is not surprising that he does not subject himself to the risk of additional injury by engaging in unequal combat.

It is not likely, however, that Coquardeau

WIFE LOQUITUR—"HOW POORLY YOU TELL A FIB, MON CHERI!"

reasons in this way, for he is never convinced of a breach in the marriage contract, although he at times is strongly inclined to suspect it. His doubts and suspicions furnish the material for the artist. There are situations in the existence of this comic Othello, which, although risible, are almost painful to the Anglo-Saxon—but Monsieur Coquardeau must be seen through French spectacles.

The heartiness with which poor Coquardeau is laughed at, shows a peculiarity in French character. The Gaul may not covet his neighbor's ox nor his ass, but he often does his wife. Of course all do not do so, but there is a sufficient number to make of it a national trait. The Frenchman may be strict in the performance of every obligation, written and moral; the soul of honor in the affairs great and small of every-day life, and yet deficient in this one respect—according to the opinion of English and Americans.

Outside of his legitimate occupation, the American seems to find sufficient outlet in billiards, horses, card-playing, politics, agriculture, Christian and charitable associations. As a rule, the Gaul devotes his leisure time to the gentle sex. The American is a much better husband, but not as good a lover. He would feel himself bored to pass as much of his time in the society of women as the Gaul does. When the American husband does not find happiness with his wife, he does not therefore seek it in the society of some other woman; this is precisely what the Gaul does. When matrimonial bonds are thrown around him, he seems to lose his tender assiduity, and seek other recreation and amusement, and the door is thus thrown open to the Lovelace who is always watching for an opportunity. There is another reason for the more complete harmony in the marriage relation in America; the union is generally founded on mutual affection, whilst in France other considerations prevail in the selection of life-partners. There is often inequality in taste, age and habits. This is the case with the Coquardeaus. Monsieur is middle-aged and staid, Madame is young and coquettish.

One laughs at the trials of Coquardeau as revealed in the series of drawings, but with the mirth there is latent sympathy. The pathos of expression in the face of this martyr to conjugal infelicity, at times, is really touching. One is persuaded that the artist felt it too, but that his fidelity to nature would not permit him to show it—that any manifestation of a gushing kind would have been incompatible with the character of the impassible, earthly-recording-angel in which he always appeared.

Hogarth was a moralist who showed the progress of vice in the seven capital sins to the infamous end. Gavarni never preached, he related without comment; no virtuous indignation—no declamation on the subject of human depravity. Hogarth cut deeper into vice, according to his Saxon nature and greater genius; his mirthfulness is ever garnished with a moral. There was more of the Figaro in Gavarni—light, lithesome, essentially French. He was modern to the bone; there was no Athens, no Rome for him, with Herculean forms and eternal Greek profile. He came at a time when his public, surfeited with unchanging classics, began to ask if there was not also something worthy of portrayal in modern French nature. He kept completely out of the classic field; he understood the situation, and saw that there were many niches which could not be filled by Dying Gladiators and Milo Venuses, and

he resolutely set to work. There is analogy between him and Goya, the Spanish painter. Goya, with his pencil, wrote the history of the time in his monks, toreros, aficionadas, manolas and duchesses; but his imitation of Rembrandt light and shadow often obscured his subject; besides, he was fanatic, and this to some extent confused his judgment.

Gavarni, morally, was a representative man—neither better nor worse than his countrymen; free from passion, prejudice, bigotry; his artistic eye saw men and things as they were. Thus, unhampered, he struck into that mine—Parisian life—and found gold.

The amount of work which he performed is something extraordinary; the journals, books, illustrated publications and reviews of his day are full of it. One publisher has collected four volumes of his drawings, comprising, Les Lorettes, La Vie de Jeune Homme, Les Etudiants, Le Carnaval, Les Débardeurs, Les Actrices, Les Fourberies des Femmes, Paris le Matin, Paris le Soir, Les Enfants Terribles, and others. Another publisher has collected eight volumes more, and Théophile Gautier (an authority in art) estimates that his work, if put together, would fill thirty volumes.

The enfant terrible was of course known before Gavarni took up his pencil to describe him, but the philosopher of the crayon threw a new and stronger light on the imp. Sir Thomas Lawrence and others like him would have us believe that this little piece of pink and white flesh and flaxen curls is an innocent cherub. Gavarni was not caught in such a net.

An American statesman once said that children should be put under a barrel until they reach the age of discretion. Gavarni put them under glass, where all the world could see them in their acts of naughtiness—under protest, naturally, of all good and affectionate mothers.

An old gentleman (perhaps a rich bachelor uncle) makes a visit to mamma, and the child is present. Chucking the little thing under the chin, he says,

"Little Cherub, I have brought you a bonbon; I will give it to you when I go away."

"Well, Mosieu, dive it to me now and dô away."

The effect on mamma may be imagined.

A visitor is with the terrible child, who suddenly asks him:

"Who was it set the river on fire, Monsieur?—because papa says it wasn't you!"

A modest-looking little girl is sitting on the sofa with a diffident young gentleman, to whom she observes,

"Aunt Amelia says you are good-lookin'—and it's a pity you're so stoopid!"

A man with a turn-up nose, hat in hand, is standing in the corridor, with an air of offended dignity, while an urchin is bawling through the door,

"Mamma, it is Mosieu—you know? the man with that nose."

A thin-legged gentleman, whose face wears an astonished expression, has a little girl alongside of him pulling up her stockings, who says,

"Mosieu Belassis,, it isn't *me* that has pipe-stem legs!"

A sentimental young gentleman is sitting alongside of a little girl who is eating nuts which he has given her. She asks, "The rose that you gave sister? Ah, yes, yes—that you almost broke your neck to reach?" Well, my cousin Anatole tied it to the tail of the ass; sister laughed ever so much! Have you got any more nuts?"

There are others on the same subject—some of a character that do not find favor in the sight of stern moralists like ourselves. Words give but a faint idea of Gavarni's Ter-

"YOU MAY LAUGH—NEVERTHELESS, THEY USED TO CALL ME THE GAY DECEIVER."

rible Child,—the drawings themselves must be consulted.

Gavarni also gives the foibles of the Parents Terribles—those who are always relating the extraordinary acts of their wonderful children to some wearied listener whose efforts to keep from yawning are apparent to any one save the doting mamma and papa ; also those who are always destroying the illusions of youth to fit them for usefulness in a practical world.

In the Fourberies des Femmes, there is a sketch of a modest, well-dressed young gentleman, in the doorway of a somewhat dilapidated house, who ventures to ask an ignoble-looking concierge,

"Madame de Saint Aiglemont, s'il vous plaît?"

"C'est ici, Mosieu," she answers, and then bawls to the upper regions, "Ma'me Chifet! on te demande."

Madame Chifet has evidently been to a mask-ball and donned an aristocratic name as a means of conquest ; the tutoiement shows the familiar footing of the inmates toward each other. The effect is the most comic of the series.

The square, angular truth cannot be employed on all occasions in French society—nor in any other, and certain phrases are used which mean something else than what they bear on their face. When a man who has known you a few days avers that his greatest happiness would be to render himself useful to you, it is simply his fashion of saying, How do you do? If in a drawing-room a Gaul is asked his opinion of a dull book written by one of his best friends, he answers, "C'est un livre fort bien écrit," and every one understands by this polite response that the work belongs to the yawn-literature. When, in speaking of a young woman, he says, "C'est une jeune fille bien faite," her want of beauty is at once recognized ; but when he affirms that she possesses "un charmant caractère," it may be taken for granted that she is positively ugly. When, in speaking of a man, he says that he does not possess a mind "très vif," but, in compensation, is "plein de bon sens," this means that he is completely stupid. This gives play and finesse to conversation, and makes things smooth all round.

Gavarni left a series of designs on these phrases which do not mean what they say, called Traductions en langue vulgaire. One of these shows a well-to-do middle-aged man, leaning back in his chair at ease, while a young woman says to him, with marked enthusiasm : "Yes, my dear baron, independence is certainly a precious thing! but do you not find that there are moments in life when the heart experiences a vague need of intimate emotion which the vain pleasures of this world never satisfy?" Translation : he offers her stock with a fine dividend, cheap—but she would sooner take *him*. In a word, she prefers a husband as an investment, but the stock-jobber does not appear to share her opinion.

Les Invalides de l'Amour is a collection of old bachelors from fifty to seventy years. In these old beaux, retired from service, he shows old age to be full of ingratitude to the celibate. They are all unhappy, their only pleasant moments being when they live over again the successes of their younger days. Amongst them there is the involuntary bachelor soured by some cruel Anastasie who adhered to the fatal no ; the fat man tightly laced, thin straggling hairs drawn carefully over his bald head, elaborately dressed, who still thinks himself capable of disturbing woman's peace of mind ; the disappointed, who is just making the discovery that love and teeth are leaving him at the same time ; the remains of a handsome man sitting dejectedly in a chair of the Luxembourg who was known in his day of triumph as the "bel Arthur ;" one who has turned woman-hater, and calls our Joy-and-consolation, serpents ; another, unmitigatedly ugly, relating his conquests to hearers who are skeptical, when he adds, "C'est égal, they used to call me the gay deceiver."

The contemplation of these sketches ought to be an incentive to marriage. If these ancient wall-flowers had to do life over again, they would of course be the center of a family group, loving and loved of each member of it. They thought bachelorhood was jolly when they were young and vigorous, but when old age came creeping on with lumbago, they discovered that they were very much alone, and that the man of family was especially blessed.

Ah, what wonderful reforms they would work, if they had it to do again! This is the daily burden of their speech, which they go on repeating as if its utterance were going to soften the situation.

Since the death of Gavarni—hardly a score of years back—Cham endeavors to take his place, but in ability, between him and Gavarni there is the distance which separates Hogarth from Leech. Cham is properly a caricaturist. His work exhibits variety, sprightliness, verve, but is too extravagant. His resources are not equal to the great amount of work which he does, and much of it is weak. Were he to do less,

"LOOK OUT FOR YOUR CHICKENS!"

it would doubtless improve him. His designs generally are rough, uncouth productions in comparison with the highly-finished work of Gavarni, and yet there are probably not more lines in one than the other.

Cham leads the delineators and caricaturists of France at this time. His superiority over the others is generally conceded; but some, like Gill, Grévin, Stop, are nearly on a level with him. Randon is an artist who devotes himself to military caricatures, of which the execution is ordinary and the idea sometimes good. One of them shows two common soldiers in shirt-sleeves, about lifting a low, burdened hand-cart; the one in the front shafts, with his back to him behind, asks,

"Are you ready, mon cher baron?"

"At your service, mon cher vicomte."

This elegant speech, in such contrast to their appearance and occupation, produces a fair comic effect.

There are many of Grévin's countrymen who place him ahead of Cham in talent. He certainly possesses more grace and refinement, both in handling and choice of subject. But there is a comic vein in Cham which has popularized him more than anything else; as shown, for instance, in his development of the character of Joseph Prudhomme.

The illustrations of the *Vie Parisienne*—a weekly publication devoted to fashionable women, gandins, and the upper strata of the demi-monde—are sometimes good, but generally lack strength and boldness, from too much finesse and dandyism; a man cannot help entertaining a contempt for the representative of his sex as there portrayed,—the tiny-booted, gloved à trois boutons, delicate moustached, effeminate creature, lolling about boudoirs like a lap-dog. After looking at these men without virility, it is a relief for the eye to rest upon a bluff English fox-hunter, or even a stout Auvergnat.

The man of the *Vie Parisienne* is just from the hands of his tailor. Everything he wears is in the last vogue. It treats the woman in the same way, which is less objectionable—its illustrations of her generally serving as fashion-plates. It idealizes, except in representing the Man in Blouse, when it becomes to the last degree realistic. From the heights of its finical dilettanteism it looks down on him, and makes a forbidding por-

trait whenever he is represented. Gustave Doré can hardly be comprised in the Parisian gallery of delineators. His talent is of a higher order; he ranks amongst the painters. His illustrated Bible, Don Quixote, and other books, the world is familiar with. The delineators previously mentioned offer few or no points of comparison with those of Doré. It would be like comparing a tragedian with comedians; whatever humor he has shown is of a grotesque character, different from that of Gavarni and the others.

The drawing in Doré's designs is occasionally faulty, but he is pretty sure of his wonderful effects, although they are somewhat monotonous. His severest critics aver that the secret of these effects is a trick, and that it is not true art—albeit none have succeeded in doing the trick as he does it. In his straining after the sublime, he occasionally overreaches himself and produces something bordering on the burlesque; this is also a vulnerable point which draws the fire of critics.

The historian of the French of the nineteenth century will possess much greater advantages than his predecessors. With expanded, every-hour literature, these delineations of daily, actual, routine life will throw a stream of light into the most remote corners. The Gavarni Collection alone furnishes an approximate picture of the nation during the present age. In it are caught the salient traits of French character; courtesy without servility, gastronomy without gluttony, wine-drinking without drunkenness, gayety without roistering—no knocking down of policemen and wrenching of door-bells for amusement; liveliness without buffoonery; politeness the key-stone in the social arch, and from it, naturally, polish, vivacity, and a desire to be serviceable; mercurial and inconstant in what concerns the heart, measured and orderly in the affairs of material life; fond of theatrical effects—acting as if on exhibition throughout life; and, from our point of view, lacking in simplicity and religious faith; these are some of the principal features of Gavarni's typical Frenchman, and around them are grouped those minor ones always found in their neighborhood. Gavarni may be regarded, in an artistic sense, as one of the most complete representative men of his day, for in him were reflected the manners, customs, vices and virtues of the French nation.

CUBA AND THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

Up to the commencement of the present century, no colony was more loyal to its mother country than Cuba to Spain, and the Spanish residents and Creoles vied with each other in patriotism and allegiance.

The political changes that occurred in Spain in the years 1812 and 1820 were followed by corresponding changes in the Island, and liberties unsurpassed under the most complete democracy were granted to the people, accustomed to the absolute sway of their rulers, and influenced by that debased public sentiment which is its usual concomitant. A degree of lawlessness and disorder naturally followed, and, when the reaction came, they were made the pretext for inflicting upon them a military despotism which has continued for more than forty-five years.

By royal order of May 28, 1825, Cuba was placed under martial law—the Captain-General being invested with the power granted to the governors of besieged towns, and this power has been continued up to the present. Doubtless this was at first intended to be only temporary, and for the purpose of controlling certain alleged servile insurrections existing or threatening; but with the loss of her colonies upon the American continent and her constantly accumulating needs, Spain each year turned more eagerly to the rapidly developing resources of Cuba, and naturally realized the convenience of one-man power in drawing them into her coffers.

At this time (1825) the Island was in a most flourishing condition. The Count de Villanueva was at the head of the treasury, and we have proof of the high esteem in which he was held by the people. We refer to his administration because under it commenced that series of encroachments on the rights of the people which ultimately resulted in the despotism of to-day. A man honest and capable, having in view the good of both the mother country and the colony, he acquired such popularity that he presumed to tax the rapidly increasing products of

agriculture without the consent of those affected, and so many were the abuses he reformed that the planters willingly submitted. Thus he was enabled to draw abundant supplies from the Island for Spain, thereby establishing two precedents, viz., taxation without representation, and contributions to the finances of the home country from the treasury of the colony, which measures, carried out by subsequent and more exacting officials, have caused nearly all the troubles which have since affected Cuba.

After the royal order of 1825, the Spaniards began to entertain the idea that a difference existed between their political rights and those of the Cubans. They came to look upon the Island as their own by right of conquest, and upon the Creoles as their subjects. The government, too, acted in this spirit. The Cubans were denied all representation in the Cortes; and although it had been promised that they should be governed by special laws, these laws were never enacted, and they were left to the tender mercies of the Captain-General acting under instructions from the Spanish ministry. With careful malignity every Cuban was shut out from all but the most subordinate official positions, and even these were watched with a most jealous eye, and soon made vacant if any capacity likely to become dangerous was displayed by the incumbent. As the result, Cuba swarmed with *employés* from Spain, who filled every position under government of whatsoever character, from the Captain-General in his double capacity of civil and military ruler to the merest tide-waiter. And not only were the Cubans thus deprived of every honorable position, but they were systematically encouraged in every frivolous, licentious, and debasing pleasure. As the cannibals in fable fed their victims with a noxious herb, which destroyed their reason and led them to eat like mere beasts, and so become fitter subjects for the spit, so the Spanish government provided for the natives of Cuba all of those light and degrading pleasures, the effect of which is to destroy every manly sentiment and render them fit subjects for tyranny and oppression.

This policy would doubtless have been effective had it not been for the proximity of the Great Republic. Notwithstanding the restrictions of the government, Cubans could not be kept at home. The more intelligent and wealthy among them were in the habit of passing a portion of the year in the United States, and sending their sons to be educated there, and so they became acquainted with the habits and modes of thought of a great and free people. They soon learned to comprehend the policy of the Spanish government and their own debased condition, and this leaven spreading through the Island gradually excited a bitter feeling against Spain and a longing to be free from her rule. Cubans began to say, "We are Americans, not Europeans," and to long for the day when the natural right of self-government should be accorded to them.

THE MORO CASTLE.

But the system under which they had so long lived had prevented the development of practical qualities among them; they knew little of adapting means to ends, and the re-

LERSUNDI.

sult was that the few efforts made for independence were quickly suppressed. The feeling of antagonism to Spain continued to increase until few Cubans remained loyal at heart to Spain, and instead of loyalty there had grown up a bitter, burning hatred, a hatred so intense as to prevent sensible practical action. Of this passion the insurrection of Yara was the offspring. In its inception it was regarded as scarce worthy of a paragraph in the newspaper. It was styled "an outbreak of a few misguided men," and indeed it seemed little more. A successful revolution based upon liberal ideas had just occurred in Spain. Everything that the provinces—of which Cuba was declared one—could ask had been granted; the Cubans were without arms, there was little more organization among them than what resulted from a community of hatred, and they were divided upon the question of the proper time to strike. Certainly, then, nothing could promise less chance of success than an outbreak under such circumstances.

A correct appreciation of the situation and the combatants at its inception requires a glance at the Spanish Revolution of 1868, as it was regarded by the Cubans. In the revolution and its promises of reforms Cuba had no faith whatever. Spain had been for years divided into a number of political parties, the Absolutist and Conservative parties, between which there was a fine line of distinction and whose names denote their character; the Union Liberal party, composed principally of generals and other high officials, civil and military; the Progressists, who were the true liberals, and the Democrats, who were radicals in the full acceptance of that term. Among these there was a constant struggle for place and power, and the changes in the political administration were as numerous and varied as those of a kaleidoscope, and among them all, Cuba suffered. True, each one signalized its advent to position by promising her reforms, but it was well understood that without a radical change in her political and economic administration, Spain could not afford to grant those reforms to Cuba which she had a right to demand. Cuba had become the chief prop of Spanish nationality, enabling her to maintain her position among the nations.

Notwithstanding the disastrous results of their efforts, the most important of which was the Lopez affair in 1851, the Cubans continued to conspire, awaiting a favorable opportunity for an outbreak. The right of public meeting was under the law denied them, and therefore advantage was taken of the order of Freemasonry (which in defiance of the authorities had been established in the Island, and which held its sessions secretly) to prepare the way for the projected revolution. The Central Junta—as it was styled—was in Havana, and lodges existed in St Jago de Cuba, Sancti Spiritus, Puerto Principe, and a number of smaller places.

In 1867 the Spanish government instituted a new and onerous system of taxation, which created so great dissatisfaction among both Cubans and Spaniards in the central and eastern departments, that some of the more sanguine revolutionary leaders believed that a combination could be formed between the two classes, by which the representatives of Spain could be easily driven out and the autonomy established. Among these were Carlos Manuel Cespedes and Francisco Aguilera, residing in Bayamo, who in June, 1868, wrote to the Junta in Puerto Principe announcing their determination to inaugurate the revolution on the day of St. James, the 25th of July. In reply the Junta insisted that the outbreak be postponed for one year, to which Cespedes, after making certain conditions, consented. Matters were however precipitated by the march of events. The government became aware that conspiracies existed, and that the native Cubans throughout the Island were being instructed in military drill, and began to take measures accordingly. At the same time numerous letters were received from prominent Creoles, temporarily residing in the Peninsula, announcing the near approach of the revolution there, and exhorting their brothers at home

to take advantage of the opportunity to throw off the Spanish yoke.

The governor of Bayamo was on terms of great personal intimacy with Cespedes and Aguilera, and upon receipt of an order from Havana for their arrest, privately notified them of the fact before taking any action in the premises. Immediately thereafter, on the 10th of October, Cespedes collected together some two hundred of his followers and took possession of the small village of Yara, proclaiming the Republic. He freed his slaves at once, as did his constant companion and coadjutor Aguilera, and sent out messengers to the various lodges, exhorting the members to rally to his standard. He soon found himself at the head of two thousand men, a motley crowd armed with rifles, machetes, fowling-pieces, muskets of a past age, and other antiquated arms, and yet as fierce and determined a band of warriors as ever shouted the battle-cry of Freedom. He quickly advanced on Bayamo, which place was garrisoned by only a few Spanish soldiers, and the town surrendering without resistance, he established there his capital and provisional government. It is perhaps needless to add that his friend the governor was treated with every consideration.

There were at this time residing in Puerto Principe, the capital of the central department, a large number of young men, sons of wealthy families, highly educated and traveled, accustomed to all athletic exercises, magnificent horsemen, expert swordsmen, and "dead shots" either with the pistol or rifle. These had encountered in their travels the fierce, impracticable Red-Republicans of Europe,—to whom the French Revolution, with all its accompanying horrors, is a sacred memory,—and had become imbued with the spirit of these men, who have no religion but what is embodied in the elevation of the people; who laugh when you say "this people cannot govern themselves," and ask, "To whom then has the good God given the right to govern, and where is the record of his will?"—who believe that the end justifies the means, and who allow nothing that is called crime to stand in the way of a great purpose. With the news of the coming revolution in Spain, and a knowledge of the projected outbreak in the Island, these young men held meetings of their so-called Philharmonic Society in the city of Puerto Principe,—with scarce an attempt at concealment,—in which the great mass eagerly urged an immediate resort to the field. The moment seemed especially favorable. It was confidently announced that the Junta of Habana had completed a plan for securing the autonomy of the Island, backed by Spanish bayonets. It was argued that the revolution would prove neither difficult nor dangerous, and that its accomplishment would be the work of not more than fifteen days; that the few troops in the Island only desired a release from service, and that, owing to the disturbed condition of affairs in Spain, no more could be sent; that the resident Spaniards devoted to industrial pursuits would make no resistance as long as their persons and property were respected; that the countenance, and, if necessary, the material aid of the United States would be

THE CUBAN VOLANTE.

given to the cause, and that a fleet of privateers, monitors, and other first-class war-vessels, under the Peruvian and Chilian flags, would sweep the Spanish navy out of existence and destroy Spanish commerce. The timid ones, who dreaded emancipation and its effects on the agricultural interests, were quieted by the assurance that stringent vagabond laws would still retain the freedmen upon the estates as laborers.

The voices of those who urged a postponement of the outbreak until they were better prepared were unheeded in the whirl of excitement. Messengers from Cespedes began to arrive, bringing news of continued successes, which added to the enthusiasm, and soon the Camagueyans—as the natives of Puerto Principe are called—began to leave the city in groups, and with scarce any preconcert of action found themselves in the field and in opposition to the government. They took possession of the line of railroad with a view of capturing certain arms which—as they were notified from Havana—had been sent by the government to the department; and afterwards, by strategy, succeeded in getting all the locomotives into their hands.

Like wild-fire the revolution spread through the eastern and central departments. The petty Spanish garrisons could not stand before the fierce energy of the patriots, and were driven to the coast, or huddled together in a few interior towns, with the enemy all around them, and on the 1st of January, 1869, the Cubans held possession of more than one-half the Island, with numerous small cities such as Bayamo, Guaimaro, Sibanicú Cascorro, and others. Then was realized the fatal want of preparation. The revolutionists were without arms requisite to capture the sea-port towns, and to hold them against the formidable war-vessels of Spain, and so were compelled to be content with the advantages gained, and—to wait.

DULCE.

At the time of the revolution in Spain in 1868 and the subsequent outbreak in Cuba, General Lersundi, a life long supporter of the Bourbons, was Captain-General at Havana. Though opposed to the Spanish revolution, he rightly considered it his first duty to preserve the Island to Spain, and he adopted the best measures in his power for the accomplishment of that end. There were at the time but ten thousand troops scattered over the Island, and these, without the aid of the navy, could not have held the fortified towns on the coast for a day. Indeed it may fairly be stated, that had the Cubans been at all prepared for the struggle upon which they had entered, and been guided by competent leaders, they could easily have seized the fortifications defending the various cities, and obtained such advantages as would have enabled them to dictate terms to the government. The number of able-bodied Spaniards residing in the Island was not far from 200,000, who, though engaged in the various branches of industry and intent on accumulating property, were intensely patriotic to the mother country.

Lersundi, with a quick appreciation of the dangers before him, realizing that in the unsettled condition of Spain he could not expect immediate aid from her, immediately organized these Spaniards into battalions and armed them with the most approved weapons. In a few weeks the Cubans found themselves confronted by a large and well-appointed army, which, though it might not be eager to take the field against them, could hold the cities and fortifications for the government.

These Spanish volunteers of Cuba, though they have acquired a reputation by no means enviable, are as fine a body of citizen soldiery as can be found in any country. Their hatred toward the Cubans at the commencement of the insurrection was intense, incited not only by political antagonism, but also by the contemptuous treatment they habitually received prior to the outbreak. For the most part of very humble origin, a hard-working, thrifty race, they were socially looked down upon by the Creoles with much the same hauteur with which the Cavalier regarded the Roundheads.

The course pursued by the volunteers during the first months of the insurrection and of their organization forced many of the more

CATALAN VOLUNTEERS.

prominent Cubans, who were desirous of maintaining their allegiance to Spain, into the ranks of the insurgents. At the breaking out of the insurrection, the great majority of the leading Creoles in Havana were in favor of accepting such reforms as would remedy their grievances, and of continuing under the flag of Spain. All the reforms demanded were readily promised, but, in view of the many promises theretofore made and broken, some guarantee was demanded. This, under the peculiar condition of Spain and the Island, was difficult, and yet it is probable that an arrangement of this sort might have been made, and Cubans of great prominence and influence would have used their endeavors for peace, had it not been for the efforts of those who occasioned the outbreak of Yara, who determined to make such a breach between the natives and Spaniards in the capital of the Island that any reconciliation should be impossible. To this end a series of dramatic performances were instituted at the Villanueva Theater, in which the Spaniards and the Spanish flag were grossly insulted. The first and second of these, which took place on the evenings of the 20th and 21st of January, 1869, passed off without any disturbance; but the volunteers, who had just been organized and armed, determined to interfere should a third be attempted. On the evening of the 22d, soon after nightfall, large numbers of them secreted themselves in the ditch fronting the old wall near the Theater building. One of their number entered the saloon, with instructions to fire his pistol as a signal the moment a treasonable word was uttered. Scarce had the play begun when the sound of the explosion floated out on the tropical night, and an armed mob of more than two hundred men, maddened with bigotry and rage, poured in volley after volley upon the hapless audience. In vain Spanish officers, who were present, tried to control the enraged assassins; the pitiless fire continued, and the young and the lovely, men and women, fell dead or grievously wounded, until an opening was made through the side of the frail building and the people were enabled to disperse.

After this a veritable reign of terror commenced; other buildings were fired into by volunteers as they marched along the streets; assassinations became alarmingly frequent, and rumors of a contemplated massacre of every native became current. As the result, a general exodus of Cubans to the United States took place, particularly of the more prominent, who were thus driven into rebellion against the government and to the assistance of their brothers in the field.

While the volunteer organizations referred to were formed for the especial purpose of protecting the cities, others were organized and mobilized for service in the field. Joined to these were a few hundred troops, making a force in all of 2,200 men, which were under command of Count Valmaseda, then the second officer in the colonial government, called *Segundo Cabo*.

Aware that many of the Cuban leaders in the field were opposed to initiating a war at present against the government, Valmaseda again tendered the reforms. A meeting was held at Las Minas, on the line of railroad between Puerto Principe and Nuevitas, to consider his proposition, but after an exciting discussion the assembly declared itself for war.

So anxious was the Spanish government

at this time to avoid the insurrection and to bring about a compromise, that another and more important step towards conciliation was soon after made. On the fourth of January, 1869, there arrived in Havana Señor Don Domingo Dulce y Garay, Marquis of Castellflorite, sent out by the provisional government of Spain to supersede Lersundi as Captain-General. As he had occupied this position in previous years and was very popular with the Cubans, he arrived in the full conviction that his presence would restore peace. He at once issued an amnesty proclamation releasing all offenders against the national integrity, and giving the insurgents without exception forty days in which to lay down their arms. He granted the right of meeting, the freedom of the press,—only restricting discussions on the slavery question and on religion, as dangerous to society under the then existing state of affairs,—and sent a commission composed chiefly of Cubans to confer with the insurgent leaders and tender the olive branch. Among the more prominent leaders of this commission were Señor Don José de Armas y Cespedes, a well-known journalist and nephew of the Cuban president, Don Hortensio Tamayo, and Ramon Rodriguez Correa, and by them the negotiations were principally conducted. The commissioners were carried by a Spanish war-vessel to the larger cities on the coast, from whence they went to the interior and held conferences with Cespedes and all of the prominent insurrectionary chiefs. They found among them and among the people such an intensity of enthusiasm in favor of a war of independence that their efforts to control or check it proved abortive. Indeed, it was more than whispered that these efforts were not very strenuous, and that the influence of at least a portion of the commission was for war rather than peace. Color was given to this suspicion by the fact that certain of its members were furnished their passports to leave the Island immediately on their return to Havana, and Dulce openly declared that he had been deceived. In response to the commissioners Cespedes stated that he would enter into no negotiations whatever save with a duly authorized and publicly acknowledged agent of the government, as he could depend on no terms agreed upon or upon any immunity to himself and followers save through such a one, and so the matter ended. The Spanish residents meanwhile looked on in moody silence, hating the Spaniard who would make any compromise with their enemies and hopeless of peace. The political

CABELLERO DE RODAS.

offenders who had been released regarde the action of the government as a sign weakness and continued to conspire. Th amnesty was despised and rejected, and the forty days passed away.

It was during these days that terror, agit tion, and gloom hung like a thick cloud ov Havana. The enmity between the nativ and Spanish population was deadly. Th volunteers, whether on duty or otherwise, p raded the streets arms in hand, and were n slow to use them. Some of the worst amon them, and these not a few, maddened wi drink, compelled every passenger on the stre to cry *Viva España!* on pain of death. Th Cuban residents, deprived of their arms, sav such as they could retain secretly, wreake vengeance on their oppressors from hidin places, and nightly the streets were staine with blood. Men were shot dead for refusin or hesitating to utter a cry in favor of th national integrity. Women were horribl maltreated for wearing a ribbon whose col indicated a sympathy for the insurgent caus or allowing the hair to fall over the back called by the Spaniards "à la Cespedes. The authorities were powerless. Dulce issue a proclamation calling on the citizens t maintain order, but in vain. The few regu lars in the city, the sailors and marines, we stationed in different localities, but to n purpose, as they had become imbued wi the same spirit that affected the volunteer Large numbers of people appeared at th various consulates seeking protection, an vehicles of every description loaded wi baggage and furniture were seen moving t ward the wharf, sent by people only anxio

o escape from a city apparently given over to estruction. The mass of the Cubans who ould get away abandoned the city and fled o the United States.

After the term of amnesty, Dulce, though ickened and disheartened at the result of his olicy of conciliation, could not give it over ntirely. The liberties granted were withrawn, however; and by a few instances of everity, by sending a number of conspirators o the garrote, and by banishing to Fernando o some three hundred Cubans of wealth and nfluence who were known to be in sympahy with the insurrection, he endeavored to btain the good-will of the Spanish residents; o no purpose, however, and on the 2d of une the volunteers, who had all the power n their hands, compelled him to turn over he command to his second officer, and immeliately afterward he sailed for Spain. With he withdrawal of Dulce ended that policy of conciliation by means of which Spain had ondly hoped to restore peace to her revolted olony, and to avoid the immense drain upon ner already depleted treasury which a war nust necessarily involve.

After his unsuccessful attempt at compromise, Gen. Valmaseda started with his entire force for Nuevitas, and then commenced the first real fighting of the war. The Cubans, though far outnumbering his forces, were not provided with the requisite arms and ammunition to offer him battle, and so contented themselves with hovering near his column and firing upon it from the woods, the canefields, and every locality which afforded concealment and protection. So effective was this mode of operation that the General was compelled to abandon his road and turn off to San Miguel, a small village upon the Bay of Baga, a short distance from his original destination. Here he rested and recruited his shattered battalions, and having obtained the requisite supplies, started on his march through the chief insurrectionary district, with Bayamo for his objective point. He passed through and partially destroyed Guaimaro and Sibanicú. Harassed all the way, and after a hard-fought battle on the banks of the river Cauto, he reached his destination to find the city abandoned by Cespedes and burned. The Cubans closed in behind him as he passed through the country, and his march resulted in no advantage to the government.

In April, 1869, the Cuban headquarters were established at Guaimaro. A house of representatives was convened and a regular government established with the following officers: President, Carlos Manuel Cespedes; vice-president, Francisco Aguilera (who also held the position of secretary of state and war); assistant secretary of war, Pedro Figuerdo; commander-in-chief of all the forces, Manuel Quesada. A constitution modeled after that of the United States was adopted.

Certainly there was never a more curious

ATTACK ON A CUBAN STRONGHOLL.

assembly than was now gathered in Guaimaro and around the republican court. There were doctors and lawyers, editors and schoolteachers, photographers and dentists (photography and dentistry being professions the Cubans most affect), and great numbers of the class known as gentlemen. Most of these people were filled with visionary ideas of an Acadia about to be inaugurated in their beautiful island. Peace, prosperity, and unalloyed bliss should be the portion of all the people. The legislators, composed for the greater part of self-constituted representatives from various parts of the Island, had little idea of the dignities or proprieties of their position. The weather was warm, as it always is in Guaimaro, and so the congressmen met on a shady balcony, some of them seated on logs of wood for want of chairs, wearing their hats, rolling and smoking the inevitable cigarette, and occasionally strolling out for a mild beverage. Listless in manner, but dreadfully in earnest in their hatred of the Spaniard and their determination to be free, these men were impracticable, with little faculty of adapting means to ends. However, important work was done. Slavery was declared abolished; stirring proclamations were issued by Cespedes; encampments were established at various points throughout the country, and constant and active exercises in arms were maintained.

Meanwhile, the people of the eastern and central departments had stolen out from the cities and towns occupied by the Spaniards, and had taken up their residence on the estates and cattle-farms of the country. Here, during the year 1869, they lived in security and happiness. All around were men and women inspired with a passionate longing for freedom and a corresponding hatred for their lifelong oppressor. Every individual, in one way or another, labored for the one great end. While the men were engaged in organizing, in military drill, or in the manufacture of rude arms, and other articles necessary in the long and bloody contest which was to follow, the women labored in making uniforms, in scraping lint and preparing necessaries for the hospital, in looking after the sick and wounded; and at all times, by their heroism and self-abnegation, strengthening and encouraging their fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers. During the first year of the war, plenty reigned everywhere; fraternal feeling existed; all distinction of class was done away with, and the rich shared with the poor in everything they possessed. Occasional raids were made by the Spanish forces, but very little damage resulted, as they conducted themselves with great prudence, never going far into the country, never approaching the Cuban strongholds, but content for the most part in shooting down unarmed country-people—a habit they have kept up to this day.

Meanwhile Spain was gathering her strength to bring her revolted colonists into submission. Caballero de Rodas—one of the fighting generals of Spain, who had acquired a reputation for cruelty which his conduct toward the Cubans showed was undeserved—was sent out to succeed General Dulce, arriving on the 28th of June, and accompanied by the inevitable army of employés which, even under these exceptional circumstances, followed a new administration. The sickly season had already commenced, and nothing in the way of military operations could be done until this was passed. Much energy was displayed, however, in the sequestration of property, and the estate of every absentee, whether innocent or guilty, was seized upon.

In the early part of October troops began to arrive and continued up to the end of the year. On the first of January, 1870, there were upon the Island for active service in suppressing the insurrection sixty thousand men of all arms. In addition there were organized throughout the Island thirty thousand volunteers, who garrisoned the fortifications and held the various cities in obedience to the government. At the same time Spain had twenty-six men-of-war and eleven gunboats cruising about the Island. Of the former, two were iron-clads, six were first-class wooden frigates, and the others formidable vessels.

The innumerable inlets and small harbors indenting the coast of Cuba, which contain water sufficient for light-draught vessels, rendered it impossible for the Spaniards to prevent the landing of expeditions of men and arms, notwithstanding this large force of war-vessels, and contracts were entered into by the Spanish Government with a firm in New York for the construction of thirty small gunboats.

From the inception of the insurrection, it was well understood by both Cuban and Spaniard that the question was to be decided by the number of arms attainable. United to a man and determined to be free, the Cubans could easily bring together and organize a number of men which, if well armed, could successfully oppose any force the Spaniards could bring against them; and though they might not be able to get possession of the fortifications and the cities, they

could, by cutting them off from the products of the interior, soon render them too great a burden for Spain to bear. Though they had commenced the revolution without the requisite arms, they had no doubt whatever of their ability to obtain them, and speedily. They reasoned: "Is not the Great Republic close at hand, the asylum of the oppressed, the active sympathizer with the down-trodden people everywhere?"

Their first efforts at obtaining arms were eminently successful. The wealthy and patriotic sons of Cuba organized themselves and poured out their treasure like water in order to place the most approved weapons in the hands of their brothers in the field. Consignments of arms were sent out from the United States and safely reached their destination, in despite of the then available naval power of Spain. The Cubans were also very strenuous in their efforts to prevent the departure of the gunboats built in New York, and the vessels were temporarily detained under legal process, but were finally released and permitted to depart. They arrived safely in Havana in the spring of 1870, and though they did not entirely prevent aid from without reaching the Cubans, they were very serviceable in that respect.

The more important military operations of the insurrection commenced in 1870, and their history is soon told. De Rodas, accustomed only to the European method of warfare, determined to concentrate his forces and crush the insurgents at once. During the latter part of December, 1869, three thousand men under Gen. Puello, a native of San Domingo, moved from Puerto Principe to Nuevitas and thence took up the line of march for Guaimaro. On the first of January they encountered the Cubans under the American General Jordan, were sadly beaten and compelled to return with great loss to the coast. Soon afterward, a still larger Spanish force, numbering forty-five hundred men under Brigadier Goyeneche, moved directly on Guaimaro. The want of arms and ammunition, and especially of artillery, prevented the Cubans from opposing successful resistance to their march, and they reached their objective point to find the seat of the republican government abandoned and partially destroyed. The result of these movements demonstrated that military operations with any considerable number of men were impracticable, owing to the peculiar character of the country.

VALMASEDA.

Throughout the eastern and central departments there are lofty mountains, for the most part covered with small trees and undergrowth. In the valleys and recesses are found openings where the vegetables and fruits of the tropics grow in great abundance. The plan of operating by small columns, thenceforth adopted and hereinafter described in detail, compelled the people, non-combatants, to take refuge in these spots. There are no roads or pathways leading to them, and they are therefore generally safe from the pursuit of the enemy. Here are some of the more prominent families of Cuba. For years they have been living in huts, numbers of which are built in various localities, so that if compelled by the approach of the troops to vacate those in one place the fugitives may find shelter in others. Here ladies born to wealth and accustomed to every delicacy—to whom even the mildest labor was unknown before the war—cook their own food, and from the scantiest materials prepare the clothing of themselves, their fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers in the field. No greater heroism was ever displayed than here. From these delicately-nurtured women, living in the woods, oftentimes with no more clothing than modesty demands, no word of complaint is ever heard, and the suggestion of submission, made by the dearest friend, would only be met by scorn and indignation.

The extent of country occupied by the insurgents is very great, and it is not probable that any Spanish force that can be sent against them can bring them into submission. In the remote localities occupied by them, the Cubans have manufactories of various kinds. Powder in small quantities has been

manufactured, but under difficulties owing to the want of material.

In the mountains of Camaguey are to be found the headquarters of Cespedes and those of the republican army, and here too the Cuban House of Representatives holds its sessions when occasion demands. The patriot army is subdivided into divisions, with headquarters at such localities in the respective departments as the exigencies of the service will permit. The policy of the Cubans is the same as that adopted by the Dominicans upon the last invasion of their island by the Spaniards and by the Mexican Liberals under Juarez during the French intervention; that is, of keeping out of the way of their enemy and allowing him to wear himself out in a hostile country, and in a climate deadly to Europeans. But though the insurgents adopt this course in the main, they are constantly attacking the Spanish columns when opportunity offers, and often inflict heavy loss upon them.

The plan of operating with small detachments, adopted by the Spaniards after the futile march of Goyeneche upon Guaimaro, has been continued for two years; military posts have been established at various points throughout the departments, and expeditionary columns have been sent out. These have given the war its peculiarly bloody and desolating character. The orders are to kill every man in the country, whether armed or otherwise. When an ignorant peasant, a Chinaman, or a negro is captured, he is brought into the presence of the commanding officer, who questions him in reference to the whereabouts of the insurgents, and then gives a signal to an officer in attendance, who takes the victim out in advance of the column and shoots him, leaving the body to the vultures. If the prisoner is of any prominence, he is taken to Havana, there to perish on the garrote for the delectation of the volunteers, as in the case of Goicuria, the brothers Aguero and Ayesturan. The women and children, when captured, are sent to the cities, where they are ostensibly provided for, but are in reality exposed to the greatest suffering. Every house is burned, fruits and growing crops destroyed, cattle and horses driven off, all small stock killed, and, in a word, the country over which the troops are operating is rendered a desert, bare of animal life and of aught that can contribute to sustain it.

From the first the Cubans protested against these horrible barbarities, but in vain. At an early stage of the war General Quesada sent a Spanish officer, whom he had made prisoner, to the commanding general in Puerto Principe, inviting him to carry on the war in accordance with the usages of civilization, and the response was: "Tell General Quesada that I will settle our accounts by bullets." Retaliation was threatened, and the answer was, "Kill all you have; our men will surrender with so much greater reluctance, and we can afford to lose those who do." Notwithstanding this, the Cubans for a long time spared their prisoners, and many were sent back to the Spanish lines. It is much to be feared that in later days the cruelties practiced by the troops meet at times with a bloody vengeance.

The changes of administration which have taken place in Havana during the past two years have made but little change in the conduct of the war. De Rodas, disgusted with the arrogance and insubordination of the Spanish volunteers, who assumed a power incompatible with his own, and constantly interfered with his efforts for the good of the Island and the restoration of peace, returned to Spain in the winter of 1870–71, and Count Valmaseda was appointed to succeed him. As this officer had been from the start the especial favorite of the volunteers, it was supposed that entire concord would result in the Spanish party. But unfortunate is he who leads a mob, no matter how popular he may be with it, and Valmaseda soon discovered this. In consequence of that conservative tendency which is the natural consequence of authority, Valmaseda, like his predecessor, opposed those sanguinary and radical measures which found their advocacy in the *Casino Español* or Spanish Club of Habana. Additional troops were sent to him from Spain as they could be spared for that purpose, but still the insurrection continued, a fact which was attributed to his leniency. The murmurs became louder and deeper as the months passed on, and it was not long before the once favorite Count followed De Rodas to Spain. His successor distinguished his accession by an attempt to bring the volunteers into submission. As he succeeds or fails in this, so is his government likely to prove a success or a failure.

Up to this time the nations of both hemispheres have looked upon the struggle in Cuba with almost indifference. The Cubans have been recognized as belligerents by Peru and one or two of the lesser South American States, and the Mexican Congress authorized such recognition by the president whenever in his opinion there was good reason for giving it. But these nations, from their

geographical position or internal weakness, have been incapable of affording any material aid to the struggling patriots.

To the credit of the Great Republic be it said, that she at one time interested herself to change the character of the warfare in Cuba and to stop the horrible barbarities which were disgracing civilization. Under date of August 10th, 1869, General Sickles, American Minister in Madrid, was instructed solemnly to protest in the name of the President against any longer prosecuting the war in Cuba in this barbarous manner. The protest was apparently received in a proper spirit, and response was made that orders had been given to prevent such scenes of cruelty in the future. Doubtless in this reply the statesmen of Spain were influenced by that sentiment of humanity which they professed, and by that advanced liberalism upon which the revolution of 1868, to which they owed their position, was based, but the cruelties and barbarities continue.

To-day Cuba, in its independent relations an outlaw among the nations, stands alone. Maintaining a heroic struggle amid every obstacle, she is confident, as were our forefathers, of that good time coming when victory shall perch on her banners and liberty belong to her people.

A SPIRITUAL SONG.—IV.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

THE times are all so fearful!
The heart so full of cares!
To eyes that question tearful
The future spectral stares.

Wild terrors creep and hover
With foot so ghastly soft!
The soul black midnights cover
Like mountains piled aloft.

Firm props like reeds are waving;
For trust is left no stay;
The thoughts, with whirlpool-raving,
No more the will obey.

Frenzy, with eye resistless,
Decoys from Truth's defense;
Life's pulse is flagging listless,
And dull is every sense.

Who hath the cross upheaved,
To shelter and make whole?
Who lives from sight received,
That he may help the soul?

Haste to the tree of wonder;
Give silent longing room;
Outgoing flames asunder
Will cleave the phantom-gloom.

Draws thee an angel tender
In safety on the strand;
Lo! at thy feet in splendor,
Outspreads the promised land.

A NOVEL SPOILED.

THE heroine was not beautiful, to begin with, not queenly, nor in any wise remarkable. She was just a plump, winsome little maiden, and she stood at the garden gate, that moonlit Sunday evening, with an air the very reverse of stateliness and composure, pulling leaves from the rose-bush near by with nervous, fluttering fingers that did not even know when the thorns pricked them. Outside the gate was a tall figure, a face bronzed and bearded, and a low voice uttering words half pleading, half resentful. There was a moment's pause, then the voice questioned, with a dash of bitterness—

"Shall I go, Maggie?"

"Just as you please, Mr. Clifford;" whereupon the questioner turned suddenly about and strode rapidly down the country road, crushing the glittering sand under his feet, while Maggie sped into the house, up to her room, and bolted her door as if afraid of being pursued. She peeped through a window, from behind the curtain, until the lonely pedestrian on the quiet road had vanished from sight; then she assured herself that "if Tom chose to act so—so—she didn't care!" and proved her utter indifference by burying her face in her pillow with a burst of sobs, and entire forgetfulness of the pansies in her pretty hat.

They had quarreled about nothing,—at least she couldn't remember what it began with,—but, of course, it was all over between them now, and he would go away as he had said. She wondered, as she lay with her flushed, tearful face turned toward the stars, how it would seem to die that night, and go away from it all. Wouldn't somebody be sorry then? She almost wished she could do it,—not quite, because one doesn't like to stop in the middle of a story, even if it is one's own; and, beside, what good would his remorse do her if she never could know anything about it?

Tom, on his homeward walk, discoursed furiously to himself upon the fickleness and perversity of all woman-kind. "Not one of the whole race worth breaking a fellow's heart for," he remarked savagely, though with a queer little quiver about his lips the while. One thing was certain, he would not stay moping there. The world was wide, and there was nothing now to hold him back. He would resign his place in the village store, and join the party for Arizona. Yes, he would take the first morning train for the city, and tell Colter he would go; there was fortunately time enough for that yet, and if it left brief space for preparation, so much the better. He should not wait for people to change their opinion, he thought, fancying that by "people" he meant Miss Maggie, but, in reality, fearing more a faltering of purpose in a nearer party.

Let the Sunday night be what it may, Monday morning follows it all the same. Maggie was glad that it was Monday morning, since it left her at liberty to sit with her sewing in a quiet corner by a window, unquestioned and undisturbed, while busy Aunt Polly, who would allow no inexperienced fingers to intermeddle in her washing, and lame Aunt Becky, who always would stay where Polly was, were in the kitchen adjoining. No ordinary kitchen was this, steaming, soapy and disconsolate, but a large, pleasant, tidy room, where aunt Becky could enjoy her arm-chair and her knitting together with Aunt Polly's discourse. The latter lady was unusually talkative on wash-day. Possibly being surrounded by tubs and piles of linen suggested, vaguely, a pulpit or speaker's stand, or perhaps, having had all Sunday to think in, her opinions needed shaking out and smoothing before they were laid away for the week. At any rate, Miss Polly had a way of doing up the world and her washing together.

"Most through, Polly?" questioned Miss Becky, as she always did every half-hour.

"Can't say I am," responded Miss Polly with a snap that shook out a pair of wet hose and her words at the same time; "not unless I view my washin' the same way these new style poets do the robe of righteousness, and think a mighty little is the whole on't. One clean stockin' is enough 'cordin' to them. No matter how much mud a body has gone into, so he's managed to keep one foot out! I don't b'lieve no such!"

"Why, of course; to be sure!" admitted Miss Becky, with mild indefiniteness.

"Curious what kinds of folks this world does hold, anyhow!" pursued Miss Polly, gazing meditatively into the depths of her tub. "There's them that has health on the brain, now—not that their brains is so partic'lar healthy neither, that I know of; but they're always a talkin' about it. You must do this, and you mustn't do t'other, for fear you'll spile your constitution and all your by-laws. Some of 'em says it's a sin to be sick. 'Pears to me, if that's so, the sicker you get the wickeder you must be, and dyin' would seem fitter to send folks to the penitentiary than to heaven. It makes things look considerable mixed."

"There's the railroad smash-ups, Polly," suggested Miss Becky, alleviatingly.

"Humph! Well, I should think there was. But everybody can't expect to get killed that way, though the companies offer 'great inducements,'" muttered Miss Polly.

"Say, Aunt Polly, can't I sail ships in your tub?" interposed a small voice; and a pair of blue eyes and a head of tangled yellow curls appeared in the door-way.

But Miss Polly was too busy to notice, even when the little navigator took silence for consent, and plunged into her rinse-water with his treasures. In this general straightening up of her mental pantry, she had just found another article to be labeled and put away.

"All sorts to make a world! I should think so! There's them reformin' women what go about lecturin' and wantin' laws fixed, and men to give 'em their rights. Landsakes! why don't they jest take their rights? If there's anything they want to do, and can do, why don't they stop talkin' and do it? Who's goin' to hinder 'em? They're just like Mrs. Jones when she wants to cross the field where the cows are. She'll stand on the fence and 'shoo,' and swing her work-bag, and flap her parasol, and cry, 'Get out there!' when the critters are so busy eatin' grass that they never notice her no way, and she might cross a dozen times if she'd a mind to."

"And me too; yes, I think so," observed Miss Becky, counting her stitches.

"But then I don't say some folks haven't as good a right to vote as anybody, and more too, for all I know, if they be women," pursued Miss Polly, frisking around to the other side of her tub, and surveying the suds from that point. "Puts me clear out of patience to hear all this talk about its spilin' women,—'sif we was a lot of eggs that must be kept cool and not be shook up much,—and callin' us 'ministerin' angels' all the time. Do I look much like an angel, Becky Murray?"

The resemblance was not very striking as she stood there with her sleeves rolled up, her bare arms akimbo, a wet check apron pinned about her, and her nose decorated with a streak of blueing. Conscientious Miss Becky surveyed the stout form rather doubtfully.

"Well—to be sure! That is, you're as good as the most, Polly—better'n most, Polly; but then there's the wings and things; they'd make—well, I must say for't, considerable difference, I do s'pose!" she admitted hesitatingly.

"Guess you'll get wings sometime, Aunt Polly. Wish I had some now," reflected Billy, with a plashing of his hands in the water that at once recalled Miss Polly to matters terrestrial.

"Mercy! what is the young one up to now? Got my best spice-box for a boat, and punched a hole clear through the bottom of it to stick a mast in, as sure as I'm alive!"

"Well, Maggie wouldn't tell me stories, an' my top's broke, an' I didn't know nothin' else to do," affirmed Billy, defensively.

"Nothin' else? Well, it's lucky you didn't, for it would like as anyway have been something worse instead of better! There, there, child!" with a softening light in her eye whereby the angel in her flashed into sight for an instant, "all the splashin' in the world can't make an ocean in a wash-tub; older folks than you have tried it. Run out in the yard and play, there's a good boy."

The June sunshine fell soft and bright upon the quaint, homely old garden, and Billy was quite reconciled to his banishment the moment he caught the rustle of the lilac leaves, and met the familiar nodding of the tall good-natured sunflowers. He seated himself on the grass, dug his bare toes into the warm earth of a poppy-bed, and leaning his small elbows upon the patched knees of his small trowsers, settled his round chin between his palms, and dropped into a fit of childish meditation. With no past to remember, no cares to make anxious, and small knowledge of possibilities to curb him, his dreams and plans had a wild free range; and he had quite decided where he would go when he came into possession of his coveted wings, besides selecting a particularly soft fleecy cloud, in the far-off blue, to serve as his bed at night, "after it got too dark to fly," when a voice interrupted him.

"Why don't you play with me, Billy Murray?" A little blue dress was crushed against the fence, a pair of tiny hands grasped the pickets, and from under a white sun-bonnet merry brown eyes laughed at Billy.

"'Cause—I guess—I'm thinkin' what I'll do," he responded with slow gravity, neither disturbed nor astonished by her sudden presence.

"What you'll do when you're big? I know all that now, and I guess I won't wait to grow either!" rattled the little damsel, her nimble tongue crowding in the words so thick and fast that she contrived to utter a dozen in the time Billy would have required for one.

"What?" asked Billy slowly, but with an awakening gleam of curiosity.

"Keep a toll-gate—that's what. I know all about 'em, for me and papa rode through

in a carriage, and I did see it my own self. You have a gate clear across the road, so folks can't get through, and then they pay you to open it; and you don't have anything to do but just live in a nice funny little house, and get lots of money."

Billy's blue eyes brightened. Down from his airy heights, at the prospect of gaining earth's shining dust, he came as readily as though he had been older.

"I guess I'll do that too," he announced.

"'Long of me?"

"Yes," said Billy, accepting the partnership as condescendingly as though the patent-right for the invention had not belonged to the other party.

"Well, let's do it now," proposed the vivacious small lady, anxious to be making her fortune at once. "I guess lots of folks go 'long the road down by the end of the lane, and if we have it there then they'll have to pay us."

"Yes," said Billy once more, and lifting the latch of the gate, he slipped out.

Maggie had ears for nothing that morning but a footstep that did not come, and Aunt Polly was too busy in looking after the whole of creation to pay any special attention to her own small corner of it; so there was nobody to observe the new firm, as they trudged off to seek a favorable locality for their enterprise. It was no long search, however, since the road at the end of the lane was the only one they knew anything about; moreover it was narrow, and well suited to their purpose in that way.

"I don't know how we'll stop it up, though," Billy remarked, surveying it doubtfully. But Carlie was fertile in expedients. Her quick eyes rested upon an old unused cart standing a little distance up the lane, and she proposed that they should draw that down across the road, to begin with. It was hard work, with all their united strength and most vigorous efforts, but they persevered until the task was accomplished.

"I thought it was big enough to reach ever so far, and it don't," said Carlie disappointedly. "Anybody could just go around the side of it if they wanted to, and never pay a cent."

Billy expressed a valiant determination to "knock any feller down that tried it," but Carlie was unsatisfied. Presently a pile of bean-poles in a neighboring lot suggested an idea of relief, and the children, in high spirits once more, proceeded to appropriate them. They could carry but one at once, but gradually they piled them up, with one end upon the fence and the other resting upon the cart, quite forgetting, in their zeal for a thorough barricade, to make any arrangement for opening their gate when the required toll should be paid. It was slow, toilsome building; but the two little faces, though flushed and perspiring, were also triumphant as they gazed upon the completed structure, with its last pole standing nearly upright against the cart. Partly for coolness to herself, partly by way of ornament to the edifice, Carlie removed her sun-bonnet from her head and hung it upon this highest point.

"Bet nobody can't get through that!" exclaimed Billy pantingly. "How much do you s'pose we'll make?"

"Dollar, may be," replied the sanguine Carlie, her eyes growing round with the stupendous prospect. "I'm too tired to build any little house to live in to-day; let's stay out-doors."

Out of doors was very pleasant. They sat down on the soft grass that edged the road, and curled the long stems of dandelion while they waited for their fortune to come; growing so interested in their occupation at last, that they had almost forgotten that they were waiting for anything, when a horse and rider came dashing down the road, and Tom Clifford, with barely time to reach the village in season for the city-bound train, rode full upon the barricade. For a gloomy and desperate suitor, bent upon rushing to the ends of the earth, to be stayed in his course by an old cart loaded with bean-poles was certainly exasperating. Nevertheless he could not go on; and as the two beaming and satisfied young faces peered out at him, he demanded in vexed astonishment:

"What on earth have you got here?"

"We're a toll-gate," explained Miss Carlie with dignity. "Me and Billy made it, and we'll let you through if——"

But the statement of terms was cut short. The horse at that moment espied the fluttering white sun-bonnet, and seizing so favorable an opportunity to be frightened, sprang suddenly to one side, flung his unsuspecting rider to the ground, and sped away up the road again. Tom rolled over and sat up in a bewildered sort of way, got upon his feet slowly, brushed the dust from his clothes, and looked after his retreating steed with a long whistle.

"Well! it isn't likely anything will stop him now until he gets home, so I might as well stay and pull this thing down. What possessed you two youngsters"— and there Tom paused, laughed, and grew more like

his good-natured self than he had been for twenty-four hours. The defiant, indignant, disappointed expression of those little dirty faces was irresistible. Carlie protested stoutly when the strong hand began to demolish her work; but Tom persuaded and explained, and the final promise of a ride in the cart, when he rolled it back up the lane, effected a satisfactory capitulation.

The "toll-gate" disposed of, Tom's next move was to follow his horse, and he speedily discovered that the wise animal had not taken the trouble to go home, but had stopped nearer by, at a place where he had frequently been allowed to make himself quite at home. He had been recognized at once; and saddled, bridled, but riderless, awakened suspicions of evil. The trio of women had gathered about him in the yard,—aunt Polly with hands dripping from the suds, aunt Becky leaning upon her crutch, and Maggie pale and trembling,—when Tom arrived upon the scene. Since he was prevented from making a journey to far-off lands, and leaving long chapters for misunderstandings, suspense and adventures, he should, according to all precedent, have broken a limb in falling from his horse, so that he could have been carried into the house, and have had a gradual reconciliation through slow, delicious convalescence—a mixture of roses and cream-toast. But he had a boyish propensity for falling right side up, and there was nothing at all the matter except a rent in his coat. Aunt Polly noticed the torn garment before his brief explanation was ended, and in the kindness of her heart insisted that it should come in for repairs. "She was washing, to be sure, and Becky was no great hand with any needle but knitting needles, but Maggie could do it slick as you please." The owner assented with alacrity. "It did look rather badly to wear through the village—if it wouldn't be too much trouble to just put a stitch in it."

He watched the color come back into the face bent so steadily over that piece of darning; watched the white fingers busy with their task, and remarked significantly:

"What a talent you have for making things right again."

"After other people have made them crooked," added Maggie, promptly.

"I don't think those threads will show that they were ever separated."

Maggie vouchsafed no reply to that, and he looked on in silence a few minutes longer.

"There! the breach is nearly healed."

"Quite," she said, clipping her thread.

"Is it?" he asked so suddenly that she looked up, and then his eyes would have an answer, and she couldn't keep her heart out of hers.

So that was the end of it—a long story cut short in the most commonplace way.

And Polly absolutely left the world at large to take care of itself for several successive wash-days while she planned Maggie's outfit. Tom never went to Arizona at all, but kept his place in the village store, and goes home to a cozy little nest at night, where Maggie meets him at the door and receives a double entrance-fee, because he says he shall owe that to all toll gates his life through. And Maggie thinks, with a throb of thankfulness, how well it is that a tenderer hand than our own willful ones guides our destinies. Yes, they are simple souls and better satisfied with their humdrum happiness than with the most poetic misery; but, alas for their biographer and the ruined volume!

A FEW HINTS ON THE CALIFORNIA JOURNEY.

When persons decide on taking a journey, their first desire is to get certain questions answered. They wish to know exactly how, when, and where to go, what to carry in their trunks, and how much money the expedition is likely to cost. These questions are not, so far as I know, answered by any of the existing sources of information with regard to the California trip. At least, so we found when, last spring, we rather suddenly resolved upon a western journey.

Being quite ignorant of what lay before us, we went eagerly to work to collect facts. We read guide-books and books of travel; also sundry magazine articles illustrated by wood-cuts, in which ladies and gentlemen were depicted majestically dining or putting themselves to bed in Pullman cars. At first sight the practical seemed to obtain in these articles. Sifted closely, with that keen analysis which urgent need creates, they proved to consist mostly of glittering generalities by

which the reader, taken rapidly from point to point, was introduced to peaks, cañons, and the wheat-yield of various sections of country, without hint as to dust, discomfort or fatigue. There were, however, certain neat tables of figures with regard to the time and expense required for excursions to be taken after reaching San Francisco. These we jotted down, with entire comfort and credence, for our future guidance. One comes to disbelieve in newspapers—perhaps, when very old, in maps—but to the last day of her life, a woman will continue to accept with ready faith all statistics presented in tabular form.

Failing to find what we wanted in printed accounts, we tried the statements of returned travelers,—taken, as the newspapers say, "from their own lips." But here confusion dire began. No two persons remembered alike, even with regard to such obvious matters as heat, food, the construction of cars. We were advised to take no thick clothes, to take no thin clothes; to be sure to stop, and by no means to stop, at various points; to trust entirely to the eating stations on the road for our daily supplies,—to carry with us, in hampers, everything we were likely to need. The list of articles suggested as strictly necessary comprised spirit-lamps, tea-pots, saucepans, cups, saucers, knives, forks, spoons, tin pails, tea, sugar, wine, jelly, crackers—in short, an outfit for Alexander Selkirk. Who was to lift all this load of ironmongery when changes of cars took place? We gave up the conundrum in despair, and resolved to trust our own common-sense, and to ask no advice, but just take things as we found them and record the result for the benefit of such as should come after. For, we said, a benevolent purpose blossoming from the midst of our perplexities, *we* will remember, *we* will report facts just as they are, and next spring's tourist to California shall not suffer all this wrong.

Of that resolution this article is the result.

FIRST, THEN, THE SEASON TO GO.

We left New York on the 9th of May. This was at least a month too late as seasons usually are, but, fortunately for us, the spring was a month late also. So we lost less by the delay. The best time for those who wish to see California in green perfection and overlaid with her marvelous mantle of wild flowers, is the last of March or first of April, just so soon as the dangers of snow on the Pacific Railroad are presumably over. For those who do not object to a sea-voyage, a pleasanter way is to leave New York late in February, by the way of the Isthmus, reaching San Francisco in the height of the season, after a month's sail in tropical waters, and returning home in the summer across the plains. This method has the advantage also of being the cheape

WHAT IT COSTS.

The price of a ticket to San Francisco and back over the Union Pacific and Central Pacific roads is a little less than three hundred dollars. To this must be added the expenses of seven or eight days' meals—averaging three dollars a day, also the additional expense of a compartment in the Pullman car. Without this latter the journey would be unendurably fatiguing; with it, it is surprisingly comfortable.

Upon the margin of the long railway map furnished to travelers we read, that a sleeping berth from New York to San Francisco can be procured for eleven dollars, which certainly sounds remarkably cheap. But this does not mean a section, or even half a section: it refers to the minimum of space, that is, half of one of the berths, upper or under, three other persons occupying the remainder of the section. Now few persons can be really comfortable with less than a whole section,—certainly no lady traveling alone could be,—and a whole section costs forty-four dollars. It will be seen therefore that a compartment in the P. P. C. is a considerable item in the expenses of the trip.

Hotel charges in California are not so high as with us, being three dollars,—sometimes two dollars and a half,—a day. Carriage fares are exceedingly dear, stage fares less than in the East,—on the White Mountain roads for instance. The Yo Semite excursion is an extremely costly one. No one should undertake it without an allowance of from ten to fifteen days (at least) in time, and from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty dollars in money. It will then be easily seen, that it is safe to estimate the expense of two months of travel in California to vary from seven to eight hundred dollars, according as the traveler is or is not an economist. To reckon it as less would be to mislead. And this, observe, is in gold, and does not include any of the longer excursions—Southern California, the Columbia River, Puget Sound; all of which furnish points of great interest and beauty well worth an additional journey to see.

WHAT TO CARRY.

Two things are to be considered in packing a trunk for San Francisco—weight and climate. Every article of baggage is weighed on the Pacific Railroad. One hundred pounds are allowed to each passenger; for every pound additional he is charged at the rate of fifteen dollars a hundred-weight. A heavy Saratoga trunk is therefore undesirable as a traveling companion. Fortunately it is easier to calculate the absolutely needful for California than for other places, because her climates, as a general thing, are so cold. Ladies in San Francisco wear furs in January and July equally, and find them as comfortable in one month as the other. There is absolutely no use for piqués, muslin gowns, fluted wrappers and all the numberless appointments of our summer toilettes, unless one visits Southern California, or desires to spend some time in Sacramento and other warm places in the middle of the State. The washing of such diaphanous articles is an expensive item, too, San Francisco laundries being in the habit of charging from three to five dollars a dozen, though the Chinamen, who wash very fairly, ask considerably less. My advice to women therefore would be: provide yourself with a *warm*, substantial traveling dress, and take one other suit, silk or cashmere, something that will answer for the hotel dinner-table and for going about the city. This is all you will need, unless you carry letters of introduction and propose to see something of San Francisco society, in which case a handsome dinner or evening dress might be necessary. There will be warm days here and there, especially on the railroad coming home; and for these, half a dozen linen or cambric waists should be provided, to be put on at any moment when the heat becomes oppressive. You will also want a thick outside wrap, plenty of thick boots and gloves, a hat with a brim to it, a relay of grenadine veils, and, by all means, an old water-proof cloak, to be used in stages or on horseback as a protection against dust.

It is unnecessary to carry a special costume for the Yo Semite. Ready-made suits intended for the purpose are sold in the San Francisco shops, and can be bought at an hour's notice. Some ladies, however, take their old broad-cloth riding dresses, cut shorter and provided with loops and buttons to hold the skirt out of the way when walking, and find these convenient.

There are six days and five nights to be spent on the railroad between Chicago and San Francisco, so a large bag or small valise will be needed for use on the cars. This will also come into play later in visiting the Yo Semite, where a trunk cannot be carried except under conditions of expense and trouble. In this bag should be put, beside night-dress, change of linen, etc., plenty of clean collars, cuffs, pocket-handkerchiefs and stockings, a bottle of cologne, a phial of powdered borax, to soften the hard water of the alkali district, a warm flannel sack for the chilly nights, —which even in midsummer must, in those high altitudes, be provided against, soap, brushes, combs, a whisk-broom, a pocket pincushion, a brandy flask, and small quantities of two or three of the simplest medicines. Old and easy boots should be chosen for the journey. I should advise everybody to be provided with two linen dusters. Dust is the great foe to comfort on the Pacific Railroad. No brushing, no shaking removes it. It sifts, it penetrates, it pervades everywhere. After two or three days you grow to hate yourself. Some ladies whom we met wore barége caps, which drew tightly with an elastic cord over all their hair and kept it free from dust. This was an admirable device, and I recommend it.

With regard to luncheon-baskets: The food provided at eating stations on the Pacific Railroad is fairly good—wonderfully so, considering the uninhabited character of much of the country through which the road passes, and the isolation of many of the stations. Almost everywhere west of Omaha we found excellent butter, and bread raised with yeast. It is true that it was necessary to look at one's watch to tell whether it was breakfast, dinner or supper that we were eating, these meals presenting invariably the same salient features of beefsteak, fried eggs, fried potato. Sometimes the steak was a little tougher and was called antelope. One grows very weary of this sameness of diet. To this day we cherish grateful feelings towards the little village of Sidney, on account of certain cubes of fried mush which diversified a breakfast of unusual excellence. There is an admirable eating-house at Evanston, also, and a good one at Summit, on top of the high Sierras. Taking all in all, a traveler can get along very well without private supplies. Still, there are times when they save embarrassment. As, for instance, when the train is behind time, or when it stops for breakfast at nine, and for dinner and supper at twelve and half-past three respectively! Or when, as happened to ourselves at Cheyenne, the rush of diners is so great that you find it impossi-

ble to catch the eye of the Chinese waiter till it is too late to make him of the slightest use. At such times you are glad to have a lunch-basket, and fall back on your Albert biscuit, orange marmalade, or whatever simple stores it may contain. These stores can be replenished at various points along the road if necessary. At Omaha and at Ogden fresh rolls and cold roasted chickens are to be had; at several other places crackers, canned meats, etc.

THE PULLMAN CAR.

One of our chief perplexities before starting was to find out in what part of the Pullman car it was best to secure compartments. We were expressly warned against the state-rooms, as close and crowded, as also as being directly over the jolt of the wheels. We had tried sections often enough on cars not bearing the name of Pullman, to be very sure that we should not find them comfortable habitations for seven long days and nights. Yet there seemed no alternative; nobody told us that anything else could be procured. Our delight, therefore, can be imagined, when, on entering the Pullman car at Suspension Bridge, we found it a double-drawing-room car, and were told that for a little less than the price of a section apiece, we could become the happy occupants of one of the two delightful little rooms at the end.

These rooms occupy the whole width of the car, with the exception of a narrow passage-way on one side. There are six ventilators in each, and four windows, two of which look out-doors, and two into the passage-way, which has corresponding windows opening outward. On one side of the room is a long sofa, on the other two arm-chairs, whose backs are movable and can be tipped back to a convenient angle. There are looking-glasses on the walls. There is plenty of room above and below for your bags, bundles, and baskets. Between the two drawing-rooms is a dressing-closet, which is used by nobody in the car except the drawing-room occupants. At bed-time the porter enters, pulls the sofa out into a roomy bed, manipulates the arm-chairs in some mysterious way so that they form another bed, produces sheets, blankets, pillows from repositories overhead, hangs curtains over doors and windows, presents you with a handful of clean towels, and departs, leaving you shut into as snug and secluded a bed-room as any one could desire.

If you are wise, and prepare for bed early, you can take possession of the dressing-closet, bolt the door of the second drawing-room, and have the luxury of a sponge-bath. When a hotel-car is attached to the train, it is even possible to compass a pail of hot water. The comfort and refreshment of such a bath after the dusty day can scarcely be overstated.

The price of a drawing-room from New York to Ogden is forty-eight dollars, which shared between two persons is somewhat less than a section for each would cost. Each drawing-room contains berths for four persons, but when four persons occupy them they cease to be comfortable. For two people, especially two ladies traveling alone, nothing on wheels has ever been invented which is so perfect. I am told that it is possible on the New York Central to engage a Pullman drawing-room through to Chicago. They should always be telegraphed for, if possible, a day or two in advance, as they are in demand, and no train carries more than two, or at most four.

Between Suspension Bridge and Chicago, and in the Burlington and Quincy road from Chicago to Omaha, hotel-cars are attached to the train. These are infinitely ingenious in their fitting up, and most beautifully kept and appointed. They have compact kitchens which seem only just large enough to hold the jolly black cook, and yet contain everything which a housekeeper's heart could desire,—range, ice chest, store closets, sink, coal bin, dresser for china,—while the dining-room attached, with its little tables set out with fresh linen, and pretty plate and china, is so appetizing in its aspect that it would tempt an anchorite to be hungry. It is to be hoped that in time it may be found possible to carry these cars over the whole length of the road; when that takes place, the comfort of the journey will be greatly increased.

One is often surprised to hear returned travelers speak so little of what would seem to be the inevitable fatigue of so long a journey. The fatigue is, in truth, much less than would be expected. This is partly due to the great comfort of the Pullman cars, and to their smooth motion, and also, as Mr. Nordhoff justly remarks in his recent book, to the slow running of the railroad trains. The quiet, the absence of clatter, the being able to talk without raising the voice, are surprising reliefs. And the freedom from jar, the skillful avoidance of shocks in starting and stopping the trains, is very noticeable.

The journey from Chicago to Ogden does not carry the traveler through noticeable scenery except in certain spots, as between

Cheyenne and Sherman, and beyond Evanston, where are the Weber and Echo cañons. At Ogden, which is the junction of the two Pacific roads, the Utah Railroad forks off, and by a short and beautiful ride of three hours brings you to Salt Lake City. This is the point at which many people break the journey by a few days' rest. I would advise every one to do so. The Mormon hotels are sufficiently comfortable, and the city itself, standing beneath its rampart of mountains, with the great lake shining beyond, is most interesting, and well worth a visit.

From Ogden on, the scenery grows finer as you rise over the Sierra slopes and finally, cresting the summit, go down on the other side and glide across the wide plains of California toward the coast. The through train reaches San Francisco in the evening, which is a pity, as one thereby loses getting a first view of the city from its water side, which is by far the finest.

There is nothing in San Francisco itself to detain the traveler many days. The sail round the Bay, with its views of the Golden Gate and the fortified islands, is beautiful, and so is the drive to the Cliff House. Every one should visit the Chinese quarter and the Chinese theater, the great blanket manufactories, and, if possible, the works of the Kimball Co., where specimens of the exquisite woods of California are to be seen. The streets of the city are also entertaining, with their irregular and picturesque elevations, their profusion of flowers and shrubs, and their odd mixture of nationalities. Nothing specially novel is to be found in the shops, excepting Chinese and Japanese wares, which are very pretty and tempting, and photographs of California scenery. The Watkins photographs are too well known to require comment; but I should like to mention that Mr. Muybridge, a photographer not so long before the public, will exhibit this spring a series of large Yo Semite views, finer and more perfect than any which have ever before been taken. These views are chosen with all the discrimination and perceptive faculty of a true artist, and give that last and rarest charm of photography, the atmospheric and cloud effects of the landscape. No one visiting San Francisco should fail to see these pictures, which are on exhibition in Montgomery Street, not far from Watkins's gallery.

EXCURSIONS.

Of some of the shorter excursions to be taken from San Francisco, I can speak only by hearsay. San Raphael, which stands picturesquely on the Bay, at the foot of Tamal Pais mountain, is said to be a delightful place, and we regretted not having spent a day or two there. Monte Diablo is reported to command a view which well repays the long drive necessary to see it. The old mission towns of Santa Clara and San Josè, which are reached in two or three hours by the Southern Pacific Railroad, are interesting spots. From San Josè, a day's staging over the summit of the Coast Range brings you to Santa Cruz, the favorite watering-place of California. I would advise any one with a few spare days at command, to take this excursion, if only for the sake of the ride over the mountain, which is wonderfully fine. Flower-lovers should not fail to do so, for such roses, geraniums, jessamines, and passion-flowers grow nowhere else as run riot in every little garden in Santa Cruz.

Ninety-six miles north of San Francisco lies the mysterious Geyser Valley, a narrow mountain cleft, filled with boiling springs and mineral deposits. There are two ways of reaching this remarkable region, via Healdsburg, and via Calistoga; and as the roads from both these places to the Geyser Cañon are wild and interesting, it is well to go by one and return by the other—*going* by Healdsburg, and coming back through the lovely Napa Valley. The excursion can be taken in three days from San Francisco, and should not be missed by any tourist whose time is not very limited.

THE YO SEMITE VALLEY.

Almost every traveler to California arrives with a question in his mouth about the Yo Semite. It is so incomparably the most beautiful thing to be seen, that everybody desires to see it, and yet the journey sounds so formidable that timid souls and feeble bodies shrink from the undertaking. We, ourselves, experienced this dread. There were moments when only the superior dread of having to plead guilty to cowardice held us to the plan. *Now* we say, with a breathless realization of the loss which might have been, "Oh, if we had missed it!"

Of the routes to the valley I can speak only of the one by which we ourselves went in and returned, namely, the Hutchings, or Big Oak Flat route. We selected this because of its involving less horseback riding than any other. On the Mariposa route it is necessary to ride thirty miles. The Big Oak Flat stages carry you to the edge of the val-

ley, whence a short nine miles in the saddle brings you to Hutchings' Hotel.

Our equipment was simple—a single extra dress, a single change of clothes. There is a laundry in the valley, and it is better to have your clothes frequently washed than to burden yourself with unnecessary garments. Our things were packed in a small valise. All baggage goes down the trail in canvas sacks slung over a mule's back. If you carry a trunk you must pay for an extra mule. As I mentioned before, "Yo Semite suits" can be bought in the San Francisco shops. These are made of flannel or water-proof stuff, and comprise trowsers, a short skirt, and a loose shirt plaited in at the waist. They are very well adapted for the dust and rough usage of the valley. Still, I will mention, for the encouragement of any lady who does not care to burden herself with a special outfit for the excursion, that one of our party wore, in her traveling dress, a strong gray flannel, with cloak to match, rode on horseback in it for eight days, and, finally, brought it away in such respectable condition, that it answered for the return trip over the Pacific Railroad.

We made the trip to the valley in the public stages, and returned by a private carriage, and are therefore qualified to judge of the merits of both methods of travel. I should unhesitatingly recommend the private carriage. It does not (for a party) cost much more than the stages, and is greatly preferable, not only for its superior comfort, but for the greater freedom it allows with regard to hours of starting and stopping at night. The stages are run on an arbitrary system, which does not take into account the convenience of passengers. They leave generally by half-past-four or five in the morning, lose two or three hours in halts in the course of the day, and by six P.M. deposit you at uncomfortable inns where you don't want to stop, while a few miles farther is a comfortable one where you would prefer to be. With a private carriage and driver many of these discomforts can be avoided.

There are agencies in San Fancisco where arrangements for private teams are made. But if we were going again we should manage thus: We should write or telegraph to either Boyd's or McLane's livery-stables in Sonora, for a carriage to meet us on a given day at Milton, specifying the number of seats and horses required, and that the wagon must be one with all the seats facing forward. The cost of such a wagon with two horses is fifteen dollars a day; with four horses, twenty-five. A party of, say five, will require four horses. We should pay for the day spent in bringing the wagon down from Sonora to Milton,—for a day spent in going from Milton to the Calaveras Grove of Big Trees,—for a third day at the grove, towards the close of which, we should drive to Murphy's,—for a fourth, occupied in going from Murphy's to Garrote,—and for a fifth, from Garrote to Gentry's. The fourth day's ride would take us through Sonora, and (here is the great advantage in taking the carriage from that place instead of Stockton) we should there obtain fresh horses for which we had telegraphed the day before, and which would enable us to get through to the edge of the valley in two days. If, as many persons do, we stayed only four days in the valley, we should not send away the carriage, but let it await us at Gentry's, as we should have to pay for the four days it would consume in going and returning from Sonora. But we *should* stay more than four days. We should stay ten days, a fortnight—a month if we could, and telegraph for the carriage to come up for us when we wanted it. Possibly a party might come along who wished to journey up in it, in which case, we should be saved fifty dollars. Getting back to the railroad via Chinese Camp would occupy two days more, and there would be still a third to be paid for, which the wagon would spend in getting back to its stable. So the expense of the whole, for our party of five, would be $300—$60 apiece,—which, in the event of another party taking the carriage up from Sonora, would be reduced to $50 each,—the price of the journey by the regular stages.

Hotel expenses in the valley are three dollars a day. You pay also two dollars and a half per day for your horse. The party collectively pays five dollars a day for a guide. Of the beauty, the rewardfulness of the place, I cannot trust myself to speak in an article so brief and so practical as this. That another spot so exquisite exists on the face of this earth it is not easy to make those believe who have felt the spell of that perfect loveliness. And it is a beauty which does not fade from the memory, but remains always, stirring the heart with strong pathetic pleasure, like the recollection of a beloved and absent friend.

On the way home we spent a week on top of the Sierras, where a deep basin of transparent blue water, fringed with pine forests and watched over by snow peaks, has received the name of Lake Tahoe. This delightful spot ranks in our affections next to the Yo Semite.

It was there, one cool, delicious morning, that we received New York newspapers, and read accounts of the deadly, smiting heat of the Atlantic sea-board, accounts which it was hard to realize or believe while breathing that elastic and delicious atmosphere.

My last piece of advice to everybody who is thinking of the California journey is, Go! don't give it up! For it is a sweet and compensating fact, that the pleasures of travel survive its pains.

"The tent removes; the vision stays."

The discomforts, the heat and dust, the weariness by the way, the trifling vexations, are soon forgotten; while the novelty and freshness, the beautiful sights, the wider horizon, the increased compass and comprehension, remain to refresh us always.

ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF.

SHE is no transient guest,
Whose mourning garments trail upon my floor,
For she has tarried many days before
Within the chamber looking to the west.

A sad, despairing one,
With claspèd hands, and head forever bowed,
And somber drapery sweeping like a cloud
Across the brightness of the summer sun.

My little cottage home,
So few and small its rooms, so low its eaves,
O'erflows with sadness as she moans and grieves,
Pacing with restless steps that inner room.

Sometimes she seems to sleep,—
Her voice in dreary monotone of woe
I hear no more; her footsteps to and fro
Forget their weary repetend to keep.

And then loved voices call
Outside my windows and my long-closed door;
Once more, unvexed by shadows, on my floor
I see the pleasant summer sunshine fall.

Forgetful I rejoice,
And haste to greet my old, familiar friends;—
But at some memoried word her slumber ends,
And they are frighted from me at her voice.

I turn within once more,
Shut from the world her pain and mystery;
They who must shelter such a guest as she
Should sit in silence, with a guarded door.

Because she is my own
By all the ties of this long sympathy;
Because she may have come from Heaven to me,
I cannot bid her from my home begone.

ARTHUR BONNICASTLE.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

THE MEETING OF MRS. BELDEN AND CLAIRE.

CHAPTER X.

DURING the closing days of summer, I was surprised to meet in the street, walking alone, the maid who accompanied Mrs. Sanderson to the sea-side. She courtesied quite profoundly to me, after the manner of the time, and paused as though she wished to speak.

"Well, Jane," I said, "how came you here?"

She colored, and her eyes flashed angrily as she replied: "Mrs. Sanderson sent me home."

"If you are willing, I should like to have you tell me all about it," I said.

"It is all of a lady Mrs. Sanderson met at the hotel," she responded,—"a lady with a pretty face and fine manners, who is as poor as I am, I warrant ye. Mighty sly and quiet she was; and your aunt took to her from the first day. They walked together every day till Jenks came, and then they rode together, and she was always doing little things for your aunt, and at last they left me out entirely, so that I had nothing in the world to do but to sit and sew all day on just nothing at all. The lady read to her, too, out of the newspapers and the books, in a very nice way, and made herself agreeable with her pretty manners until it was nothing but Mrs. Belden in the morning, and Mrs. Belden at night, and Mrs. Belden all the time, and I told your aunt that I didn't think I was needed any more, and she took me up mighty short and said she didn't think I was, and that I could go home if I wished to; and I wouldn't stay a moment after that, but just packed up and came home in the next boat."

The disappointed and angry girl rattled off her story as if she had told it forty times to her forty friends, and learned it all by rote.

"I am sorry, Jane, that you have been disappointed," I responded, "but is my aunt well?"

"Just as well as she ever was in her life."

"But how will she get home without you?" I inquired, quite willing to hear her talk farther.

"The same as she does now, faith. You may wager your eyes the lady will come with her. You never saw the like of the thickness there is between 'em."

"Is she old or young?" I inquired.

"Neither the one nor the other," she replied, "though I think she's older than she

looks. Oh, she's a sharp one—she's a sharp one! You'll see her. There was a world of quiet talk going on between 'em, when I couldn't hear. They've been at it for more than a month, and it means something. I think she's after the old lady's money."

I laughed, and again telling Jane that I was sorry for her disappointment, and expressing the hope that it would all turn out well, parted with her.

Here was some news that gave me abundant food for reflection and conjecture. Not a breath of all this had come to me on the wings of the frequent missives that had reached me from Mrs. Sanderson's hand; but I had an unshaken faith in her discretion. The assurance that she was well was an assurance that she was quite able to take care of herself. It was natural that the maid should have been irate and jealous, and I did not permit her words to prejudice me against Mrs. Sanderson's new friend. Yet I was curious, and not quite comfortable, with the thought of her, and permitted my mind to frame and dwell upon the possible results of the new connection.

It was a week after this meeting, perhaps, that I received a note from Mrs. Sanderson, announcing the confirmation of her health, stating that she should bring a lady with her on her return to Bradford, and giving directions for the preparation of a room for her accommodation. It would not have been like my aunt to make explanations in a letter, so that I was not disappointed in finding none.

At last I received a letter informing me that the mistress of The Mansion would return to her home on the following day. I was early at the wharf to meet her—so early that the steamer had but just showed her smoking chimneys far down the river. As the boat approached, I detected two female figures upon the hurricane deck which I was not long in concluding to be my aunt and her new friend. Jenks, in his impatience to get quickly on shore, had loosed his horse from the stall, and stood holding him by the bridle, near the carriage, upon the forward deck. He saw me and swung his hat, in token of his gladness that the long trial was over.

The moment the boat touched the wharf I leaped on board, mounted to the deck, and, in an impulse of real gladness and gratitude, embraced my aunt. For a moment her companion was forgotten, and then Mrs. Sanderson turned and presented her. I did not at all wonder that she was agreeable to Mrs. Sanderson, for I am sure that no one could have looked into her face and received her greeting without being pleased with her. She was dressed plainly but with great neatness; and everything in her look and manner revealed the well-bred woman. The whole expression of her personality was one of refinement. She looked at me with a pleased and inquiring gaze which quite charmed me—a gaze that by some subtle influence inspired me to special courtesy toward her. When the carriage had been placed on shore, and had been made ready for the ride homeward, I found myself under the impulse to be as polite to her as to my aunt.

As I looked out among the loungers who always attended the arrival of the *Belle*, as a resort of idle amusement, I caught a glimpse of Henry. Our eyes met for an instant, and I detected a look of eager interest upon his face. My recognition seemed to quench the look at once, and he turned abruptly on his heel and walked away. It was not like him to be among a company of idlers, and I knew that the arrival of Mrs. Sanderson could not have attracted him. It was an incident, however, of no significance save as it was interpreted by subsequent events which went for record.

Mrs. Sanderson was quite talkative on the way home, in pointing out to her new companion the objects of interest presented by the thriving little city, and when she entered her house seemed like her former self. She was like the captain of a ship who had returned from a short stay on shore, having left the mate in charge. All command and direction returned to her on the instant she placed her foot upon the threshold. She was in excellent spirits, and seemed to look forward upon life more hopefully than she had done for a long time previously. Mrs. Belden was pleased with the house, delighted with her room, and charmed with all the surroundings of the place; and I could see that Mrs. Sanderson was more than satisfied with the impression which her new friend had made upon me. I remember with how much interest I took her from window to window to show her the views which the house commanded, and how much she gratified me by her hearty appreciation of my courtesy and of the home to which circumstances had brought her.

I saw at once that she was a woman to whom I could yield my confidence, and who was wholly capable of understanding me and of giving me counsel. I saw, too, that the old home would become a very different place

to me from what it ever had been before, with her gracious womanliness within it. It was love with me at first sight, as it had been with my more critical aunt.

The next morning Mrs. Sanderson called me into her little library and told me the whole story of her new acquaintance. She had been attracted to her by some heartily-rendered courtesy when she found herself among strangers, feeble and alone, and had learned from her that she was without relations and a home of her own. They had long conversations, and were led, step by step, to a mutual revelation of personal wishes and needs, until it was understood between them that one was in want of a companion in her old age, and the other was in want of a home, for which she was willing to give service and society.

"I have come," said my aunt, "to realize that I am old, and that it is not right for me to stay in the house alone as I have done; and now that you are to be absent for so long a time, I shall need society and help. I am sure that Mrs. Belden is the right woman for me. Although she will be in a certain sense a dependent, she deserves and will occupy the place of a friend. I do not think I can be mistaken in her, and I believe that you will like her as well as I do."

I frankly told my aunt of the pleasant impression the lady had made upon me, and expressed my entire satisfaction with the arrangement; so Mrs. Belden became, in a day, a member of our home, and, by the ready adaptiveness of her nature, fitted into her new place and relations without a jar.

On the same day in which Mrs. Sanderson and I held our conversation, I found myself alone with Mrs. Belden, who led me to talk of myself, my plans, and my associates. I told her the history of my stay at the Bird's Nest, and talked at length of my companion there. She listened to all I had to say with interest, and questioned me particularly about Henry. She thought a young man's intimate companions had much to do with his safety and progress, and was glad to learn that my most intimate friend was all that he ought to be.

"You must never mention him to Mrs. Sanderson," I said, "for he offended her by not accepting her invitation to spend his vacation with me."

"I shall never do it, Arthur," she responded. "You can always rely upon my discretion."

"We are to be chums at college," I said.

"How will you manage it without offending your aunt?" she inquired.

"Oh, she knows that I like him; so we agree not to mention his name. She asks me no questions, and I say nothing. Besides, I think she knows something else and—" I hesitated.

"And what?" inquired Mrs. Belden, smiling.

"I think she knows that he is fond of my sister Claire," I said.

Mrs. Belden gave a visible start, but checking herself, said, coolly enough, "Well, is he?"

"I think so," I answered. "Indeed, I think they are very fond of one another."

Then, at the lady's request, I told her all about my sister—her beauty, her importance in my father's home, and her accomplishments. She listened with great interest, and said that she hoped she should make her acquaintance.

"If you are to be tied to my aunt in the society you meet here you will be pretty sure not to know her," I responded. "My father is Mrs. Sanderson's tenant, and she has very strict notions in regard to poor people, and especially in regard to those who occupy her houses. She has never invited a member of my family into her house, and she never will. She has been very kind to me, but she has her own way about it."

"Yes, I see, but I shall meet your sister in some way, I know, if I remain here," Mrs. Belden replied.

I had never seen Jenks so happy as he appeared the next day after his arrival. He had been elevated immensely by his voyage and adventures, and had benefited by the change quite as much as his mistress. He went about humming and growling to himself in the old way, seeking opportunities to pour into my amused ears the perils he had encountered and escaped. There had been a terrific "lurch" on one occasion, when everybody staggered; and a suspicious sail once "hove in sight" which turned out to be a schooner loaded with lumber; and there were white caps tossing on a reef which the captain skillfully avoided; and there was a "tremenduous ground swell" during a portion of the homeward passage which he delighted to dwell upon.

But Jenks was in no way content until I had pointed out his passage to him on the map. When he comprehended the humiliating fact that he had sailed only half an inch on the largest map of the region he possessed, and that on the map of the world the river by which he passed to the sea was

not large enough to be noticed, he shook his head.

"It's no use," said the old man. "I thought I could do it, but I can't. The world is a big thing. Don't you think yourself it would be more convenient if it were smaller? I can't see the use of such an everlasting lot of water. A half an inch! My! think of sailing a foot and a half! I give it up."

"But you really have been far, far away upon the billow," I said encouragingly.

"Yes, that's so—that's so—that *is* so," he responded, nodding his head emphatically; "and I've ploughed the waves, and struck the sea, and hugged the shore, and embarked and prepared for a storm, and seen the white caps, and felt a ground swell, and got through alive, and all that kind of thing. I tell you, that day when we swung into the stream I didn't know whether I was on my head or my heels. I kept saying to myself: 'Theophilus Jenks, is this you? Who's your father and who's your mother and who's your Uncle David? Do you know what you're up to?' I'll bet you can't tell what else I said?"

"No, I'll not try, but you'll tell me," I responded.

"Well, 'twas a curious thing to say, and I don't know but it was wicked to talk out of the Bible, but it came to me and came out of me before I knew it."

"What was it, Jenks? I'm curious to know."

"Says I: 'Great is Diany of the 'Phesians!'"

I laughed heartily, and told Jenks that in my opinion he couldn't have done better.

"That wasn't all," said Jenks. "I said it more than forty times. A fellow must say something when he gets full, and if he doesn't swear, what is he going to do, I should like to know? So always when I found myself runing over, I said 'Great is Diany of the 'Phesians,' and that's the way I spilt myself all the way down."

It was a great comfort to me, on the eve of my departure, to feel that the two lives which had been identified with my new home, and had made it what it had been to me, were likely to be spared for some years longer—spared, indeed, until I should return to take up my permanent residence at The Mansion. Mrs. Belden's presence, too, was reassuring. It helped to give a look of permanence to a home which seemed more and more, as the years went by, to be built of very few and frail materials. I learned almost at once to identify her with my future, and to associate her with all my plans for coming life. If my aunt should die, I determined that Mrs. Belden should remain.

There was one fact which gave me surprise and annoyance, viz., that both my father and Mr. Bradford regarded the four years that lay immediately before me as the critical years of my history. Whenever I met them, I found that my future was much upon their minds, and that my experiences of the previous winter were not relied upon by either of them as sufficient guards against the temptations to which I was about to be subjected. They knew that for many reasons, growing out of the softening influence of age and of apprehended helplessness on the part of Mrs. Sanderson, she had become very indulgent toward me, and had ceased to scan with her old closeness my expenditures of money—that, indeed, she had a growing pride in me and fondness for me which prompted her to give me all the money that might be desirable in sustaining me in the position of a rich young gentleman. Even Mr. Bird came all the way from Hillsborough to see his boys, as he called Henry and myself. He, too, was anxious about me, and did not leave me until he had pointed out the mistakes I should be likely to make and exhorted me to prove myself a man, and to remember what he and dear Mrs. Bird expected of me.

These things surprised and annoyed me, because they indicated a solicitude which must have been based upon suspicions of my weakness, yet these three men were all wise. What could it mean? I learned afterwards. They had seen enough of life to know that when a young man meets the world, temptation comes to him, and always seeks and finds the point in his character at which it may enter. They did not know where that point was in me, but they knew it was somewhere, and that my ready sympathy would be my betrayer, unless I should be on my guard.

I spent an evening with Henry in my father's family, and recognized, in the affectionate paternal eye that followed me everywhere, the old love which knew no diminution. I believe there was no great and good deed which my fond father did not deem me capable of performing, and that he had hung the sweetest and highest hopes of his life upon me. He was still working from day to day to feed, shelter and clothe his dependent flock, but he looked for his rewards not to them but to me. The noble life which had been possible to him, under more favorable circumstances, he expected to live in me. For this he had sacrificed my society, and suffered the pain of witnessing the transfer

of my affections and interests to another home.

On the day before that fixed for my departure, a note was received at The Mansion inviting us all to spend the evening at Mrs. Bradford's. The good lady in her note of invitation stated that she should be most happy to see Mrs. Sanderson, and though she hardly expected her to break her rule of not leaving her house in the evening, she hoped that her new companion, Mrs. Belden, would bear me company, and so make the acquaintance of her neighbors. My aunt read the note to Mrs. Belden, and said: "Of course I shall not go, and you will act your own pleasure in the matter." Hoping that the occasion would give me an opportunity to present my friend and my sister to Mrs. Belden, I urged her to go with me, and she at last consented to do so.

I had strongly desired to see my friend Millie once more, and was delighted with the opportunity thus offered. The day was one of busy preparation, and Mrs. Belden was dressed and ready to go when I came down from my toilet. As we walked down the hill together toward Mr. Bradford's house, she said: "Arthur, I have been into society so little during the last few years that I feel very uneasy over this affair. Indeed, every nerve in my body is trembling now." I laughed, and told her she was going among people who would make her at home at once—people whom she would soon learn to love and confide in.

I expected to see Henry and Claire, and I was not disappointed. After greeting my hearty host and lovely hostess, and presenting Mrs. Belden, I turned to Henry, who, with a strange pallor upon his face, grasped and fairly ground my hand within his own. He made the most distant of bows to the strange lady at my side, who looked as ghost-like at the instant as himself. The thought instantaneously crossed my mind that he had associated her with Mrs. Sanderson, against whom I knew he entertained the most bitter dislike. He certainly could not have appeared more displeased had he been compelled to a moment's courtesy toward the old lady herself. When Mrs. Belden and Claire met, it was a different matter altogether. There was a mutual and immediate recognition of sympathy between them. Mrs. Belden held Claire's hand, and stood and chatted with her until her self-possession returned. Henry watched the pair with an absorbed and anxious look, as if he expected his beloved was in some way to be poisoned by the breath of her new acquaintance.

At last, in the general mingling of voices in conversation and laughter, both Mrs. Belden and Henry regained their usual manner; and the fusion of the social elements present became complete. As the little reunion was given to Henry and myself, in token of interest in our departure, that departure was the topic of the evening upon every tongue. We talked about it while at our tea, and there were many sportive speculations upon the possible transformations in character and bearing which the next four years would effect in us. As we came out of the tea-room I saw that Mrs. Belden and Claire still clung to each other. After a while Henry joined them, and I could see, as both looked up into his face with amused interest, that he was making rapid amends for the coolness with which he had greeted the stranger. Then Mr. Bradford went and took Claire away, and Mrs. Belden and Henry sat down by themselves and had a long talk together. All this pleased me, and I did nothing to interfere with their *tête-à-tête;* and all this I saw from the corner to which Millie and I had retired to have our farewell talk.

"What do you expect to make?" said Millie, curiously, continuing the drift of the previous conversation.

"I told Mrs. Sanderson, when I was a little fellow, that I expected to make a man," I answered; "and now please tell me what you expect to make."

"A woman, I suppose," she replied, with a little sigh.

"You speak as if you were sad about it," I responded.

"I am." And she looked off as if reflecting upon the bitter prospect.

"Why?"

"Oh, men and women are so different from children," she said. "One of these years you will come back with grand airs, and whiskers on your face, and you will find me grown up, with a long dress on; and I'm afraid I shan't like you as well as I do now, and that you will like somebody a great deal better than you do me."

"Perhaps we shall like one another a great deal better than we do now," I said.

"It's only a perhaps," she responded. "No, we shall be new people then. Just think of my father being a little boy once! I presume I shouldn't have liked him half as well as I do you. As likely as any way he was a plague and a pester."

"But we are growing into new people all the time," I said. "Your father was a young man when he was married, and now

he is another man, but your mother is just as fond of him as she ever was, isn't she?"

"Why, yes, that's a fact; I guess she is indeed! She just adores him, out and out."

"Well, then, what's to hinder other people from liking one another right along, even if they are changing all the time?"

"Nothing," she replied quickly. "I see it: I understand. There's something that doesn't change, isn't there? or something that needn't change: which is it?"

"Whatever it is, Millie," I answered, "we will not let it change. We'll make up our minds about it right here. When I come back to stay, I will be Arthur Bonnicastle and you shall be Millie Bradford, just the same as now, and we'll sit and talk in this corner just as we do now, and there shall be no Mister and Miss between us."

Millie made no immediate response, but looked off again in her wise way, as if searching for something that eluded and puzzled her. I watched her admiringly while she paused. At last a sudden flash came into her eyes, and she turned to me and said: "Oh, Arthur! I've found it! As true as you live, I've found it!"

"Found what, Millie?"

"The thing that doesn't change, or needn't change," she replied.

"Well, what is it?"

"Why, it's everything. When I used to dress up my little doll and make a grand lady of her there was the same doll, inside, after all! Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see."

"And you know how they are building a great church right over the little one down on the corner, without moving a single stone of the chapel. The people go to the big church every Sunday, but all the preaching and singing are in the chapel. Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see, Millie," I answered; "but I don't think I should see it without your eyes to help me. I am to build a man and you are to build a woman right over the boy and girl, without touching the boy and girl at all; and so, when we come together again, we can walk right into the little chapel, and find ourselves at home."

"Isn't that lovely," exclaimed Millie. "I can see things, and you can make things. I couldn't have said that—about our going into the little chapel, you know."

"And I couldn't have said it if you hadn't found the chapel for me," I responded.

"Why, doesn't it seem as if we belonged together, and had been separated in some way?"

At this moment Mr. Bradford rose and came near us to get a book. He smiled pleasantly upon us while we looked up to him, pausing in our conversation. When he had gone back and resumed his seat, Millie said:

"There's a big church over two chapels. He has a young man in him and a boy besides. The boy plays with me and understands me, and the young man is dead in love with mamma, and the old man takes care of us both, and does everything. Isn't it splendid!"

Ah, Millie! I have heard many wise men and wise women talk philosophy, but never one so wise as you; and I have never seen a young man whose growth had choked and destroyed his childhood, or an old man whose youth had died out of him, without thinking of our conversation that night. The dolls are smothered in their clothes, and the little chapels are fated to fall when the grand cathedral walls are finished. The one thing that need not change, the one thing that should not change, the one thing which has the power to preserve the sweetness of all youthful relations up to the change of death, and, doubtless, beyond it, is childhood—the innocent, playful, trusting, loyal, loving, hopeful childhood of the soul, with all its illusions and romances and enjoyment of pure and simple delights.

Millie and I talked of many things that evening, and participated very little in the general conversation which went on at the other end of the drawing-room. I learned from her of plans already made for sending her away to school, and realized with a degree of pain which I found difficult to explain to myself, that years were to pass before we should meet for such an hour of unrestrained conversation again.

Before I bade the family farewell, Aunt Flick presented to both Henry and myself a little box containing pins, needles, buttons, thread, and all the appliances for making timely repairs upon our clothing, in the absence of feminine friends. Each box was a perfect treasure-house of convenience, and had cost Aunt Flick the labor of many hours.

"Henry will use his box," said the donor, "but you" (addressing me) "will not."

"I pledge you my honor, Aunt Flick," I responded, "that I will use and lose every pin in the box, and lend all the needles and thread, and leave the cushions where they will be stolen, and make your gift just as universally useful as I can."

This saucy speech set Millie into so hearty a laugh that the whole company laughed in sympathy, and even Aunt Flick's face relaxed as she remarked that she believed every word I had said.

It was delightful to me to see that while I had been engaged with Millie, Mrs. Belden had quietly made her way with the family, and that Henry, who had met her so coldly and almost rudely, had become so much interested in her that when the time of parting came he was particularly warm and courteous toward her.

The farewells and kind wishes were all said at last, and with Mrs. Belden upon my arm I turned my steps toward The Mansion. The lady thought the Bradfords were delightful people, that Henry seemed to be a young man of a good deal of intelligence and character, and that my sister Claire was lovely. The opening chapter of her life in Bradford, she said, was the most charming reading that she had found in any book for many years; and if the story should go on as it had begun she should be more than satisfied.

I need not dwell upon my departure further. In the early morning of the next day, Henry and I were on our way, with the sweet memory of tearful eyes in our hearts, and with the consciousness that good wishes and prayers were following us, as white birds follow departing ships far out to sea, and with hopes that beckoned us on in every crested wave that leaped before us and in every cloud that flew.

CHAPTER XI.

THE story of my college life occupies so large a space in my memory, that in the attempt to write it within practicable limits I find myself obliged to denude it of a thousand interesting details, and to cling in my record to those persons and incidents which were most directly concerned in shaping my character, my course of life, and my destiny.

I entered upon this life panoplied with good resolutions and worthy ambitions. I was determined to honor the expectations of those who had trusted me, and to disappoint the fears of those who had not. Especially was I determined to regain a measure of the religious zeal and spiritual peace and satisfaction which I had lost during the closing months of my stay in Bradford. Henry and I talked the matter all over, and laid our plans together. We agreed to stand by one another in all emergencies—in sickness, in trouble, in danger—and to be faithful critics and Mentors of each other.

Both of us won at once honorable positions in our class, and the good opinion of our teachers, for we were thoroughly in earnest and scrupulously industrious. Though a good deal of society forced itself upon us, we were sufficient for each other, and sought but little to extend the field of companionship.

We went at once into the weekly prayer-meeting held by the religious students, thinking that, whatever other effect it might have upon us, it would so thoroughly declare our position that all that was gross in the way of temptation would shun us. Taking our religious stand early, we felt, too, that we should have a better outlook upon, and a sounder and safer estimate of, all those diversions and dissipations which never fail to come with subtle and specious temptation to large bodies of young men deprived of the influences of home.

The effect that we aimed at was secured. We were classed at once among those to whom we belonged; but, to me, I cannot say that the classification was entirely satisfactory. I did not find the brightest and most desirable companions among those who attended the prayer-meetings. They were shockingly common-place fellows, the most of them—particularly those most forward in engaging in the exercises. There were a few shy-looking, attractive young men, who said but little, took always the back seats, and conveyed to me the impression that they had come in as a matter of duty, to give their countenance to the gatherings, but without a disposition to engage actively in the discussions and prayers. At first their position seemed cowardly to me, but it was only a few weeks before Henry and I belonged to their number. The meetings seemed to be in the possession of a set of young men who were preparing themselves for the Christian ministry, and who looked upon the college prayer-meeting as a sort of gymnasium, where they were to exercise and develop their gifts. Accordingly, we were treated every week to a sort of dress-parade of mediocrity. Two or three long-winded fellows, who seemed to take the greatest delight in public speech, assumed the leadership, and I may frankly say that they possessed no power to do me good. It is possible that the rest of us ought to have frowned upon their presumption, and insisted on a more democratic division of duty and privilege; but, in truth, there was something about them that we did not wish to come in contact with. So we contented ourselves with giving

the honor to them, and cherishing the hope that what they did would bring good to somebody.

Henry and I talked about the matter in our walks and times of leisure, and the result was to disgust us with the semi-professional wordiness of the meetings, as well as with the little body of windy talkers who made those meetings so fruitless and unattractive to us. We found ourselves driven in at length upon our own resources, and became content with our daily prayer together. This was our old habit at The Bird's Nest, and to me, for many months, it was a tower of strength.

Toward the close of our first term an incident occurred which set me still more strongly against the set of young men to whom I have made allusion. There was one of them who had been more offensive than all the rest. His name was Peter Mullens. He was an unwholesome-looking fellow, who wore clothes that never seemed as if they were made for him, and whose false shirt-bosoms neither fitted him nor appeared clean. There was a rumpled, shabby look about his whole person. His small, cunning eyes were covered by a pair of glasses which I am sure he wore for ornament, while his hair was combed back straight over his head, to show all the forehead he possessed, though it was not at all imposing in its height and breadth. I had made no inquiries into his history, for he was uninteresting to me in the last degree.

One evening, just before bedtime, he knocked at our door and entered. He had never done this before, and as he seemed to be in unusually good spirits, and to come in with an air of good-fellowship and familiarity, both Henry and myself regarded his call with a sort of questioning surprise. After the utterance of a few commonplace remarks about the weather, and the very interesting meetings they were having, he explained that he had called to inquire why it was that we had forsaken the prayer-meetings.

Henry told him at once, and frankly, that it was because he was not interested in them, and because he felt that he could spend his time better.

Still more frankly, and with less discretion, I told him that the meetings seemed to be in the hands of a set of muffs, who knew very little and assumed to know everything.

"The trouble with you fellows," responded Mr. Peter Mullens, "is that you are proud, and will not humble yourselves to learn. If you felt the responsibility of those of us who are fitting for the ministry, you would look upon the matter in a very different way. We have begun our work, and we shall carry it on, whether men will bear or forbear."

"Is it any of your business whether they bear or forbear?" said I, touchily: "because, if it is, Henry and I will sweep the floor and get down on our knees to you."

"It is my business to do my duty, in the face of all the taunts and ridicule which you may heap upon me," replied Mr. Mullens, loftily.

"Excuse me, Mr. Mullens," I said, "but it seems to me that fellows of your sort thrive on taunts and ridicule. Don't you rather like them, now?"

Mr. Mullens smiled a sad, pitying smile, and said that no one who did his duty could hope to live a life of gratified pride or of ease.

"Mr. Mullens," said Henry, "I suppose that so far as you know your own motives, those which led you here were good; but lest you should be tempted to repeat your visit, let me say that I relieve you of all responsibility for my future conduct. You have done me all the good that you can possibly do me, except in one way."

"What is that?" inquired Mullens.

"By carefully keeping out of this room, and out of my sight," responded Henry.

"Henry has expressed my feelings exactly," I added; "and now I think there is a fair understanding of the matter, and we can feel ourselves at liberty to change the conversation."

Mullens sat a moment in thought, then he adjusted his spectacles, tucked down his false shirt-bosom, which always looked as if it were blown up and needed pricking, and turning to me, said with an air of cunning triumph: "Bonnicastle, I believe you are one of us."

"What do you mean?" I inquired.

"Why, one of us that have aid, you know —what they call charity students."

"Charity students!" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"Oh, I've found it out. You are luckier than the rest of us, for you have no end of money. I wish you could manage in some way to get the old woman to help me, for I really need more aid than I have. I don't suppose she would feel a gift of fifty dollars any more than she would one of fifty cents. So small a sum as ten dollars would do me a great deal of good, or even five."

"How would you like some old clothes?" inquired Henry, with a quiet but contemptuous smile.

"That is really what I would like to speak about," said Mr. Mullens. "You fellows who have plenty of money throw away your clothes when they are only a little worn; and when you have any to give away, you would oblige me very much by remembering me. I have no new clothes myself. I take the crumbs that fall."

"And that reminds me," resumed Henry, "that perhaps you might like some cold victuals."

"No, I'm provided for, so far as board and lodging are concerned," responded Mr. Mullens, entirely unconscious of the irony of which he was the subject.

Henry turned to me with a hopeless look, as if he had sounded himself in vain to find words which would express his contempt for the booby before him. As for myself, I had been so taken off my guard, so shamed with the thought that he and his confrères regarded me as belonging to their number, so disgusted with the fellow's greed and lack of sensibility, and so angry at his presumption, that I could not trust myself to speak at all. I suspected that if I should begin to express my feelings I should end by kicking him out of the room.

Henry looked at him for a moment, in a sort of dumb wonder, and then said: "Peter Mullens, what do you suppose I think of you?"

There was something in the flash of Henry's eye and in the tone of his voice, as he uttered this question, that brought Mullens to his feet in an impulse to retire.

"Sit down," said Henry.

Mr. Mullens sat down with his hat between his knees, and mumbled something about having stayed longer than he intended.

"You cannot go yet," Henry continued. "You came in here to lecture us, and to humiliate one of us; and now I propose to tell you what I think of you. There is not the first element of a gentleman in you. You came in here as a bully in the name of religion, you advertise yourself as a sneak by boasting that you have been prying into other people's affairs, and you end by begging old clothes of those who have too much self-respect to kick you for your impudence and your impertinence. Do you suppose that such a puppy as you are can ever prepare for the ministry?"

I think that this was probably the first time Peter Mullens had ever heard the plain truth in regard to himself. He was very much astonished, for his slow apprehension had at last grasped the conclusions that he was heartily despised and that he was in strong hands.

"I—really—really—beg your pardon, gentlemen," said Mr. Mullens, ramming down his rising shirt-bosom, and wiping his hat with his sleeve; "I meant no offense, but really—I—I—must justify myself for asking for aid. I have given myself to the church, gentlemen, and the laborer is worthy of his hire. What more can I do than to give myself? The church wants men. The church must have men; and she owes it to them to see that they are taken care of. If she neglects her duty she must be reminded of it. If I am willing to take up with old clothes she ought not to complain."

Mr. Mullens paused with a vocal inflection that indicated a deeply wounded heart, rammed down his shirt-bosom again, and looked to Henry for a response.

"There is one thing, Mr. Mullens," said Henry, "that the church has no right to ask you to give up; one thing which you have no right to give up; and one thing which, if given up, makes you as worthless to the church as despicable in yourself, and that is manhood; and I know of nothing that kills manhood quicker than a perfectly willing dependence on others. You are beginning life as a beggar. You justify yourself in beggary, and it takes no prophet to foresee that you will end life as a beggar. Once down where you are willing to sell yourself and take your daily dole at the hand of your purchaser, and you are forever down."

"But what can I do?" inquired Mullens.

"You can do what I do, and what thousands of your betters are doing all the time—work and take care of yourself," replied Henry.

"But the time—just think of the time that would be lost to the cause."

"I am not very old," responded Henry, "but I am old enough to know that the time which independence costs is never wasted. A man who takes fifteen years to prepare himself for life is twice the man, when prepared, that he is who only takes ten; and the best part of his education is that which he gets in the struggle to maintain his own independence. I have an unutterable contempt for this whole charity business, as it is applied to the education of young men. A man who has not pluck and persistence enough to get his own education is not worth educating at all. It is a demoralizing process, and you, Mr. Peter Mullens, in a very small way, are one of its victims."

Henry had been so thoroughly absorbed

during these last utterances that he had not once looked at me. I doubt, indeed, whether he was conscious of my presence; but as he closed his sentence he turned to me, and was evidently pained and surprised at the expression upon my face. With a quick instinct he saw how readily I had applied his words to myself, and, once more addressing Mullens, said: "When a childless woman adopts a relative as a member of her family, and makes him her own, and a sharer in her love and fortune, it may be well or ill for him, but it is none of your business, and makes him no fellow of yours. And now, Mr. Mullens, if you want to go you are at liberty to do so. If I ever have any old clothes I shall certainly remember you."

"I should really be very much obliged to you," said Mr. Mullens, "and" (turning to me) "if you should happen to be writing to your aunt—"

"For Heaven's sake, Mullens," exclaimed Henry, "do go," and then, overwhelmed with the comical aspect of the matter, we both burst into a laugh that was simply irresistible. Mullens adjusted his spectacles with a dazed look upon his face, brushed back his hair, rammed down his shirt-bosom, buttoned his coat, and very soberly bade us a good evening.

Under ordinary circumstances we should have found abundant food for merriment between ourselves after the man's departure, but Henry, under the impression that he had unintentionally wounded me, felt that nothing was to be gained by recalling and explaining his words, and I was too sore to risk the danger of further allusion to the subject. By revealing my position and relations to Mullens, Henry had sought, in the kindest way, to place me at my ease, and had done all that he had the power to do to restore my self-complacency. So the moment Mullens left the room some other subject was broached, and in half an hour both of us were in bed, and Henry was sound asleep.

I was glad in my consciousness to be alone, for I had many things to think of. There was one reason for the omission of all comment upon our visitor and our conversation, so far as Henry was concerned, which, with a quick insight, I detected. He had, in his anxiety to comfort me, spoken of me as a relative of Mrs. Sanderson. He had thus revealed to me the possession of knowledge which I had never conveyed to him. It certainly had not reached him from Mrs. Sanderson, nor had he gathered it from Claire, or my father's family; for I had never breathed a word to them of the secret which my aunt had permitted me to discover. He must have learned it from the Bradfords, with whom he had maintained great intimacy. I had long been aware of the fact that he was carrying on a secret life into which I had never been permitted to look. I should not have cared for this had I not been suspicious that I was in some way concerned with it. I knew that he did not like my relations to Mrs. Sanderson, and that he did not wish to speak of them. I had learned to refrain from all mention of her name; but he had talked with somebody about her and about me, and had learned one thing, at least, which my own father did not know.

All this, however, was a small vexation compared with the revelation of the influence which my position would naturally exert upon my character. However deeply it might wound my self-love, I knew that I was under the same influence which made Mr. Peter Mullens so contemptible a person. He was a willing dependent upon strangers, and was not I? This dependence was sapping my own manhood as it had already destroyed his. If Mullens had come to me alone, and claimed fellowship with me,—if Henry had not been near me in his quiet and self-respectful independence to put him down,—I felt that there would have been no part for me to play except that of the coward or the bully. I had no ground on which to stand for self-defense. Mr. Peter Mullens would have been master of the situation. The thought galled me to the quick.

It was in vain that I remembered that I was an irresponsible child when this dependence began. It was in vain that I assured myself that I was no beggar. The fact remained that I had been purchased and paid for, and that, by the subtly demoralizing influence of dependence, I had been so weakened that I shrank from assuming the responsibility of my own life. I clung to the gold that came with the asking. I clung to the delights that only the gold would buy. I shuddered at the thought of taking myself and my fortunes upon my own hands, and I knew by that fact that something manly had sickened or died in me.

I do not know how long I lay revolving these things in my mind. It was certainly far into the night; and when I woke in the morning I found my heart discontented and bitter. I had regarded myself as a gentleman. I had borne myself with a considerable degree of exclusiveness. I had not cared for recognition. Having determined to do my

work well, and to seek no man's company as a thing necessary to fix my social status, I had gone out quietly and self-respectfully. Now I was to go out and meet the anger of Peter Mullens and his tribe. I was to be regarded and spoken of by them as a very unworthy member of their own order. My history had been ascertained, and would be reported to all who knew me.

All these reflections and suggestions may seem very foolish and morbid to the reader, but they were distressing to me beyond my power of telling. I was young, sensitive, proud, and self-loving, and though I prayed for help to enable me to face my fellows, and so to manage my life as to escape the harm which my position threatened to inflict upon me, I could not escape the conviction that Peter Mullens and I were, essentially, on the same ground.

Up to this time I had looked for temptations in vain. No temptations to dissipation had presented themselves. I was sure that no enticement to sensuality or gross vice would have power to move me. Steady employment and daily fatigue held in check my animal spirits, and all my life had gone on safely and smoothly. The daily prayer had brought me back from every heart-wandering, had sweetened and elevated all my desires, had strengthened me for my work, and given me something of the old peace. Away from Henry, I had found but little sympathetic Christian society, but I had been entirely at home and satisfied with him. Now I found that it required courage to face the little world around me, and almost unconsciously I began the work of making acquaintances with the better class of students. Although I had held myself apart from others, there were two or three, similarly exclusive, whom I had entertained a private desire to know. One of these was a New Yorker, Mr. Gordon Livingston by name. He had the reputation of belonging to a family of great wealth and splendid connections, and although his standing as a student was not the best, it was regarded as an honor to know him and the little set to which he belonged. I was aware that the morality of the man and his immediate companions was not much believed in, and I knew, too, that the mean envy and jealousy of many students would account for this. At any rate, I was in a mood, after my interview with Mr. Mullens, to regard him very charitably, and to wish that I might be so far recognized by him and received into his set as to advertise to Mullens and his clique my social removal from them. I determined to brace myself around with aristocratic associations. I had the means in my hands for this work. I could dress with the best. I had personal advantages of which I need not boast here, but which I was conscious would commend me to them. I had no intention to cast in my life with them, but I determined to lose no good opportunity to gain their recognition.

One evening, walking alone, outside the limits of the town,—for in my morbid mood I had taken to solitary wanderings,—I fell in with Livingston, also alone. We had approached each other from opposite directions, and met at the corners of the road that led to the city, toward which we were returning. We walked side by side, with only the road between us, for a few yards, when, to my surprise, he crossed over, saying as he approached me: "Hullo, Mr. Bonnicastle! What's the use of two good-looking fellows like us walking alone when they can have company?"

As he came up I gave him my hand, and called him by name.

"So you've known me, as I have you," he said cordially. "It's a little singular that we haven't been thrown together before, for I fancy you belong to our kind of fellows."

I expressed freely the pleasure I felt in meeting him, and told him how glad I should be to make the acquaintance of his friends; and we passed the time occupied in reaching the college in conversation that was very pleasant to me.

Livingston was older than I, and was two classes in advance of me. He was therefore in a position to patronize and pet me—a position which he thoroughly understood and appreciated. In his manner he had that quiet self-assurance and command that only comes from life-long familiarity with good society, and the consciousness of unquestioned social position. He had no youth of poverty to look back upon. He had no associations with mean conditions and circumstances. With an attractive face and figure, a hearty manner, a dress at once faultlessly tasteful and unobtrusive, and with all the prestige of wealth and family, there were few young fellows in college whose notice would so greatly flatter a novice as his. The men who spoke against him and affected contempt for him would have accepted attention from him as an honor.

Livingston had undoubtedly heard my story, but he did not sympathize with the views of Mr. Peter Mullens and his friends concerning it. He found me as well dressed

as himself, quite as exclusive in my associations, liked my looks and manners, and, with all the respect for money natural to his class, concluded that I belonged to him and his set. In the mood of mind in which I found myself at meeting him, it can readily be imagined that his recognition and his assurance of friendliness and fellowship brought me great relief.

As we entered the town, and took our way across the green, he became more cordial, and pulled my arm within his own. We were walking in this way when we met Mr. Mullens and a knot of his fellows standing near the path. It was already twilight, and they did not recognize us until we were near them. Then they paused, in what seemed to have been an excited conversation, and stared at us with silent impertinence.

Livingston hugged my arm and said coolly and distinctly: "By the way, speaking of mules, have you ever familiarized yourself with the natural history of the ass? I assure you it is very interesting—his length of ear, his food of thistles, his patience under insult, the toughness of his hide—in short—" By this time we were beyond their hearing and he paused.

I gave a scared laugh which the group must also have heard, and said: "Well, that was cool, any way."

"You see," said Livingston, "that I wanted to have them understand that we had been improving our minds, by devotion to scientific subjects. They were bound to hear what we said, and I wanted to leave a good impression."

The cool impudence of the performance took me by surprise, but, on the whole, it pleased me. It was a deed that I never could have done myself, and I was astonished to find that there was something in it that gratified a spirit of resentment of which I had been the unconscious possessor. The utter indifference of the man to their spite was an attainment altogether beyond me, and I could not help admiring it.

Livingston accompanied me to my room, but we parted at the door, although I begged the privilege of taking him in and making him acquainted with my chum. He left me with an invitation to call upon him at my convenience, and I entered my room in a very much lighter mood than that which drove me out from it. I did not tell Henry at once of my new acquaintance, for I was not at all sure that he would be pleased with the information. Indeed, I knew he would not be, for he was a fair measurer of personal values, and held Livingston and Mullens in nearly equal dislike. Still I took a strange comfort in the thought that I had entered the topmost clique, and that Mullens, the man who had determined to bring me to his own level, had seen me arm-in-arm with one of the most exclusive and aristocratic fellows in the college.

And now, lest the reader should suppose that Henry had a knowledge of Livingston's immorality of character which justified his dislike of him, I ought to say at once that he was not a bad man, so far as I was able to learn. If he indulged in immoral practices with those of his own age, he never led me into them. I came to be on familiar terms with him and them. I was younger than most of them, and was petted by them. My purse was as free as theirs on all social occasions, and I was never made to feel that I was in any way their inferior.

Henry was a worker who had his own fortune to make, and he proposed to make it. He was conscious that the whole clique of which Livingston was a member held nothing in common with him, and that they considered him to be socially beneath them. He knew they were not actuated by manly aims, and that they had no sympathy with those who were thus actuated. They studied no more than was necessary to avoid disgrace. They intended to have an easy time. They were thoroughly good-natured among themselves, laughed freely about professors and tutors, took a very superficial view of life, and seemed to regard the college as a mill through which it was necessary to pass, or a waiting-place in which it was considered the proper thing to stop until their beards should mature.

The society of these men had no bad effect upon me, or none perceptible to myself for a long time. Braced by them as I was, Mr. Mullens made no headway against me; and I came at last to feel that my position was secure. With the corrective of Henry's society and example, and with the habit of daily devotion unimpaired, I went on for months with a measurable degree of satisfaction to myself. Still I was conscious of a gradually lowering tone of feeling. By listening to the utterance of careless words and worldly sentiments from my new companions, I came to look leniently upon many things and upon many men once abhorrent to me. Unconsciously at the time, I tried to bring my Christianity into a compromise with worldliness, and to sacrifice my scruples of conscience to what seemed to be the demands

of social usage. I had found the temptation for which I had sought so long, and which had so long sought without finding me, but alas! I did not recognize it when it came.

CHAPTER XII.

RELYING upon my new associations for the preservation of my social position, now that my history had become known in the college, it was necessary for me to be seen occasionally with the set to which I had been admitted and welcomed. This apparent necessity not unfrequently led me to their rooms, in which there were occasional gatherings of the fellows, and in one or two of which a surreptitious bottle of wine was indulged in. Of the wine I steadily refused to be a partaker, and it was never urged upon me but once, when Livingston interposed, and said that I should act my own pleasure. This made the attempt to carry on my double life easier, and saved me from being scared away from it. There was no carousing and no drunkenness —nothing to offend, in those modest symposia—and they came at last to wear a very harmless look to me, associated as they were with good fellowship and hospitality.

Walking one day with Livingston, who fancied me and liked to have me with him, he said: "Bonnicastle, you ought to see more of the world. You've been cooped up all your life, and are as innocent as a chicken."

"You wouldn't have me anything but innocent, would you?" I said laughing.

"Not a bit of it. I like a clean fellow like you, but you must see something, some time."

"There'll be time enough for that when I get through study," I responded.

"Yes, I suppose so," he said, "but, my boy, I've taken it into my head to introduce you to New York life. I would like to show you my mother and sisters and my five hundred friends. I want to have you see where I live and how I live, and get a taste of my sort of life. Bradford and your aunt are all very well, I dare say, but they are a little old-fashioned, I fancy. Come, now, don't they bore you?"

"No, they don't," I replied heartily. "The best friends I have in the world are in Bradford, and I am more anxious to please and satisfy them than I can tell you. They are very fond of me, and that goes a great way with such a fellow as I am."

"Oh, I understand that," said Livingston, "but I am fond of you too, and, what's more, you must go home with me next Christmas, for I shall leave college when another summer comes, and that will be the last of me, so far as you are concerned. Now you must make that little arrangement with your aunt. You can tell her what a splendid fellow I am, and humbug the old lady in any harmless way you choose, but the thing must be done."

The project, to tell the truth, set my heart bounding with a keen anticipation of delight. Livingston was the first New York friend I had made who seemed to be worth the making. To be received into his family and introduced to the acquaintance of his friends seemed to me to be the best opportunity possible for seeing the city on its better side. I was sure that he would not willingly lead me into wrong-doing. He had always forborne any criticism of my conscientious scruples. So I set myself at work to win Mrs. Sanderson's consent to the visit. She had become increasingly fond of me, and greedy of my presence and society with her increasing age, and I knew it would be an act of self-denial for her to grant my request. However, under my eloquent representations of the desirableness of the visit, on social grounds, she was persuaded, and I had the pleasure of reporting her consent to Livingston.

I pass over the events of the swift months that made up the record of my first year and of the second autumn of my college life, mentioning only the facts that I maintained a respectable position in my class without excellence, and that I visited home twice. Everything went on well in my aunt's family. She retained the health she had regained; and Mrs. Belden had become, as her helper and companion, everything she had anticipated. She had taken upon herself much of the work I had learned to do, and, so far as I could see, the family life was harmonious and happy.

My vanity was piqued by the reflection that Henry had achieved better progress than I, and was much more generally respected. He had gradually made himself a social center without the effort to do so, and had pushed his way by sterling work and worth. Nothing of this, however, was known in Bradford, and we were received with equal consideration by all our friends.

For months the projected holiday visit to New York had shone before me as a glittering goal; and when at last, on a sparkling December morning, I found myself with Livingston dashing over the blue waters of the

Sound toward the great city, my heart bounded with pleasure. Had I been a winged spirit, about to explore a new star, I could not have felt more buoyantly expectant. Livingston was as delighted as myself, for he was sympathetic with me, and anticipated great enjoyment in being the cup-bearer at this new feast of my life.

We passed Hellgate, we slid by the sunny islands, we approached the gray-blue cloud pierced by a hundred shadowy spires under which the city lay. Steamers pushed here and there, forests of masts bristled in the distance, asthmatic little tugs were towing great ships seaward, ferry-boats crowded with men reeled out from their docks and flew in every direction, and a weather-beaten, black ship, crowded with immigrants, cheered us as we rushed by them. As far as the eye could see, down the river and out upon the bay, all was life, large and abounding. My heart swelled within me as I gazed upon the splendid spectacle, and, in a moment, my past life and all that was behind me were dwarfed and insignificant.

As we approached the wharf, we saw among the assemblage of hacks and their drivers—drivers who with frantic whips endeavored to attract our attention—a plain, shining carriage, with a coachman and footman in livery on the box. The men saw us, and raised their hats. The footman jumped from his place as we touched the wharf, and, relieved by him of our satchels, we quietly walked through the boisterous crowd, entered the coach, and slowly took our way along the busy streets. To be thus shut in behind the cleanest of cut-glass, to recline upon the most luxurious upholstery, to be taken care of and shielded from all the roughness of that tumultuous out-door world, to be lifted out of the harsh necessities that made that world forbidding, to feel that I was a favored child of fortune, filled me with a strange, selfish delight. It was like entering upon the realization of a great, sweet dream.

Livingston watched my face with much secret pleasure, I do not doubt, but he said little, except to point out to me the more notable edifices on the route. I was in a city of palaces—warehouses that were the homes of mighty commerce and dwellings that spoke of marvelous wealth. Beautiful women, wrapped in costly furs, swept along the pavement, or peered forth from the windows of carriages like our own; shops were in their holiday attire and crowded with every conceivable article of luxury and taste, and the evidences of money, money, money, pressed upon me from every side. My love of beautiful things and of beautiful life—life relieved of all its homely details and necessities—life that came through the thoughtful and skillful ministry of others—life that commanded what it wanted with the waving of a hand or the breathing of a word—life that looked down upon all other life and looked up to none—my love of this life, always in me, and more and more developed by the circumstances which surrounded me, was stimulated and gratified beyond measure.

At length we drew up to a splendid house in a fashionable quarter of the city. The footman opened the door in a twinkling, and we ran up the broad steps to a landing at which an eager mother waited. Smothered with welcoming kisses from her and his sisters, Livingston could not immediately present me, and Mrs. Livingston saved him the trouble by calling my name and taking my hand with a dignified cordiality which charmed me. The daughters, three in number, were shyer, but no less hearty in their greeting than their mother. Two of them were young ladies, and the third was evidently a school-girl who had come home to spend the holidays.

Livingston and I soon mounted to our room, but in the brief moments of our pause in the library and our passage through the hall my eyes had been busy, and had taken in by hurried glances the beautiful appointments of my friend's home. It was as charming as good taste could make it, with unlimited wealth at command. The large mirrors, the exquisite paintings, the luxurious furniture, the rich carvings, the objects of art and *virtu*, gathered from all lands, and grouped with faultless tact and judgment, the carpets into which the foot sank as into a close-cropped lawn, the artistic forms of every article of service and convenience, all combined to make an interior that was essentially a poem. I had never before seen such a house, and when I looked upon its graceful and gracious keepers, and received their gentle courtesies, I went up-stairs with head and heart and sense as truly intoxicated as if I had been mastered by music, or eloquence, or song.

At the dinner-table, for which we made a careful toilet, all these impressions were confirmed or heightened. The ladies were exquisitely dressed, the service was the perfection of quiet and thoughtful ceremony, the cooking was French, the china and glass were objects of artistic study in their forms and decorations, the choicest flowers gathered from

a conservatory which opened into the dining-room breathed a delicate perfume, and all the materials and ministries of the meal were wrapped in an atmosphere of happy leisure. Livingston was evidently a favorite and pet of the family, and as he had come back to his home from another sphere and experience of life, the conversation was surrendered to him. Into this conversation he adroitly drew me, and under the grateful excitements of the hour I talked as I had never talked before. The ladies flattered me by their attention and applause, and nothing occurred to dampen my spirits until, at the dessert, Mrs. Livingston begged the pleasure of drinking a glass of wine with me.

Throughout the dinner I had declined the wine that had been proffered with every course. It was quietly done, with only a motion of the hand to indicate refusal, and I do not think the family had noticed that I had not taken my wine with themselves. Now the case was different. A lady whom I honored, whom I desired to please, who was doing her best to honor and please me—my friend's mother at her own table—offered what she intended to be a special honor. My face flamed with embarrassment, I stammered out some sort of apology, and declined.

"Now, mother, you really must not do anything of that sort," said Livingston, "unless you wish to drive Bonnicastle out of the house. I meant to have told you. It's one of the things I like in him, for it shows that he's clean and plucky."

"But only one little glass, you know—just a sip, to celebrate the fact that we like one another," said Mrs. Livingston, with an encouraging smile.

But I did not drink. Livingston still interposed, and, although the family detected the disturbed condition of my feelings, and did what they could to restore my equanimity, I felt that my little scruple had been a discord in the music of the feast.

Mr. Livingston, the head of the house, had not yet shown himself. His wife regretted his absence, or said she regretted it, but he had some special reasons for dining at his club that day; and I may as well say that that red-faced gentleman seemed to have special reason for dining at his club nearly every day while I remained in New York, although he consented to get boozy at his own table on Christmas.

We had delightful music in the evening, and my eyes were feasted with pictures and statuary and the *bric-à-brac* gathered in long foreign travel; but when I retired for the night I was in no mood for devotion, and I found myself at once quarreling with the scruple which had prevented me from accepting the special friendly courtesy of my hostess at dinner.

Wine seemed to be the natural attendant upon this high and beautiful life. It was the most delicate and costly language in which hospitality could speak. There were ladies before me, old and young, who took it without a thought of wrong or of harm. Was there any wrong or harm in it? Was my objection to it born of a narrow education, or an austere view of life, or of prejudices that were essentially vulgar? One thing I saw very plainly, viz., that the practice of total abstinence in the society and surroundings which I most courted would make me uncomfortably singular, and, what was most distressing to me, suggest the vulgar rusticity of my associations.

From my childhood wine and strong drink had been represented to me to be the very poison on which vice and immorality lived and thrived. My father had a hatred of them which no words could express. They were the devil's own instruments for the destruction of the souls and lives of men. I was bred to this belief and opinion. Mr. Bradford had warned me against the temptation to drink, in whatever form it might present itself. Mr. Bird was a sworn foe to all that had the power to intoxicate. When I went away from home, it was with a determination entered into and confirmed upon my knees, that I would neither taste nor handle the seductive draught which had brought ruin to such multitudes of young men.

Yet I lay for hours that first night in my friend's home, while he was quietly sleeping, debating the question whether, in the new and unlooked-for circumstances in which I found myself, I should yield my scruples, and thus bring myself into harmony with the life that had so many charms for me. Then my imagination went forward into the beautiful possibilities of my future life in The Mansion, with the grand old house refitted and refurnished, with its service enlarged and refined, with a graceful young figure occupying Mrs. Sanderson's place, and with all the delights around me that eye and ear could covet, and taste devise and gather.

In fancies like these I found my scruples fading away, and those manly impulses and ambitions which had moved me mightily at first, but which had stirred me less and less with the advancing years, almost extinguished.

I was less interested in what I should do to make myself a man, with power and influence upon those around me, than with what I should enjoy. One turn of the kaleidoscope had changed the vision from a mass of plain and soberly tinted crystals to a galaxy of brilliants, which enchained and enchanted me.

I slid at last from fancies into dreams. Beautiful maidens with yellow hair and sweeping robes moved through grand saloons, pausing at harp and piano to flood the air with the rain of heavenly music; stately dames bent to me with flattering words; groups in marble wreathed their snowy arms against a background of flowering greenery; gilded chandeliers blazed through screens of prismatic crystal; fountains splashed and sang and sparkled, yet all the time there was a dread of some lurking presence—some serpent that was about to leap and grasp me in its coils—some gorgon that would show his grinning head behind the forms of beauty that captivated my senses—some impersonated terror that by the shake of its finger or the utterance of a dreadful word would shatter the beautiful world around me into fragments, or scorch it into ashes.

I woke the next morning unrefreshed and unhappy. I woke with that feeling of weariness which comes to every man who tampers with his convictions, and feels that he has lost something that has been a cherished part of himself. This feeling wore away as I heard the roar of carriages through the streets, and realized the novelty of the scenes around me. Livingston was merry, and at the breakfast table, which was crowned with flowers and Christmas gifts, the trials of the previous night were all forgotten.

The Livingstons were Episcopalians—the one Protestant sect which in those days made much of Christmas. We all attended their church, and for the first time in my life I witnessed its beautiful ritual. The music, prepared with great care for the occasion, was more impressive than any I had ever heard. My æsthetic nature was charmed. Everything seemed to harmonize with the order and the appointments of the house I had just left. And there was my stately hostess, with her lovely daughters, kneeling and devoutly responding—she who had offered and they who had drunk without offense to their consciences the wine which I, no better than they, had refused. They could be Christians and drink wine, and why not I? It must be all a matter of education. High life could be devoutly religious life, and religious life was not harmed by wine. My conscience had received its salve, and oh, pitiful recreant coward that I was, I was ready to be tempted!

The Christmas dinner brought the temptation. Mr. Livingston was at home, and presided at his table. He had broached a particularly old and choice bottle of wine for the occasion, and would beg the pleasure of drinking with the young men. And the young men drank with him, and both had the dishonor of seeing him stupid and silly before he left the board. I did not look at Mrs. Livingston during the dinner. I had refused to drink with her the day before, and I had fallen from my resolution. The wine I drank did not go down to warm and stimulate the sources of my life, nor did it rise and spread confusion through my brain, but it burned in my conscience as if a torch, dipped in some liquid hell, had been tossed there.

It was a special occasion—this was what I whispered to my conscience—this was the breath that I breathed a hundred times into it to quench the hissing torture. It was a special occasion. What was I, to stand before these lovely Christian women with an assumption of superior virtue, and a rebuke of their habits and indulgences? I did not want the wine; I did not wish to drink again; and thus the fire gradually died away. I was left, however, with the uncomfortable consciousness that I had in no degree raised myself in the estimation of the family. They had witnessed the sacrifice of a scruple and an indication of my weakness. Livingston, I knew, felt sadly about it. It had brought me nothing that I desired or expected.

The days between Christmas and New Year's were packed with a thousand pleasures.

A party was gathered for us in which I was presented to many beautiful girls and their stylish brothers. We visited the theaters, we were invited everywhere, and we often attended as many as two or three assemblies in an evening. The days and nights were a continued round of social pleasures, and we lived in a whirl of excitement. There was no time for thought, and with me, at least, no desire for it.

But the time flew away until we only waited the excitements of New Year's Day to close our vacation, and return to the quiet life we had left under the elms of New Haven. That day was a memorable one to me and demands a chapter for its record.

(To be continued.)

BLOWN UP.

TAKE care and move me easy, boys, and let the doctor see
'F there's any use to try and patch what little's left of me.
There—that'll do. It's all no use—I see it in your eye.
You needn't purse your mouth that way—Van Valen's got to die;
And if there really be no chance to save a fellow's life—
Well, well! the blast was quite enough, and we'll excuse the knife.

Just loose my collar gently, boys,—it hurts me as I lie;
Put something underneath my head—don't raise me quite so high;
And let me have some water—Ah-h! I tell you, that's the stuff;
It beats old rye—I ought to know—I've surely drunk enough.
You'll say whatever were my faults, to say the thing that's right,
That Jim Van Valen never shirked his liquor or a fight.

The circuit-rider? What's the use? I hardly think one prayer,
However long, has power enough my whole account to square;
And at the day of judgment, when the world its work is through,
And all the miners round about account for what they do,
The Lord above, who knows all things, will be as just to me
And merciful—at all events, with Him I'll let it be.

Somehow my mind goes backward, boys, to many years ago,
To the valley of the Overproek, and the farm-house long and low,
When I wandered on the Palisades to gather Pinxter bloom,
And, mixed with lilacs, mother placed them in our sitting-room.
I see them in the fire-place, in that pitcher white and high—
What queer things come across the mind, when one's about to die!

Why, I can see the orchard, boys, upon the sideling hill;
The place I fished for killies in the crooked Pellum Kill;
The deep hole where the pickerel lay—the rascal long and lank,
I caught him with a noose of wire, and snaked him on the bank;
The places in the meadow where I went to trap the mink;
The mill-pond by the roadside where I drove the cows to drink.

And there was little Kitty, boys, her house was close to ours,
The gardens almost joined, but she was prettier than the flowers.
We went to school in winter-time upon the Tineck road,
And when I put her books with mine it seemed to ease the load;
But when we both grew up, somehow I wasn't quite so near—
She married Peter Brinkerhoff—and that is why I'm here.

There was my good old father, boys, with stern and rugged brow—
I used to think him hard on me—I know him better now;
And, then, my dear old mother, with that pleasant smile of hers—
O what a gush of tenderness the thought within me stirs!
Come, father, raise me in your arms; and, mother, stroke my brow—
Your hand is cool—what odd conceit! they're neither living now.

They're gone, the old Van Valens, boys—there's no one left but me,
And I am going too—and so I send no word, you see.
The boys I used to play with, and the girls I used to know,
Grown up to men and women, have forgot me long ago!
I've not been to Bergen County now for many and many a day,
And no one there would care to hear what I might have to say.

I find I'm getting weaker, boys, my eyes are growing dim!
There's something dancing in the air; my head begins to swim.
Water!—That's good! that stirs me up! that gives me life again!
You talk about your dead men—why, I'm just as good as ten.
There's something heavy on my breast—you take the thing away—
Mother! there's Kitty Demarest—may I go out—to—play?

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

A STUDY.

LISTENING to the concert of modern song, a critical ear detects the notes of one voice which possesses a distinct quality and is always at its owner's command. Landor was never mastered by his period, though still in harmony with it; in short, he was not a discordant, but an independent singer. He was the pioneer of the late English school; and among recent poets, if not the greatest in achievement, was the most self-reliant, the most versatile, and one of the most imaginative. In the enjoyment of his varied writings, we are chiefly impressed by their constant exhibition of mental prowess, and everywhere confronted with an eager and incomparable *intellect*.

Last of all to captivate the judgment of the laity, and somewhat lacking, it may be, in sympathetic quality of tone, Landor is, first of all, a poet for poets, of clear vision and assured utterance throughout the Victorian Year. His station resembles that of a bulkhead defending the sea-wall of some lasting structure—a mole or pier, built out from tuneful, grove-shaded Arcadian shores. He stretches far into the channel along which the tides of literary fashion have ebbed and flowed. Other poets, leading or following the changeful current, often appear to leave him behind; but ere long find him again abreast of them, unchanged and dauntless, wearing a lighted beacon at his head.

Why, among Victorian poets, do I first mention this one—who was born under George the Third; who bandied epithets with Byron, was the life-long friend of Southey,—the contemporary, likewise, in their prime, of Wordsworth, Scott, and Coleridge; in whose maturity occurred the swift and shining transits of Keats and Shelley, like the flights of shooting-stars; whose most imposing poem was given to the world at a date earlier than the first consulate of Napoleon; who lived, from the times of Warton and Pye, to see three successive laureates renew the freshness of England's faded coronal, while he sang aloof and took no care? Because, more truly than another declared of himself, he stood among these but not of them; greater or less, but different, and with the difference of a time then yet to follow. His style, thought, and versatility were Victorian rather than Georgian; they are now seen to belong to that school of which Tennyson is by eminence the representative. So far as his manner was anything save his own, it was that of recent years; let us say, instead, that the popular method constantly approached Landor's until the epoch of his death,—and he died but even now, when it is on the point of yielding to something, we know not what. His light went out more lately than that of the most inspired and beloved of the Victorian Pleiades. He not only lived to see the reflection and naturalism of Wordsworth produce fatigue, but to the borders of a reaction from that finesse and technical perfection which succeeded. His influence scarcely yet has grown to reputation, by communication from the select few to the receptive many, though he has always stood, unwittingly, at the head of a normal school, teaching the teachers. Passages are easily traceable where his art, at least, has been followed by poets who themselves have each an host of imitators. He may not have been the cause of certain phenomena; they may have sprung from the tendency of the age,—if so, he was the first to catch the tendency. Despite his appreciation of the antique, his genius found daily excitants in new discovery, action, and thought; he never reached that senility to which earlier modes and generations seem the better, but was first to welcome progress, and thoroughly up with the times. The larger portion of his work saw print long after Tennyson began to compose, and a collection of the laureate's poems was in many a household before even the attempt had been made to bring together Landor's. Hence, while it is hard to confine him to a single period, he is a tall and reverend landmark of the one under review; and the day has come for measuring him as a poet of that time, whatever he may have been in any other. Nor is he to be observed as an eccentric and curious spectacle, but as a distinguished figure among the best. As an artist he was, like a maple, swift of development, but strong to hold it as an elm or oak; while many poets have done their best work under thirty, and ten years after have been old or dead, the very noontide of Landor's faculties was later than his fiftieth year. We could not regard him as a tyro, had he died, like Keats, at twenty-five, nor as a jaded old man, dying, as he did, at ninety; for he was as conservative in youth as he ever grew to be, and as

fiery and forward-looking in age as in youth. He attained the summit early, and moved along an elevated plateau, forbearing as he grew older to descend the further side, and at death flung off somewhere into the ether, still facing the day-break and worshiped by many rising stars.

Were it not for this poet's sustained equality with himself, we should be unable here to write of his career of seventy years, filled with literary recreations, each the companion of its predecessor, and all his own. Otherwise, in considering his works, we should have to review the history of that period,—as one who writes, for example, the life of Voltaire, must write the history of the eighteenth century. Landor's volumes not only touch upon the whole procession of those seventy years, with keen intuitive treatment of their important events, but go further, and almost cover the range of human action and thought. In this respect I find no such man of our time. A writer of dialogues, he subjects affairs to the scrutiny of a modern journalist; but his newspaper has every age for its date of issue, and the history of the world supplies it with local incident.

What is there in the air of Warwickshire to breed such men? For he was born by Shakespeare's stream, and verily inhaled something of the master's spirit at his birth. Once, in the flush of conscious power, he sang of himself—

> "I drank of Avon too, a dangerous draught,
> That roused within the feverish thirst of song."

Lowell has said of him, that, "excepting Shakespeare, no other writer has furnished us with so many delicate aphorisms of human nature;" and we may add that he is also noticeable for universality of contemplation and the objective treatment of stately themes. In literature, his range is unequaled by that of Coleridge, who was so opulent and suggestive; in philosophy, history and art, Goethe is not wiser or more imaginative, though often more calm and great; in learning, the department of science excepted, no writer since Milton has been more thoroughly equipped. We place Landor, who was greater, even, as a prose-writer, among the foremost poets, because it was the poet within the man that made him great; his poetry belongs to the first order of that art, while his prose, though strictly prosaic in form,—he was too fine an artist to have it otherwise,—is more imaginative than other men's verses. Radically a poet, he ranks among the best essayists of his time; and he shares this distinction in common with Milton, Coleridge, Emerson, and other poets, in various eras, who have been intellectual students and thinkers. None but sentimentalists and dilettanti confuse their prose and verse,—tricking out the former with a cheap gloss of rhetoric, or the false and effeminate jingle of a bastard rhythm.

I have hinted, already, that his works are deficient in that broad human sympathy through which Shakespeare has found his way to the highest and lowest understandings—just as the cloud seems to one a temple, to another a continent, to the child a fairy-palace, but is dazzling and glorious to all. Landor belonged, in spite of himself, to the Parnassian aristocracy; was, as has been said, a poet for poets, and one who personally impressed the finest organizations. Consider the names of those who, having met him and known his works, perceived in him something great and worshipful. His nearest friends or admirers were Southey, Wordsworth, Hunt, Milnes, Armitage Brown; the philosophers, Emerson and Carlyle; such men of letters as Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, Forster, Julius and Francis Hare; the bluff old philologist, Samuel Parr; the fair and discerning Blessington; Napier, the soldier and historian; Elizabeth and Robert Browning, the most subtile and extreme of poets, and, in the sunrise of his life, the youngest, Algernon Swinburne; among the rest, note Dickens, who found so much that was rare and undaunted in the man:—I am almost persuaded to withdraw my reservation! True, Landor lived long: in seventy years one makes and loses many votaries and friends; but such an artist, who, whether as poet or man, could win and retain the affection and admiration, despite his thousand caprices, of so many delicate natures, varying among themselves in temperament and opinion, must indeed possess a many-sided greatness. Nor is the definition of sympathetic quality restricted to that which touches the popular heart. There are persons who might read without emotion much of Dickens's sentiment and humor, yet would feel every fiber respond to the exquisite beauty of Landor's "Pericles and Aspasia;"—persons whom only the purest idealism can strongly affect. But this is human also. Shall not the wise, as well as the witless, have their poets? There is an idea current that art is natural only when it appeals to the masses, or awakens the simple, untutored emotions of humble life. In truth, the greater should include the less; the finer, if need be, the

coarse; the composer of a symphony has, we trust, melody enough at his command. Stage presentation has done much to popularize Shakespeare; his plays, moreover, are relished for their stories, as *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Gulliver's Travels* are devoured by children without a thought of the theology of the one or the measureless satire of the other. Landor's work has no such vantage-ground, and much of it is caviare to the general; but he is none the less human, in that he is the poet's poet, the artist's artist, the delight of high, heroic souls.

When nineteen years old, in 1795, he printed his first book,—a rhymed satire upon the Oxford dons,—and his muse never left him till he died in 1864, lacking four months only of his ninetieth birthday. Seventy years of literary life, of which the noteworthy portion may be reckoned from the appearance of "Gebir," in 1798, to that of the later series of the "Hellenics," in 1847: since, although compositions dating the very year of his death exhibit no falling off, and his faculty was vigorous to the end, he produced no important work subsequent to the one last mentioned. His collections of later poems and essays are of a miscellaneous or fragmentary sort, and, though abounding in beautiful and characteristic material, exhibit many trifles which add nothing to his fame. In reviewing his career, let us first look at his poetry, which contains the key to his genius and aspirations.

His earliest verses, like those of Shelley and Byron, have a stilted, academic flavor, and, though witty enough, were instigated by youthful conceit and abhorrence of conventional authority. They were followed by a red-hot political satire, in the meter and diction of Pope. Thus far, nothing remarkable for a boy of nineteen: merely an illustration of the law that "nearly all young poets . . . . write old." The great poetic revival had not begun. Burns was still almost unknown; Cowper very faintly heard; fledglings tried their wings in the direction of Pope, Warton, and Gray. The art of verse, the creation of beauty for its own sake or for that of imaginative expression, at first took small hold upon Landor. Considering the era, it is wonderful how soon the converse of this was true. Three years to a young man are more than three times three in after-life; but never was there a swifter stride made than from Landor's prentice-work to "Gebir," which displayed his royal poetic genius in full robes. Where now be his politics and polemics? Henceforth his verse, for the most part, is wedded to pure beauty, and prose becomes the vehicle of his critical or controversial thought. In "Gebir," art, treatment, imagination, are everything; argument very little; the story is of a remote, oriental nature, a cord upon which he strings his extraordinary language, imagery, and versification. The structure is noble in the main, though chargeable, like Tennyson's earlier poetry, with vagueness here and there; the diction is majestic and sonorous, and its progress is specially marked by sudden, almost random, outbursts of lofty song. I do not hesitate to say that this epic, as poetry, and as a marvelous production for the period and for Landor's twenty-two years, stands next to that renowned and unrivaled torso, composed so long afterward, the *Hyperion* of John Keats. It was the prototype of our modern formation, cropping out a great distance in advance. To every young poet who has yet his art to learn, I would say—do not overlook "Gebir," this strangely modern poem, which, though seventy-five years old, has so much of Tennyson's finish, of Arnold's objectivity, and the romance of Morris and Keats. Forster, Landor's biographer, says that it is now unknown. When was it ever known? The first edition had little sale; a sumptuous later issue, including the Latin translation "Gebirus," had still less. But the poets found it out: it was the envy of Byron; the despair of Southey, who could appreciate, if he could not create; the bosom-companion of Shelley, to the last; nor can I doubt that, directly and indirectly, it had much to do with the inception and development of the Victorian School.

In recalling Landor's writings, prose and verse, I make no specific allusion to the minor pieces which he composed from time to time, careless about their reception, easily satisfied with the expression of his latest mood. A catalogue of them, extending from the beginning to the middle of our century, lies before me: "The Phocæans," an unfinished epic; "The Charitable Dowager," a comedy that never saw the light; various Icelandic poems, all save one of which are wisely omitted from his collected works; epigrams, letters, critiques, and what-not; often mere Sibylline leaves,—sometimes put forth in obscurest pamphlet-form, sometimes elaborate with revision and costly with the utmost resources of the press; making little mark at the time, but all idiosyncratic, Landorian, though closer scrutiny of them need not detain us here. His literary life was like the firmament, whose darkest openings are inter-

spersed with scattered stars, but only the luminous, superior constellations herewith invite our regard. His first dramatic effort, made after a stormy and ill-regulated experience of fifteen years, was the gloomy but magnificent tragedy of "Count Julian," which appeared in 1812. Like Shelley's "Cenci," Byron's "Manfred," and Coleridge's adaptation of "Wallenstein," it is a dramatic poem rather than a stage-drama of the available kind. Compared with kindred productions of the time, however, it stands like the "Prometheus" among classic plays; and as an exposition of dramatic force, a conception of the highest manhood in the most heroic and mournful attitude—as a presentment of impassioned language, pathetic sentiment and stern resolve,—it is an impressive and undying poem. Landor's career must be measured by Olympiads or lustra, not by years; he was thirty-five when he took this fearless dramatic flight, and then, save for occasional fragmentary scenes, his special faculty remained unused until he was nearly sixty-five, in 1839–40, at which date he composed and published his "Trilogy." The three plays thus grouped,—"Andrea of Hungary," "Giovanna of Naples," and "Fra Rupert,"—are, excepting the one previously mentioned, the only extended dramatic poems which he has left us. Though rarely so imaginative and statuesque as "Count Julian," they are better adapted in action, and show no decline of power. Between the one and the others occurred the marvelous prose period of Landor's career, by which he first became generally known and upon which so largely rests his fame. From 1824 to 1837—these thirteen years embrace the interval during which was written the most comprehensive and delightful prose in the English tongue, upon whose every page is stamped the patent of the author as a sage and poet.

One is more nearly drawn to Landor,—with the affection which all lovers of beauty, pure and simple, feel for the poet,—by the *Hellenics* than by any other portion of his metrical work. The volume bearing that name was written when he was well past the Scriptural limit of life, at the age of seventy-two, and published in 1847. It consisted of translations from his own *Idyllia Heroica:* Latin poems (many of them composed and printed forty years earlier) which were finally collected and revised for publication in a little volume, *Poemata et Inscriptiones*, which appeared, I think, in 1846. Of Landor's aptitude and chimerical passion for writing in Latin verse I shall speak hereafter. His sin in this respect, so far as it relates to the *Hellenics*, is amply expiated by the surpassing beauty of "Corythus," the "Last of Ulysses," and other translations from the "Idyllia." Still more exquisite, if possible, are the fifteen idyls, also called Hellenics, which previously had been collected in the standard octavo edition of his works, edited by Julius Hare and John Forster, and printed in 1846. During the past thirty years, a taste for experimenting with classical themes has seized upon many a British poet, and numberless fine studies have been the result, from the "Œnone" and "Tithonus" of the laureate to more extended pieces—like the "Andromeda" of Kingsley, and Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon." But to Landor, from his youth, the antique loveliness was a familiar atmosphere, in which he dwelt and had his being with a contentment so natural that he scarcely perceived it was not common to others, or thought to avail himself of it in the way of metrical art. Finding that people could not, or would not, read the *Idyllia*, he was led to translate them into English verse; and of all the classical pieces in our language, his own, taken as a whole, are the most varied, natural, simple, least affected with foreign forms:

> "Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
> Piercing sweet by the river."

Generally, they are idyllic, and after the Sicilian school. Now and then some Homeric epithets appear; as where he speaks of "full fifty slant-browed, kingly-hearted swine,"—but such examples are uncommon. For the most part the Greek manner and feeling are veritably *translated.* "The Hamadryad" is universally known,—possessed of delicious melody and pathos which commend it to the multitude: I am not sure that any other ancient story, so tranquilly and beautifully told, is in our treasury of English song. The overture to the first of the "Hellenics" suggests the charm and purpose of them all:

> "Who will away to Athens with me? who
> Loves choral songs and maidens crowned with flowers,
> Unenvious? mount the pinnace; hoist the sail."

That splendid apostrophe to liberty, the fifteenth of the first series, beginning,

> "We are what suns and winds and waters make us;
> The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills
> Fashion and win their nursling with their smiles,"

recalls the Hellenic spirit from its grave, and brings these antique creations within the range of modern thought and sympathy. In

fine, it must be acknowledged that for tender grace, sunlight, healthfulness, these idyls are fresh beyond comparison, the inspiration of immortal youth. Never have withered hands more bravely swept the lyre.

Landor, as I have said, was noticeable among recent poets as an artist, and the earliest to revive the partially forgotten elegance of English verse. Whoever considers the metrical product of our era must constantly bear in mind the stress laid upon the technics of the poet's calling. No shiftlessness has been tolerated, and Landor was the first to honor his work with all the finish that a delicate ear and faultless touch could bestow upon it. But in observing the perfection of the "Hellenics," for example, you discern at a glance that it is only what was natural to him and reached by the first intention; that he falsified the distich with reference to easy writing and hard reading, and composed admirably at first draught. By way of contrast, one sees that much of the famous poetry of the day has been carved with pains, "laborious, orient ivory, sphere in sphere." The morning grandeur of "Count Julian" and "Gebir," and the latter-day grace of Landor's idyls and lyrics, came to their author as he went along. A poor workman blames his tools; but he was so truly an artist and poet, that he took the nearest instrument which suggested itself, and wrought out his conceptions to his own satisfaction,—somewhat too careless, it must be owned, whether others relished them or not. At certain times, from the accident of study and early training, his thoughts ran as freely in Latin numbers as in English; and, without considering the utter uselessness of such labor, he persisted in writing Latin verses, to the alternate amusement and indignation of his friends; always quite at ease in either language, strong, melodious, and full of humor,—"Strength's rich superfluity." The famous shell-passage in "Gebir" was written first in Latin, and more musically than its translation. Compare the latter with the counterpart in Wordsworth's "Excursion," and determine,—not which of the two poets had the profounder nature—but which was Apollo's darling and the more attractively endowed. Landor's blank-verse, the test of an English singer, is like nothing before it; but that of Tennyson and his followers resembles it, by adoption and development. Like the best pentameter of the present day, it is akin to Milton's; affected, like his, by classical influence, but rather of the Greek than the Latin; more closely assimilated to the genius of our tongue and with fewer inversions; terse, yet fluent, assonant, harmonious. Grace and nobility are its prominent characteristics.

Landor's affluence embarrassed him. He had nothing costive in his nature,—disdained the tricks of smaller men, and could not spend days upon a sonnet; it must come at once, and perfect, or not at all. He was a Fortunatus, and, because the ten pieces of gold were always by him, delayed to bring together a store of poetry for his own renown. This was one secret of his leaving so few extended compositions; other reasons will be named hereafter; meantime it is certain that he never hoarded and fondled his quatrains, and that there was no waste, the supply being infinite. The minor lyrics, epigrams, fragments,—thrown off during his capricious life, in which every mood was indulged to the full and every lot experienced,—are numberless; sometimes frivolous enough, biting and spleenful, yet bearing the mark of a delicate hand; often, like "Rose Aylmer," possessed of an ethereal pathos, a dying fall, upon which poets have lived for weeks and which haunt the soul forever. Ideality belonged to Landor throughout life; for seventy years he reminds one of the girl in the fairy-tale, who could not speak without dropping pearls and diamonds. A volume might be made of the lyrical gems with which even his prose writings are interspersed. He had an aptitude for the largest and smallest work, the true Shakespearian range; and could make anything in poetry, from the posy of a ring, to the chronicle of its most heroic wearer.

While Landor's art is thus varied and original, his strongest hold,—the natural bent of his imagination,—lay, as I have suggested, in the direction of the drama. This he himself felt and often expressed; yet his dramatic works are only enough to show what things he might have accomplished, under the favorable conditions of a sympathetic age. Few modern poets have done much more. Taylor, Darley, Beddoes, Browning,—his dramatic compeers can be numbered on the fingers of one hand. I am not speaking of the playwrights. Had he written many dramas, doubtless they would have been of the Elizabethan style: objective, rather than subjective; their personages distinct in manner, language, and action, though not brought under the close psychological analysis which is a feature of our modern school. We have substituted the novel for the drama, yet, were Shakespeare now alive, he might write novels —and he might not. Possibly, like Landor, he would be repelled by the mummery of

the plot, which in the novel must be so much more minutely developed than in a succession of stage-scenes. Landor might have constructed a grand historical romance, or a respectable novel, but he never attempted either. Had the stage demanded and recompensed the labor of the best minds, he would have written plays, doing even the "business" well; for he had the intellect and faculty, and touched nothing without adorning it. As it was, the plot seemed, in his view, given up to charlatans and hacks; he had small patience with it, because, not writing in regular course for the theater, the frame-work of a drama did not come from him spontaneously. His tragedies already named, and various fragments—"Ippolito di Este," "Ines de Castro," "The Cenci," and "Cleopatra"—are to be regarded as dramatic studies, and are replete with evidences of inspiration and tragic power. Sometimes a passage like this, from "Fra Rupert," has the strength and fire of Webster, in "The Duchess of Malfi:"

"*Stephen.* Worst of it all
Is the queen's death.
Maximin. The queen's?
Stephen. They stifled her
With her own pillow.
Maximin. Who says that?
Stephen. The man
Runs wild who did it, through the streets, and howls it,
Then imitates her voice, and softly sobs,
Lay me in Santa Chiara."

We say that Landor was an independent singer, but once more the inevitable law obtains. He was restricted by his period, which afforded him neither poetical themes most suited to his intellect, nor the method of expression in which he could attain a full development. He had little outside stimulus to frequent work. In his youth the serial market was limited to *The Gentleman's Magazine* and the pretentious quarterly reviews. His early poems did not sell: they were in advance of the contemporary demand. In poetry, let us confess that he fell short of his own standard,—never so well defined as in "The Pentameron:" "Amplitude of dimensions is requisite to constitute the greatness of a poet, besides his symmetry of form and his richness of decoration . . . . We may write little things well, and accumulate one upon another; but never will any justly be called a great poet, unless he has treated a great subject worthily. . . . . A throne is not built of birds'-nests, nor do a thousand reeds make a trumpet." The one great want of many a master-mind oppressed him—lack of theme. Better fitted to study things at a distance, always an idealist and dreaming of some large achievement, Landor, with his imaginative force unmet by any commensurate task, wandered like "blind Orion, hungry for the morn." Or, like that other hapless giant, he groped right and left, but needed a guide to direct his strong arms to the pillars, that he might bow himself indeed and put forth all his powers.

How great these were the world had never known, were it not for that interlude of prose composition which occupied a portion of the years between his early and later work. From youth his letters, often essays and reviews in themselves, to his selectest intellectual companions, exhibit him as a splendid artist in prose and a learned and accurate thinker. He had been drinking the wine of life, reading, reflecting, studying "cities of men . . . . and climates, councils, governments," at Tours, Como, Pisa, Florence, Bath; and, at the age of 45 or 46, with every faculty matured, became suddenly aware of the fitness of written dialogue as the vehicle of his conceptions, and for the exercise of that dramatic tendency which had thus far found no practicable outlet. Forster has pointed out that this form of literature was suited alike to his strength, dogmatism, and variety of mood. The idea, once conceived, was realized with his usual impetuosity. It swelled and swelled, drawing up the thought and observation of a life-time; in two years the first and second books of *Imaginary Conversations* were given to the world, and in four more, six volumes in all had been completed. For the first time the English people were dazzled and affected by this author's genius; the books were a success; and all citizens of the republic of letters discovered, what a few choice spirits had known before, that Landor was their peer and master.

It is needless to eulogize the series of *Imaginary Conversations*,—to which the poet kept adding, as the fancy seized him, until the year of his decease within the memory of us all. They have passed into literature, and their influence and charm are undying. They are an encyclopedia, a panoramic museum, a perpetual drama, a changeful world of fancy, character, and action. Their learning covers languages, histories, inventions; their thought discerns and analyzes literature, art, poetry, philosophy, manners, life, government, religion,—everything to which human faculties have applied themselves, which eye has seen, ear has heard, or

the heart of man conceived. Their personages are as noble as those of Sophocles, as sage and famous as Plutarch's, as varied as those of Shakespeare himself: comprising poets, wits, orators, soldiers, statesmen, monarchs, fair women and brave men. Through them all, among them all, breathes the spirit of Landor, and above them waves his compelling wand. Where his subjectivity becomes apparent, it is in a serene and elevated mood; for he is traversing the realm of the ideal, his better angel rules the hour, and the man is transfigured in the magician and poet.

Paulo majora canamus. From the exhaustless resources of Landor's imagination, he was furthermore enabled to construct a triad of prose-poems, not fragmentary episodes or dialogues, but round and perfect compositions,—each of them finished and artistic in the extreme degree. The "Citation of Shakespeare," the "Pentameron," and "Pericles and Aspasia," depict England, Italy, and Greece, at their renowned and characteristic periods: the greenwood and castle-halls of England, the villas and cloisters of Italy, the sky and marbles of ancient Greece; the pedantry and poetry of the first, the mysticism of the second, the deathless grace and passion of Athens at her prime. Of "The Citation of Shakespeare," I can but repeat what Charles Lamb said, and all that need here be said of it,—that only two men could have written it, he who wrote it, and the man it was written on. It can only be judged by reading, for there is nothing resembling it in any tongue. "The Pentameron of Boccaccio and Petrarca" was the last in date of these unique conceptions, and the favorite of Hunt, Crabb Robinson, Disraeli; a mediæval reproduction, the tone of which—while always in keeping with itself—is so different from that of the *Citation*, that one would think it done by another hand, if any other hand were capable of doing it. Even to those who differ from its estimation of Dante, its learning, fidelity and picturesqueness, seem admirable beyond comparison. The highest luxury of a sensitive, cultured mind is the perusal of a work like this. Mrs. Browning found some of its pages too delicious to turn over. Yet this study had been preceded by the "Pericles and Aspasia," which, as an exhibition of intellectual beauty, may be termed the masterpiece of Landor's whole career.

Critics are not wanting who maintain the "Pericles and Aspasia" to be the purest creation of sustained art in English prose. It is absolutely devoid of such affectations as mark the romances and treatises of Sidney, Browne, and many famous writers of the early and middle periods; and to the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and other classics of a time nearer our own, it bears the relation of a drama to an eclogue, or that of a symphony to some sweet and favorite air. What flawless English! what vivid scenery and movement! Composed without a reference-book, it is accurate in scholarship, free from inconsistencies as Becker's *Charicles;* nevertheless, the action is modern, as that of every golden era must appear; the personages, whether indicated lightly or at full length, are living human beings before our eyes. As all sculpture is included in the Apollo Belvedere, so all Greek life, sunshine, air, sentiment, contribute to these eloquent epistles. A rare imagination is required for such a work. While comparable with nothing but itself, it leaves behind it the flavor of some "Midsummer Night's Dream" or "Winter's Tale," mauger the unreality and anachronisms. Landor's dainty madrigals are scattered throughout, coming in like bird-songs upon the sprightly or philosophical Athenian converse: here we find "Artemidora" and "Aglaë;" here, too, is the splendid fragment of "Agamemnon." How vividly Alcibiades, Anaxagoras, Socrates, Pericles, Aspasia, appear before us: the noonday grace and glory, the indoor banquet and intellectual feast! We exclaim, not only: What rulers! what poets and heroes! but—What children of light! what laureled heads! what lovers—what passionate hearts! How modern, how intense, how human! what beauty, what delicacy, what fire! We penetrate the love of high-bred men and women: nobles by nature and rank;—surely finer subjects for realistic treatment than the boor and drudge. Where both are equally natural, I would rather contemplate a horse or falcon, than the newt and toad. Thus far, I am sure, one may carry the law of aristocracy in art. The people of this book are brave, wise, and beautiful, or, at least, fitly adapted: some unhappy,—others, under whatsoever misfortune, enraptured, because loving and beloved. Never were women more tenderly depicted. Aspasia, with all her love of glory, confesses: "You men often talk of glorious death, of death met bravely for your country; I too have been warmed by the bright idea in oratory and poetry: but ah! my dear Pericles! I would rather read it on an ancient tomb than a recent one." Again, in the midst of their splendor and luxury, she exclaims: "When the war is over, as surely

it must be in another year, let us sail among the islands Ægæan and be as young as ever!" Just before the death of Pericles by the plague, amid thickening calamities, they write tragedies and study letters and art. All is heroic and natural: they turn from grand achievements to the delights of intellect and affection. Where is another picture so elevating as this? Fame, power, luxury, are forgotten in the sympathy and glorious communion of kindred souls. Where, one so fitted to reconcile us with death—the end of all such communings—the common lot, from which even these beautiful ideals are not exempt? Ay, their deaths, in the midst of so much that made life peerless and worth living, follow each other in pathetic, yet not inharmonious, succession, like the silvery chimings of a time-piece at the close of a summer's day.

"Pericles and Aspasia" is a Greek temple, with frieze and architrave complete. If it be not Athens, it is what we love to think Athens must have been, in the glory of Pericles' last days. It is a thing of beauty for all places and people; for the deep-read man of thought and experience, for the dreamy youth or maiden in the farthest western wilds. The form is that of prose, simple and translucent, yet it is a poem from beginning to end. I would test the fabric of a person's temper by his appreciation of such a book. If only one work of an author were given as a companion, many would select this: not alone for its wisdom, eloquence, and beauty, but for its pathos and affection. You can read it again and again, and ever most delightfully. The *Citation* and the *Pentameron* must be studied with the scholar's anointed eyes, and are sealed to the multitude; but *Pericles and Aspasia* is clear as noonday, a book for thinkers—but a book for lovers also, and should be as immortal as the currents which flow between young hearts.

II.

THERE has been much confusion of Landor's personal history with his writings, and an inclination to judge the latter by the former. The benison of Time enables us, after the lapse of years, to discriminate between the two; while the punishment of a misgoverned career is that it hinders even the man of genius from being justified during his lifetime. However, before further consideration of Landor's works,—that we may see what bearing the one had on the other, and with this intention solely,—let us observe the man himself.

We need not rehearse the story of his prolonged, adventurous life. It was what might be expected of such a character, and to speak of the one is to infer the other. Frea's address to her liege, in Arnold's "Balder Dead," occurs to me as I think of the hoary poet. "Odin, thou Whirlwind," he was, forsooth: tempestuous, swift of will; an egotist without vanity, but equally without reason; impatient of fools and upstarts; so intellectually proud, that he suspected lesser minds of lowering him to their own level, when they honestly admired his works; scornful, yet credulous; careless of his enemies, too often suspicious of his friends; a law unto himself, even to the extreme fulfillment of his most erratic impulse; enamored of liberty, yet not seldom confounding it with license; loving the beautiful with his whole soul, but satisfied no less with the conscious power of creating than with its exercise. Such was Landor, though quite transfigured, I say, when absorbed in the process of his art. Every inspired artist has a double existence: his "life is two-fold," and the nobler one is that by which he should be judged.

And yet, our poet's temperament was so extraordinary that it is no less a study than his productions. He was wayward, unrestful, full-veined, impetuous to the very end. Nothing but positive inability restrained him from gratifying a single passion or caprice. His nature was so buoyant that, like the Faun, he forgot both pain and pleasure, and had few stings of sorrow or regret to guard him from fresh woes and errors. As he learned nothing from experience, his life was one perpetual series of escapades,—of absurd perplexities at Rugby, Oxford, Llanthony, and in foreign lands. Even in art he often seemed like a wind-harp, responding to every breath that stirred his being: a superb voice executing voluntaries and improvisations, but disinclined to synthetic utterance. He lacked that guiding force which is gained only by the wisest discipline, the most beneficent influences in youth:—under such influences this grand character might have been strong and perfect, but his fortunes served to lessen the completeness of his genius. The author's traditional restrictions were wanting in Landor's case. He stood first in the entail of a liberal estate, and self-control was never imposed upon him. One great gift denied to him was the suspicion of his own mortality. It has been rightly said that he and his brothers came of a race of giants. His physical health and strength were so absolute, that no fear of the short-

ness of life was present to stimulate his ambition. He needed, like the imperator, some faithful slave to whisper in his ear, Remember that thou too art mortal! His tendencies never were evil, but in their violence illustrated Fourier's theory of the reverse action of the noblest passions. More than all else, it was this lack of self-restraint that made the infinite difference between himself and the great master to whose universality of genius his own was most akin.

Had Landor been poor, had he felt some thorn in the flesh,—but he was more handicapped at the outset with wealth and health than Wordsworth with poverty, or Hood with want and disease. Born a patrician, his caste was assured, and his actions were of that defiant, democratic kind, upon which snobs and parvenus dare not venture. He scattered his wealth as he chose, and would not let his station restrict him from the experiences of the poor. The audacious conceptions of novelists were realized in his case. It was impossible to make him a conventional respecter of persons and temporal things. If ever a man looked through and through clothes and titles, Landor did; and as for property—it seemed to him *impedimenta* and perishable stuff. Yet he loved luxury and was uncomfortable when deprived of it. Determined, first of all, to *live his life*, to enjoy and develop every gift and passion, he touched life at more points than do most men of letters. Possibly he had not the self-denial of those exalted devotees, who eat, marry, and live, for art alone. The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life were strong within him. Here he resembled Byron and Alfieri—to whom he was otherwise related, except that his heart was too warm and light for the vulgar misanthropy of the first, and his blood too clean and healthful for the grosser passions of either.

Trouble bore lightly enough upon a man who so readily forgot the actual world, that we find him writing Latin idyls just after his first flight from his wife, or turning an epigram when his estate was ruined forever. Inconstant upon the slightest cause, he yet was faithful to certain life-long friends, and, if one suffered never so little for his sake, was ready to yield life or fortune in return. Such was his feeling toward Robert Landor, Forster, Southey, Browning, and the great novelist who drew that genial caricature by which his likeness is even now most widely known. Dickens, who of all men was least fit to pronounce judgment upon Landor's work, and cared the least to do it, was of all most fit to estimate his strength and weakness, his grim and gentle aspects. In "Boythorn" we hear his laugh rising higher, peal on peal; we almost see his leonine face and lifted brow, the strong upper lip, the clear gray eye, and ineffably sweet and winsome smile. We listen to his thousand superlatives of affection, compliment, or wrath, and know them to be the safety-valves of a nature overcharged with "the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love;" of a poet and hero in the extreme, who only needed the self-training that with years should bring the philosophic mind.

His prose writings measurably reflect his temperament, though he is at special pains to disclaim it. His minor epigrams and lyrics go still further in this direction, and were the means of working off his surplus energy of humor, sympathy, or dislike. The moment he regarded men and things *objectively*, he was the wisest of his kind; and some fine instinct mostly kept him objective in his poetry, while his personality expended itself in acts and conversation. If he seldom did "a wise thing," he as seldom wrote "a foolish one." Entering upon his volumes, we are in the domain of the pure serene; and his glorious faculties of scholarship and song compensate us for that of which his nature had too little and that of which it wantoned in excess.

Many texts could be found in Landor's career for an essay upon amateurship in literature or art. As a rule, distrust the quality of that product which is not the result of legitimate professional labor. Art must be followed *as a means of subsistence* to render its creations worthy, to give them a human element. Poetry is an unsubstantial worldly support; but true poets have frequently secluded themselves, like Milton, Cowper, and Wordsworth, so that their simple wants were supplied; or, plunging into life, have still made labor with the pen—writing for the stage or the press—a means of living, enjoying the pleasure which comes from being in harness and from duty squarely performed. They plume themselves—*et ego in Arcadia*—upon sharing not only the transports, but the drudgery, of the literary guild. Generally, I say, distrust writers who come not in by the strait gate, but clamber over the wall of amateurship. Literary men, who have had both genius and a competence, have so felt this that they have insisted upon the uttermost farthing for their work, thus maintaining, though at the expense of a reputation for avarice, the dignity of the profession, and legitimizing their own connection with it.

This Landor never was able to do: his writing either was not remunerative, because not open to popular sympathy, or unsympathetic because not remunerative: at all events the two conditions went together. He began to write for the love of it, and was always, perforce, an amateur, rather than a member of the guild. As he grew older, he would have valued a hundred pounds earned by his pen more than a thousand received from his estate; but, although he estimated properly the value of his work, and, thinking others would do the same, was always appropriating in advance hypothetical earnings to philanthropic ends, he never gained a year's subsistence by literature; and such of his works as were not printed at his own expense, with the exception of the first two volumes of *Imaginary Conversations*, entailed losses upon the firms venturing their publication.

But amateurship in Landor's case, enforced or chosen, did not become dilettanteism; on the contrary, it made him finely independent and original. His own boast was that he was a "creature who imitated nobody and whom nobody imitated; the man who walked through the crowd of poets and prose-men, and never was touched by any one's skirts." This haughty self-gratulation we cannot allow. No human being ever was independent in this sense. Landor in his youth imitated Pope, and afterwards made beneficial study of Milton before reaching a manner of his own. Pindar, Theocritus, and Catullus, among the ancients, he read so closely that he could not but feel the influence of their styles. Yet he might justly claim that he had no part in the mere fashion of the day, and that he wrote and thought independent of those with whom he was on the most intimate and coadmiring terms. He often shed tears in the passion of his work, and his finest conceptions were the most spontaneous,—for his instinct with regard to beauty and the canons of literary taste had the precision of law itself. His poetic qualities, like his acquirements, were of the rare and genuine kind.

He had a thorough sympathy with nature and a love for out-door life. His biographer, while careful to detail the quarrels and imbroglios into which his temper betrayed him along the course of years, gives us only brief and fitful glimpses of his better and prevailing mood. Happily, Forster avails himself of Landor's letters to fill out his bulky volume, and hence cannot wholly conceal the striking poetic qualities of the man. Landor knew and loved the sky, the woods, and the waters; a day's journey was but an enjoyable walk for him; and he passed half his time roaming over the hills, facing the breeze, and composing in the open air. It was only, in fact, when quite alone that he could be silent enough to work. For trees he had a reverential passion. Read his Conversation with Pallavicini; and examine that episode in his life, when he bought and tried to perfect the Welsh estate, and would have grown a forest of half a million trees, but for his own impracticability and the boorishness of the country churls about him. Unlike many reflective poets, however, he never permits landscape to distract the attention in his figure-pieces, but with masterly art introduces it sufficiently to relieve and give effect to their dramatic purpose. That he is often tempted to do otherwise he confesses in a letter to Southey, and adds: "I am fortunate, for I never compose a single verse within doors, except in bed sometimes. I do not know what the satirists would say if they knew that most of my verses spring from a gate-post or a mole-hill." Trees, flowers, and every growing thing were sacred to him, and informed with happy life. It was his wish and way:

> "To let all flowers live freely, and all die,
> Whene'er their Genius bids their souls depart,
> Among their kindred in their native place.
> I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
> Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank,
> And not reproached me: the ever-sacred cup
> Of the pure lily hath between my hands
> Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold.'

His affection for dogs and other dumb creatures, like his understanding of them, is no less instinctive and sincere. Of all the Louis-Quatorze rhymesters he tolerates La Fontaine only, "for I never see an animal," he writes, "unless it be a parrot or a monkey or a pug-dog or a serpent, that I do not converse with it either openly or secretly."

In the dialogue to which I have referred, he protests against the senseless imitation of Grecian architecture in the cold climate of our North,—and this reminds me of Landor's classicism and its relation to the value of his work. In Latin composition he excelled any contemporary, and was only equaled by Milton and a few others of the past. Latin, as I have shown, was at times the language of his thoughts, and as he wrote for expression only, he loved to use it for his verse. Greek was less at his command, but he could always recall it by a fortnight's study, and his taste and feeling were rather Athenian than Roman. Undoubtedly, as judicious friends

constantly were assuring him, he threw away precious labor in composing Latin epigrams, satires, and idyls; yet his English style, like that of other famous masters, acquired a peculiar strength and nobleness from the influence of his classical diversions. He has not escaped the charge of valuing only what is old, and holding the antique fashion to be more excellent than that of his own period. Americans are sufficiently familiar with this conceit of shallow critics and self-made men; yet the finest scholars I have known have been the most fervent patriots, the most advanced thinkers, the most vigorous lovers and frequenters of our forests, mountains and lakes. With regard to Landor, never was a prejudice so misapplied. He was essentially modern and radical, looking to the future rather than to the past, and among the first to welcome and appreciate Tennyson, the Brownings, Margaret Fuller, Kossuth, and other poets and enthusiasts of the time. He was called an old Pagan; while in truth his boast was just, not only that he "walked up to the ancients and talked with them familiarly," but that he "never took a drop of wine or crust of bread in their houses." There was, to be sure, something of the Epicurean in the zest with which he made the most of life, and his nearness to nature may seem Pagan to those whose idealism is that of the desk and closet only. "It is hard," he says of gunning, "to take what we cannot give; and life is a pleasant thing, at least to birds. No doubt the young ones say tender things one to another, and even the old ones do not dream of death."

Landor's appetite for knowledge was insatiable, worthy of the era, and his acquisitions were immense. He gathered up facts insensibly and retained everything that he observed or read. Of history he was a close and universal student. As he possessed no books of reference, it is not surprising that his memory was occasionally at fault. De Quincey said that his learning was *sometimes* defective —but this was high praise from De Quincey —and of his genius, that he always rose with his subject, and dilated, "like Satan, into Teneriffe or Atlas when he saw before him an antagonist worthy of his powers." Landor is not so generous to himself, but affirms —"I am a horrible compounder of historical facts. * * * I have usually one history that I have read, another that I have invented." In his *Imaginary Conversations* the invented history, like that of Shakespeare's, seems to me its own excuse for being. The philosophies of every age are no less at his tongue's end, and subject to his wise discrimination. With unsubstantial metaphysics he has small patience, and believes that "we are upon earth to learn what can be learnt upon earth, and not to speculate upon what never can be." Politics he is discussing constantly, but has too broad and social a foothold to satisfy a partisan. Whatsoever things are just and pure, these he supports; above all, his love of liberty is intense as Shelley's, Mazzini's, or Garibaldi's, and often as unreasoning. Always on the side of the poor and oppressed, he indirectly approves even regicide, but is so tender of heart that he would not really harm a fly. His individuality was strong throughout, and he was able to maintain no prolonged allegiance to party, church, or state; nay, not even to obey when he undertook obedience,—for, although he was at munificent expense in a personal attempt to aid the Spanish patriots, and received an officer's commission from the Junta, he took offense almost at the outset, and threw up his command after a brief skirmishing experience on the frontier. He admired our own country for its form of government, but seemed to think Washington and Franklin its only heroic characters. If there was an exception to his general knowledge, it was with regard to America: like other Englishmen of his time, he had no adequate comprehension of men and things on this side of the Atlantic. Could he have visited us in his wanderings, the clear American skies, the free atmosphere, and the vitality of our institutions would have rejoiced his spirit, and might have rendered him more tolerant of certain national and individual traits which, although we trust they are but for a season, served at a distance to excite his irritation and disdain.

For criticism Landor had a determined bent, which displays itself in his essays, talk, and correspondence. The critical and creative natures are rarely united in one person. The greatest poets have left only their own works behind them, too occupied or too indifferent to record their judgment of their contemporaries. But Landor lived in a critical age, and so acute was his sense of the fitness of things, that it impelled him to estimate and comment upon every literary production that came under his observation. In the warmth of his heart, he was too apt to eulogize the efforts of his personal friends; but, otherwise considered, his writings are full of criticism than which there is nothing truer, subtler, or more comprehensive in the English tongue. He had, furthermore, a passion for scholarly notes and minute verbal emen-

dation. In the former direction, his scholia upon the classical texts are full of learning and beauty; but when he essayed philology,—of which he had little knowledge in the modern sense,—and attempted to regulate the orthography of our language, the result was something lamentable. His vagaries of this sort, I need scarcely add, were persisted in to the exclusion of greater things, and partly, no doubt, because they seemed objectionable to others and positively hindered his career.

While the literary conscientiousness and thoroughly genuine art of Landor's poetry are recognized by all of his own profession, much of it, like certain still-life painting, is chiefly valuable for technical beauty, and admired by the poet rather than by the popular critic. As one might say of Jeremy Taylor that it was impossible, even by chance, that he could write profane or libidinous doctrine, so it seemed impossible for Landor, even in feeble and ill-advised moments, to compose anything that was trite or inartistic. The touch of the master, the quality of the poet, is dominant over all. His voice was sweet, and he could not speak unmusically, though in a rage. His daintiest trifles show this: they are found at random, like precious stones, sometimes broken and incomplete, but every one —so far as it goes—pure in color and absolutely without flaw. A slight object served him for a text, and in honor of a woman who pleased him, but who seemed far enough beneath him to ordinary eyes, he composed eighty-five lyrics that might have beguiled Diana.

In discoursing upon elevated themes, he was seized with that divine extravagance which possessed the bards of old; and, in verse addressed to persons whom he loved or detested, he took the manner of his favorite classical lyrists, and in every instance went to the extreme of gallant compliment or withering scorn. His determination to have freedom from restraint, at all hazards and any cost, exhibits itself in his poetry and prose. Here he found a liberty, an independence of other rules than his own judgment or caprice, which he could not enjoy in daily life,—although in conduct, as in letters, he was so obstreperous and unpleasant an opponent that few cared to set themselves in his way. I repeat that, for all his great powers, he was a royal Bohemian in art, as throughout life, and never in poetry composed the ample work which he himself asserted is requisite to establish the greatness of a poet; yet, in a more barren period, one fourth as much as he accomplished sufficed for the reputation of Goldsmith, Collins, or Gray.

With regard to the fame of Landor it may be said, that, while he has not reached a rank which emboldens any publisher to issue a complete edition of his varied and extensive writings,*—and even his poems, alone, are not brought together and sold with Byron, Longfellow, Tennyson, and other public favorites,—it is certain, nevertheless, that he has long emerged from that condition in which De Quincey designated him as a man of great genius who might lay claim to a reputation on the basis of *not* being read. He has gained a hearing from a fit audience, though few, which will have its successors through many generations. To me his fame seems more secure than that of some of his popular contemporaries. If Landor himself had any feeling upon the subject, it was that time would yield him justice. No one could do better without applause, worked less for it, counted less upon it; yet when it came to him he was delighted in a simple way. It pleased him by its novelty, and often he pronounced it critical—because it *was* applause —and over-estimated the bestower: that is, he knew the verdict of his few admirers was correct, and by it gauged their general understanding. He challenged his critics with a perfect consciousness of his own excellence in art; yet only asserted his rights when they were denied him. In all his books there is no whit of cowardice or whining. Nothing could make them morbid and jaundiced, for it was chiefly as an author that he had a religion and conscience, and was capable of self-denial.

Landor's prolonged discouragements, however, made him contemptuous of putting out his strength before people who did not properly measure him, and he felt all the loneliness of a man superior to his time. In youth he once or twice betrayed a yearning for appreciation. How nobly and tenderly he expressed it! "I confess to you, if even

* At present, the best collection of Landor's works is that made in 1846, of such as he himself then deemed worthy of preservation. A new edition has lately been printed, in 2 vols. 8vo, which can be obtained from Messrs. Scribner, Welford & Armstrong, New York. It contains the *Imaginary Conversations*, *Citation of Shakespeare*, *Pentameron*, *Pericles and Aspasia*, *Gebir*, the first series of *Hellenics*, and most of the author's dramatic and lyric poems which preceded its date of compilation. The later *Hellenics*, *Last Fruit off an Old Tree*, *Heroic Idyls*, *Scenes for a Study*, etc., can only be procured in separate volumes and pamphlets, and, in bookseller's diction, are fast becoming "rare."

foolish men had read *Gebir*, I should have continued to write poetry; there is something of summer in the hum of insects." And again: "The *popularis aura*, though we are ashamed or unable to analyze it, is requisite for the health and growth of genius. Had *Gebir* been a worse poem, but with more admirers, and I had once filled my sails, I should have made many and perhaps more prosperous voyages. There is almost as much vanity in disdaining the opinion of the world as in pursuing it."

He did not disdain it, but reconciled himself with what heart he might to its absence. In later years he asserted: "I shall have as many readers as I desire to have in other times than ours. I shall dine late; but the dining-room will be well-lighted, the guests few and select." Southey buried himself in work, when galled by his failure to touch the popular heart; Landor in life and action, and in healthful Nature's haunts. The *Imaginary Conversations* were, to a certain degree, a popular success—at least, were generally known and read by cultured Englishmen; and for some years their author heartily enjoyed the measure of reputation which he then, for the first time, received. It was during this sunlit period that he addressed a noble ode to Joseph Ablett, containing these impulsive lines:—

> ——"I never courted friends or Fame;
> She pouted at me long, at last she came,
> And threw her arms around my neck and said,
> 'Take what hath been for years delayed,
> And fear not that the leaves will fall
> One hour the earlier from thy coronal.'"

Threescore years and ten are the natural term of life, yet we find Landor at that point just leaving the meridian of his strength and splendor. When seventy-one he saw his English writings collected under Forster's supervision, and his renown would have been no less if he had then sung his *nunc dimittis* and composed no longer. Yet we could not spare that most poetical volume which appeared near the close of the ensuing year. At a dash, he made and printed the English version of his Latin Idyls—written half a lifetime before. We already have classed the "Cupid and Pan," "Dryope," "The Children of Venus," with their companion-pieces, as a portion of his choicest work. Five years afterward, in 1853, he gathered up the *Last Fruit off an Old Tree*, and meant therewith to end his literary labors. To this volume was prefaced the "Dying Speech of an Old Philosopher,"—and who but Landor could have written the faultless and pathetic quatrain?

> "I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
> Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art;
> I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
> It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

Our author's prose never was more characteristic than in this book, which contained some modern dialogues, much literary and political disquisition, and the delightful critical papers upon Theocritus and Catullus. The poetry consisted of lyrics and epistles, with a stirring dramatic fragment—"The Cenci." Many a time thereafter the poet turned his face to the wall, but could not die: the Gods were unkind, and would not send Iris to clip the sacred lock. He was compelled to live on till nothing but his voice was left him; yet, living, he could not be without expression. In 1857–'58 came a pitiful exhibition at Bath, where the old man was enveloped in a swarm of flies and stopped to battle with them; engaged at eighty-two in a dispute about a woman, and sending forth epigrams, like some worn-out, crazy warrior toying with the bow-and-arrows of his childhood. I am thankful to forget all this, when reading the classical dialogues printed in 1863, his eighty-ninth year, under the title of *Heroic Idyls*. Still more lately were composed the poetical scenes and dialogues given in the closing pages of his biography.

Deaf, lame, and blind, as Landor was,—*qualis artifex periit!* The letters, poems, and criticisms of his last three years of life are full of thought and excellence. The love of song stayed by him; he was a poet above all, and, like all true poets, young in feeling to the last, and fond of bringing youth and beauty around him. We owe to one enthusiastic girl, in whom both these graces were united, a striking picture of the old minstrel with his foam-white, patriarchal beard, his leonine visage, and head not unlike that of Michael Angelo's "Moses;" and it was to the fresh and eager mind of such a listener, with his own æsthetic sensibilities for the time well pleased, that he offered priceless fragments of wit and courtesy, and expounded the simply perfect canons of his verse. The finest thing we know of Swinburne's life is his pilgrimage to Italy and unselfish reverence at the feet of the incomparable artist, the unconquerable freeman, to whom he

> "Came as one whose thoughts half linger,
> Half run before;
> The youngest to the oldest singer
> That England bore."

To some who then for the first time knew Landor, and who were not endowed with the

refined perceptions of these young enthusiasts, the foibles of his latter days obscured his genius; to us, at this distance, they seem only the tremors of the dying lion. When, at the age of eighty-nine years and nine months, he breathed his last at Florence, it was indeed like the death of some monarch of the forest, —most untamed when powerless, away from the region which gave him birth and the air which fostered his scornful yet heroic spirit.

WAITING.

UNDER the wintry skies,
All pallid and still as the moon,
The cold earth slumbering lies,
Close wound in her white cocoon.
In her shrouded and dreamless rest,
She awaits the coming of spring:
And the soul of song in my breast
Is dumb,—I cannot sing.

But soon, at the touch, at the glance,
That thrills the bound spirit beneath,
She will wake, she will rouse from her trance,
She will burst from her chrysalis sheath,
All palpitating in sheen
Of gleaming rimple and fold,
Fresh-robed in sapphire and green,
Full-winged with purple and gold!

When the world, reawakened from death,
Is wavering, throbbing in light,
And panting with perfumed breath
In a heaven of sound and of sight,
O then, with all jubilant things,
Will my soul, that has slumbered so long,
Awake in the glory of wings,
Arise with the rapture of song!

FOUR GREAT AFRICAN TRAVELERS.

THE first on the list of African travelers whose discoveries I propose to glance over in this article is Captain Richard Francis Burton.

This great traveler has always appeared to me an eccentric genius, with natural physical and intellectual gifts fitting him to do well almost anything he might undertake. That he does not stand to-day higher than his predecessors or successors in Africa, as he might easily have done, may be ascribed to circumstances which are partly the result of certain peculiarities of his nature, and partly owing to that unsympathetic and superficial society into which he had drifted in India, during early manhood.

A stranger, on seeing Burton for the first time, would be apt to exclaim, "That's a hard-looking man!" But if he were informed that this man was the dauntless being who, in the guise of an Arab merchant, penetrated to Mecca and Harar,—two seats of Mohammedan bigotry,—he would be apt to add that he was "just the kind of man to do it, judging by his looks."

Hard is indeed the character of Burton's features. High cheek-bones, gray eyes, set deep in cave-like sockets, shining with a fierce light, with prominent and bristly eyebrows jutting over them like a pent-house—forehead low, and slightly retreating—nose thick, and anything but classic—an upper lip

clothed with a stiff moustache not large enough to hide the sneer in which his lips are set, and jaws vast and square as if settled down into a defiant belligerency—form the *tout ensemble* of a face that was intended for a born pugilist. His form of medium height, and large-boned, perhaps lends color to this judgment.

Burton is called a "wicked man" by some people. But Burton is more reckless than wicked. He delights to banter feebly intellectual folks and shock their prejudices. His intimate friends, however, looking under the crust of informality and bluntness which covers his real self, discover another man, essentially Burton,—a man not altogether unlovable, a man extremely sociable and delightful, a philosopher, and wise beyond first conception, a conversationalist of rare power, and a scholar who has amassed within the recesses of an extraordinary memory a rich store of Arabic, Persian, and Hindoo lore.

Howsoever Burton endeavors to screen himself under the rough guise of an explorer, the itinerating *littérateur* peeps out in all his books, especially in the record of his explorations in Africa. But his style, though it evinces scholarship, is abrupt, incohesive, and pedantic. He coins words where a new coinage of them is simply superfluous. In parts it also borders on quaintness, as if he had caught the habit of Sir Thomas More or Roger Bacon.

His powers of composition are most conspicuous in his scenic descriptions. These are so full of fervor and freshness that they appear like sunbeams shining through a dark cloud of fevers, disappointments, calamities, and many-phased trouble, and we get a glimpse, though dim and indistinct, of the reverence for things divine that is latent in him.

This short sketch of the man and his character will serve as a prelude to a few remarks upon his great feat of exploration in Africa.

Captain Burton, accompanied by Captain J. H. Speke, landed at Zanzibar on the 19th December, 1856, both as ignorant of the nature of the work they were about to engage in, and of the mode to accomplish that work, as any two men could well be. They had been commissioned by the Royal Geographical Society of London to proceed to Central Africa, to discover a lake which was believed to be the source of the River Nile.

On their arrival at Zanzibar, the two travelers were informed that they had come at the wrong season to start, that the proper time to commence their march was in June. But for many reasons this was an advantage; they thus had ample time for preparation, to purchase and pack up the thousand and one impedimenta which they would be compelled to take with them, to study the language, the manners and customs of African tribes, and pick up serviceable information respecting the interior and the different routes which led into it. Some men would have improved the opportunity to do so, and Burton did do something in this way; yet, six months later, when about to depart, I note with astonishment his remark that his "preparations were too hurried."

The donkeys, porters, guides, and armed guard having been collected, the presents for the chiefs and the cloths for barter having been purchased, the two white men and their motley force landed at Kaole, three miles south of Bagamoyo, about the middle of June, 1857. Ten days later, amid doleful forebodings from the Indian merchants, and with kindly words of farewell from the British consul, the first expedition from East Africa resolutely set its face towards the west, and the troublous, harassing march to Ujiji began.

In their front they beheld the blue land waves rise in succession one above another, paling in the far distance until they resembled the milky-blue sky which domed them. On each side extended sweet landscapes, bounded by shaggy forests, reposing under the tropic heaven, and vivid, spontaneous vegetation all around them. As they looked behind to catch a last solemn glance at what they were leaving, they beheld at their feet the village of Kaole nestling in a palm grove, and beyond this the billows of the Zingian Sea, blown into light playful curls, as the morning land-breeze toyed with them! What solemn thoughts must have filled at this time the minds of the two travelers! To the east was a radiant, sheeny sea, which at this time possessed an indescribable charm for them: to the west extended a mysterious and sombrous infinity of jungle and forest—perhaps full of lurking terrors, disease and death!

The two travelers soon found that they had engaged in no child's play. Their troubles grew thickly. The undisciplined mob they were leading towards the interior gave them great trouble; some clamored for tobacco, others for guitar strings, and their guards—donkey drivers from their birth—complained of the indignity of being required to drive asses. Their guides also, after receiving their advance, deserted them, and the Ba-

looch soldiers insulted the white men. Subsequently there was not one person attached to this expedition who did not at some time or other attempt to desert. On the second day out they were mulcted by a contumacious chief of a large quantity of cloth, and on the fourth day a hyena attacked and killed three asses belonging to the expedition.

On the 8th of July, after struggling through a low and unhealthy district, they reached what the Arabs call "The Valley of Death, and the Home of Hunger," a broad plain traversed by the Kingani River. The water was everywhere bad, a mortal smell of decay pervaded the atmosphere, and both Burton and Speke were so affected by fever that they were unable to walk.

Burton's account of his journey through the land of Ugogo is exceedingly interesting, but is marred greatly by the lachrymal outpourings of a temper already greatly embittered by bile, and trouble with the ferocious and utterly intractable people he had to deal with.

Ugogo, which is generally reached in two months by caravans traveling inland, is the halfway district between the coast and Unyanyembe—the central province of the Land of the Moon. The people are a mongrel race, a mixture of the tribes of the mountains and the interior table-land. The plains are rich in grain, and the hills with cattle. Milk, honey, eggs and clarified butter are sold by the people readily for American sheeting and beads. The district abounds in game and elephants, and giraffes are frequently met.

After being subjected for several successive days to much contumely and abuse, the travelers, on the 12th October, 1857, shook the red dust of Ugogo from their feet, and on the 7th day of November, the one hundred and thirty-fourth day from the coast, they arrived in Unyanyembe, where they were received with open arms by the hospitable Arab merchants dwelling there. It may be presumed that this was the only day of real pleasure that Burton enjoyed since leaving the coast, and that the sight of his caravan, after so many vicissitudes, wriggling snake-like over the plain, each member of it boiling over with uncontrollable delight, while horns boomed, and muskets roared like saluting mortars, must have puckered his face on this day into a hundred smiles.

The great labor, however, lay yet unaccomplished, the inland sea was yet undiscovered; and so the expedition is found, after a month's detention at Unyanyembe, sallying out of its enclosed camp, bound for Ujiji.

Burton's account of the journey from Unyanyembe to Ujiji is replete with interest, and contains passages of great beauty. The latter place was distant from Unyanyembe 260 miles, and was reached on the 13th February, 1858. The character of the intervening country was undulating ground, intersected with low conical and tabular hills, whose lines ramified in all directions. During the rainy season the country is clad in vivid green. In the dry season it has a grayish aspect, "lighted up by golden stubbles, and dotted with wind-distorted trees, shallow swamps of emerald grass, and wide sheets of dark mud."

Altogether, Unyamwezi presents a scene of peaceful beauty. Burton says: "Few scenes are more soothing than a view of this country in the balmy evenings of spring, and the charm of the glorious sunsets with their orange glows, and their quickly-changing variegated colors, affects even the unimaginative Africans as they sit under the eaves of their huts or under the forest trees to gaze upon the glories around.

Upon surmounting a range of mountains which surround the lake on all sides, the great inland sea dawned upon their joy-lit eyes. Though the first view of it was disappointing, the great lake Tanganika shortly revealed itself in all its beauty and extent.

Sad, indeed, was the condition of the two travelers when they arrived at Ujiji. Burton was half paralyzed, and Speke was half blind. They had paid a fearful penalty for the privilege of first discovering the great lake.

Soon after their arrival upon the palm-clothed shores of the Tanganika, Burton and Speke set out to resolve the problem of the Rusizi, a river which was said to either run out of the lake or run into it, at its northern extremity. They were unsuccessful, and Burton, to retaliate upon the stubborn untractable natives, fills pages of his book with fierce abuse of them. His ambitious struggle for the mastery over African geography ceased from this time, and Speke is henceforth permitted to come to the front, to cope with the difficulties, and to finally emerge from the contest with honor and credit to himself. Hence ensued fault-finding between the two, bickerings, jealousies, and heart-burnings.

On the return of the travelers to Unyanyembe, Burton, wearied with African travel, and sore in mind and body, gave permission to Speke to set out by himself towards the north. After fifty-two days' absence, Speke returned to his companion, and quietly announced the discovery of the Lake Victoria

VILLAGE OF KAOLE; ON THE SEA-COAST.

Nyanza, the SOURCE OF THE NILE. Thus had the laurel leaves which should have graced Burton's brow been transferred to that of Speke, as the reward of his tireless energy and patient endurance; and the two friends from this time forth became bitter enemies.

On the 2d of February, 1859, Burton and Speke greeted old ocean with true British cheers, after an absence from Zanzibar of 19 months. In due time they arrived in England, Speke to be received with open arms and warm congratulations by the Royal Geographical Society, and to be chosen as leader of a second East African expedition; Burton to be graciously—snubbed.

CAPTAINS SPEKE AND GRANT.

Captain John Hanning Speke, the companion and successor of Burton in Africa, possessed a true heroic soul, and a real heroic nature. His large book on the Nile and its sources reveal him and his inner nature but too well, and we see glimpses of his heroic spirit on almost every page. His bold, fearless bearing before minacious savages, his indomitability, persistency, and quick, springy, elastic movements over thorny plain, through jungle and forest, are seen also, as well as the eager face peering from summits of mountains and various coignes of vantage for the prominent physical features of the strange new land spread before him. Unfortunately, too, the hasty, crude judgments which he passes upon the geography of the country are to be seen. On coming to the end of his *Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile*, readers are compelled to admit that though Speke was a brave man, possessing many excellent qualities, such as endear him to easy natures, that though he was a born traveler, he was not—in the truest sense of the term—a great explorer.

Speke lacked the fortitude and the sober, sagacious judgment of Livingstone; the literary instincts, ambition, and pride, as well as the scientific attainments, which distinguish his former associate, Burton. Speke was more of a seeker after natural wonders, such as would excite a high-spirited boy, while the minutiæ of nature remained as a dull book to him. Grand mountains, large lakes, Nile rivers, fierce and large game, are the sensations to him, while all else is tedious and uninteresting.

The one darling passion of his nature was hunting. In the pursuit of venery he was

untiring, and the more dangerous the sport, the more spice it possessed. As a hunter, he was the equal of Gordon Cumming and Sir Samuel Baker.

In person Speke was tall and stalwart. His head was covered with a mass of tawny hair, which spoke a Saxon descent; by the natives his hair was said to resemble a lion's mane. He possessed regular features, a well-shaped nose, and a high, narrow forehead. His deep blue eyes had a steely gleam in them, which, with the settled composure of the lower parts of the face, betrayed sufficiently that he was quick to resent and resolute to execute.

His companion, Captain Grant, an Indian officer, is the beau-ideal of a well-drilled soldier and a polished gentleman. His figure is tall and well-shaped, and displays great power of endurance. His face, of a sanguine complexion, with a quiet, kindly look beaming from the eyes, proves him to be, as he was with Speke, a sociable and excellent companion.

The second East African Expedition, led by Captains Speke and Grant, arrived at Zanzibar on the 17th August, 1860. Its object was to find the outlet of the large lake—the Victoria N'Yanza, which Speke discovered in 1858, when, leaving Burton at Unyanyembe, he made that famous march to the north.

On the 21st September, 1860, the expedition left Zanzibar for Bagamoyo, and the march towards the interior was commenced twelve days later. The following description of the departure is found in Speke's book:

"Starting on a march with a large mixed caravan, consisting of one corporal and nine privates; Hottentots, one jemadar and 25 privates, Balochs—one Arab, Cafila Bashi, and 75 freed slaves—one kirangozi or leader, and 100 negro porters—12 mules untrained, three donkeys, and 22 goats—one could hardly expect to find everybody in his place at the proper time for breaking ground; but at the same time, it could hardly be expected that ten men, who had actually received their bounty money, and had sworn fidelity, should give one the slip the very first day. Such, however, was the case. Ten out of the thirty-six given by the Sultan ran away, because they feared that the white men, whom they believed to be cannibals, were only taking them into the interior to eat them; and one pagazi, more honest than the freed men, deposited his pay upon the ground, and ran away too. Go we must, however, for one desertion is sure to lead to more; and go we did. Our procession was in this fashion: the kirangozi, with a load on his shoulder, led the way, flag in hand, followed by the pagazis, carrying spears or bows and arrows in their hands, and bearing their share of the baggage in the shape either of bolster-shaped loads of cloth and beads covered with matting, each tied into the fork of a three-pronged stick, or else coils of brass or copper wire tied in even weights to each end of sticks which they laid on the shoulder; then, helter-skelter, came the Wanguana, carrying carbines in their hands, and boxes, bundles, tents, cooking-pots—all the miscellaneous property on their heads; next the Hottentots, dragging the refractory mules laden with ammunition-boxes, but very lightly, to save the animals for the future; and, finally, Sheikh Said and the Baloch escort, while the goats, sick women and stragglers brought up the rear. From first to last some of the sick Hottentots rode the hospital donkeys, allowing the negroes to tug their animals, for the smallest ailment threw them broadcast on their backs."

It is needless to recapitulate in detail what I have before written of the trials that beset a traveler marching to Unyanyembe. Those which Speke and Grant labored under were of the same nature as those which Burton and Speke endured.

By the end of October they had crossed the maritime region, and about the middle of November had entered upon a region called the "Fiery Field," which separates torrid Ugogo from that garden of Africa, the Land of the Moon.

In the "Fiery Field" began Speke's most notable adventures. He treats in this manner of shooting his first rhinoceros:

"Having learned that the rhinoceros frequented a bitter pool in the neighborhood, I set forth with a guide and two of the boys, each carrying a single rifle, and ensconced myself in the nullah, to hide until our expected visitors should arrive, and there remained until midnight. When the hitherto noisy villagers turned into bed, the silvery moon shed her light on the desolate scene, and the Mgogo guide, taking fright, bolted. He had not, however, gone long, when, looming above us, coming over the horizon line, was the very animal we wanted. In a fidgety manner, the beast then descended, as if he expected some danger in store—and he was not wrong; for, attaching a bit of white paper to the fly-sight of my Blissett, I approached him, crawling under cover of the banks, until within eighty yards of him, when, finding that the moon shone full on his flank, I raised my-

self upright and planted a bullet behind his left shoulder. Thus died my first rhinoceros."

Soon after he shot a large buffalo, which, however, got away, and hid in the bushes. When Speke approached the place, he sprang out of his ambush and made a sudden and furious charge upon the hunter. Speke says: "It was a most ridiculous scene. Suliman by my side, with the instinct of a monkey, made a violent spring and swung himself by a bough immediately over the beast, while Faraj bolted away and left me single-gunned to polish him off. There was only one course to pursue, for in one instant more he would have been into me; so, quick as thought, I fired the gun, and, as luck would have it, my bullet, after passing through the edge of one of his horns, stuck in the spine of his neck, and rolled him over at my feet as dead as a rabbit."

After encountering several disheartening impediments during the transit of the "Fiery Field," the travelers reached Unyanyembe on the 16th of December. The losses of the expedition during the journey from Zanzibar to Unyanyembe were—one Hottentot dead, and five discharged and returned as useless, one Zanzibari sent back with the Hottentots, and one flogged and turned off, twenty-five servants and ninety-eight Wanyanmezi porters deserted, besides which 12 mules and 3 donkeys had died, more than half of the property had been stolen, while the traveling expenses had more than doubled, owing to a severe famine which was in the land.

The travelers were delayed several months at Unyanyembe, but finally they set out towards the north-west with a considerably diminished force. They were met with wars and rumors of wars, desertions became frequent, they lost over $5,000 worth of goods, and during the march through Uzinza and Usui, the expedition seemed doomed to failure. Day after day calamities overtook it; "blue-devil" frights seized the blacks which composed its members, and Speke was often at his wits' end to know what to do.

But by and by came relief, and a happy ending of these trials. The travelers reached the romantic kingdom of Karagwah about the

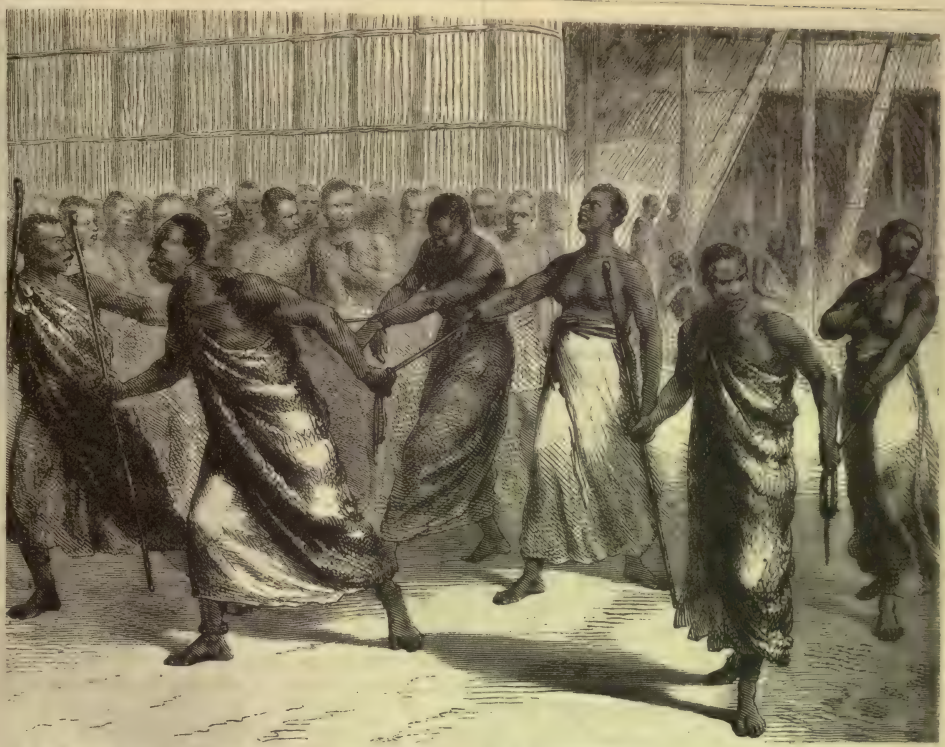
DEPARTURE OF CAPTAINS SPEKE AND GRANT.

middle of November, 1861, and a few days afterwards they arrived at the palace of the king, Rumanika. Speke thus describes his reception: "As we entered, we saw sitting cross-legged on the ground, Rumanika the king, and his brother Nnanaji, both of them men of noble appearance and size. The king was plainly dressed in an Arab's black choga, and wore, for ornament, dress-stockings of rich-colored beads, and neatly-worked wristlets of copper. Nnanaji, being a doctor of very high pretensions, in addition to a check cloth wrapped round him, was covered with charms. At their sides lay huge pipes of black clay. In their rear, squatting quiet as mice, were all the king's sons, some six or seven lads, who wore leather middle-coverings, and little dream-charms tied under their chins. The first greetings of the king, delivered in good Kisuahili, were warm and affecting, and in an instant we both felt and saw we were in the company of men who were as unlike as they could be to the common order of the natives of the surrounding districts. They had fine oval faces, large eyes and high noses, denoting the best blood of Abyssinia. Having shaken hands in true English style, which is the peculiar custom of the men in this country, the ever-smiling Rumanika begged us to be seated on the ground opposite to him, and at once wished to know what we thought of Karagwah, for it had struck him his mountains were the finest in the world; and the lake, too, did we not admire it?"

Speke's chapters upon Karagwah and his life read like a veritable romance. The country was charming; it abounded with small mountain lakes and streams, and on a hill overlooking a lake which Speke called the Little Windermere, Rumanika's palace was built.

The people have many curious customs and superstitions. Among the former may be mentioned the fashion of having fat wives. Being introduced to a great chief's wife, Speke thus describes her: "I was struck with the extraordinary dimensions yet pleasing beauty of the immoderately fat fair one. She could not rise, and so large were her arms that the flesh between the joints hung down like large loose stuffed puddings." The chief, pointing to his wife, said: "This is the product of our milk pots; from early youth upward we keep those pots to their mouths, as it is the fashion at court to have very fat wives."

SPEKE CHASED BY A BUFFALO.



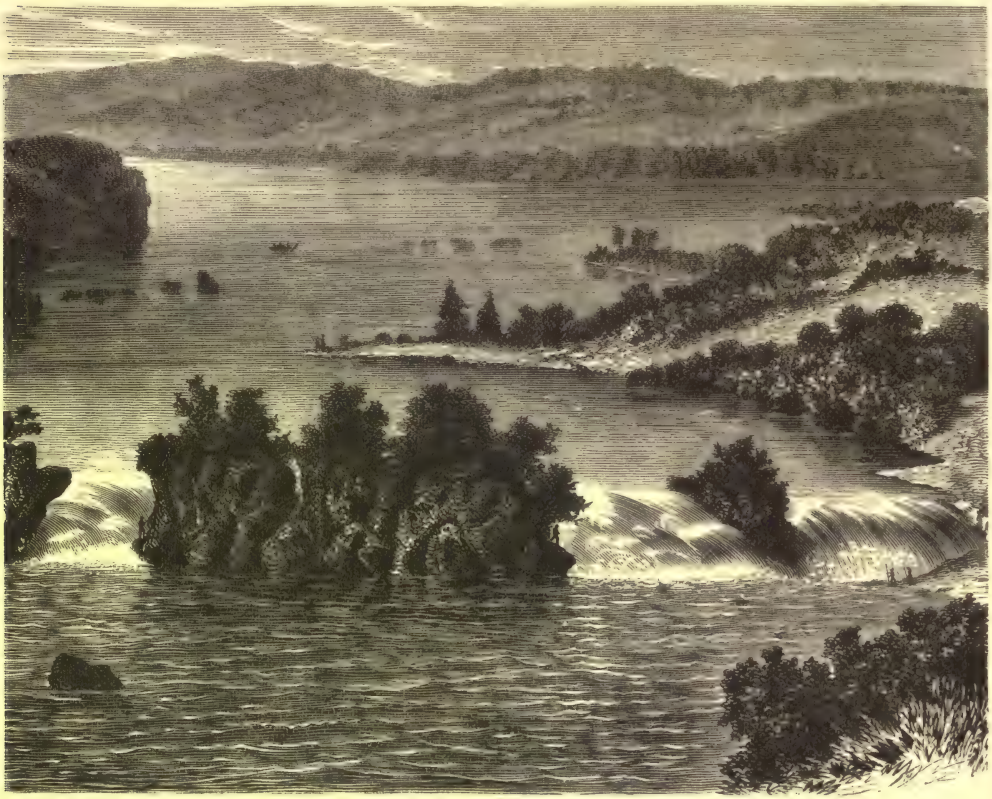
PALACE WOMEN LED TO EXECUTION.

A sister-in-law of the king was a perfect wonder of hypertrophy. She was unable to stand except on all fours. Speke unblushingly requested permission to measure her. This is the result: "Round the arm 23 inches; chest 52 inches; thigh 31 inches; calf 20 inches; height 5 feet 8 inches. All of these are exact except the height, and I believe I could have obtained this more accurately if I could have had her laid on the floor. Not knowing what difficulties I should have to contend with in such a piece of engineering, I tried to get her height by raising her up. This, after infinite exertions on the part of us both, was accomplished, when she sank down again fainting, for her blood had rushed into her head. Meanwhile, the daughter had sat stark-naked before us, sucking at a milk pot, on which the father kept her at work by holding a rod in his hand; for, as fattening is the first duty of fashionable female life, it must be duly enforced by the rod, if necessary."

From the fascinating kingdom of Karagwah the expedition commenced their journey to Uganda on the 11th of January, 1862. One hardly knows to which country to award the palm for the greatest interest. Rumanika was a humane king, ruling his people mildly; Mtesa, king of Uganda, was a very fiend, and slaughtered his people upon a mere whim, yet with Speke, though he often exhibited the usual native greed for everything he saw, he was invariably kind.

King Mtesa was a spoiled child in his whims and fancies—one day all friendship, the next cold and haughty. He constantly importuned Speke to shoot birds for his amusement, and every attempt to introduce the former's real object, which was that of discovering the outlet of Lake Victoria N'Yanza, was put aside by this most wayward of barbarians.

On the 25th March he indites in his diary a description of a scene, one of many such of which he was a spectator: "I have now been for some time within the court precincts, and have consequently had an opportunity of witnessing court customs. Among these, nearly every day since I have changed my residence, incredible as it may appear to be, I have seen one, two, or three of the wretched palace women led away to execution, tied by the hand, and dragged along by one of the body-guard, crying out, as she went to premature death, 'Hai min-



RIPON FALLS.

angé!' (Oh, my lord!) 'Kbakka!' (My king!) 'Hai n'yawo!' (My mother!) at the top of her voice, in the utmost despair and lamentation; and yet there was not a soul who dared lift hand to save any of them, though many might be heard privately commenting on their beauty."

After a long detention in the strange land, exposed daily to the caprice of the king, the goal of so many struggles and dangers was attained on the 28th of July, 1862. The falls over which Father Nile escapes from the Lake Victoria N'Yanza was called the Ripon Falls, in honor of the President of the Royal Geographical Society. Then bidding adieu to the scene which had cost him so much labor to see, the explorer turned his face towards home, congratulating himself that his journey was almost ended.

On the 15th February, 1863, the two friends arrived at Gondokoro, where, to their great delight, they met Baker—Sir Samuel Baker—who was en route to the land they were then in such a hurry to leave, determined to pluck one laurel leaf at least to deck his brow as a Nile Explorer.

Eleven days later Speke and Grant floated down the Nile towards Cairo, which place they reached in safety, and where they parted finally with their devoted adherents—Bombay and his party, who had clung to them with fidelity through all their troubles. They were received with great enthusiasm by the Royal Geographical Society, and by their countrymen. Speke published the record of his travels under the title, *Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile;* and Grant, who had been welcomed by Lord Palmerston on his return, with a "You have had a long walk, Captain Grant," adopted for his book the title of *A Walk Across Africa.* Both books are thoroughly readable, and they reflect the travelers' natures faithfully as amateur explorers, gentlemen hunters—nothing more.

Poor Speke's travels are ended. He will charm us no more with his graphic descriptions of hunting feats, or with accounts of strange African lands. Shortly after he had finished writing his book, and during the sitting of the British Association at Bath, he shot himself, by accident, while out hunting birds.

Grant's career has been prosperous since his advent in England as the companion of Speke in his discovery of the Nile's sources. He has married a wealthy lady, and lives at his ease in Scotland, near Inverness. The writer of this article saw him in Abyssinia, and was much charmed with his suavity and polished exterior. He will shortly publish an interesting book on the "Flora and Fauna of Central Africa," a book that is sadly needed upon a subject to which he can do ample justice.

SIR SAMUEL AND LADY BAKER.

Had Captains Speke and Grant thoroughly performed their work in Central Africa; had they not been in such a hurry to leave the region of the Nile's sources before they had explored that *other* lake they had heard of in Karagwah and Uganda, which lay to the west of their route as they marched toward Gondokoro and home, we doubt whether we should have heard of Baker as one of the White Nile explorers, or have received such an interesting work from the press as the *Albert N' Yanza*.

Sir Samuel Baker is a different person altogether from either Livingstone, Burton, Speke or Grant. While he lacks the silent, moral heroism and the lofty enthusiasm of Livingstone, he undoubtedly is a hero of the muscular and bold type. He does not seem to enter on the work of exploration for the sole sake of acquiring geographical knowledge, but because it furnishes him with the food his adventurous spirit requires. The dangers and excitements incidental to African exploration lend to it an alluring charm, which has been the inducement for Baker to visit Central Africa.

As a man, Baker is singularly devoid of angularities of disposition. He is honest, warm-hearted, and impulsive, with a cheery, sunny temper, which, though apt to wax hot occasionally, has no malice in its grain, and this enables him to win the love of his people. He is, perhaps, too severe a disciplinarian, but he makes up for this severity by such an open-handed generosity that his people feel more than compensated for any severity they may be subjected to.

In scholarship and erudition he is the inferior of Burton, but he is superior to him in the vim and energy requisite for a great explorer, and his style of writing is much more attractive. He is the equal of Speke in the hunting-field, and second to none, not even Gordon Cumming; and though he is not such a student of natural history as Grant, he certainly excels both Speke and Grant in the art of book-making.

But Baker has the advantage over his predecessors in Africa—if it can be called an advantage—of having a loving wife as his companion. Both may sicken of fever, suffer from famine, be menaced by belligerent natives, yet are they all in all to each other; true companions in misfortune or in pleasure; helpmates one to the other. No acridity can arise from such companionship, the interest of one cannot clash with the other's, enmity stands abashed, treachery avoids them, jealousy is unknown, suspicion may not hide between the close embrace of man and wife isolated from their species in the jungles of Central Africa. Sweet is the companionship of the lonely pair, and romance surrounds them with its halo. Perhaps it is this charm which makes Baker's books so attractive to the general reader. Baker in person truthfully embodies the ideal, which the writer of this article in common perhaps with other readers, has formed of him. Indeed, when I saw him at Cairo, in 1869, preparatory to his start on his present journey, I fancied I knew him well. There he stood, the burly, bearded incarnation of the hunter who shot rhinoceroses with the Hamram sword-hunters, had bagged elephants by the dozen near the sources of the Atbara, and had "tumbled over" antelopes at 600 yards' distance in the lowlands of the Sobat. A true Englishman in appearance, with a keen and bold blue eye, a wealth of brown beard over the lower part of his face, a square, massive forehead, and prominent nose; a man with broad shoulders, of firm, compact build, a little taller than the average of his fellow-men; a man who planted his feet down solidly as he walked, like the sure-footed, dogged, determined being that he is.

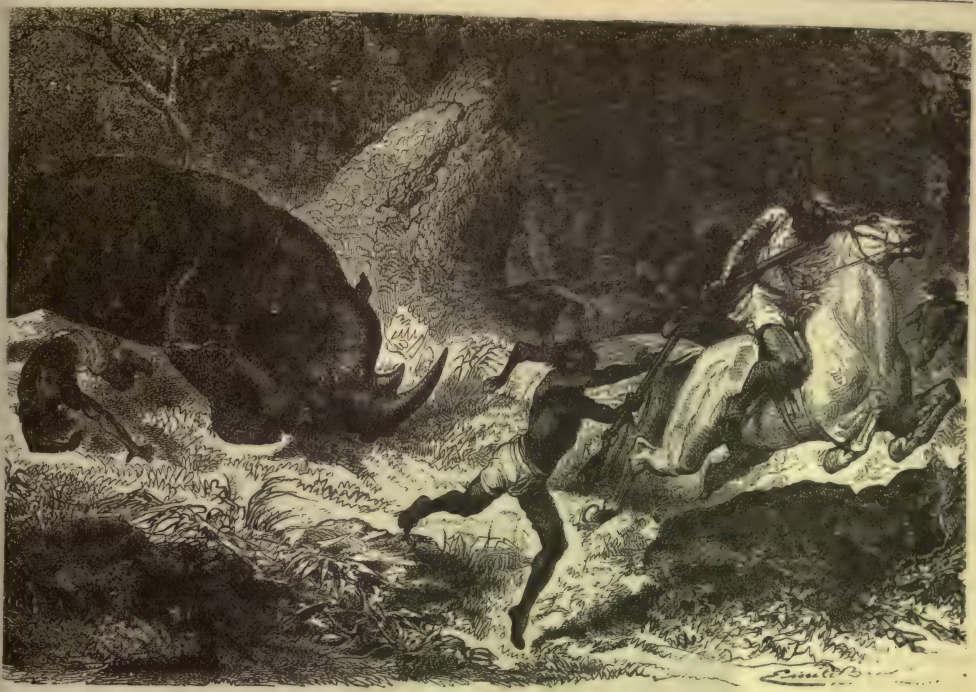
His wife—a Hungarian lady whom he met, loved, and married at Cairo, in Egypt—is the feminine counterpart of himself—frank and hearty, with enough prettiness in her features to make her interesting at first sight; in short, a real woman, possessing womanly lovingness, strength of character, endurance, and every other virtue fit for an explorer's wife.

Sir Samuel Baker prefaces his account of his journey to the Albert N'Yanza with the following: "I weighed carefully the chances of the undertaking. Before me, untrodden Africa; against me, the obstacles that had defeated the world since its creation; on my side, a somewhat tough constitution, perfect

independence, a long experience in savage life, and both time and means, which I intended to devote to the object without limit. England had never sent an expedition to the Nile sources previous to that under the command of Speke and Grant. Bruce, ninety years ago, had succeeded in tracing the source of the Blue or Lesser Nile—thus, the honor of that discovery belonged to Great Britain; Speke was on his road from the south; and I felt confident that my gallant friend would leave his bones upon the path rather than submit to failure. I trusted that England would not be beaten; and although I hardly dared to hope that I could succeed where others greater than I had failed, I determined to sacrifice all in the attempt. Had I been alone, it would have been no hard lot to die upon the untrodden path before me, but there was one who, although my greatest comfort, was also my greatest care; one whose life yet dawned at so early an age that womanhood was still a future. I shuddered at the prospect for her should she be left alone in savage lands at my death; and gladly would I have left her in the luxuries of home instead of exposing her to the miseries of Africa. It was in vain that I implored her to remain, and that I painted the difficulties and perils still blacker than I supposed they really would be; she was resolved, with woman's constancy and devotion, to share all dangers and to follow me through each rough footstep of the wild life before me."

SIR SAMUEL AND LADY BAKER.

Baker's travels from Gondokoro southward, though they cover very little ground compared to the great march of Speke and Grant, are yet so full of incidents that it is a difficult task to give anything like a fair résumé of them in an article like this. Those who would like to know what Baker and his noble wife suffered and performed, had better read Bayard Taylor's abridgment of the



A RHINOCEROS AT BAY.

travels of Burton, Speke and Grant, and Baker (*The Lake Regions of Central Africa.* Scribner, Armstrong & Co.), or else read Baker's *Albert N' Yanza* unabridged. It is impossible to give here more than a few leading points.

The first portion of Baker's narrative, after leaving Gondokoro, treats of a conspiracy of his own men against him, and the method he took to crush it; of the symptoms of deeply-rooted hostility from the pudding-headed, slave-kidnapping Turco-Arabs which was evinced towards him wherever he went; of a battle he witnessed between the Latookas and the Turks, which ended in the latter's signal defeat; of a treaty of friendship finally entered into between himself and the Turks, which enabled him to struggle on towards Unyoro, where he hoped to obtain the aid of King Kamrasi towards finding the great lake that was said to be west of that which Speke discovered. Of many curious manners and customs witnessed among the tribes of Illyria and Latooka; of fevers endured by himself and wife; of sketches of interesting scenery; with page after page enlivened with many a graphically described incident of adventure, and vivid portraitures of life in the far Central African region; of six months' detention at Obbo, during which time nearly all his carriage animals had died, and he himself was so reduced by illness that he appeared but a pale shadow of the former stout hunter.

On the 12th February, 1864, Sir Samuel Baker stood in the presence of Kamrasi, King of Unyoro, whom he thus describes:

"Upon my approach, the crowd gave way, and I was shortly laid on a mat at the king's feet. He was a fine-looking man, but with a peculiar expression of countenance, owing to his extremely prominent eyes; he was about six feet high, beautifully clean, and was dressed in a long robe of bark cloth most gracefully folded. The nails of his hands and feet were carefully attended, and his complexion was about as dark a brown as that of an Abyssinian. He sat upon a copper stool placed upon a carpet of leopard skins, and he was surrounded by about ten of his principal chiefs."

Baker having described the object of his coming to Unyoro, he proceeded to present the king with a Persian carpet, an abbia (large white Cashmere mantle), a red silk netted sash, a pair of scarlet Turkish shoes, several pairs of socks, a double-barreled gun and ammunition, and a great heap of first-class beads made up into gorgeous necklaces and girdles. The king, strangely

enough, did not seem to care for any of these valuable things, but requested that the gun might be fired off. This was accordingly done, to the utter confusion of the large assembly of savages, who rushed away in such haste that they tumbled over each other like rabbits, which so delighted the king, that, although startled at first, he was soon convulsed with laughter.

But the gallant traveler soon found that though things seemed auspicious enough at first, the nature of Kamrasi was so susceptible to suspicions, that excuses were daily furnished him which retarded his prosecution of the search for the Lake Luta Nzige. Finally, however, he was permitted to go, and towards the end of February, 1864, Baker and his wife set out westward in the direction of the lake.

A LION HUNT.

As they were about to bid farewell to Kamrasi, the king turned to Baker, and in the coolest manner said, "I will send you to the lake and to Shooa, as I promised, but you must leave your wife."

Suspicious of the king's intentions, Baker, quick as lightning, drew his revolver, and pointing it at him, said if he dared to repeat the insult, he would shoot him on the spot, and not all his men could save him. Mrs. Baker, also indignant at the proposal, rose from her seat, and, maddened with the excitement of the moment, made him a brief but fierce speech in Arabic.

Astonished by the outbreak of the white people's tempers, Kamrasi made haste to say, "Don't be angry. I didn't mean to offend you by asking you for your wife. I will give you a wife, if you want one, and I thought you might have no objection to give me yours. It is my custom to give my visitors pretty wives, and I thought you might exchange. Don't make a fuss about it; if you don't like it, there's an end to it."

This little scene over, Baker and his party traveled for three days westward over a flat, uninteresting country, and reached the Kafoor river, where one of the most deplorable misfortunes of the march presented itself.

The party were crossing the river over a natural bridge of closely-woven grass, and Baker had completed about one-fourth the distance, when, accidentally looking back, he was horrified to see his wife standing in one spot, and sinking gradually through the weeds, while her face was distorted and perfectly purple, and then instantly falling down as though shot dead. Springing to her side, with the help of some of his men he dragged her like a corpse through the yielding grass to the shore. Then, laying her under a tree, he bathed her head and face with water, as it was thought she had fainted; but she lay perfectly insensible, with teeth and hands firmly clenched, and her eyes open, but fixed. It was not a fainting fit; it was a sunstroke!

After watching by her side for two nights, Baker was gratified at hearing a faint "Thank God" escape from her lips. She had awakened from her torpor, but her eyes were full of madness! She spoke; but the brain was gone!

For seven days his wife suffered from an acute attack of brain fever—days of intense anguish to Baker; yet day after day, with the poor, suffering woman carried in her hammock, were the party forced to march, for famine had surely ended them all had they tarried. For seven weary nights he watched tenderly at her bedside, until finally nature succumbed, and he became insensible, thoroughly worn out with sorrow and fatigue. In the mean time, his men had put a new handle to the pickaxe, and sought for a dry spot to dig the wife's grave. We will permit Baker to tell the rest in his own words:

"The sun had risen when I awoke. I had slept, and, horrified as the idea flashed upon me that she must be dead, and that I had not been with her, I started up. She lay upon her bed, pale as marble, and with that calm serenity that the features assume when the cares of life no longer act upon the mind, and the body rests in death. The dreadful thought bowed me down; but as I gazed upon her in fear, her chest gently heaved, not with the convulsive throbs of fever, but naturally. She was asleep; and when at a sudden noise she opened her eyes, they were calm and clear. She was saved! When not a ray of hope remained, God alone knows what helped us. The gratitude of that moment I will not attempt to describe."

They pressed onward through a delightful country. Mrs. Baker constantly gained in strength, and all hands became more and more elated at the prospect of the speedy and successful termination of their journey. Baker, as usual, enjoyed himself with shooting, and never omitted an opportunity to bag game. One evening, while returning home, he was attracted by a noise in the bushes, and saw a large animal endeavoring to steal away unobserved. Leveling his gun at it, he fired, and instantly a lion bounded hurriedly away. From his movements he knew that the lion was wounded badly; but contenting himself with the thought that he would find him dead in the morning, Baker proceeded on his way to camp.

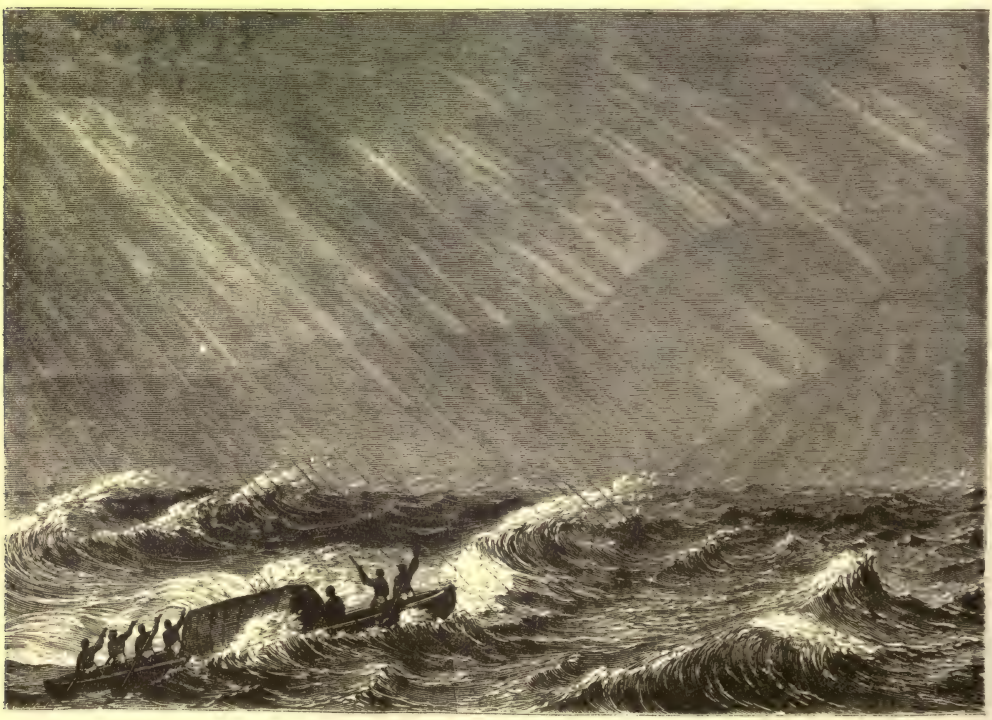
An hour after sunrise, accompanied by some of his men, Baker sauntered out of the camp to hunt up the wounded beast. In a short time he traced him by his bloody tracks to where he lay crouched at the base of a rock, defiant and bold as ever. The lion's back was broken by the bullet, and his rear half was paralyzed; but the frantic efforts he made to get at his enemy proved him to be still a formidable antagonist. Taking compassion on the disabled brute, Baker fired, and a bullet crashing through his brain, stretched him dead.

On the 13th of March the guides warned Baker that on the morrow the Luta-Nzige would be seen, which so transported him with joy, that he could not sleep that night. These are his impressions and feelings of the following day: "*The 14th March.*—The sun had not risen when I was spurring my ox after the guide, who, having been promised a double handful of beads on arrival at the lake, had caught the enthusiasm of the moment. The day broke beautifully clear, and having crossed a deep valley between the hills, we toiled up the opposite slope. I hurried to the summit. The glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me! There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath the grand expanse of water,—a boundless sea horizon on the south and south-west, glittering in the noon-day sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about 7,000 feet above its level.

"It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment; here was the reward for all our labor—for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa. Eng-

land had won the sources of the Nile! Long before I reached this spot, I had arranged to give three cheers with all our men in English style in honor of the discovery, but now that I looked down upon the great inland sea lying nestled in the very heart of Africa, and thought how vainly mankind had sought these sources throughout so many ages, and reflected that I had been the humble instrument permitted to unravel this portion of the great mystery, when so many greater than I had failed, I felt too serious to vent my feelings in vain cheers for victory, and I sincerely thanked God for having guided and supported us through all dangers to the good end. I was about 1,500 feet above the lake, and I looked down from the steep granite cliff upon those welcome waters —upon that vast reservoir which nourished Egypt and brought fertility where all was wilderness—upon that great source so long hidden from mankind, that source of bounty and of blessings to millions of human beings; and, as one of the greatest objects in nature, I determined to honor it with a great name. As an imperishable memorial of one loved and mourned by our gracious Queen, and deplored by every Englishman, I called this great lake the 'Albert N'Yanza.' The Victoria and the Albert Lakes are the two sources of the Nile!"

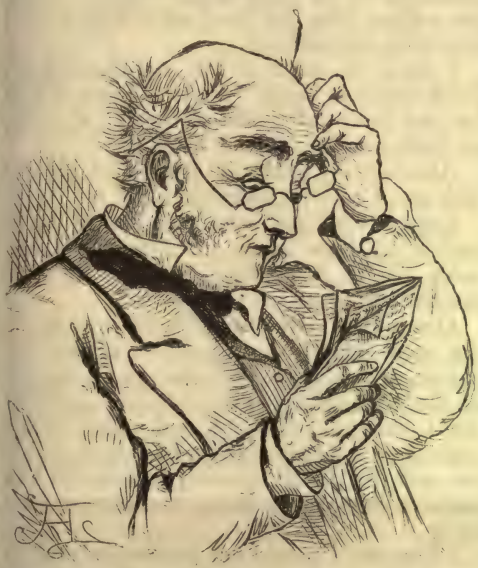
I may not attempt to follow Baker further, though I can understand the joy he felt when he looked down upon the great lake, which had cost him so much toil, travel and trouble to find. Those who wish to follow him during his voyage of sixty miles on the Lake Albert N'Yanza, and his safe return home by the Nile, and across the desert, and to know further of his wonderful adventures, had better purchase his book. I have already exceeded the limits of my space, but I cannot close my remarks upon the character and explorations of the great African travellers, without expressing my regret that Baker did not deem it worth his while to circumnavigate the Lake Albert N'Yanza, and so settle forever the problem that now puzzles the minds of the learned Society of English Geographers, viz.: "Has the Albert N'Yanza any large influent from the south?" Baker had the opportunity, and he ought to have availed himself of it. Livingstone—patient, persistent, heroic Livingstone!—would have done it. But I am charitable, and I forgive Baker for the sake of the good service he has done, for the sufferings he bore with such good humor, and for the interesting record he



THE ALBERT N'YANZA DURING A STORM.

has given to the world of his travels and researches in Central Africa; and conclude with the hope that now that he is back there again he will not return until he has settled the vexed question forever.

MR. WINTHROP'S REVENGE.



HOWEVER proverbially philosophic it may be to compare "a babe in the house" to a "wellspring," our own and only experiment would require, for the full justification of the similitude, that said "wellspring" be first raised to boiling-point.

This granted, I am fain to admit that our Fanny has been a geyser incarnate from her first gurgle unto these presents.

Indeed, her very advent threw our theretofore placid household into hot water of seemingly perennial flow.

One morning, as I was going into town as usual to my office, Bertha asked me to telegraph to my old classmate, Dr. Abernethy, that she would like to see him that day.

I happened to have been retained by Smyth at that time, in the famous suit of Smyth *vs.* Smith, and nothing is needed to rebut my daughter's allegations against me in the pages of this Magazine, further than the bare statement of the fact that, in spite of the mental pre-occupation incident to such a case, I not only dispatched the Doctor's telegram, but of my own motion went to market, ordered a game dinner, and invited two or three friends to meet him.

Treacherous as my memory has been proclaimed here upon these house-tops to be, yet there is one thing which I can never forget, and that is the utter swamping of this agreeable little re-union by the ill-advised irruption of our particular "wellspring."

But, "that way madness lies."

It was not to chronicle family cataclysms that I have taken up the unfamiliar pen of the magazinist, but simply to furnish a true copy of a recent epistle from your correspondent Fanny Winthrop, which will, I flatter myself and you, put a final period to her undutiful romancings.

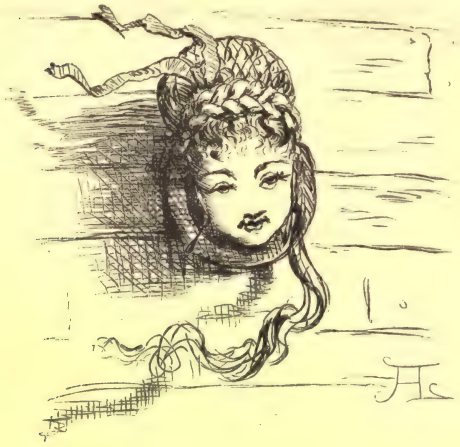
I regret the necessity of explaining how this letter came into my possession, since personal details are inevitably wearisome, and the long-suffering public has borne its fill long ago of Winthropiana.

But it happened on this wise. About a month since, I received an urgent invitation from Mrs. Coates to join them, with my family, in a brief European tour, made necessary by Judge Coates' impaired state of health.

State-rooms were already secured on board *The City of* ——, to sail only four days from date of reading.

In spite of the inconsiderate briefness of notice (the family-conspiracy which accused me of three weeks' pocket-carriage of Mrs. Coates' letter is too offensively preposterous for more than mere mention) and the pressure of business, yet what with my readiness in emergencies and promptness of action (seconded by my wife), we were on the wharf at the appointed hour, bag and baggage. When I say "we," I speak officially as the head of the family. Bertha, Fanny, little "Moses" and her mother (which treasure-trove of mine had proved too invaluable to the family to be left behind) were there, and sailed with Mr. and Mrs. Coates, but I must confess that in person I was elsewhere.

The truth is that Bertha lost her head that morning, thanks to Fanny's absurd tears and twitterings of anxiety lest I should miss the



steamer in some unaccountable way, and actually charged me with such pathetic solemnity not to fail her at the appointed time and place, that I myself lost something of my usual steadiness of nerve.

Unluckily my wife had made me promise to repeat audibly the steamer's name and hour of sailing, as I ran about New York securing a few letters of introduction and doing various last things, and, as the natural consequence, I became somewhat confused.

Still I have never distinctly understood how it came to pass that I should find myself at 2 o'clock that Saturday afternoon on board a railway train, with a long ticket whose last coupon bore the name of a city identical with that of the steamer now, alas! departed.

My purpose was to follow my family by the next steamer, but absorbing professional duties have prevented until now.

On the eve of sailing, I submit to you the following letter written to Miss Teazie; but that young lady being absent from town, her mother has kindly allowed me to open it, in compassion for my anxiety in behalf of my family, deprived of the watch and ward of their natural protector.

The letter is post-marked Chester, but is of course destitute of dates.

A True Copy.

"DEARLY BELOVED TEAZIE: — As you probably know, that dear absurd papa of mine distinguished himself as usual on the occasion of our departure from our native land, and was steaming frantically in precisely the opposite direction from his afflicted family when they went laboring out to sea.

Poor mamma was of course wretchedly frightened, but 'afflictions sore long time she bore' from this same cause; so in consequence she keeps a store of consolation on hand, in the assurance that the blessed man always has come out of his eclipses serene and shining; and then sea-sickness mercifully intervened to temper her wifely anxieties. It ought to be forever set down to papa's credit, that he was actually thoughtful enough to meet us at Queenstown with a dispatch explaining his non-appearance, and we are waiting here for his (highly improbable) arrival by any steamer.

I have so much to tell you that I don't know where to begin. Perhaps I may as well let you have the 'midst of things' at once, so, hold your breath and listen:

Although my unnatural parent did not sail with us—Charley Coates did!

I needn't tell you, who were part of it and saw it all, how sweet and beautiful I had made life to that young man for the three months before we left home!

Demoniacal possession seems now to me the most plausible explanation of my behavior, as you were polite enough to suggest at the time; but I will confess to you now that I was afraid of myself, and, moved by the instinct of self-preservation, had sworn a sizable oath (for a little woman) never to let him come within love-making distance of me again.

Of course, I should not have consented to travel with his family, had not Mrs. Coates said in her letter of invitation that Charley was to remain at home.

But when that dutiful child came down to the wharf with his parents, and discovered father's defection, he suddenly determined

that Judge Coates was too feeble for the Greathearting of such a swarm of frightened pilgrimesses, and actually sailed with us to my utter discomfiture.

There was a glaring absurdity in the idea that father's absence had in the least increased anybody's burden, since to those that know him best, his bodily presence is about the greatest responsibility one can well sustain. However, it was as a martyr to piety in particular and philanthropy in general that Charley chose to embark, and to do him justice his faithfulness to that rôle made all precautionary defenses on my part superfluous. I don't mind confessing to you how much this disturbed me, since I know you will never betray the admission to Charley, and also that the way I flirted with your old friend Harry Livingstone, who was our fellow-passenger, is something sickening to remember.

Indeed, my only relief is in regarding it as merely a preliminary stage of that unspeakable sea-sickness which mastered me at last, although I managed to keep on deck two days later than any other lady.

Oh! those dreadful days which followed! It was a comfort to hear later that veterans who had made dozens of voyages had succumbed as abjectly as we. Everything was contrary—the winds and the waves, and the machinery of our old ark, which ground and bored and gnashed and grated its horrid screw till its iron entered our souls and minced our very senses.

Our bags, maps, brushes, etc., etc., took to themselves wings and gyrated through the upper air (if air there was in that stifling state-room), while lower down the doom of China thou art, and unto China shalt thou return, seemed likely to be visited upon everything breakable.

Even little 'Moses,' who with her mother shared my state-room, usually presented herself to my aching vision as a flying cherub pursued by venomous table and toilet-ware, or as a jolly little caryatid mowing and grinning at us from under tumbling bedding and baggage.

It was a regular 'lark' to the little minx, for she was never in the least sick through it all.

Nothing came amiss to her, not even one specially spiteful lurch of the vessel which sent Reynolds right out of her berth (the upper) on top of her as she sat on the floor dosing her doll for the measles, and with the next turn of the satanic screw artistically added me to the pile.

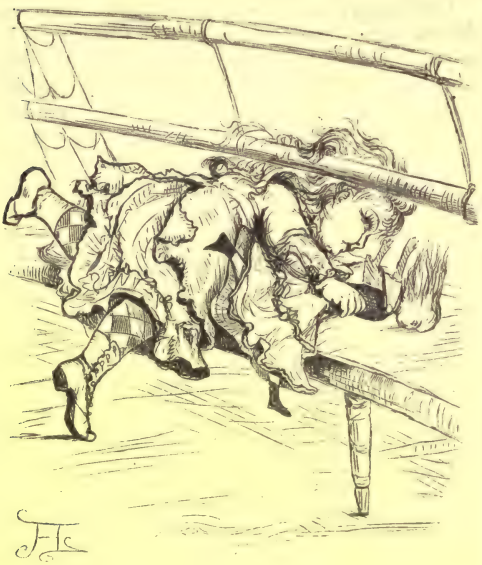
Nobody was able to come near us except the stewardess, who brought in two or three times a day a tray full of horrible smells,—no taste nor even substance did the things seem to have,—only awfully ponderable smell.

However, after many sickening efforts and ignominious defeats, I at last sat up long enough for good little Reynolds to brush out my wig, and, thanks perhaps to the champagne Mr. Livingstone sent me, mustered sufficient of my native depravity to decline Charley Coates's gravely paternal suggestion that I should permit him to take me on deck, and before his very face accepted Mr. Livingstone's subsequent offer, and marched off with the airs and graces of a boiled owl, my dear.

Ugh! how I loathe that Frances Winthrop.

Although I had been the last among the lady-passengers to give way to *mal de mer*, yet I was first to rally, and abused my privileges. I shall not catalogue my absurdities for you, my mother-confessor. Only poor Reynolds, who sat decorously by with her sewing, on deck or in saloon as I happened to prefer, could the whole tale unfold, and she has promised to keep it 'a profound nuisance'—as one of papa's clients begged him to do with a confidential communication.

But there is one crowning achievement that you are to hear, and you alone. If that malicious papa of mine were not beyond your reach, I would not for the world trust even you with it. Don't you dare tell him even in your hundredth year, or he will make my life



a burden in revenge for my little innocent amusements at his expense.

You solemnly promise? Well, on our 8th day out, mamma and Mrs. Coates ventured for the first time to creep into the lower cabin, and were enjoying their convalescence after a sickly fashion with several other semi-revived passengers.

Reynolds had gone into the steerage to nurse a poor young woman whose little dead baby had had a sea-burial the night before, and I, feeling not a little compunctious for late misdemeanors, tried to condone by meek devotions to the invalids at such odd moments as I could spare from looking after little 'Moses,' who seemed to have taken in that morning all the mischievousness which I had laid aside.

I had just settled down to a game of cribbage with Mrs. Coates, when I discovered that our borrowed baby was proving herself anything but 'a wellspring of pleasure' in that solemn circle. She is an irresistible little mimic, and in pursuit of her vocation she was trotting about from sofa to sofa, enacting with her doll a one-act drama with such vivid effect that even I was made uncomfortable and snatched her out of the room, in the midst of a comically infectious spasm, lest feebler folk than I should suffer a hopeless relapse.

Virtuously resisting Mr. Livingstone's entreaties that I would go on deck, I took the little sinner into my state-room, thinking that pent-up Utica would best confine her powers and my good resolutions. It happened to be a calm day, the only one of the entire voyage, and the steward had opened the dead-light to air the room. Now that odd little good-for-nothing window had been a constant grievance to me, as I lay ill in my berth and was assured three times a day by the stewardess, in reply to my entreaties for a breath of air, that 'it wouldn't do no more than nothink at all' to touch it; and so, although I am not in the least curious in my disposition, you know, yet when I saw this tabooed and therefore fascinating thing gaping at me, I naturally climbed up and craned my neck out of it to see what I could see. I was disappointed. Nothing but water was visible, and that you know requires the addition of carbonic acid gas to make it exhilarating.

However, I looked up and down and all abroad, in the hope that something cheery in the shape of a sea-serpent or a Mother Cary's chicken would be vouchsafed me. Then I fell to meditating, and waves and clouds and a good deal of time drifted by before I returned to full consciousness of the present.

The thought of my little charge, and the infinite amount of mischief which her long silence probably symbolized, startled me from my reverie, and with one last glance at the watery prospect from my novel position, I prepared to retreat. But, horror of horrors! when I tried to draw back that ill-conditioned pate of mine, it wouldn't come!

I suppose if I had only been calm and composed like your Serene Gentleness, I might have got out as easily as I got in; but I

was greatly fluttered and frightened, and my chignon was very big, and the more I struggled the more my head seemed to swell.

I shouted and shrieked, but the ghoulish old screw went growling, crunching on, and the waves lapped the sides of the vessel and swallowed all my cries.

Then I flourished my arms and feet violently, hoping to frighten little 'Moses' into calling help, but no help came.

Now, you monkey, perhaps you regard my situation at that moment as immensely droll, and nothing more? Ah! I can feel this instant the freshening of the wind on my cheek, and hear the plash of the water as it crept nearer, and nearer, and nearer, and see the terrible clouds skurrying along the sky to hurl a tempest upon my poor little hopelessly pinioned head!

Yet it is very odd what thoughts may come into one's mind at the most solemn moment. In the midst of the tears which I could not help shedding thick and fast over poor dead Fanny Winthrop, I actually laughed outright at the sudden remembrance of how good old Dr. ——— was once orating most eloquently at a great missionary meeting on the glorious accomplishment of the sub-marine cable scheme, and wished to crown his peroration with a quotation from Clarence's dream. He plunged gallantly in and went on swimmingly till he came to 'and in those holes where eyes did once inhabit,' etc., when he began to flounder and gasp 'those holes'—'those holes which,' and finally with 'those holes where eyes *once was*,' he sat down in a most perspiringly and unministerially wrathful condition.

Worse than this, do you know that although my 'fond recollection' brought back to my view the misdeeds of my life-time, yet one of my keenest regrets in that moment of supreme agony was that I hadn't put on a larger *panier* that morning!

Horrible, isn't it, what idiots we are!

But there also flashed into my mind a less incongruous memory of a speech which quaint old Aunt Keziah made to us long ago. Very likely you have quite forgotten it, for *you* haven't been drowned,—but what she said was: 'Girls, don't you never dare marry a man that wouldn't be what you'd wish for the first thing when you got into a tight place!' We laughed at the absurd conceit then, but I know better now. That old woman was a prophet! Here was a 'tight place' with a vengeance; and intense as were my fears of death, yet the thought of being discovered in that unheard-of position, and stared at by any mortal but one, was agonizing. I am sure I would rather have died than have given papa the everlasting advantage over me of this ridiculous spectacle of his prankish daughter pilloried between the watery firmaments; and as for mamma, she was also out of the question, because in her capacity of wife she is a traitor forever to all the world, even to her feeble offspring, which is the mischief of having one's mother married. As for Mr. Livingstone and the other creatures with whom I had been amusing myself during the voyage, it was simply maddening to recall them and all the rubbish of our intercourse.

But dear, old, faithful, magnanimous Charley! I felt as if I would rather he would see me than not, and shrieked for him with all my might, although there was not the least possibility that my voice could reach him.

Now, my dear, we will shift scenes, after the manner of omnipotent story-tellers.

Miss 'Moses,' having become at last disgusted and perhaps a little frightened by my acrobatic performance, trotted off in tears to find her mother. After wandering about until her little wits were quite bewildered, her good angel and mine sent Charley Coates to the rescue. She had made her way up to the deck, and, when he found her, had thrust her doll's head through the railing, and was making ready to follow suit with her own curly pate.

'Why, little Moses! How did it ever happen that you were left alone up here?' To this she vouchsafed no answer, being absorbed in her experiment with Dolly, whose legs she was tossing wildly about.

'But Moses, what has poor Dolly done that you should treat her so dreadfully?'

'Not Dolly; hur's Miss Fan now!'

'Where is Miss Fanny?'

'Hur's lost hur head in de water.'

'What a little monkey you are. But you love Miss Fanny dearly, don't you?'

'No-o-o!' shouted infamous little Moses, with the most disgusted expression of countenance—'hur's naughty dirl, naughty, naughty! Hur kits dis way!' and with that she wabbled that miserable doll's legs about in a highly offensive manner.

Imagine Charley's feelings at hearing such a plain statement of facts about his sweetheart out of the mouth of this babe!

'You mustn't say such things about Miss Fanny, who loves you so much.'

'Me sall say so; hur kits her soos dess so; hur won't let Dolly yook fru de funny yittle hole; hur kits all de time so!' and with this she struck out again with Dolly and

her own small boots in effective pantomime. As Charley continued to remonstrate she sprang up, clutched Dolly with one hand and Charley's trousers with the other, and shouted, 'Tome see Miss Fan his own self!' So he shouldered the two performers and brought them down to my door, which Moses had left ajar. 'There you are, safe at home, little runaway; tell Miss Fanny she must take better care of you, or we shall lose you overboard some day.' His voice rang out so loud and clear that it even reached my ears. It was quite time, for the rising wind had more than once dashed the deadly spray into my very eyes, and the vessel lurched more and more heavily with every turn of the screw, as the storm-clouds settled down and shut me in to despair and death. I had desisted from useless crying and struggling some time before, and was awaiting the worst in a mercifully half-conscious state when I heard his blessed voice.

New strength and courage came with it, and knowing that the water-pitcher must be within reach of my foot, I thrust it out with all the energy remaining in my cramped limbs, and luckily sent all the loose crockery against the wall of the state-room with a crash most delicious to my reviving spirit. 'Dere, Misser Tarley! dess see hur kits his own self!' cried Moses, dragging the startled youth into the room, in rare delight over such complete confirmation of her story.

Now, my dear young woman, if you want to know what true perfect bliss is, just stick that wise head of yours through a dead-light and keep it there till it is twice as big as it ought to be, and until a tempest is swooping down upon you from above, and the 'cruel crawling sea' clutching at you from below; until you are dead, in short,—dead by strangling, dead by drowning, and thrice dead and plucked up by the roots by fright,—and then all at once feel the grasp of a loving strong arm, and know you are safe forever and ever.

Can you believe that that magnanimous soul didn't even make me promise to behave myself before he would deliver me from that merciless vise, and, what is more, to this day has never even looked as if he remembered anything about it!

But it was no easy matter to release my poor swollen, bruised head from its durance vile, especially as I was now wild with fright at the angry pitching of the vessel, and had not wit enough left to second Charley's efforts to help me. He was finally obliged to run and bring the ship's carpenter to cut away the sides!

When I was finally all in, and the dead-light safely fastened between me and destruction, 'Chips,' as the sailors call him, was dismissed with a couple of sovereigns to help him hold his peace, and I was picked up from among the broken crockery into which I had fallen, the most dishevelled, dripping, abject little heap you ever saw.

Moses watched the process of bathing my face, battered and doubly besmeared with salt water from the sea and from my own fright and humiliation, with sympathetic interest.

She was not content to be a mere observer long, but proceeded to punch my head affectionately with somebody's hair-brush, by way of assisting Charley to smooth my horror-stricken locks, and piece on the various ornamental fragments which they had rescued from the watery floor.

My persistent howling finally roused her compassion, and, dropping the bunch of hair-pins which she had been trying to thrust into the base of my brain with purrs of intense satisfaction, she tugged away at my face hidden in Charley's coat. 'Tome! doney kye, Miss Fan. Hur won't kit so dreffully nex time, Misser Tarley. Hur's sorry hur didn't let Dolly yook fru de funny hole.'

Really the little monkey's pranks did more to restore my equanimity than anything else.

When I had been to all intents and purposes dead, I had wanted Charley and nobody beside; but now that he had rescued me, there rushed over me not only a fuller realization of my late peril, but the acutest sense of what a high-handed sinner against him I had been in the past, and what a contemptibly ridiculous guy I was then, there, and thenceforth to be in his sight, and I believe I should have plunged overboard (*not* through the dead-light) in a frenzy of remorse and self-contempt if my natural propensity to laugh, whenever and wherever I ought not, had not been irresistibly provoked by her performances.

At least, thanks to the devoted pair, I was so far restored before Reynolds came back as to look less like the condemned and executed criminal which I was—cut down when at the last gasp by my most wronged victim—and to figure rather in the less tragical aspect of a relapsing sufferer from sea-sickness. Charley had removed all traces of my escapade as far as possible, and at my earnest entreaty carried off bodily the most dangerous witness, and bent all his energies to the task of diverting her from the remembrance of the too-edifying scenes at which she had assisted. In all these laudable efforts he was quite suc-

cessful, especially in exorcising little Moses' spirit of mischief, although she has more than once brought the heart into my mouth by dangerously suggestive allusions. For instance, when we were all gathered on deck, eagerly devouring the lessening space across the harbor of Liverpool, Mr. Livingstone kindly lifted up Moses for a glimpse of the blessed land. As a magnificent reward, that small atom offered a kiss; but as she held a recently emptied orange in her hand, the gentleman naturally demurred: 'Much obliged, Miss Moses, but nobody wants to kiss little girls with dirty faces.'

'Yes dey does; Miss Fan's Misser Tarley does—five, ten, free times.—Hur face so dreffull dirty—O dreffull!'

Luckily Moses' vernacular is made up of dark sayings, only intelligible to those of us who are to the manner born, and Mr. Livingstone only understood from her speech and gesture that she did not accept his excuse, and accordingly found a dry place on her cheek, and meekly submitted to his fate, and nobody was the wiser for her testimony.

Sweetly romantic, isn't it—this tale of your friend's final betrothal? Perhaps, when my Joe John and I have clomb the hill th'gither till our pows are frosty enough to make it proper, I may venture to work it up into a sensational story—FANNY WINTHROP'S CAPITAL PUNISHMENT—how would you fancy that for a title?—but, meantime, if you dare to lisp a hint of it to any mortal, I'll print the whole affair instanter with judicious improvements, and the name of the heroine, in plain black and white, shall be Teazie ———!

But there is one thing which you may publish all abroad, and that is, that Charley Coates is the princeliest knight who ever delivered his lady-love from out of the mouth of the dragon and the spell of the enchanter, and that him I will proudly love, honor, and obey till death doth us part—and as long afterward as I have my wits about me.

These seven sheets would not have been inflicted upon you if I had not been left forlorn during two days of hopeless drizzle, while my true knight has gone forth in quest of that precious plague of a papa, who, if not intercepted on the instant of his arrival at Liverpool, will inevitably contrive to spirit himself back to America, or away to Madagascar instead of joining his bereaved family.

Say all manner of nice things to your people from me, and if they ask what I found to cover so much paper with, just take down Murray's Handbook, and read out loud and clear all you can find about this deliciously quaint old town and its vicinity. I'll try to write more 'improvingly' next time.

Yours devotedly *till you tell*,

FANNY WINTHROP.

"P. S.—As it still rains and Charley does not come, I have beguiled the time by introducing a few illûminations here and there throughout my tragedy, lest your o'erfraught heart should break."

Mr. Winthrop resumes:

"CHESTER, June, 187–.

"It is a most amazing fact, but I have just discovered that the above copy crost the Atlantic in my note-book, which leads me to fear that all my letters of introduction, whose rightful place it usurped, have been, ere this, consigned to the waste-basket by the bewildered recipient of a large envelope, which I certainly posted to the editor of this magazine the day before I sailed.

I the less regret this inexplicable exchange of MSS., since it affords opportunity to copy one more letter from my daughter, with which our family revelations shall positively end. She has just committed it to me, unsealed, with the remark:

'I want you to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest its contents, you blessed old impostor, so that you may understand that you've nothing left to tell. I prefer to hang myself if you please.'

So here you have our tricksey little 'engineer hoist with her own petar.'"

True copy.

MISS WINTHROP to MRS. REV. DR. HOOPER:

"DEAREST AUNTIE:—You know that papa, remembering that line in the 'Princess,' where the 'small king' Gama seals his sum of early domestic blisses with the sigh—'Ere you were born to vex us'—has been in the habit of calling me 'Borntovexus' for short; well, my dear old comforter, I have apparently been transformed within the last twenty-four hours into a 'joy forever' to my unnatural parents and forbears. I don't even look for sympathy from 'her that was a Draper' (as Dea. Smith always calls you), since becoming a Hooper you put away much virtuous drapery, chief of which (virtue) was a heavenly-minded obtuseness to any joke at my expense.

But you'll laugh with the rest now! Not that the tale I am about to tell is comical in the least; I shall tingle with its horror till I

cease to be a daughter. But you shall judge for yourself. I claim the right of reporting my own case, in order to save you from mamma's ornamental flourishes or papa's irrelevant applications.

Of course, as usual, papa was at the bottom of it. If he had accompanied his family to Europe, as even a heathen man and a publican would have done under the circumstances, instead of bowling off towards our very antipode, it couldn't have happened. If you should suggest that various jolly things mentioned in previous dispatches couldn't have happened either, I should say, that is not at all to the point—and no thanks to *him* beside.

But to my story. After mamma's melancholy letters to you, it will not surprise you to know that she was at last made almost ill and quite absurd by anxiety for papa, and nothing would satisfy her on Wednesday but that I should take Reynolds and post back to vile Liverpool to meet the incoming steamer, and head off our blessed blunderer from any attempt he might be left to make to take the return steamer for America, for example, or sail to 'further Ind.'

Judge and Mrs. Coates and little Moses remained with mamma, but Charley, as in duty bound, joined the Liverpoolers.

Knowing papa as thoroughly as you do, I needn't waste words in saying that our journey was all in vain.

We saw every living soul come off from the tender, overhauled the luggage, and finally went to the steamer's city office to make assurance doubly sure that his name was not on the passenger-list.

We were of course wretchedly disappointed, and most of all miserable over mamma's misery, as we hurried back to the station through the forlorn mire and drizzle which are Liverpool's chronic complaints.—But then Charley is such a cheery fellow—(he's as a comforter very like 'her that was a Draper' in her palmy days—gone forever alas!) and was so ingenious in suggesting pleasant probabilities in regard to papa that I couldn't mope long.

As we sat in the waiting-room, a nice-looking old gentleman in an opposite corner attracted my attention by the intentness with which he watched us.

I hope I did not forget, even then, that I owe it to the European Continent, always and everywhere to magnify my office as a representative of American girlhood, by doing my best to convince our unconvicted detractors that we are capable of at least recognizing a distinction between deeds and tones appropriate to the privacy of one's own apartment, and such other deeds and tones as properly consort with public places. Still I must confess that we were in rather a hilarious frame, the natural reaction from the fresh instance of paternal cruelty of which I was the victim. So I didn't smite our observer with my most withering frown, as I should ordinarily have treated such an unblushing starer.

Indeed, I did not see anything very unusual in the old gentleman's manner. He peered at us constantly under his disreputable old hat (he was otherwise well dressed) and through his big gray glasses, and even smiled good-naturedly, but between you and me I am used to that. I have noticed of late that right-minded elders have a way of beaming upon a certain spoony pair, as if they knew we were having a good time and were right glad of it,—especially the elders that don't wear bonnets. But Charley finally grew a little grouty over my 'ancient admirer,' particularly when he came nearer us, and began to pace the floor with a queer limp in his gait, and gaze at us in a quite leisurely, but still not to *me* offensive manner.

'He must think he knows you, Fanny.' said Charley at last. 'Isn't he some collateral or other, or an old acquaintance?'

After a glance at the smoothly-shaven face and smiling lips and halting figure, I said quite audibly, 'His nose does look a little Winthropy, but I'm sure I never saw him before in my life, and I always remember faces, you know; I have to, for papa is so forgetful,' and was returning to my '*moutons*,' (otherwise my dolorous thoughts about my parents), when our unknown friend was seized with such a paroxysm of coughing that I feared he would never get back his breath.

At my entreaty Charley rushed off for a glass of water, which he accepted with as many bows and gutturals as his spasm would allow his round head and German tongue to deliver;—for German he was, it seemed, and not a word of English could he command.

This favorably disposed Charley toward him (he likes to air his lingual accomplishments, I think) so far, that although he had just 'tipped' the guard in order that we might have the carriage to our three selves, he actually beckoned the old gentleman in, as he was wandering in a helpless way along the platform, limping first with one foot, then with the other, and finally with both together. The gruff voice with which he thanked us was strangely incongruous with his smooth, sweet face and feeble lungs, to which his terrible

cough witnessed; but he settled down in his corner and we in ours (Reynolds opposite us, but altogether absorbed in Trollope's last novel), and we minded him not more than if he had been the Cologne Cathedral. Being Dutch, you know, we could trust him implicitly. Indeed, his very existence would have been forgotten by us, had not his dreadful cough and desperate efforts at its suppression every now and then shaken his stalwart frame and round cheeks till our sympathy silenced our nonsense. He and Charley exchanged a few words now and then about Chester and its hostelries, but he did not seem to encourage conversation, probably because of his pulmonary difficulties.

'Do you know, Charley,' I said at last, 'I am getting perfectly fascinated with your cousin-German over there? Hasn't he a beautiful mouth, and did you ever see such a delicious dimple as he has in his chin?' Charley here expressed the sentiment that he had seen, and was then and there seeing, a much more impressive chin dimple, with various other irrelevant matters, till I was obliged to remind him that even Dutchmen had eyes, and then went on severely with my interrupted train of remark. 'Now, he is perfectly lovely as he is, but I dare say *you* would be just nothing at all without those brigandish whiskers which you are so vain of! Don't interrupt! Just look at him now he is turned towards the window; there's a more and more familiar air about him the longer I gaze. There is no doubt I must have been on intimate terms with him in some pre-existent state. I feel in my heart of hearts that he must have loved me madly in those days, and that I sweetly returned his love.' Charley glowered just a little, as he inquired if he shouldn't ask the gentleman if he hadn't a strawberry mark on his left arm, as if he didn't quite like my nonsense, and we might have had our first tiff if the poor unconscious object of my admiration hadn't been discovered to be suffering the very worst attack he had had, and to be fairly doubled up and knotted together by the spasm. My heart flew into my mouth, and Charley's brandy-flask out of his satchel, which—the flask—the poor creature not only took, but, after a restorative draught, put into his own pocket!

However, nobody thought of it again, for we had now arrived at Chester, and both of us fell to planning how we could best meet dear mamma, with the story of our failure to bring back her beloved. Our courage had oozed out so that we actually walked from the station to our inn, in order to postpone a little the dreaded meeting. 'What a scoundrel I was to forget that poor invalid,' cried Charley, as we went slowly on; 'I meant, of course, to look up his luggage for him and see him safely into a cab, but I felt so sorry for your little etc., etc., that it slipped my mind entirely.' Just then we heard the sadly familiar cough behind us, and the sufferer whirled past us in a cab (not an atom of luggage visible) and graciously bowed his adieux, so we again dismissed him from our thoughts and soon reached the inn.

As I went up the staircase, fairly distraught with the consciousness of mamma's coming agony over our bootless trip, I was startled by hearing shrieks and groans, and indescribable outcries from her room at the end of the passage. The horrid sounds chilled my blood, so I could scarcely drag myself onward. But when I had struggled to the door and flung it open, I found my darling little mamma struggling in the grasp of our fellow-passenger, while little 'Moses' was tugging bravely at his legs and arms in a fury of excitement. All was suddenly clear to me. Our German was not an invalid, but a wild maniac! and by an awful concatenation of circumstances (there, I've been languishing with desire to get off that charming phrase all my days, and now feel relieved), had made his dreadful way to my poor, precious treasure of a mother!

I flatter myself that I uttered three of the mightiest shrieks ever addressed to a Boston or any other audience, and after a few moments, which seemed eternities to me, Charley, Judge Coates and his wife, Reynolds, and two or three servants flew to the rescue.

Thus reinforced, I rushed into the room, where mother was now lying on the sofa in a fit of hysterics, while the madman was capering about her in the most frantic manner, making frequent lurches at her with his pocket-handkerchief, traveling cape, Charley's brandy-flask, and, horror of horrors—his own lunatic lips!

As I marched valiantly up with my rear-guard, mamma looked up through her tears, with the oddest imaginable expression, and faltered out in a tremulous whisper: 'Why, my darling child, don't you know this gentleman?'

Horrid memories of Mrs. Nickleby and her vegetable adorer associated themselves with my consciousness, of mamma's late distracting anxieties, as I beheld her positively smile at this crucial moment.

(That last is another phrase which I have always aspired after, but never before achieved.)

'Goodness gracious, mamma! He is as mad as a March hare. He came on the train with us, and it is a mercy he didn't murder us all.' Perhaps I didn't say quite all that, for the dreadful German suddenly whirled around, and catching me up bodily from the floor, kissed me seven times (Charles counted 'em)!

'Yes, you are right, young man,' said he to Charley in passably good English—'her dimple is an improvement on mine, but you had best not forget that I am the one to be thanked for this little minx, dimple and all!'

Of course it was papa—it always is papa if anything out of all reason happens. It seems that just before sailing he must needs make way with his moustache and whiskers, and become utterly beardless for the first time for 25 years.

An old acquaintance whom he met on the steamer not only failed to recognize him, but when finally convinced of his identity declared that even his wife would be at fault, he was so completely unselfed. Still he had no intention of experimenting with us until he met us face to face in the railroad waiting-room without a ripple of recognition on our ingenuous countenances. He was so astounded at our behavior, that it was some time before he could convince himself that we were not feigning; but then he revengefully set up his little limp, and brushed up his German. The gray glasses he had found so useful in protecting his eyes on ship-board that he still clung to them (and still clings), while our missing him on the dock was owing to his engrossing search for his luggage in the depths of the steamer, which luggage was *of course* in mamma's room at Chester, having come off with us when he himself was left behind through his own awful infirmity. You can perhaps imagine the torture to which I am subjected on account of my 'absent-mindedness,' as papa delights to call it, and it is in vain to tell him that, thanks to him, I was born to this heritage of woe, and that if it hadn't been for mamma I shouldn't have come naturally by wit enough to have known my own father under infinitely less trying circumstances than his total disfeaturement. He still doubles himself up every little while in an agony of laughter over some fresh remembrance of our journey, and keeps Charley and me uncomfortably warm with his basely caricatured rehearsals, or congealed with terror at what he may next choose to remember or invent. But honestly and most seriously, dear auntie, these torments are nothing to what I endure in my heart of hearts, in the knowledge that identity is such a dubious thing, and that it was possible for me to meet and be so long within touching nearness to my own precious (though very trying) father, whose coming I had so longed for, and yet not dream that it was he. Not the faintest quiver of sensibility nor shadow of thrill in the child's heart in her father's presence, just because her eyes missed a peck or so of brown hair from his dear old face.

You needn't ask me why I didn't know his hand or his foot, or his 'Winthropy' nose or his broad shoulders, for that is what I ask myself in vain continually. I only know, that although I could have taken oath previously that I should recognize any divisible square inch of him (I haven't the least idea how much or little a square inch may be) anywhere and any when I might chance upon it, yet when the trial came I did *not* recognize him in his entirety (a few hairs more or less oughtn't to count), and this, my dear aunt, will leave a little ache in my heart as long as I live.

But I didn't mean to be criey, dear aunt. We are all well and jolly (considering my drawbacks and Charley's).

Papa's cough is entirely cured; but I am happy to say that his wicked pulmonary performances yesterday have left him so hoarse to-day that I have several times been obliged to tell him I didn't understand German. If you only could keep anything from your husband, I should beg you not to put such a weapon against me into his hands as my tale will afford. But I don't ask impossibilities, only in your great compassionate heart pray find a little sympathy for this poor little soul, who feels as if the very foundations were shaken since she cannot even be sure of the personality of her own father.

Lovingly your niece,

FANNY WINTHROP."

THE ELDER'S WIFE.

SEQUEL TO "DRAXY MILLER'S DOWRY."

PART II.

For the first few days after the funeral, Draxy seemed to sink; the void was too terrible; only little Reuby's voice roused her from the apathetic silence in which she would sit by the hour gazing out of the east bay-window upon the road down which she had last seen her husband walk. She knew just the spot upon which he had paused and turned and thrown kisses back to Reuby watching him from the window.

But her nature was too healthy, too full of energy, and her soul too full of love, to remain in this frame long. She reproached herself bitterly for the sin of having indulged in it even for a short time.

"I don't believe my darling can be quite happy even in heaven, while he sees me living this way," she said sternly to herself one morning. Then she put on her bonnet, and went down into the village to carry out a resolution she had been meditating for some days. Very great was the astonishment of house after house that morning, as Draxy walked quietly in, as had been her wont. She proposed to the mothers to send their younger children to her, to be taught half of every day.

"I can teach Reuby better if I have other children too," she said. "I think no child ought to be sent into the district school under ten. The confinement is too much for them. Let me have all the boys and girls between six and eight, and I'll carry them along with Reuby for the next two or three years at any rate," she said.

The parents were delighted and grateful; but their wonder almost swallowed up all other emotions.

"To think o' her!" they said. "The Elder not three weeks buried, an' she a goin' round, jest as calm 'n' sweet 's a baby, a gettin' up a school!"

"She's too good for this earth, that's what she is," said Angy Plummer. "I should jest like to know if anybody 'd know this village, since she came into 't. Why we ain't one of us the same we used to be. I know I ain't. I reckon myself 's jest about eight years old, if I *have* got three boys. That makes me born the summer before her Reuby, 'an that's jest the time I was born, when my Benjy was seven months old!"

"You're jest crazy about Mis' Kinney, Angy Plummer," said her mother. "I b'lieve ye'd go through fire for her quicker 'n ye would for any yer own flesh an' blood."

Angy went to her mother and kissed the fretful old face very kindly. "Mother, you can't say I haint been a better daughter to you sence I've knowed Mis' Kinney."

"No, I can't," grumbled the old woman, "that's a fact; but she 's got a heap o' newfangled notions I don't believe in."

The school was a triumphant success. From nine until twelve o'clock every forenoon, twelve happy little children had a sort of frolic of learning lessons in the Elder's sacred study, which was now Draxy's sitting-room. Old Ike, who since the Elder's death had never seemed quite clear of brain, had asked so piteously to come and sit in the room, that Draxy permitted him to do so. He sat in a big chair by the fire-place, and carved whistles and ships and fantastic toys for the children, listening all the time intently to every word which fell from Draxy's lips. He had transferred to her all that pathetic love he felt for the Elder; he often followed her at a distance when she went out, and little Reuby he rarely lost sight of, from morning till night. He was too feeble now to do much work, but his presence was a great comfort to Draxy. He seemed a very close link between her and and her husband. Hannah too sometimes came into the school at recess, to the great amusement of the children. She was particularly fond of looking at the black-board, when there were chalk-marks on it.

"Make a mark on me with your white pencil," she would say, offering her dark cheek to Reuby, who would scrawl hieroglyphics all over it from hair to chin.

Then she would invite the whole troop out into the kitchen to a feast of doughnuts or cookies; very long the recesses sometimes were when the school was watching Hannah fry the fantastic shapes of sweet dough, or taking each a turn at the jagged wheel with which she cut them out.

Reuben also came often to the schoolroom, and Jane sometimes sat there with her knitting. A strange content had settled on their lives, in spite of the sorrow. They saw Draxy calm; she smiled on them as con-

stantly as ever; and they were very old people, and believed too easily that she was at peace.

But the Lord had more work still for this sweet woman's hand. This, too, was suddenly set before her. Late one Saturday afternoon, as she was returning, surrounded by her escort of laughing children, from the woods, where they had been for May-flowers, old Deacon Plummer overtook her.

"Mis' Kinney, Mis' Kinney," he began several times, but could get no further. He was evidently in great perplexity how to say the thing he wished.

"Mis' Kinney, would you hev—

"Mis' Kinney, me and Deacon Swift 's been a sayin'—

"Mis' Kinney, ain't you got—"

Draxy smiled outright. She often smiled now, with cordial good cheer, when things pleased her.

"What is it, Deacon? out with it. I can't possibly tell unless you make it plainer."

Thus encouraged, good Deacon Plummer went on:

"Well, Mis' Kinney, it's jest this: Elder Williams has jest sent word he can't come an' preach to-morrer, and there ain't nobody anywhere's round thet we can get; and De'n Swift 'n me, we was a thinkin' whether you wouldn't be willin' some of us should read one o' the Elder's old sermons. O Mis' Kinney, ye don't know how we all hanker to hear some o' his blessed words agin."

Draxy stood still. Her face altered so that the little children crowded round her in alarm, and Reuby took hold of her hand. Tears came into her eyes, and she could hardly speak, but she replied,

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Plummer, I should be very glad to have you. I'll look out a sermon to-night, and you can come up to the house in the morning and get it."

"O Mis' Kinney, do forgive me for speakin'. You have allers seem so borne up, I never mistrusted that 't 'd do any harm to ask yer," stammered the poor Deacon, utterly disconcerted by Draxy's tears, for she was crying hard now.

"It hasn't done any harm, I assure you. I am very glad to do it," said Draxy.

"Yes, sir, my mamma very often cries when she's glad," spoke up Reuby, his little face getting very red, and his lips quivering. "She's very glad, sir, if she says so."

This chivalrous defence calmed poor Draxy, but did not comfort the Deacon, who hurried away saying to himself:

"Don't believe there was ever such a woman nor such a boy in this world before. She never shed a tear when we brought the Elder home dead, nor even when she see him let down into the very grave; 'n I don't believe she's cried afore anybody till to-day; 'n that little chap a speakin up an' tellin' me his ma often cried when she was glad, an' I was to believe her spite of her crying! I wish I'd made Job Swift go arter her. I'll make him go arter that sermon anyhow. I won't go near her agin 'bout this bisness, that's certain;" and the remorse-stricken, but artful deacon hastened to his brother deacon's house to tell him that it was "all settled with Mis' Kinney 'bout the sermon, an' she was quite willin;" and, "O," he added, as if it were quite a second thought, "ye'd better go up an' git the sermon, Job, in the mornin', ye're so much nearer, an' then, 's ye've to do the readin', maybe she'll have somethin' to explain to ye about the way it's to be read; th' Elder's writin' wan't any too easy to make out, 's fur 's I remember it."

Next morning, just as the first bells were ringing, Deacon Swift knocked timidly at the door of the Elder's study. Draxy met him with a radiant face. She had been excited on reading over the sermon she had after long deliberation selected. The text was:

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." The sermon had been written soon after their marriage, and was one of her husband's favorites. There were many eloquent passages in it, which seemed now to take on a new significance, as coming from the lips of the Elder, absent from his flock and present with Christ.

"O Mis' Kinney, I recollect that sermon 's if 'twas only yesterday," said Deacon Swift. "The hull parish was talkin' on't all the week; ye couldn't have picked out one they'd be so glad to hear; but dear me! how I'm ever goin' to read it in any kind o' decent way, I don't know; I never was a reader anyhow, 'n' now I've lost my front teeth. Some words does pester me to git out."

This opened the way for Draxy. Nearly all night she had lain awake, thinking how terrible it would be to her to hear her husband's beloved words indistinctly and ineffectively read by Deacon Swift's cracked and feeble voice. Almost she regretted having given her consent. At last the thought flashed into her mind, "Why should I not read it myself? I know I could be heard in every corner of that little church." The more she thought of it, the more she longed to do it, and the less she shrank from the idea of facing the congregation.

"'It's only just like a big family of children,' Seth always used to say, "and I'm sure I feel as if they were mine now, as much as ever they were his. I wish I dared do it. I do believe Seth would like it," and Draxy fell asleep comforted by the thought. Before breakfast she consulted her father, and he approved it warmly.

"I believe your mission isn't done yet, daughter, to these people of your husband's. The more you speak to 'em the better. It 'll be jest like his voice speaking from heaven to 'em," said Reuben, "an' I shouldn't wonder if keepin' Elder Williams away was all the Lord's doin', as the blessed saint used to say."

Reuben's approval was all that Draxy needed to strengthen her impulse, and before Deacon Swift arrived her only perplexity was as to the best way of making the proposition to him. All this difficulty he had himself smoothed away by his first words.

"Yes, I know, Deacon Swift," she said. "I've been thinking that perhaps it would tire you to read for so long a time in a loud voice; and besides, Mr. Kinney's handwriting is very hard to read."

Draxy paused and looked sympathizingly in the deacon's face. The mention of the illegible writing distressed the poor man still more. He took the sermon from her hand and glanced nervously at the first page.

"O my! Mis' Kinney," he exclaimed, "I can't make out half the words."

"Can't you?" said, Draxy, gently. "It is all as plain as print to me, I know it so well. But there are some abbreviations Mr. Kinney always used. I will explain them to you. Perhaps that will make it easier."

"O Mis' Kinney, Mis' Kinney! I can't never do it in the world," burst out the poor deacon. "O Mis' Kinney, why can't you read it to the folks? They'd all like it, I know they would."

"Do you really think so, Mr. Swift?" replied Draxy; and then, with a little twinge of conscience, added immediately, "I have been thinking of that very thing myself, that perhaps, if it wouldn't seem strange to the people, that would be the best way, because I know the handwriting so well, and it really is very hard for a stranger to read."

"Yes, yes, that's the very thing," hastily exclaimed the relieved deacon—"that's it, that's it. Why Mis' Kinney, as for their thinkin' it strange, there ain't a man in the parish that wouldn't vote for you for minister twice over if ye wuz only a man. I've heerd 'em all say so more 'n a thousand times sence." Something in Draxy's face cut the Deacon's sentence short.

"Very well, Mr. Swift," she said. "Then I will try, since you think it best. My father thought it would be a good plan too, or else I should not have been willing," she added gently.

"Reuben Miller's daughter" was still as guileless, reverent, potent a thought in Draxy's heart as when, upon her unconscious childish lips, the words had been a spell, disarming and winning all hearts to her.

The news had gone all through the village on Saturday night, that Deacon Swift was to read one of Elder Kinney's sermons the next day. The whole parish was present; not a man, not a woman was missing except those who were kept at home by sickness. A tender solemnity was in every face. Not often does it happen to a man to be so beloved by a whole community as was Elder Kinney by this people.

With some embarrassment and hesitation, Deacon Swift read the hymns and made one of the prayers; Deacon Plummer made the other. Then there came a pause. Draxy flushed scarlet and half rose in her pew. She had not thought to tell the Deacon that he must explain to the people beforehand why she read the sermon. She had taken it for granted that he would do so; but he did not comprehend that he ought, and only looked nervously towards her, waiting for her to come forward. This was the one moment which tried Draxy's soul; there was almost vexation in her look, as hastily laying aside her bonnet she walked up to the table in front of the pulpit, and, turning towards the people, said in her clear, melodious voice:

"Dear friends, I am sorry Deacon Swift did not explain to you that I was to read the sermon. He asked me to do so because Mr. Kinney's handwriting is very hard for a stranger to read."

She paused for a second, and then added:

"The sermon which I have chosen is one which some of you will remember. It was written and preached nine years ago. The text is in the beautiful Gospel of St. John, the 14th chapter and the 27th verse:

"'Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you.'"

After pronouncing these words, Draxy paused again, and looking towards her pew, made a slight sign to Reuby. The child understood instantly, and walked swiftly to her.

"Sit in this chair here by mamma, Reuby darling," she whispered, and Reuby climbed

up into the big chair on her right hand, and leaned his fair golden head against the high mahogany back. Draxy had become conscious, in that first second, that she could not read with Reuby's wistful face in sight. Also she felt a sudden yearning for the support of his nearer presence.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you," she repeated, and went on with the sermon. Her tones were low, but clear, and her articulation so perfect that no syllable was lost: she could have been distinctly heard in a room twice as large as this. The sight was one which thrilled every heart that looked on it: no poor laboring man there was so dull of sense and soul that he did not sit drinking in the wonderful picture: the tall, queenly woman robed in simple flowing white, her hair a coronet of snowy silver; her dark blue eyes shining with a light which would have been flashingly brilliant, except for its steadfast serenity; her mouth almost smiling, as the clear tones flowed out: sitting quiet, intent, by her side, the beautiful boy, also dressed in white, his face lit like hers by serene and yet gleaming eyes; his head covered with golden curls; his little hands folded devoutly in his lap. One coming suddenly upon the scene might well have fancied himself in another clime and age, in the presence of some rite performed by a mystic priestess clothed in samite. But the words which fell from the lips were the gentlest words of the gentlest religion earth has known; and the heart which beat under the clinging folds of the strange white garb was no priestess' heart, but a heart full, almost to breaking, of wifehood, of motherhood.

It does not need experience as an orator to give significance to the magnetic language of upturned faces. Before Draxy had read ten pages of the sermon, she was so thrilled by the consciousness that every heart before her was thrilled too, that her cheeks flushed and her whole face glowed.

The sermon had sounded eloquent when the Elder preached it; but now, from Draxy's lips, it was transcendent. As she read the closing paragraph—

"His peace he leaves with us: His peace he gives unto us: not such peace as he knew on earth: such peace as he knows now in heaven, on the right hand of his Father; even that peace he bids us share—that peace, the peace of God which passeth understanding"—she seemed to dilate in stature, and as she let the sermon fall on the table before her, her lifted eyes seemed arrested in mid-air as by a celestial vision.

Then in a second more, she was again the humble, affectionate Draxy, whom all the women and all the little children knew and loved; looking round on them with an appealing expression, she said:

"Dear friends, I hope I have not done wrong in standing up here and taking it upon me to read such solemn words. I felt that Mr. Kinney would like to speak to you once more through me."

Then taking little Reuby by the hand, she walked slowly back to her pew.

Then Deacon Swift made sad work of reading the hymn,

"Blest be the tie that binds,"

And the choir made sad work of singing it. Nobody's voice could be trusted for many syllables at a time, but nobody listened to the music. Everybody was impatient to speak to Draxy. They clustered round her in the aisle; they crowded into pews to get near her: all the reticence and reserve of their New England habit had melted away in this wonderful hour. They thanked her; they touched her; they gazed at her; they did not know what to do; even Draxy's calmness was visibly disturbed by the atmosphere of their great excitement.

"O Mis' Kinney, ef ye'll only read us one more: just one more! won't ye, now? Do say ye will, right off, this artenoon; or read the same one right over, ef that's any easier for ye. We'd like to hear jest that 'n' nothin' else for a year to come! O Mis' Kinney 'twas jest like hearin the Elder himself."

Poor Draxy was trembling. Reuben came to her rescue.

"I hope you won't take it unkindly of me," he said, "but my daughter's feeling more than's good for her. She must come home now." And Reuben drew her hand into his arm.

The people fell back sorry and conscience-stricken.

"We orter ha' known better," they said, "but she makes us forgit she's flesh 'n' blood."

"I will read you another sermon some time," said Draxy, slowly. "I shall be very glad to. But not to-day. I could not do it to-day." Then she smiled on them all, with a smile which was a benediction, and walked away, holding Reuby's hand very tightly, and leaning heavily on her father's arm.

The congregation did not disperse; nothing since the Elder's death had so moved them. They gathered in knots on the church steps

and in the aisles, and talked long and earnestly. There was but one sentiment, one voice.

"It's a thousand shames she ain't a man," said some of the young men.

"It 'ud be a thousand times more ef she wuz," retorted Angy Plummer. "I'd like to see the man that 'ud do what she does, a comin' right close to the very heart o' yer 's ef she was your mother 'n' your sister 'n' your husband, and a blessed angel o' God, all ter once."

"But Angy, we only meant that then we could hev her for our minister," they replied.

Angy turned very red, but replied, energetically,

"There ain't any law agin a woman's bein' minister, thet I ever heerd on. Howsomever, Mis' Kinney never'd hear to anythin' o' that kind. I don' no' for my part how she ever mustered up courage to do what she's done, so kind o' backward 'n' shy 's she is for all her strength. But for my part, I wouldn't ask for no other preachin' all the rest o' my life, than jest to hear Mis' Kinney read one o' her husband's sermons every Sunday."

"Why, Angy Plummer!" burst from more lips than one. But the bold suggestion was only the half-conscious thought of every one there, and the discussion grew more and more serious. Slowly the people dispersed to their homes, but the discussion still continued. Late into night, by many a fireside, it was talked over, and late the next night, and the next, until a vague hope and a still vaguer purpose sprang up in the parish.

"She said she'd read another some day," they reiterated. "Most likely she'd 's soon do it next Sunday, 'n' sooner, 'cause she'd be more used to't than ef she waited a spell between."

"But it won't do to take it for granted she's goin' to, 'n not git anybody," said Deacon Swift, in great perplexity. "I think Brother Plummer 'n' me'd better go 'n' ask her."

"No," said Angy, "let me go. I can talk it over better'n you can. I'll go."

And Angy went. The interview between the two women was long. Angy pleaded as nobody else in the parish could have done; and Draxy's heart was all on her side. But Draxy's judgment was unconvinced.

"If I could be sure, Angy, that it would be best for the people, I should not hesitate. But you know very well, if I begin I shall keep on," she said.

She consulted Reuben. His heart, too, was on the people's side, but his judgment was like hers, perplexed.

"One thing's very certain, daughter: there is not anybody they can ever get to settle here, or that they are likely to, who can preach as the Elder did. His old sermons are worlds better than any new ones."

"Yes, indeed, I know that," said Draxy. "That's what makes me feel as if I must do it."

This had been her strongest motive. Only too well she knew what would be the probable caliber of a man who would come to this poor and lonely little village which she so loved.

At last she consented to make the experiment. "I will read for you every Sunday, two sermons of Mr. Kinney's," she said, "until you hear of some one whom you would like to settle for your minister."

Angy Plummer clapped her hands when her father repeated at tea on Thursday evening what "Mis' Kinney" had said.

"That's good 's settlin' her," she exclaimed. "Oh, I never thought she'd come to it," and real tears of joy stood in Angy's eyes.

"I don't know 'bout that, Angy," replied the Deacon; "there's a good deal to be thought on, fust 'n last. Folks 'll talk like everythin', I expect, 'n say we've got a woman preacher. It wouldn't never do for any great length o' time; but it will be a blessin' to hear some th' Elder's good rousin" comfortin' sermons for a spell, arter the stuff we hev been a havin', 'n' they can't say she's any more 'n' a reader, anyhow. That's quite different from preachin'."

"Of course it is," said Angy, who was wise enough to keep some of her thoughts and hopes to herself; "they're 's different's any other two things. I don't suppose anybody 'd say you was a settin' up to preach, if you'd ha' read the sermons, 'n' I don't see why they need to any more o' Mis' Kinney." And so on the next Sunday Draxy's ministry to her husband's people began. Again with softened and gladdened faces the little congregation looked up to the fair, tall priestess woman with her snow-white robes and snow-white hair, and gleaming steadfast eyes, standing meekly between the communion-table and the chair in which sat her golden-haired little son. Her voice was even clearer and stronger than ever; and there was a calm peacefulness in her whole atmosphere which had not been there at first.

Again the people crowded around, and thanked her, and clasped her hands. And this time she answered them with cordial good cheer, and did not tremble. To little Reuby also they spoke gratefully.

"You help too, Reuby, don't you?" said Angy Plummer,—"do you like it?"

"Very much, ma'am; mamma says I help, but I think she's mistaken," replied the little fellow, archly.

"Yes you do, you darling," said Mrs. Plummer, stooping and kissing him tenderly. Angy Plummer loved Reuby. She never looked at him without thinking that but for his existence the true mother-heart would perhaps never have been born in her bosom.

The reading of the sermons grew easier and easier to Draxy, Sunday by Sunday. She became conscious of a strange sense of being lifted out of herself, as soon as she began to speak. She felt more and more as if it were her husband speaking through her; and she felt more and more closely drawn into relation with the people.

"O father, dear," she said more than once, "I don't know how I shall ever give it up when the time comes. It makes me so happy: I feel almost as if I could see Seth standing right by me and holding my gown while I read. And father, dear," she proceeded in a lower, slower voice, "I don't know but you'll think it wrong; I'm almost afraid to tell you, but sometimes I say words that aren't in the sermons; just a sentence or two, where I think Seth would put it in if he were here now; and I almost believe he puts the very words into my head."

She paused and looked anxiously and inquiringly at her father.

"No, Draxy," replied Reuben solemnly, "I don't think it wrong. I feel more and more, every Sunday I listen to you, as if the Lord had set you apart for this thing; and I don't believe he'd send any other angel except your husband on the errand of helpin' you."

The summer passed, and the parish gave no signs of readiness for a new minister. When Draxy spoke of it, she was met by such heartfelt grief on all sides that she was silenced. At last she had a long, serious talk with the deacons, which set her mind more at rest. They had, it seemed, consulted several neighboring ministers, Elder Williams among the number, and they had all advised that while the congregation seemed so absorbed in interest, no change should be made.

"Elder Williams he sez he'll come over regular for the communion," said Deacon Plummer, "and for baptisms whenever we want him, and thet's the main thing, for, thank the Lord, we haint many funerals 'n course of a year. And Mis' Kinney, ef ye'll excuse my makin' so bold, I'll tell ye jest what Elder Williams said about ye: sez he, It's my opinion that ef there was ever a woman born thet was jes' cut out for a minister to a congregation, it's that Elder's wife o' yourn'; and sez we to him, 'Thet's jest what the hull town thinks, sir, and it's our opinion that ef we should try to settle anythin' in the shape of a man in this parish there woudn't be anythin' but empty pews for him to preach to, for the people 'd all be gone up to Mis' Kinney's.'"

Draxy smiled in spite of herself. But her heart was very solemn.

"It is a great responsibility, Deacon Plummer," she said, "and I feel afraid all the time. But my father thinks I ought to do it, and I am so happy in it, it seems as if it could not be a mistake."

As months went on, her misgivings grew less and less; and her impulses to add words of her own to words of her husband's sermons grew more and more frequent. She could not but see that she held the hearts of the people in her hands to mold them like wax; and her intimate knowledge of their conditions and needs made it impossible for her to refrain from sometimes speaking the words she knew they ought to hear. Whenever she did so, however, at any length, she laid her manuscript on the table, that they might know the truth. Her sense of honesty would not let her do otherwise. It was long before anybody but Angy Plummer understood the meaning of these intervals. The rest supposed she knew parts of the sermon by heart.

But at last came a day when her soul was so stirred within her, that she rose up boldly before her people and said:

"I have not brought any sermon of Mr. Kinney's to read to you to-day. I am going to speak to you myself. I am so grieved, so shocked at events which have taken place in this village, the past week, that I cannot help speaking about them. And I find among Mr. Kinney's sermons no one which meets this state of things."

The circumstances to which Draxy alluded had been some disgraceful scenes of excitement in connection with the Presidential election. Party spirit had been growing higher and higher in Clairvend for some years; and when, on the reckoning of the returns on this occasion, the victorious party proved to have a majority of but three, sharp quarreling had at once broken out. Accusations of cheating and lying were freely bandied, and Deacon Plummer and George Thayer had nearly come to blows on the steps of the Town House, at high noon, just as the school-children were going home. Later in the afternoon there had been a renewal of

ıe contest in the village store, and it had cul-
inated in a fight, part of which Draxy herself
ıd chanced to see. Long and anxiously
ıe pondered, that night, the question of her
ıty. She dared not keep silent.

"It would be just hypocrisy and nothing
ss," she exclaimed to herself, "for me to
and up there and read them one of Seth's
rmons, when I am burning to tell them how
ıamefully they have behaved. But I sup-
ose it will be the last time I shall speak to
ıem. They'll never want to hear me
gain."

She did not tell her father of her resolution
ll they were near the church. Reuben
arted, but in a moment he said, deliberately:
"You're quite right, daughter; may the Lord
ess you!"

At Draxy's first words, a thrill of astonish-
ent ran over the whole congregation.
verybody knew what was coming. George
hayer colored scarlet to the roots of his hair,
ıd the color never faded till the sermon was
ıded. Deacon Plummer coughed nervously,
ıd changed his position so as to cover his
ıouth with his hand. Angy put her head
own on the front of the pew and began to cry.

"Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things
ıat are Cæsar's, and unto God the things
ıat are God's," came in clear ringing tones
om Draxy's lips. Then she proceeded, in
mple and gentle words, to set forth the right
every man to his own opinions and convic-
ons; the duty of having earnest convictions
ıd acting up to them in all the affairs of
fe. George Thayer and the Deacon looked
ısier. Her words seemed, after all, rather a
stification of their vehemence of feeling.

But when she came to speak of the "things
ıat are God's," her words pierced their very
uls. The only thing that enabled George
hayer to bear up under it at all was, as he
terwards said in the store, keeping his
es fixed steady on old Plummer; 'cause,
ou know, boys, I never jined the church nor
ıade any kind o' profession o' goin' in for any
ings o' God's, nohow; not but what I've
ten wished I could see my way to: but sez
to myself, ef *he* kin stan' it I kin, an' so I
eld out. But I tell you, boys, I'd rather
rive the wust six-hoss team I ever got
old on down Breakneck Hill 'n the dark, than
et there agin under thet woman's eyes, a
lazin' one minnit, 'n fillin' with tears the
ext: 'n' I dont care what anybody sez; I'm
goin' to see her an' tell her that she needn't
e afeard o' ever hevin to preach to me s'
ood s' by my name, in the meeting 'us agin,
y thunder!"

"Supposing the blessed Saviour had come walking through our streets, looking for his children last Wednesday," said Draxy, "He would say to himself: 'I shall know them, wherever I find them: I have given them so many badges, they will be sure to be wearing some of them. They suffer long and are kind; they envy not, vaunt not, are not puffed up: they are not easily provoked, think no evil, seek not their own, rejoice in the truth; they do not behave unseemly.' Alas, would the dear Jesus have turned away, believing himself a stranger and friendless in our village? Which one of you, dear men, could have sprung forward to take him by the hand? What terrible silence would have fallen upon you as he looked round on your angry faces!"

Tears were rolling down little Reuby's face. Slyly he tried to wipe them away, first with one hand, then with the other, lest his mother should see them. He had never in his life seen such an expression of suffering on her face. He had never heard such tones of pain in her voice. He was sorely perplexed; and the sight of his distressed little face was almost more than the people could bear.

When Draxy stopped speaking, Deacon Plummer did a manly thing. He rose instantly, and saying "Let us pray," poured out as humble and contrite a petition for forgiveness as ever went up on wings of faith to Heaven. It cleared the air, like sweet rain; it rolled a burden off everybody's heart—most of all, perhaps, off of Draxy's.

"He is not angry, after all," she said; "God has laid it to his heart;" and when, at the end of the services, the old man came up to her and held out his hand, she took it in both of hers, and said, "Thank you, dear Deacon Plummer, thank you for helping me so much to-day. Your prayer was better for the people than my little sermon, a great deal." The deacon wrung her hands, but did not speak a word, only stooped and kissed Reuby.

After this day, Draxy had a new hold on the people. They had really felt very little surprise at her speaking to them as she did. She had slowly and insensibly to herself grown into the same place which the Elder had in their regard; the same in love and confidence, but higher in reverence, and admiration, for although she sympathized just as lovingly as he did in all their feelings, they never lost sight for a moment of the realization that her nature was on a higher plane than his. They could not have put this in words, but they felt it.

"Donno, how 't is," they said, "but Mis' Kinney even when she's closest to ye, an' a doin' for ye all the time, don't seem just like a mortal woman."

"It's easy enough to know how 'tis," replied Angy Plummer, once, in a moment of unguarded frankness, "Mis' Kinney is a kind o' daughter o' God, somthin' as Jesus Christ was His Son. It's just the way Jesus Christ used to go round among folks, 's near 's I can make out; 'n' I for one, don't believe that God jist sent Him, once for all, 'n' haint never sent anybody else near us, all this time. I reckon he's a sendin' down sons and daughters to us oftener 'n' we think." "Angy Plummer, I call that downright blasphemy," exclaimed her mother.

"Well, call it what you 're a mind to," rejoined the crisp Angy. "It's what I believe."

"'Tis blasphemy though, to be sayin it to folks that can't understand," she muttered to herself as she left the room, "ef blasphemy means what Mis' Kinney sez it does, to speak stupidly."

Three years had passed. The novelty of Draxy's relation to her people had worn off. The neighboring people had ceased to wonder and to talk; and the neighboring ministers had ceased to doubt and question. Clairvend and she had a stout supporter in old Elder Williams, who was looked upon as a high authority throughout the region. He always staid at Reuben Miller's house, when he came to the town, and his counsel and sympathy were invaluable to Draxy. Sometimes he said jocosely, "I am the pastor of Brother Kinney's old parish and Mis' Kinney is my curate, and I wish everybody had as good an one."

It finally grew to be Draxy's custom to read one of her husband's sermons in the forenoon, and to talk to the people informally in the afternoon. Sometimes she wrote out what she wished to say, but usually she spoke without any notes. She also wrote hymns which she read to them, and which the choir sometimes sang. She was now fully imbued with the feeling that everything which she could do, belonged to her people. Next to Reuben, they filled her heart; the sentiment was after all but an expanded and exalted motherhood. Strangers sometimes came to Clairvend to hear her preach, for of course the fame of the beautiful white-robed woman-preacher could not be confined to her own village. This always troubled Draxy very much.

"If we were not so far out of the world, I should have to give it up," she said; "I know it is proper they should come; but it seems to me just as strange as if they wer to walk into the study in the evening when am teaching Reuby. I can't make it see right; and when I see them writing dow what I say, it just paralyzes me."

It might have seemed so to Draxy, but it di not to her hearers. No one would have sup posed her conscious of any disturbing pres ence. And more than one astonished an delighted visitor carried away with him wri ten records of her eloquent words.

One of her most impressive sermons wa called "The Gospel of Mystery."

The text was Psalm xix. 2:

"Day unto day uttereth speech, and night un night sheweth knowledge."

First she dwelt on the sweet meaning of th word Gospel. "Dear friends," she said, "it i a much simpler word than we realize; it i only 'good news,' 'good tidings.' We g gospels every day. Our children send u good news of their lives. What gospels o joy are such letters! And nations to n tions send good news: a race of slaves i set free; a war has ended; ship-loads o grain have been sent to the starving; a goo man has been made ruler; these are good ti dings—gospels."

After dwelling on this first, simplest idea o the word, until every one of her hearers ha begun to think vividly of all the good tidings journeying in words back and forth betwee heart and heart, continent and continent, sh spoke of the good news which nature tells with out words. Here she was eloquent. Subtle a the ideas were, they were yet clothed in th plain speech which the plain people under stood: the tidings of the spring, of the win ter, of the river, of the mountain; of gold, o silver, of electric fire; of blossom and fruit of seed-time and harvest; of suns and star and waters;—these were the "speech" whic "day uttered unto day."

But "knowledge was greater" tha speech:—night in her silence "showed" wha day could not tell. Here the faces of th people grew fixed and earnest. In any othe hands than Draxy's the thought would hav been too deep for them, and they would hav turned from it wearily. But her simplicit controlled them always. "Stand on you door-steps on a dark night," she said,—"a night so dark that you can see nothing: look ing out into this silent darkness, you will pre sently feel a far greater sense of how vast th world is, than you do in broad noon-day when you can see up to the very sun him self."

More than one young face in the congregation showed that this sentence struck home and threw light on hitherto unexplained emotions. "This is like what I mean," continued Draxy, "by the Gospel of Mystery, the good tidings of the things we cannot understand. This gospel is everywhere. Not the wisest man that has ever lived can fully understand the smallest created thing: a drop of water, a grain of dust, a beam of light, can baffle his utmost research. So with our own lives, with our own hearts; every day brings a mystery—sin and grief and death: all these are mysteries; gospels of mystery, good tidings of mystery; yes, *good* tidings! These are what prove that God means to take us into another world after this one; into a world where all things which perplexed us here will be explained. * * O my dear friends!" she exclaimed at last, clasping her hands tightly, "thank God for the things which we cannot understand: except for them, how should we ever be sure of immortality?"

Then she read them a hymn, called "The Gospel of Mystery." Coming after the sermon, it was sweet and clear to all the people's hearts. Before the sermon it would have seemed obscure.

THE GOSPEL OF MYSTERY.

Good tidings every day,
God's messengers ride fast.
We do not hear one-half they say,
There is such noise on the highway,
Where we must wait while they ride past.

Their banners blaze and shine
With Jesus Christ's dear name,
And story how by God's design
He saves us, in his love divine,
And lifts us from our sin and shame.

Their music fills the air,
Their songs sing all of Heaven;
Their ringing trumpet peals declare
What crowns to souls who fight and dare,
And win, shall presently be given.

Their hands throw treasures round
Among the multitude.
No pause, no choice, no count, no bound,
No questioning how men are found,
If they be evil or be good.

But all the banners bear
Some words we cannot read;
And mystic echoes in the air,
Which borrow from the songs no share,
In sweetness, all the songs exceed.

And of the multitude,
No man but in his hand
Holds some great gift misunderstood,
Some treasure, for whose use or good
His ignorance sees no demand.

These are the tokens lent,
By Immortality:
Birth-marks of our divine descent:
Sureties of ultimate intent,
God's Gospel of Eternity.

Good tidings every day.
The messengers ride fast:
Thanks be to God for all they say:
There is such noise on the highway,
Let us keep still while they ride past.

But the sermon which of all others her people loved best was one on the Love of God. This one she was often asked to repeat,—so often, that she said one day to Angy, who asked for it, "Why, Angy, I am ashamed to. Everybody must know it by heart. I am sure *I* do."

"Yes, that's jest the way we do know it, Mis' Kinney, by heart," said the affectionate Angy, "an' that's jest the reason we want it so often. I never told ye what George Thayer said the last time you read it to us, did I?"

"No, Angy," said Draxy.

"Well, he was singing in the choir that day, 'n place o' his brother, who was sick; 'n' he jumped up on one o' the seats 'n' swung his hat, jest 's you was goin' down the aisle, 'n' we all ketched hold on him to pull him down, 'n try to hush him; for you can't never tell what George Thayer 'll do when his blood's up, 'n' we was afraid he was agoin' to holler right out, 's ef he was in the town-'us; but sez he, in a real low, trembly kind o' voice,

"'Ye needn't be afraid, I ain't agoin' to whoop;—taint that way I feel,—but I had to do suthin or I should bust': 'n there was reel tears in his eyes—George Thayer's eyes, Mis' Kinney! Then he jumped down, 'n' sez he, 'I'll tell ye what that sermon's like: it's jest like one great rainbow all round ye, and before 'n behind 'n everywheres, 'n the end on't reaches way to the Throne; it jest dazzles my eyes, that's what it does.'"

This sermon had concluded with the following hymn, which Draxy had written when Reuben was only a few weeks old:

THE LOVE OF GOD.

Like a cradle rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro—
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below—

Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face bending
Down and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best.
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

O great Heart of God! whose loving
Cannot hindered be nor crossed;
Will not weary, will not even
In our death itself be lost—
Love divine! of such great loving,
Only mothers know the cost—
Cost of love, which all love passing,
Gave a Son to save the lost.

There is little more to tell of Draxy's ministry. It closed as suddenly as it had begun.

It was just five years after the Elder's death that she found herself, one Sunday morning, feeling singularly feeble and lifeless. She was bewildered at the sensation, for in her apparent health she had never felt it before. She could hardly walk, could hardly stand. She felt also a strange apathy which prevented her being alarmed.

"It is nothing," she said—"I dare say most women are so all the time; I don't feel in the least ill:" and she insisted upon it that no one should remain at home with her. It was a communion Sunday and Elder Williams was to preach.

"How fortunate it is that Mr. Williams was here!" she thought languidly, as she seated herself in the eastern bay-window, to watch Reuby down the hill. He walked between his grandparents, holding each by the hand, talking merrily and looking up into their faces.

Draxy watched them until their figures became dim, black specks, and finally faded out of sight. Then she listened dreamily to the notes of the slow-tolling bell; when it ceased she closed her eyes, and her thoughts ran back, far back to the days when she was "little Draxy" and Elder Kinney was only her pastor. Slowly she lived her life since then over again, its joy and its sorrow alike softened in her tender, brooding thoughts. The soft whirring sound of a bird's wings in the air roused her: as it flew past the window she saw that it was one of the yellow-hammers, which still built their nests in the maple-grove behind the house.

"Ah," thought she, "I suppose it can't be one of the same birds we saw that day. But it's going on errands just the same. I wonder, dear Seth, if mine is nearly done."

At that instant a terrible pain shot through her left side and forced a sharp cry from her lips. She half rose exclaiming, "Reuby, O, darling!" and sank back in her chair unconscious.

Just as Elder Williams was concluding the communion service, the door of the church was burst open, and old Ike, tottering into the aisle, cried out in a shrill voice:

"Mis' Kinney's dead! Mis' Kinney's dead!"

The scene that followed could not be told. With flying feet the whole congregation sped up the steep hill—Angy Plummer half lifting, half dragging Reuby, and the poor grandparents supported on each side by strong men. As they drew near the house, they saw Draxy apparently sitting by the open window.

"O mamma! why that 's mamma," shrieked Reuby, "she was sitting just so when we came away. She isn't dead."

Elder Williams reached the house first. Hannah met him on the threshold, tearless.

"She's dead, sir. She's cold as ice. She must ha' been dead a long time."

Old Ike had been rambling around the house, and observing from the outside that Draxy's position was strange, had compelled Hannah to go into the room.

"She was a smilin' just 's you see her now," said Hannah, "'n' I couldn't ha' touched her to move her more'n I could ha' touched an angel."

There are griefs, as well as joys, to which words offer insult. Draxy was dead!

Three days later they laid her by the side of her husband, and the gray-haired, childless old people, and the golden-haired, fatherless and motherless boy, returned together broken-hearted to the sunny parsonage.

On the village a terrible silence, that could be felt, settled down; a silence in which sorrowing men and women crept about, weeping as those who cannot be comforted.

Then week followed after week, and soon all things seemed as they had seemed before. But Draxy never died to her people. Her hymns are still sung in the little lovely church; her gospel still lives in the very air of those quiet hills, and the people smile through their tears as they teach her name to little children.

(THE END.)

A PROMISING REFORM.

Civil service reform aims at two grand results, neither of which should be overlooked in making an estimate of its capacity for good, —the improvement in character and competency of the civil officers of the executive branch of the government, broadly designated as the Civil Service, and the purification of national politics. Although the latter will follow as the necessary consequence of the former, it has too often been lost sight of in discussing the subject. The deplorable condition of the Civil Service, which is so notorious as to render demonstration needless, is chiefly due to the evil system of patronage which largely surrenders to Congress the designation of persons for the executive branches of the Government service. The consequence is, that the service is filled with men appointed without regard to fitness, and often of integrity, as a reward for so-called "political" services, or in consideration of personal friendship. Even when the choice is made by the responsible executive officers, the result is often quite as bad,—personal influences, or the desire to reward political services already performed, or to secure the rendition of others in the future in furtherance of political schemes, outweighing their regard for the good of the service. Of course, all of the appointees are not absolutely unfit. A certain average of capacity is required for the performance of the public business, below which the service cannot be permitted to fall. The public business must be performed, and it is requisite that there should be in every branch of the service a proportion of competent men sufficient for its performance. Otherwise the departments would tumble into chaos. Consequently there are many excellent men in the minor places in the service, who are retained even through changes of administration, though their merit is not always a sufficient shield against the penalties of political heresy. Every change of administration is the occasion of the official decapitation, not only of the appointees of the outgoing dynasty, but of some faithful old public servants whose worth has protected them from former political massacres, but whose heads are at last brought to the block by new inquisitors fearful lest their heterodoxy should contaminate the faithful. But a majority of public employés are not the best that the salaries would command, while a large part are absolutely incompetent. Worst of all, the best-salaried places are reserved for rewards of party services—the real work being done by underpaid subordinates. Throughout the country this is especially so, the incumbents of the principal federal offices being largely occupied with the political work demanded of them as "wheel-horses of the party." The conduct of the business of their offices is left to underlings who but for their official signatures could get on quite as well without them. This has resulted in a lowering of the tone of the service which, in connection with the debasing means it has been necessary to use, makes competent men who would be glad to accept places under government were they creditable, and the means of getting them honorable, refrain from seeking to enter the service. The evils of the system of patronage are so glaring, that no one making claim to political honesty thinks of denying their existence; the sole question in the minds of those desirous of reform is as to the sufficiency and feasibility of the measures proposed for their remedy. But the incompetency and dishonesty of the civil servants of the Government are not the only evils flowing from that system of appointment. These, though great, are often magnified by political opponents for their own ends. A civil service composed exclusively of the adherents of one political party, however pure it may be, cannot escape the blackening of partisan calumny. There are other evils still more monstrous which patronage has fastened upon the Government service. Chief of these is the baneful practice of rotation in office, fatal to the energy and efficiency of the best, which turns a man out of his place as soon as he begins to be useful in it. No one, no matter how great his talents, how high his integrity, how untiring his industry, can escape the paralyzing influence of such a system. The very constitution of human nature forbids that a man should display the same energy or interest in a position from which he is in daily danger of being ousted by some blatant politician,—who has labored in the primaries or shouted and perspired on the stump, while he was attending to the duties of his office,—as in one his tenure of which could be determined only by his own misconduct or death. As a natural and logical result of this uncertainty of tenure, many men devote themselves to making hay while the sun of official favor shines. Looking upon the public service as a profit-

able mine, their lease of which is brief, they work it so as to yield the utmost profit or advantage to themselves, regardless of the consequences to the service or their successors.

But the other side of the picture is the worst. The bad character of the public service directly affects but few. Its influence is circumscribed, and the people at large are in nowise contaminated or injured by its direct influence. Its most serious effect is the increase of the expense of carrying on the Government. But it is the reflex effect of the system upon our politics which is so deplorable. The real contests for elective federal offices are decided, or at least narrowed to two contestants of opposite politics, in the primaries or caucuses, and the successful politician is usually not he who is most truly popular or respected, but he who most skillfully manipulates the primaries. This is often most successfully done by him who promises to the best advantage, or to the most active and judicious of the local politicians, the federal offices in his control. Even in the caucuses of the minority, the hope of soon seeing their party in power, which springs eternal in the politician's breast, animates the managers, and the offices are often apportioned quite as gravely as though the prizes were within their reach. The federal patronage has of late years been so immense, that the appointments in most Congressional districts furnish a powerful instrument in the hands of an ambitious and wily politician to lift himself into place. The man of the dominant party who can harmonize and satisfy the contending factions, which exist everywhere, by the judicious promise of the federal appointments, may be pretty sure of the nomination, without much troubling himself as to what the people think or wish. That nominations are made in this way in a large proportion of cases every one knows who has ever been brought into contact with the workings of politics. The influences of such a system are wide-spread; they ramify to every hamlet in the land. Not only this, but it fills the halls of Congress with men, the choice not of the people, but of the politicians,—politicians, too, of the worst order, place-seekers and plunderers. Men thus chosen, instead of looking after the public interests are apt to spend their energies in seeking their own retention or advance in power, and in scheming to keep the offices so apportioned as to best subserve their ends. No one who has not watched the operation of the system of spoils knows how great a portion of the time of the average Congressman is consumed in looking after the offices. Efforts must be made to secure the retention of political friends whose removal is sought by adverse influences and the replacement of those whose personal or partisan zeal has become weak, by others true both to the party and to the cause of the present member. At the beginning of each new administration, the executive departments are besieged by honorable gentlemen in pursuit of places for their friends and backers, whose good services during the campaign they seek to reward by public place.

Even the best, to whom the whole system of public plunder is hateful, are compelled by the force of custom to engage in the same disgusting scramble, to receive, listen to, and aid delegations of local politicians clamoring for places for their friends, and expecting in turn to be rewarded with subordinate places, fat contracts or other favors, when the object of their mission is accomplished. Now and then, a rare and noble exception, like Charles Sumner, who sought not position, but was sought by it, dares to disregard this imperative custom, and to maintain an attitude of haughty indifference as to which set of pot-house politicians secures the offices. But so strong is the power of the system, that leaders no less great and popular than he find themselves ultimately supplanted by politicians more in sympathy with the people, as the expression runs; that is to say, with the men who manage the primaries, and manufacture through newspapers and political conventions a fictitious popular sentiment.

To the thoughtful man and sincere lover of his country and its institutions, these things are saddening and humiliating. The system of spoils sheds its baneful influence over not only the executive and legislative branches of the Government, but upon the press, the party conventions, and, in brief, the whole political system. Every community throughout the land, even though it be situated in the fastnesses of the Sierra Nevadas, or on the far-off shores of Puget Sound, is rent and torn by the feuds of political factions. Political morals are debased, and, by common consent, entrance upon a political career is looked upon as an abandonment of the path of highest rectitude. The proverb that "all is fair in politics" is but a pithy expression of the popular idea that laxer rules of morality are to be applied to the acts of public men than to private transactions. Even when by any chance a perfectly pure and guileless man gets into politics, he is at once believed to

have taken on the character of the professional politician, and no uprightness of conduct, no assurances of a determination to bring into public life the same laws of morality that have guided his private career, avail to protect him from the innuendoes of those who believe that, from the very constitution of things, a politician must be dishonest in order to succeed. No matter how hard he strives to keep himself unspotted from the world of politics, his acts are construed as though governed by the same ulterior motives, and performed in the same darksome manner as those of the others of the guild, and the chances are that ere long he will find his morals conforming to the popular estimate. The rottenness of politics has long been conceded, but the truth has but lately begun to be dimly seen that the advance of political corruption has gone hand in hand with the increase of public offices, and the consequent growth of the system of spoils. So strong is the influence of existing practices, so accustomed are men to regard the growth of human institutions as the order of nature, that many look upon the existing state of things as the natural condition of politics, and despair of any remedy. The fears so often expressed, of the failure of representative government, are engendered almost solely by the results of this pernicious system.

The fallacious theory has become prevalent that in a republican form of government executive offices must be apportioned according to the wishes of the representatives of the people, and that otherwise the government is not truly representative. This theory springs from a radical misconception of the principles upon which our Government is based. If any idea stands prominently forth in the Constitution, or was unanimously held by its makers and contemporary expounders, it is that of the entire independence of the three co-ordinate branches of the Government,—the legislative, the executive, and the judicial. Such independence cannot be preserved when the appointments of the executive are dictated by Congress; there is then rather reciprocal dependence, destructive of the separate responsibility of the two branches contemplated by the Constitution. The uniform practice of forty years, during which removals from office were made only for sufficient cause, is a conclusive proof that the early statesmen did not look upon the executive offices as the lawful plunder of the adherents of Congressmen of the dominant party.

So soon, however, as the doctrine that the public offices are the legitimate spoils of the triumphant party was announced, and the practice was adopted of "rotating" out of office all of the servitors of the outgoing administration, it was found that it was impossible for the President and the heads of the departments to decide upon the claims of the multitude of candidates for the rewards of party devotion. Congressmen naturally began to be consulted as to the appointments in their States or districts, so that the offices might be so distributed as to best subserve the interests of the party, until finally what was conceded as a privilege came to be demanded as a right, and all real responsibility for appointments passed out of the hands of the executive branch of the Government.

Nor was the responsibility transferred. It rather ceased to exist, for no one thinks of holding a Congressman directly responsible for the appointments made at his behest. Of course, if too large a share of them prove to be dishonest, his political standing is injured, but mere incompetency leaves his influence unimpaired.

The mind once disabused of the fallacy that Congressmen ought to control appointments, the way is cleared to the conclusion that fitness should be the controlling consideration in selecting persons for the public service. To this stage most thinking men have got, but how fitness is to be tested is to most an unsolved problem. A great many are content to rest upon the proposition that the true remedy for all the evils of the civil service is to appoint only fit men to office, serenely satisfied that they have solved the question of Civil Service Reform. Another panacea often prescribed is to choose only honest and judicious men for officers exercising the power of appointment, and to hold them strictly responsible for their subordinates. What the touchstone is to be that will select such men, and what guarantee is to be exacted that it will be faithfully applied, the world has not been informed. But those who have studied the subject see that if the public service is to be purified, some impartial, practicable and adequate test must be applied to those seeking to enter it; and the only such test is open, competitive examination, so conducted by impartial boards as to test practical capacity for the performance of the duties of the place to be filled. To this conclusion the Civil Service Commission, of which Mr. George William Curtis was chairman, came, and they embodied it in the rules and regulations which they reported to the President, and which constitute the basis upon which the reform has been proceeding during

the last year. Compelled as they were by the commissions under which they acted, and by popular expectation, to report some practicable plan for the reformation of the service, it is difficult to see what other conclusion they could have reached. It is true that the plan has been freely criticised, and that objections have been made to it by many whose sincere devotion to the reform cannot be doubted. But it is to be observed that the critics of the plan adopted have failed to suggest any other in lieu of it, although they seem to be haunted by the notion that the best men can be chosen by some unexplained mode of selection, without any formal examination. The idea, so far as it has assumed any tangible shape, seems to be that public servants shall be chosen in the same manner that Mr. Alexander T. Stewart chooses his clerks. But wherein does this plan differ from the old one? Every appointing officer is under a moral, often indeed a legal, obligation to select the best men that can be got for his subordinates, but how ineffectual this obligation is to prevent unfit appointments, the country knows. Personal and political influences, which have no force in private business, intervene to prevent the selection of the best. The case of a public officer is altogether different from that of Mr. Stewart. In the latter's case, his profits are directly dependent upon the fidelity and efficiency of his servants. His object in conducting his business is not the benevolent one of providing places for personal and political friends, but the more practical one of making money. Every worthless clerk who secures a place under him diminishes his profits to the amount of the salary paid, while dishonesty would ruin him. The competition of trade is so sharp, that he who disregards fitness in his servants in business must go to the wall. Self-interest, the motive power in trade, forbids the employment of slothful or incompetent men. The eye of the master must be ever on the watch if he hopes to hold his own.

These incentives to vigilance and economy not only do not exist in public offices, but they are replaced by quite opposite motives. The appointment of a number of incompetent men in the public service does not necessarily produce a loss which appears in the accounts of the Government. It is impossible for any one to say how much of the expense of conducting any office would have been saved, had competency been the only claim recognized in selecting its clerks and officers. There are no dividends dependent on proper management, no profits to be impaired by incompetency.

As a matter of fact, a public officer who dares to select his subordinates for fitness alone, so far from gaining reputation, is apt to be looked upon as cold-blooded and selfish and indifferent to the claims of party. Nor does dishonesty, unless it involves an actual theft of money, produce any apparent deficit. The most common species of dishonesty in public officers,—collusion with defrauders of the revenue, the staying of the penalties of the law against wrong-doers, the corrupt letting of profitable contracts and the like—although resulting in a loss to the Government no less real than an actual theft of money from its vaults, do not like that produce any apparent deficit in its accounts. From the very nature of the case, no such tests can be applied to the choosing of public officials as to the selection of servants in private business. But this argument, it may be said, applies only to the selection of fit persons by the appointing power,—may not an independent and impartial board select good men for public places, without examination? Most emphatically, no! Why should it? If the officers who are responsible for the proper transaction of the public business, and who must therefore require some degree of fitness in at least a portion of their subordinates, are faithless to their trust, when considerations so weighty require fidelity, why should an irresponsible board, governed by no such considerations, be faithful? The appointing officers, unless entirely callous to public censure and indifferent to their own success, have some degree of pride and interest in the right performance of the public business for which they are responsible, although that pride and interest may be largely neutralized by other influences. But boards, unless tied down to a rigid mode of procedure, as are those acting under the present Civil Service Rules, would have no such feeling. The failure to select good men would affect them but remotely, and their interest in reform would be likely to be overcome by the desire to secure their own personal or political advantage by conciliating the politicians. Boards, for whatever purpose constituted, from the fact that the responsibility for their action is divided among their individual members, are proverbially careless, and often corrupt in their action. Boards for the selection of persons for the Civil Service according to their arbitrary notions of the fitness of the candidates, without any prescribed method of examination for testing that fitness, would degenerate into the worst

instruments of partisanship and patronage that could be devised. How easy it would be for them to see merits in the friends of influential Congressmen and defects in those destitute of orthodox political recommendations! If any question should be raised as to the justice of their action in any case, there would be no inconvenient examination papers to refer to, but the questioner could be silenced by the bland assurance, that in the opinion of the Board the person recommended was the fittest.

For these conclusive reasons the Boards should be bound down to rigidly prescribed methods of procedure, the competition should be open to all showing a reasonable degree of capacity and fitness, the examinations should be written and open to inspection, the standards of acquirement should be accurately defined and the whole plan of action should be set forth with precision. By these means only can impartiality be secured. All of these indispensable guarantees are secured by the present system. The distinguishing features of that system are: the division of offices into groups graded upward from the lowest grade of clerks to the chief clerk or assistant of the head of the office; admission to the service at the lowest grades of groups only; the confinement of promotions to grades above the lowest to persons already in the group, provided they pass a certain minimum standard; open written competitive examinations of all applicants showing a reasonable degree of fitness, and furnishing the required evidence as to citizenship, age, health, habits, character, knowlege of the English language, and fidelity to the Union and Constitution, for original entry into the service; similar competition among all the members of the group of whatever grade for promotion to grades above the lowest; the certification of three names, of which the appointing power may take his choice, for each place; the appointment of persons entering the service for probationary terms of six months, during which their conduct and capacity are tested; and the confinement of examinations for admission to the elementary branches of an English education and to practical tests of capacity for the place to be filled, and for promotion to the same subjects, with the addition of questions pertaining to the duties of the office. Heads of bureaus, and all higher officers in Washington, assistant treasurers, and foreign ministers, are excepted from the operation of the rules, while the more important offices in the customs service are brought within them only so far as to make it the duty of the President to appoint subordinates, if it appears on inquiry that they are competent. The operation of the system, it thus appears, is substantially confined to clerks and other minor ministerial officers, all of the principal administrative offices being excepted. This is prudent in the beginning of the system. Although the operation of the rules may doubtless be further extended hereafter with advantage, there are certain great public offices at which it should stop. The opponents of civil service reform argue, that the principle which requires that an examination be held to test the qualifications of a clerk should demand, in order to be consistent with itself, the application of the same test to a cabinet officer. It is to be feared that some of the friends of the measure have been misled by the same reasoning. Although the application of the distinction in some cases may be difficult and somewhat arbitrary, the line should be drawn between the positions which are purely ministerial or routine and those which are administrative, or by which the policy of the Government is shaped. The position of head of bureau in the department at Washington, for instance, is one which seems to fall partly within and partly without the line, but there can be no doubt that the office of cabinet minister does not fall within the principle. It must be unhesitatingly admitted that examinations are entirely inadequate to test the judicial mind, the comprehensive judgment and foresight, the masterly executive power required for such a position. The triumph of a political party means that the people have decreed that the principles and the policy of which that party is the exponent shall be carried out in the administration of the Government. So far as it is necessary that appointments should be political in order to execute the popular will, they must be left to the discretion of the President, who is the representative of that will. The members of the cabinet and some other high offices are of this class. A cabinet officer, in order to successfully aid in carrying out the principles of the dominant party, should be selected from its leaders and should be in full accord with them. A fit man for such a purpose could not be chosen by any examination that could be devised. There is usually a strong popular sentiment that points to certain leading statesmen as justly entitled to such positions—a sentiment more unerring in its operation than any other mode of selection.

The triumph of a party means, for instance,

that a certain financial policy, which has been one of the issues of the campaign, shall be carried out. To secure that end it is unquestionably necessary that an advocate of that policy should be Secretary of the Treasury. No matter how excellent an executive officer a candidate for the place may be, how thorough his knowledge of political economy, how statesman-like his views on other subjects, if he be not in accord with the majority on this point he cannot be a successful officer. But whether the subordinate officers or clerks of the department share his views is a matter of the profoundest indifference. Their usefulness is no more impaired by not sharing them than that of a clerk in the New York Custom House would be diminished by his being a free-trader, or that of a clerk of a bank-note company by his being a bullionist. General Grant, in the selection of his cabinet officers, has too often ignored this distinction. He has chosen men on account of their executive capacity or because of his personal likings, rather than for their high standing before the country or fitness to represent the views of the people on public questions. Although this plan has made his cabinet much more harmonious than that of Mr. Lincoln, who made the mistake of filling his cabinet with his political rivals; and although he has usually been fortunate in securing efficient executive officers, there rarely has been a time when so little heed was given by Congress to the recommendations of the cabinet officers of a President so strong with the people. This unfortunate result can be ascribed only to the lack of sympathy between them and the leaders of the party in Congress. Certainly, had the recommendations of Mr. Chase or Mr. Seward been so lightly treated as those of some of the members of the present cabinet, they would have thrown up their portfolios in indignation.

The necessity for such harmony, however, no more extends to the mere routine or ministerial officers than to the rank and file of an army. Once *esprit de corps* is infused into the civil service by making admission to it a guarantee of integrity and talent, so that it will be considered an honor to be a member of it, and there will be no more reason why a clerk or subordinate officer should be in accord with the ruling party in order to be trustworthy than that a sergeant or lieutenant of the army should be. No distrust was expressed concerning the fidelity of an officer of the army in enforcing the Ku Klux acts because he was a Democrat, for the simple reason that it is well understood that every officer considers himself the servant, not of a party, but of the government. Civil service reform seeks to make the civil service as honorable and as trustworthy as the military or naval, by admitting only worthy persons to it, by confining promotions, as in the army or navy, to members of the service, and by securing permanency of tenure during good behavior. The false theory that under a Republican form of government the civil offices are the legitimate spoils of the successful party might be applied with as much propriety to the army or the navy, and doubtless long since would have been, had it not been apparent that the extension to them of the system of rotation in office would have been fatal to their efficiency, integrity, and pride, and would have made even the conquest of Mexico impossible.

Much unnecessary fear has been expressed that if the doors of the service were thrown open to persons of all shades of politics, the secrets of the Government might be divulged to the opposite party, and be made the occasion of partisan attacks upon the administration. Such a fear can be justified only by the mistaken notion that the public business is the concern not of the whole people, but of the dominant party for the time being. But in truth, members of all parties are equally concerned in the proper transaction of the public business, and an opponent of the party in power has quite as much right to know how the public affairs are managed as its most unflinching supporter. If they are properly managed, no harm can result from making known their condition; if improperly, the sooner the fact is made known the better. The argument, if it has any weight, makes rather in favor of the representation of all political parties in the civil service, so that the fear of exposure may prevent wrong-doing in the interest of the ruling party. The same notion, logically carried out, would exclude members of the minority from the committees of Congress lest party secrets should be divulged.

Civil Service Reform demands that the public business shall be conducted on the same basis as private business; that is to say, that the best men that the salaries command shall be chosen for the Government service. A party triumph, rightly construed, means simply that the majority of the people has decreed that a certain line of public policy shall be pursued; and changes in the public service should be made only so far as is necessary to accomplish that result. So far as the rank and file of the service are concerned, it is a

matter of absolute indifference, in considering their capacity and efficiency, whether they belong to the dominant party or not. The business of most subordinates is as purely mechanical as that of a day laborer upon the public works, and there is no greater reason in the one case than in the other why the person employed should be a good Republican in order to serve a Republican administration efficiently. It is plain that if the debasing system of rotation and patronage is to be overthrown, partisanship must be ignored in making appointments to the minor places in the civil service. To look for its permanent overthrow otherwise, would be to expect that upon a change of parties in the administration of the Government, the incoming party would be content to leave undisturbed in public place the partisan appointees of its predecessor, and to claim for itself the privilege of filling with its own adherents only such vacancies as might casually occur; in other words, that the incoming party would be willing to extend the privilege of holding all the offices for the time being to an opposing party which had refused to open even the casual vacancies to any but its own adherents. When the principles which are to govern the administration of the Government have been settled, the mass of the people has no interest in the distribution of public offices other than that they shall be filled by honest and competent men. So far as a party triumph is perverted to mean anything else in the minds of the people, the perversion is due to the effects of a false and pernicious practice which has been unthinkingly accepted as the natural order of things.

Thus far the system of open competition has been applied only to the minor places in the Departments in Washington, and to the offices of the Treasury Department in the city of New York. The information from all sources agrees that it has been as successful as could be hoped, while the salaries of the places are so low, and popular distrust of the sincerity of the reform is so great, and that it is surely winning its way to complete success against the clamors and misrepresentations of prejudice and ignorance, and the active opposition of all grades of politicians who see in the threatened downfall of the old system an end to their political hopes and schemes. That the success of the system has been so great is largely due to the wisdom which has been shown by the Boards of Examiners—composed of practical men selected from the officers of the departments—in conducting their examinations.

Thanks to the restless opposition of General Butler, who, unable to understand how men intrusted with duties so responsible could be honest, and, hopeful of unearthing some evidence of trickery or chicanery, persuaded the House of Representatives to call for copies of all the questions used in the civil service examinations, the Boards have been enabled to place their examination-papers before the public, and so to vindicate the wisdom and fairness of the examinations. Unlike the English examiners, who seem concerned to secure for the civil service persons of the requisite social standing rather than practical business capacity, and who have therefore set up so high a standard that only University men or others of equally high training can hope to pass it, the Boards appear to have been careful to so shape their examinations as to test actual present capacity for the public service rather than mere scholastic or literary attainments. The candidate is seated at a desk, and confronted with a day's work, in the shape of an examination quite equal in difficulty to that of any place to which he is likely to be assigned. If he passes the ordeal he cannot fail to be equal to the duties required of him in the department. The examinations for admission to the service are confined to elementary subjects, embracing arithmetic as far as percentage, the elements of book-keeping, orthography, syntax, punctuation, English composition, précis or briefing, and general questions concerning the constitution, geography, and history of the United States, all embodied, far as possible, in concrete as, practical exercises, judiciously chosen. In the examinations for promotion the same range of elementary topics is preserved, with the addition of technical questions pertaining to the organization, practice, and duties of the office, and increasing in difficulty with the rank of the place to be filled. These last-mentioned questions demand from the examiners thorough knowledge and good judgment —a demand to which the Board seem to have been fully equal. Great care appears to have been taken to shape the examinations with reference to the places to be filled, and to exclude useless, absurd, or catch questions. Many of the most intelligent advocates of reform demand that the examinations for admission should go further than they have been carried, and exact from persons seeking to enter the government service guarantees of high literary and educational proficiency. Were it practicable to obtain this proficiency in addition to capacity for the place to be

filled, it would doubtless be wise to demand it, both because the very best men in every respect should be obtained, thus elevating the tone and character of the service, and because, as all have to enter the service at the lowest point, the examinations for admission are, in one sense, examinations for all the higher grades. But to enforce such a system now is utterly impracticable: first, because the salaries are so low that it is difficult to get men who satisfy the requirements even of the present examinations; and, second, because the mere whisper that the standard for admission was so high that only those possessing a collegiate education could pass it, would excite a storm of popular indignation which would sweep the whole system out of existence. The Boards have done wisely in keeping their examinations upon a simple, practical basis.

The general conclusion reached from a consideration of all trustworthy reports concerning it is, that Civil Service Reform is today, in the branches of the service to which its rules have been applied, a real and successful reform. If it can once be put in full operation in all the branches of the Government service, and protected from the assaults of its enemies until it becomes firmly rooted, its merits will be so manifest that it will be able to successfully defy all efforts for its overthrow.

THE INSANITY OF CAIN.

WHATEVER is startling in the fact of questioning Cain's sanity only goes to prove the simple justice of the doubt. For more than five thousand years humankind has been content to look upon the First Born as a murderer. Each new generation, convicting him as it were without hearing of judge or jury, has felt far more concern that the conviction should be understood as a so-called religious fact than that their remote and defenseless fellow-creature should have the benefit of human justice. One-tenth of the zeal and candor with which our own Froude has endeavored to make a saint of England's chronic widower might have sufficed to lift a world's weight of obloquy from the shoulders of Cain. But, until to-day, no philosopher has chosen to assume the difficult and delicate task. No jurisprudent has dared to investigate a charge that has been a sort of moral stronghold for ages. So grand a thing is it to be able to point away, far back, deeper and deeper into antiquity, to the very First Families, and say, Behold the fountain-head of our murder record!

Doggerel has much to answer for. It has driven many a monstrous wrong into the heart of its century. It has done its worst with Cain, but not *the* worst.

> C——— is for Cain,
> Who his brother had slain,

though winning in cadence, lacks spirit as a charge. It is too non-committal. The feeble soul that contrived it was fit only for jury-duty. It wants the snap of preconceived opinion. But CAIN, THE FIRST MURDERER, is grand, unique, statistical. Hence its vitality and power. Generation after generation, taught to loathe his very name, has accepted the statement on general principles. There had to be a first murderer—and why not Cain? Again—why not Abel for the murderee?

There was no miasma in that sweet, fresh time; no scope for contagious diseases; there were no pastry-shops, no distilleries, no patent medicines, no blisters, no lancets and no doctors. Consequently, there was no way for a man to die unless somebody killed him. Cain did this thing for Abel. That we do not dispute; nor that he did it gratis and unsolicited. But was he a murderer? Setting aside the possibility that Abel's time had not come, are we to judge Cain by the face of his deed? May there not have been palliating conditions, temperamental causes? In a word, was he sane?

For centuries, ages, the world has overlooked the tremendous considerations involved in this question, placidly branding an unfortunate man with deepest ignominy and taking it for granted that his deed was deliberate,—the act of a self-poised, calculating and guilty mind. Let us see.

In the first place, Cain, for a time, was the only child on earth! That in itself was enough to disturb the strongest juvenile organism. All the petting, nursing, trotting, coddling, and watching of the whole civilized world falling upon one pair of baby shoulders! Naturally the little fellow soon considered himself a person of consequence—all-absorbing consequence, in fact. Then came Abel, disturbing and upsetting his dearest convic-

tions. Another self! A new somebody! A kicking counterfeit, held fondly in *his* mother's arms, riding to Banbury Cross on *his* father's foot!

A Brother? What did it mean? There were no books to tell him; and if there had been, the poor child never knew a letter. There were no philosophers or metaphysicians in those days to explain the phenomenon. The earliest Beecher was not born; Darwin was still a lingering atom in some undreamed of, unorganized pseudo-protoplasm of a monkey. The child had no friends, not even a school-fellow. Adam's time was taken up with what modern conundrumists have called his express company; Eve had the baby to mind, and Cain was left alone to brood over the unfathomable. Think of the influence thus brought to bear upon the delicate, sensitive brain of that very select child. A mature intellect would have given way under a far less strain.

But Cain survived it. He became reconciled, we will say, to the little Abel. They played and shouted together as children do in our day, racing the fields at will, growing to be strong, brave little animals, fierce, impulsive, and aggressive—especially Cain. But how did they fare æsthetically—no academies, no Sunday-schools, no gymnasiums, nothing to direct and balance their young minds!

Their parents were plain people, caring little for society, we imagine, and anything but dressy in their tastes. There were no lectures in those days, remember; no concerts, no Young Men's Christian Associations to make life one long festivity—everything was at a dead level. Probably the only excitements Adam and Eve had were thrashing the children and making them "behave." Whatever sensation Adam may have made among the beasts of the field, the only public movement possible to his active-minded wife was to notify all mankind (*i.e.*, little Cain and Abel) to look out, for Adam was coming! Naturally, Abel, being the baby, the last and therefore the best and dearest, was spared these thrashings and public excitements to a great extent; and so the burden of social responsibility fell upon poor little Cain. Who shall blame him, or wonder at the act, if now and then he indulged in a sly kick at Abel—Abel, the goody boy of the family, the "rest of the world," who would not on any account be as naughty and noisy as brother Cain?

Yet who of us can say that any such kick was administered? At that early stage of his existence, the controlling mind of Cain had not yet given way.

It is no light matter to be the first man in a world like this; and Cain certainly was preparing to hold that position. Adam, his father, was created for a purpose. Like Minerva, he sprang into life full grown; therefore, though we may safely consider him as the first human creature, he certainly was not the first man. For how can one be a man who never was a child?

Here we have another argument in favor of Cain. Besides having no bad boys to pattern after, he was under the constant direction of his parents, who certainly, if only from an instinct of self-preservation, would have trained him never to be passionate or cruel, when in his right mind. To be sure they labored under a peculiar disadvantage. Herbert Spencer himself, coming into the world booted and spurred, with no childhood to look back upon, might have been at a loss how to manage the first boy. We must never forget that there was a time when instinct and reflex action had the start of the doctrine of precedent and law of consequences; when the original "I told you so!" had yet to be uttered. Even the warning example of Cain was denied to the moral advancing of this first boy.

Still the situation had its advantages. There were no fond uncles and aunts, no doting grand-parents to spoil the child and confound the best endeavors of Adam and Eve. Fortunately for the boy, poor Richard's Almanac was yet unwritten; George Washington's little hatchet was never brandished before his infant mind; and Casabianca had not yet struck his attitude on the burning deck. So young Cain was spared a host of discouraging influences. In short, there is every reason to believe that, in spite of depressing conditions and surroundings, he grew up to be at least a better man than his father, who never had any bringing up at all. That he did not kill Abel in his boyhood is proof enough of this. There was discipline somewhere.

And in the name of developed science and Christian charity why not, in considering subsequent events, make due allowance for whatever phrenological excesses the cranium of young Cain may have possessed? An intelligent father of to-day, figuratively speaking, can take his child's head by the forelock. He can detect what is within it, and counteract proclivities. If an ominous bump rise near his baby's ear, he is ready to check combativeness with "Mary had a little lamb," "Children, you should never let," and other tender ditties. In a word, he may

take observations from the little mounts of character on his child's head, and so, if he be wise, direct the young life into safe and pleasant places. But Adam knew nothing of phrenology. Nor have we great reason to believe that, if he *had* known of it, he would have discreetly followed its indications. Children are not always cherubs. We all know how the dearest of our little ones sometimes become so "aggravating" as to upset our highest philosophies. Was Adam more than human? Say, rather, he was the fountain-head and source of human passion.

Again, both children were the victims of an abiding privation. They had the natural propensities of childhood. They had teeth, stomach, appetite,—all the conditions, we will say, of cholera infantum,—except the one thing for which they secretly yearned—green apples! These of course were not to be had in that house. They were not even allowed to be mentioned in the family. Not once in all their lonely childhood were those children comforted with apples. Think of the possibilities of inherited appetite, and then conceive of the effect of these years of unnatural privation!

Again, who shall question that at times the deepest and most mysterious gloom pervaded that household? Even if Adam and Eve did not confide in their children, their oldest boy must have suspected that something was wrong. *What was it?*—the terrible something to be read, and yet not read, in the averted faces of that doomed pair? They evidently had seen better days. Where? Why? How? What had become of some vague inheritance that Cain felt was his by right? Morning, noon, and night, misty and terrible suspicions haunted his young mind. Night and noon and morning, the mystery revolved and revolved within him. Was this conducive to sanity?

Conceive of the effect of the animals seen in the children's daily walks! There were no well-ordered menagerie specimens then, with Barnum or Van Amburgh in the background as a foil against terror. Savage beasts glared and growled and roared at every turn. Whatever geologists may say to the contrary, we must insist that the antediluvian animals did not necessarily antedate Adam. Taking the mildest possible view of the case, the plesiosaurus, pterodactyl, mastodon and megatherium, in their native state, could not have been soothing objects of contemplation to the infant mind.

Well, the boys grew up. But how bleak their young manhood! No patent-leather boots, no swallow-tails, no standing-collars, no billiards, no girls to woo, no fellows to flout! Nothing to do when the farm-work was over and the sheep in for the night but to look into each other's untrimmed faces with a mute "Confounded dull!" more terrible than raving.

Fathers of to-day, would your own children pass unscathed through such an existence as this? Your little Abels might stand it, but how about your little Cains? Would they not "put a head" on somebody? Would they not become, if not stark, staring mad, at least *non compos mentis?* Gentlemen of the jury, these considerations are not to be lightly passed by.

In judging of Cain, look at the situation. On the one hand, a terrible family mystery, no schools, no churches, no lectures, no society, no amusements, no apples! On the other hand, the whole burden of humanity borne for the first time; paternal discipline; undue phrenological developments; monotonous employment; antediluvian monsters; antediluvian parents, and an antediluvian good brother in whose mouth butter would have remained intact for ages.

Undoubtedly that brother had an exasperating smile. He was happy because he was virtuous. He had a way of forgiving and forgetting that for a time would deprive the offender of reason itself; above all, he had a cool, collected manner of his own, added to a chronic desire to be an angel. His offerings always fulfilled the conditions. His fires needed only to be lighted, and the smoke was sure to ascend with a satisfied, confident curl far into the sky.

Cain's, on the contrary, refused to burn. We can see it all. The smoke struggled and flopped. It crept along the ground, and, clinging to his feet, wound about him like a serpent. It grew black and angry, shot sideways into his eyes, blinding and strangling him—

And there stood Abel beside *his* pile, radiant, satisfied, wanting to be an angel!

It was but the work of a moment. The pent-up, disorganizing influences of a life-time found vent in one wild moment of emotional insanity. Abel was no more!

Why dwell upon the tragedy? The world is familiar with its sickening details. We shall not repeat them here, nor shall we question the justice of the punishment that came to Cain,—the remorse, the desolation, the sense of being a fugitive and a vagabond on the face of the earth. He had killed his brother, and the penalty must be paid. Sane

or insane, a terrible retribution must have overtaken him. But how about his guilt? Would it have been the same in either case? Are hereditary organism, temperamental excitability, emotional phrensy not to be considered? No, a thousand times NO! What "competent juror" would acquiesce in such a proposition!

Friends, the time has come when this case must be taken up. Its mighty issues can no longer be set aside. If Cain was not sane at the moment of the killing, the stain of murder must be wiped from his brow now and forever. This tardy justice may at least be done him. Our children and our children's children must be taught to speak of Cain the man-slaughterer; Cain the mentally-excitable; Cain the peculiarly-circumstanced. But Cain the murderer? Never!

A man's own testimony shall not convict or acquit him. But are we not to take into account, as indicative of his state of mind, actions and declarations coincident with the commission of the crime alleged against him? If at or about the time of the fatal deed, there was positive evidence of incoherence—what then? Witness the last recorded words of Cain:

EVERY ONE THAT FINDETH ME SHALL SLAY ME!

Is this the utterance of a sane mind? *Every* one that findeth me shall slay me? Gentlemen! Cain, at this point, was not only crazy—he was the craziest man that ever existed! No ordinary lunatic, however preposterous his terrors, expects to be killed more than once. But to this poor creature retribution suddenly assumed a hydra-headed form. His distracted brain, unconscious that Adam was the only other man in the wide world, instantly created an immense population. He saw himself falling again and again by the strokes of successive assassins, even as Abel had fallen under his hand. His first dazed glimpse of death expanded and intensified into a horror never since conceived by mind of man. His happiness overthrown; his reason a wreck: a prey to fears that stretched before him forever, with no possible hope of final destruction,—the only consolation is that he could not foreknow the merciless verdict of posterity. He did not recognize in himself The First Murderer. Rather than dream of such ignominy as this, was it not better that he should cry in his ravings: Every one that findeth me shall slay me!

We leave the question to the intelligence and the justice of this faithful and enlightened century.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Thou Shalt Kill.

MURDER as a fine art has been written of by one of the masters of the English tongue, and now we are advanced so much upon that as to talk about it as a duty. Professor Francis W. Newman has a letter in a late number of *The Spectator*, in which he speaks calmly, and with apparent earnestness, of the duty both of murder and suicide, under certain conditions. He says he has reason to believe that a friend of his, in an illness lingering and hopeless, withdrew himself somewhat prematurely from life under a sense of duty. He has asked the opinions of many people on the subject, and they "think a painful, useless and hopeless life *ought* to be ended." By emphasizing the word "ought," the writer doubtless intends to convey the idea of a duty resting somewhere. So much for the question of suicide. In regard to killing others, he supposes two cases—one in which the member of a party passing through a wilderness breaks down, and must be left behind in order that the others may save their lives, and begs to be killed at once, in order to save him from greater and prolonged suffering; and another in which a sick old life ruins the young life that attends it.

In both these cases there comes the duty of killing. At least we infer this, for there would be no significance in the statement of the cases without this conclusion. Under the musical designation of "Euthanasia," Prof. Newman speaks of this sort of murder as an act that ought to be publicly approved and legalized under certain conditions. He thinks, too, that, properly restricted, the privilege of murder would not be liable to abuse.

The mode of operation would be something like this, we suppose: An old man, having worn out his life in the service of his children, comes at last to the point where they can do him more good than he can do them. The attention he needs brings to them wearisome days and nights of watching. It becomes inconvenient that the old fellow live any longer: he doesn't have a very good time himself, he does not expect to have any better, and his children and friends regard him as an intolerable bore, and wish that he were dead and out of the way. Under these circumstances, the parties apply to a magistrate for liberty

to put him out of the way. A physician certifies that he is hopelessly diseased, his own consent is in some way obtained (and as he would be quite apt to be muddled by medicine it ought not to be a difficult thing to get that), the friends are all agreed, and an extra dose of chloroform closes the scene and relieves them, casting them at once into mourning, and into the sad and solemn duties of dividing such property as their much-lamented relative may have left behind him. In case the invalid were a mother-in-law, or an incompatible wife or husband, or an unwelcome baby, or a maiden aunt who had outlived her usefulness, or a family servant who lagged superfluous on the stage, and could not be sent to the poor-house without injuring the reputation of those to whom he had given the services of a faithful life, the beauty of this arrangement would become still more obvious. There is not, of course, the smallest opportunity for abuse !

We should really like to see Prof. Newman. Our present impression is that, as an old man, he would not pay very largely for care, and that his doctrines could be tried upon himself with very little danger to society, and not much loss to his immediate family and social circle.

But Prof. Newman is a learned man, and so is Mr. Tollemache, who writes on the same side of this same subject with him; and we suppose they regard themselves as deserving dignified treatment. Very well; let us try to formulate the principle involved in their doctrines and declarations. *When a life becomes exceedingly or hopelessly inconvenient to its owner or to society, it ought to be destroyed.* This seems to us a fair statement of the principle involved in Professor Newman's declarations concerning his supposed cases, and, if it be allowed to stand as such, we see at once to what awful absurdities it will lead us. It involves the destruction of millions of human beings in embryo, of a large class of children born into the world with diseased souls and bodies, of paupers by the hundred thousand, of all the idiots living, of half the insane, of all the bed-ridden and the helpless, and of all the beggars that swarm like vermin throughout the old world. On this principle, we could reduce the bread-eaters of the world by many millions in a single day, and by recognizing the principle in law—as these philosophers suggest—we should so obliterate from the mind of the brutal masses the idea of the sacredness of human life, that it would be no longer safe anywhere. Recognize in law the principle that hopeless inconvenience in life justifies death, and the suicidal and murderous impulses hold the license of the widest havoc in their hands.

Such a doctrine as this of Prof. Newman could only have originated in a mind very poorly furnished with Christian motives. Life is not the best thing in existence. Honor is better than life. Filial gratitude is better than life. Heroic endurance, either of suffering or of ministry to suffering, is better than life. The preservation of the liberties of a country is cheaply purchased by life. The dying lips of thousands of heroes have declared that death for one's country is sweet. It is better that the virtues of fortitude and patience and patriotism and self-devotion find development and illustration than that bodily comfort be secured, or even life prolonged. The Saviour of men came to a world about as hopelessly diseased as it could be, in body and soul. We cannot tell what Prof. Newman would have counseled under the circumstances, but it would have seemed consistent for him to say, "Let the whole thing burn, and get it out of the way." The devil was around in those days, and indulged himself in giving advice which was very properly and peremptorily declined; and Prof. Newman would not have fared better, for He who came to seek and save that which was lost gave himself for it. He was young, powerful, divine; but there were certain things that he recognized as better than the continuance of his mortal life, and he gave that life for them.

If man is nothing but an animal, if this life is all there is of his existence, and the question simply concerns the amount of comfort to be got out of it in this transient world, why, let him do as he likes with himself and his friends; but he who regards the present scene as only the foreground of an infinite spiritual future, through which, if one tread faithfully the prescribed passages of pain as well as pleasure, he shall find himself in higher pathways, as a consequence, at the last,—we say he will take life whether it be convenient or inconvenient, and hold it as the gift of God, inalienable by any reason of infirmity or suffering, or hopeless disease, or cost to other life through necessary ministry. The doctrines of Prof. Newman and Mr. Tollemache are unchristian doctrines. They carry us back into barbarism—back into the darkness in which children killed parents that became a burden to them, and mothers strangled infants that could only inherit their own sufferings. It is an infamous criticism of the divine wisdom, an insult to Providence, an assault upon the safeguards of society, and a reflection upon human nature and human destiny from which all Christian manhood recoils as from the touch of a serpent.

Mitigating Circumstances.

AMONG the various reasons assigned by those interested in procuring the commutation of the sentence pronounced upon a convicted murderer in this city, for demanding the executive clemency, we did not see one which was really stronger than any other. It is strange that this was overlooked by both the parties opposing each other in this movement. In Dr. Tyng's letter to the Governor, we find the statement that Foster was drunk when he inflicted the fatal blow upon his victim. Granting that this was the case—for there is no doubt of it—the question arises as to the responsibility for this man's drunkenness. To a great and criminal extent the responsibility undoubtedly rested upon him: but has it occurred to this community, which so loudly calls for protection against

murderous ruffianism, that it has consented to the existence of those conditions which all history has proved make murderous ruffianism certain? There is no reasonable doubt that every murderer now confined in the Tombs committed his crime under the direct or indirect influence of alcoholic drinks. Either under the immediate spur of the maddening poison, or through the brutality engendered by its habitual use, the murderous impulse was born. It is reasonably doubtful whether one of these criminals would have become a criminal if whisky had been beyond his reach. Does any one doubt this? Let him go to the cells and inquire. If the answer he gets is different from what we suggest, then the cases he finds will be strangely exceptional.

Now, who is to blame for establishing and maintaining all the conditions of danger to human life through murder? Why, the very community that complains of the danger, and calls for the execution of the murderers. So long as rum is sold at every street corner, with the license of the popular vote, men will drink themselves into brutality, and a percentage of those thus debasing themselves will commit murder. The sun is not more certain to rise in the morning than this event is to take place under these conditions. Fatal appetites are bred under this license. Diseased stomachs and brains are produced under it by the thousand. Wills are broken down, and become useless for all purposes of self-restraint. And all this is done, let it be remembered, with the consent of the community, for a certain price in money, which the community appropriates as a revenue. Then, when this license produces its legitimate results—results that always attend such license, and could have been distinctly foreseen in the light of experience—the community lifts its hands in holy horror, and clamors for the blood of the murderer in order to secure its own safety. It never thinks of drying up the fountain. It is easier to hang a man than shut up a grog-shop. It is easier to dry up a life than a revenue. It is easier to choke a prisoner than a politician.

We are not pleading for any murderer's life. We have signed no petition for any man's pardon; but we have this to say: that so long as the sources of drunkenness are kept open, the killing of a murderer will have very little effect in staying the hand of murder, and securing the safety of human life. If this is what we are after in seeking the execution of the extreme penalty of the law, our object will not be reached. We have this further to say, that a community knowing that the traffic in alcoholic liquors is sure to produce murderers, and to render society unsafe, becomes virtually an accomplice before the fact of murder, and, therefore, responsible for all the dangers to itself that lie in the murderous impulse.

We declare, then, without any qualification, that the attitude of the community of the city of New York toward the liquor traffic, is a mitigating circumstance in the case of nearly every murder committed in it. Further, it is a mitigating circumstance in the case of nearly every brutal assault, in every case of drunkenness, and in half the other crimes that are committed. It is through the poverty and the shamelessness and immorality that come from drunkenness that our beggars and thieves are produced. If we could wipe out of existence all the crimes and woes of our city directly traceable to the almost unrestricted traffic in alcoholic stimulants to-day, the city would not know itself to-morrow. The surprise experienced by Mr. Squeers at finding himself so respectable would be more than matched by the surprise of a national metropolis at finding itself redeemed to virtue and personal safety.

And now what will the community do about it? Nothing. The wine-bibbers among our first families will sip at the delicious beverage among themselves, feed it to their young men, and nurse them into murderers and debauchees, and vote for the license of a traffic on which they depend for their choicest luxuries. Goodish men will partake of it, for their stomach's sake and for their often infirmities. The Frenchman will destroy his bottle of Bordeaux every day; the German will guzzle the lager that swells him into a tight-skinned, disgusting barrel; and the whisky-drinker, under the license that all these men claim for themselves, will poison himself, body and soul, and descend into a grave that kindly covers his shame, or into crime and pauperism that endanger the property and life of the city, or sap its prosperity. In the mean time the ruffian or the murderer, acting under the influence of his maddening draughts, will maim and kill, and the very men who helped him to the conditions sure to develop the devil in him will clamor for his life.

In the mean time, also, it will comfort itself by the declaration that SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY is very extreme in its views concerning the temperance question.

Cruelty to Men and Women.

WE need in New York a society for the prevention of cruelty to men and women. The officers of the law have proved themselves to be inefficient for this purpose, and we need some men, acting for a powerful association, to do for men, women, and children precisely what Mr. Bergh is doing for animals. Children are over-worked, or are put to work at too tender an age; landlords are mercenary and compel poor tenants to live in buildings that are unfit for human residence; employers of dependent women refuse fair payment for work, and leave them without redress; women are insulted in omnibuses and horse-cars and by-places, and have no protection. Men are beset by thieves in broad daylight, and robbed and maltreated. We know of women who have ridden past a dozen blocks in a public conveyance, with a husband on one side of them and a villain on the other, submitting to insults from the latter all the way, rather than endanger the life of the former by complaint. It has come to this in New York, that women who are sup-

posed to be riding under protection feel compelled to ignore insults in order to save their protectors from danger. The lesson of the Foster case was a fearful one.

The field for the operations of such a society as the one we propose is immense. We have only indicated a few of the evils which it could do much to remedy. Its office, of course, should be simply auxiliary to that of the authorities. It should ferret out abuses and expose them. It should take hold of old evils and bring them to destruction. It should stand behind every poor and feeble man, and assist him to maintain his rights. It should see that every woman has protection in every thoroughfare of this great city. It should become a volunteer conscience to the law itself, and a stimulating influence upon all its officers. It should furnish moral impulse, money and brains, wherever they are needed, to root out wrongs, bring criminals to justice, protect innocence and helplessness, and insist on the execution of laws which the officers of the law regard with indifference or repugnance. There is not an owner of a horse in New York who does not feel the influence of Mr. Bergh upon him, and who, when tempted to cruelty, does not look round him to see whether any of his officers are watching. The same influence brought to bear upon all who are tempted to wrong-doing toward men, women, and children, would repress a world of crime every year. The eye of a gigantic association, with a million dollars at its back, watching everywhere about the city, would be protection in itself; and the hand of such an association would become the right hand of the law. Such an association is just as practicable and just as legitimate as that for suppressing obscene literature or any other nuisance. Who will move in it, and take the quickest open opportunity for immortality?

Civil Service Reform.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY is not a political magazine; but when it sees the Chief Magistrate of the nation working earnestly in a most important field of national reform, against the corrupt and mercenary spirit of all parties, it cannot refrain from giving him such support and encouragement as lie in its power to give, be it little or much. We publish elsewhere in this number a fair exposition of the operations of the civil service reform, to which we invite universal attention, and although we have recently spoken of the matter, it can do no harm to keep it before the people.

Civil service reform is a very simple thing—so simple that any man of common sense can understand it, and so just that any man of common honesty must approve it. It proposes to employ only those men in the executive departments of the governmental service who are fitted for their duties, and to ascertain their fitness through a board of competent examiners. It proposes that no considerations but those of fitness shall enter into the selection of men to fill the various offices within the gift of the executive. If this is not the best way to get good and competent public servants, then there can be no best way. To suppose that any other way can be as good as this, would be to convict one's self of idiocy. It is a measure which cannot fairly be presented to the people without securing nine-tenths of their votes. It appeals to their common sense and their common honesty; and it is not possible that any powerful opposition can be instituted against it except through unworthy motives.

This we believe to be a plain and utterly truthful statement of facts; and it may safely be predicted of the future, that there will be no opposition to the reform that will not spring from politicians interested in retaining a hold upon the federal patronage, for the purpose of enlarging and perpetuating their personal power. The senator or the member of the House who opposes Civil Service Reform may safely be put down as a man unworthy of his place. Whatever his reasons or his apologies may be, either to his own conscience or the public, there can be no question that the under-lying reason of all is, that he wishes to influence the executive patronage for personal or party purposes. It is this very business which has so degraded politics, and which has made it practically impossible for multitudes of good men to have anything to do with them. The politics of the country, under the old system, had degenerated into matters of barter, or bargain and sale, among intriguing politicians. The people have had little to do in choosing their rulers for years, except to confirm the arrangements of those who had parceled out the offices among themselves. Civil Service Reform puts its foot upon all this, and, while immeasurably improving and economizing the public service, takes away from politics the most efficient means of popular corruption. There is no single Christian consideration that does not demand that the President shall be sustained in his efforts to secure this reform,—none that does not demand that every politician, of whatever sort, who opposes it shall be denounced and put down. The reform has been begun, and we trust that every section of the American press, political and otherwise, will insist that it be permitted and compelled to work out its perfect work, in the restoration of the public service to efficiency and economy, and the redemption of national politics to patriotism and purity.

THE OLD CABINET.

ONE does feel sometimes, if one writes, that there is nothing left in the world to be original about; that pretty much everything has been said, sung, described. The cyclical theory is a dreadful nightmare. And to think of Livingstone's finding in the very heart of Africa just the same sort of a bird-trap that civilized American boys catch chippies with! Given, a human being—and everything is included. You get your original idea down to its simplest statement, and there is nothing left but some proverb, familiar as household words. One doesn't know whether to be flattered or annoyed; but, if one does strike off something really original—something that one may be morally, if not statistically, certain cannot be found in the ancients—he is sure to read it next day in the President's inaugural or George Eliot's latest novel. These columns of choice extracts from the best writers, new and old,—which are getting to be more and more in vogue in journalism,—are more harassing than any special class of reading to a person who imagines that he has a patent on any one idea, or group of ideas. But doubtless one should congratulate one's self that the seed of truth is sure to struggle to the light through every soil; that deep drainage does not necessarily help, nor do superphosphates hinder it. This is the view I myself am inclined to take. If Shakespeare happens to say the same thing that I do, let me not be ignobly jealous. Rather, let the race receive my congratulations.

On the other hand there are reckless moments when one feels that the universe is all before him,—that nothing has been fully said, nothing fully sung, nothing fully described,—that he may glean even after Emerson, Browning, Ruskin,—nay, find whole fields where they have never thrust a sickle.

Who has yet thought to analyze the exquisite delight that dwells in a delicate bitterness, on the imminent verge of the disagreeable,—as in the case of Scotch marmalade! Where in literature will you find the peculiar yawp of the particular expressman, whose voice thrills daily the cobwebs of yonder dismal staircase, and curdles the blood of every clerk on the third floor of 654 Broadway! Can you see on any page, as in a mirror, the precise procession that every morning passes aboard our train, at the West End Station, and moves down the aisle: the pretty brunette whose little package of books is a pathetic fraud, for it is to Barker street factory she is going, and never to school at all; the small old French gentleman, with blue spectacles and a glass eye, who is so apt to sit down in the lap of a perplexed lady passenger; the young man with light-yellow side-whiskers, who, in his solicitude as to his attire and general bearing, and the impression of these upon a public which shows its interest over the tops of its newspapers, evidently quite forgets that he is looking for a seat! Where in literature is there exactly reproduced this modern experience of railroad riding? We have had the rush and rattle of it, to be sure; the outside of it, but not the careering, aërial, spiritually exhilarating phase; not the soothing, dreaming phase; not the thrill that runs through you, as if you were part of the framework of the car itself, when the whistle blows, the patent-brake seizes the wheels in its terrible grip, and the quivering, straining, sighing, groaning train comes to a pause.

Every day that I stand at the stern of the ferry-boat, leaning upon the railing and watching the tumult of the waters through which the iron wheels have cloven a way—every day I see something that I have never seen before. This was as dull a morning as well might be; a somber mistiness made the river as nearly common-place as possible. The waves were sodden with light,—hardly a sparkle to break the dreary monotony. But the high wave that ran rearward from the wheel-house marked the outward boundary of a triangular space of watery commotion, in which a thousand delicate shapes and shadows of beauty in a moment flamed and faded.

I can see now the spumy crest of that long trailing wave, caught by the wind in its on-dashing curves, and hurled back in a shower of pearls; the tiny bubbles whirling just below the smooth, metallic surface; the foam that twists and writhes, and frisks here and there in miniature waves that pause and break on the watery shingle; the billows that follow the boat like a foam-flecked serpent;—just outside this frothy wing, the feathery scales on the breast of the slowly lifting waves.

In an instant all is changed. We enter an ice-floe. The paddles spurn the broken cakes that come spinning past, bringing into the field of white under which lies ever the deep brown-green mystery of the river, patches of white and purple, and green and brown: they crowd and dance and lean and lift, while mimic cascades leap from their broken edges. Through all I hear the swash of the wheel-beaten waters; the crunch and bang of the buckets among the ice and the slow whisper of the foam,—like the silken rustle of a lady's gown.

But suppose you take such a familiar thing as a sunset. Ah, now we have touched the root of the matter! The unlikeness of sunsets to each other—has not that passed into a proverb! Perhaps you noticed yesterday's! But you did not see it as I saw it,—from a ferry,—this time no steamer, but a row-boat. And here again is the root of the matter—for *no one* saw it, just at the moment, and from the very spot, when and where it was revealed to me—with its sky of rose-color deepening into purple; the crimson lamp of the light-house gleaming above the point whence the sun has lately failed; the river stretching its sheet of crimpled gold from shore to shore,—every hue and tint seen or imagined by mortals

reflected from its wavering surface,—with the noise of the oars scraping upon the ice as we push away from the bank, and then the lazy, recurrent thud against the oar-locks; the silent ferry-man at the bow (he stops a moment in his course to drag a piece of floating pine from the black water);—not only the abundant, bewildering beauty itself, but the melancholy that is the 'natural shadow' of supreme enjoyment, and the added melancholy born of the despair of communicating to those I love, and who would love it, this scene of wonder.

It is not only that no scene or object in nature is repeated,—that no human experiences are in all respects identical,—but that, when you ask a man to come to the window to look at the moon, you may unwittingly be inviting his great-grandmother to behold that sight. It is not only himself as fashioned by myriad daily influences different from those which have made you—but himself as fashioned furthermore by his ancestry, and particularly by some one ancestor, near or remote, who in him lives again.

The thing beheld is in many respects itself new; the seer's eyes are never the same. Therefore the shows and the impressions are infinite.

It is rare indeed that you do not feel that the soul of your thought has taken wings. A thousand times you may bind its forked feet, and a thousand times it will slip the leash and fly away:—not forever, let us pray the good God!

(After the Italian.)

To one who asked him of a lady's grace.

I like her brown small hand that sometimes strays,
To find the place, through the same book with mine.
I like her feet,—and O her eyes are fine.
And when I say farewell, perhaps she stays
With downward look, awhile, love-lingering,—
Then quick, as she would have that pain soon over.
I like the mandolin whereon she plays:
I like her voice better than anything.
Yet I like, too, the scarf her neck doth cover;
Also the little ribbon in her hair.
I like to see her stepping down a stair,
And well I like the door that she comes through.
But then you know I am that lady's lover,
And every new day there is something new.

Of his love for a lady.

I know not if I love her overmuch,—
But this I know, that when unto her face
She lifts her hand, which rests there still a space,
Then slowly falls,—'tis I who feel that touch.
And when she sudden shakes her head with such
A look, I soon her secret meaning trace;
So when she runs I think 'tis I who race.
Like a poor cripple who has lost his crutch
I am if she is gone; and when she goes,
I know not why,—for that is a strange art,
As if myself should from myself depart.
I know not if I love her more than those,
Her lovers. But when she shall fall asleep,
It is not I who will be left to weep.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Our Old Books and Periodicals.

In that grand upheaval of household affairs, commonly termed "the Spring cleaning," when waifs and strays turn up in the most out-of-the-way places to remind one of their forgotten existence, the harvest of literary matter gathered in this way in "a reading family"—of odd numbers of magazines, cast-away novels, discarded text-books, juvenile works, etc.—is something surprising. It is also perplexing to the housekeeper, who despairingly asks: "What shall I do with them?" No one being able to solve the problem, she orders them into the lumber closet, and when they accumulate until they are obtrusively inconvenient, they are sold for old paper, to get them out of the way.

Hundreds of illustrated and other weekly papers are bought every day by travelers to beguile an hour or two of a railway journey, and left in the cars; and tourists purchase magazines, novels, and sometimes more valuable books, which they leave at hotels, not choosing to burden themselves with further care of them.

Young ladies who have but little to do procure books and journals *ad libitum* to help them to pass away the time. Most of these, they throw aside after one reading.

Piles of daily and weekly papers are constantly accumulating at the offices of men of business, eventually kindling fires or finding their way to the paper dealers.

Housekeepers, travelers, young women of leisure, men of business, do you ever think of the thousands of human beings in poverty-stricken homes, in almshouses, in hospitals, in prisons, in pauper lunatic asylums, to whom all this material, worthless to you, would bring the liveliest happiness? Do your eyes ever light upon the notices inserted in the papers from time to time, informing the public that at such and such places donations of old papers, magazines and books will be thankfully received for distribution

among the poor and sick? Would it not be a good idea to copy one or more of these addresses into your memorandum book?

Not long since a gentleman visiting a charity hospital, remembering that he had some illustrated papers in his pocket, gave them to an old man there who could not read. He would have forgotten the circumstance if he had not been reminded of it by one of the physicians of the institution whom he met afterwards. "He has not yet finished studying those pictures," continued the doctor after mentioning the incident. "Do you remember the dull, vacant countenance of the man? You would be surprised now at its sprightliness, and when I spoke to him of the change he said: 'O, Doctor! you can't know what a joy these papers have been to me! I have lain on this bed week after week. I have counted again and again all the squares in this counterpane; I can shut my eyes and put my finger on any particular figure in it. I know every speck on the walls of my room. I can tell just how many bricks in the wall of the opposite building can be counted through my window, and I have been *so* tired until I got these papers.'"

Is not such a result worth the expenditure of a little trouble, a postage-stamp, and a newspaper wrapper? Generous-hearted people often complain that they can give nothing, because they have no money to bestow; and yet there are so many tender charities that require very little money, and sometimes none at all.

If travelers would mail books and journals to some charitable institution, instead of leaving them scattered about in cars and hotels, the benefit conferred would be out of all proportion to the small amount of trouble requisite. Stay-at-home readers can take their discarded books to some poor unfortunate they may chance to know, or send them to those who are interested in public charities, that they may dispose of them. And even many invalids (who are generally great readers) will, doubtless, be glad to learn that although apparently able to do so little for themselves or any one else, they have this opportunity afforded them of so greatly helping other invalids, more unfortunate than themselves, to an enjoyment for which they are too poor to pay.

Open the Window!

ABOUT this time the fresh air, which has been pretty much shut out of doors all winter, will be allowed to come into the house occasionally. We say this may be expected, but it is not certain. No one can tell exactly how spring weather is going to turn out.

But when our windows do go up, to let in the delightful freshness of April and May, we ought not to think that it is therefore always necessary to put out our fires. There are persons who cannot abide the idea of an open window and a fire in the room. But fresh air, properly warmed, furnishes our most delightful and wholesome breathing, while spring air, although it may suit us admirably out of doors, is not always the best atmosphere for rooms unwarmed by fire or sun. We made some remarks on a similar subject last fall, and need not say much more now; only reminding our readers that improperly opened windows in spring are most important agents in the spread of lung and throat diseases, and that any one who dies of pneumonia or congestion of the lungs is just as dead as if his disease had been cholera or yellow-fever.

"You Ought to Know."

ALMOST all of us can remember the friend who upon various occasions has said to us: "Now you must not be offended if I say something to you that I really feel it my duty to speak about." The most proper thing to do, as a rule in such a case, is to knock the man down—if he is not too large;—for after he has finished there can be no doubt but that you will want to do so, and propriety, or conscience, may then prevent. There is another form of friendship quite as common, especially among women, that leads one to tell the other some neat little gossip about herself or family, not that the relator believes a word of it, but because the victim "ought to know." These customs among our friends are so common that we accept them as matters of course, and even when we are most exasperated by them, we know we shall forgive them in time. A sad experience teaches us that much.

The friends who compliment sincerely, or who repeat frankly the pleasant things they hear of us, are so rare that we seldom meet them. Yet if friendship is looked upon abstractly, if it is regarded as a feeling founded on mutual regard and congenial pursuits, it is a little remarkable that we are so reticent in our expression of appreciation and regard.

Friendship means help and support as well as mere liking, and he has been a poor friend to us, if in the hour of need and loneliness we do not involuntarily recall some word of comfort, some expression of confidence that makes us stronger to bear the present trial.

It is not enough to love; we must let the loved ones know we love them!

There are but few persons leading earnest lives who do not feel that they fail to thoroughly realize even the most limited of their aims, and if they are unhappy enough to be sensitive as well as earnest, it cannot be prophesied how much real good a hearty word may do them in times of mental trouble. Then it is that a true friend will think it well to tell them something encouraging, something strengthening and reviving, that they "ought to know."

Less Glitter.

THE amount of misplaced gilding to which, from habit, we have so long submitted, is truly astonishing. Chandeliers, walls, window-cornices, mirror and picture frames, sometimes even tables and chairs, must all glitter in gilt.

Even in houses where good taste or fashion have substituted frames and cornices of the more tasteful, though rather somber black walnut, it has seemed impossible to leave it enough to itself. Not content to lighten it up with a simple band or two of gilding, splashes of it must be scattered about; here a vagrant star, and there an upstart shoe-buckle must be attached to the wood.

But if solid gilding is often too glaring and pretentious, if plain dark woods are too somber, and a combination of the two so frequently incongruous, what shall we use to form the cornices for our curtains, and the frames for our mirrors and pictures?

In a house we know of—a home full of beautiful pictures, and of quaint and graceful furniture and drapery—it has been found possible to secure beauty with a very little show of gold. It is not our purpose to describe the stately book-cases, the curious cabinets, the hospitable sideboards, and the elegantly-carved tables and chairs of this charming home, but only to mention the effective and beautiful substitute for heavily and glaringly gilded ornamentation.

The mirror and picture frames and the window cornices were all made of plain pine-wood, from designs furnished by one of the daughters of the family. Though without useless notches and hollows, such as workers in wood, from the village carpenter to the most stylish cabinet-maker, delight in under the name of "mouldings,"—these frames and cornices are sufficiently curved in outline to avoid any undue appearance of angularity. They were then smoothly covered with rich velvet, and finished on the straight or inner edge with a narrow gold band. The velvet chosen for each room is of the darkest shade of the color used in the other decorations of that apartment. Thus, where the hangings are crimson, the window cornices and picture-frames are also of crimson, but of the very darkest hue that is possible without losing distinctness.

Laid upon the dark green velvet frames in the library—the most expensively decorated apartment in this beautiful dwelling—are ivy vines and leaves, exquisitely carved in black walnut, which add much to the delightfully fresh, heart-of-the-woods air conferred upon this room by the thick, soft, patternless carpet of two shades of mossy green, the mingled dark and light unvarnished oaks of its book-cases, and other furniture, and the rich walnut-leaf green of its draperies, while the delicate bands of gold have much the effect of rays of sunshine in a shady nook.

The shades of velvet used for the frames, being so dark, are often found to harmonize with the colors of paintings much better than gilding—and the general effect of the soft, dark-toned velvets, in a large and well-lighted room, is indescribably rich; while the sensation upon coming from a much-gilded parlor to an apartment thus chastely decorated, is like that of stepping from a hotel to a home.

Making Presents.

It certainly seems a little odd that so general a custom as that of making presents should often be as perplexing as it is pleasant. It would seem as if, money and taste being taken for granted, the task of selection, especially in our cities where every taste and almost every person can be suited, would be quite an easy one.

The common objects in the purchase of presents are very few: we want, in the first place, to express regard, then to please our friends, and finally to avoid duplicating any thing they already possess or are likely to receive. But the trouble is, that purchasers too rarely put these objects definitely to themselves. The one fact before them is that they are to select and buy a certain number of gifts, and from this vagueness arises half the trouble. It is not likely to be true that what is suitable for mother may also do for John, or that Paul and Pauline may have identical tastes. The bride who receives a half-dozen molasses pitchers, as many soup-ladles, any number of sugar-tongs, and tea-spoons by the score, may be pardoned if she has some thing of the feeling that prompted a young clergyman to say, in sending a bushel of slippers to a New Year's Fair, that the ladies of his congregation in presenting him with them must have thought he was a centipede. A certain bridegroom cut the knot tied by the duplication of presents by sending all the fans except one, received by his wife, back to their donors, asking them to please change them for something else. Very few persons, however, have as much moral courage as he—donors are often obliged to see the struggle in a friend's manner as he endeavors to make his appreciation of the intention conquer his sense of the unsuitability of the gift.

The most evident ground of choice would seem to be found in the friend's personal taste. There is no excuse for us if we send bronzes to the young lady who cannot tell them from Berlin iron, but who knows genuine coral at a glance; nor for wasting books on people who have no time to read, or rare old china on those who think nothing better than a granite coffee-cup. A very little reflection will teach us to send our various presents where they will at least find appreciation.

But the real principle in this matter has not yet been here expressed. It is not enough to give suitable gifts, nor to avoid sending our coals to Newcastle. What we really want to express is personal association. If the article is of value in itself alone, our friend might as well buy it for himself, and we make a pauper of him in giving it. But if it has direct reference to him, and if it expresses us as well as our regard, it has a value that neither money nor taste can otherwise give it.

When Paul Emanuel asked Lucy Snowe if he should cut away part of the chain she had made for his fête, saying "This part is not mine—it was plaited under the idea and for the adornment of another," he hit upon the very essence of the value of a present.

We get at this principle in the purchase of gifts by making them express the point of harmony between us. We are all many-sided, and choose our friends, not for their likeness to each other, nor because they all suit one phase of our character. We love two alike, although they are so dissimilar that they cannot agree, but each of them suits us in different ways. We know why we care for each, and so it is not difficult to give it expression. Therefore, although you and your friend may care for both books and pictures, if you talk of twenty books to one picture, let your gift be for his library shelves, not for its walls. If you go to concerts together, send her music or something upon the subject; if he receives you in his laboratory, send your remembrance there, or if he is always eager to show you a new fossil or a curious shell, remember that geology and conchology each has its literature, its rare specimens. In this way our gifts are a benefit not only to those who receive them, but also to ourselves.

How to Begin an Article for Publication.

A GREAT many people are apt to hit upon happy ideas in society, and when they go home they write them out for publication, and most of these good folks know how hard it is to begin an article satisfactorily. A word to them: commence with your very finest writing and most beautifully-rounded sentences. Introduce your subject in your most elaborate style, be poetical, rhetorical, didactic, as your mood may be, and when you think fit, gradually drop into the discussion of the subject-matter. When the article is finished, begin at the opening sentence, and read it until you find you have commenced to say something to the point. Stop at this place; strike out everything before it, and let your article begin just there. You will then probably find that it opens well, and that by collecting all your labored composition in one place where it can be readily stricken out, you will have saved yourself all the trouble that would have been necessary had it been scattered through the article.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

"Intercollegiate Scholarships" again.

THE brief paper bearing the above title, in SCRIBNER'S for January, has attracted a good deal of attention from the press, and has often been reprinted. As might be expected, however, not much careful or detailed criticism has come from the newspapers, amid the pressure of important political affairs. It is from the presidents and professors of colleges that the most valuable suggestions have been received; and of these it may be well to give some specimens, by way of contributing to the discussion of the subject.

As to the general practicability and desirableness of the plan, there seems but one opinion. President White, of Cornell University, writes: "It seems to me perfectly practicable, and sure to result in great good in many ways." Chancellor Howard Crosby writes, "By all means let the intercollegiate stimulus be applied to brain as well as muscle. . . . There's a great deal of good stuff in our American colleges, in spite of their poverty and crudity, and we only need such a *shove* as you propose, to make it more apparent and efficacious." President McCosh, of Princeton, says: "I approve of the proposal." President Stearns, of Amherst, writes: "I heartily unite . . . in approval of your plan. The principle, at least, is a good one." Mrs. Agassiz writes from Cambridge, in regard to the paper, "I had the pleasure of reading it aloud to my husband, and he was exceedingly pleased with it. . . . He thinks you have hit upon an excellent expedient in suggesting competition between colleges." Prof. Goodwin, of Harvard, writes: "I like the plan very much." Prof. W. D. Whitney, of Yale College, says: "The main part of the plan is quite in accordance with my opinions." Prof. Diman, of Brown University, thinks that "Such a competition of colleges would do much to help our higher education." Prof. W. F. Allen, of the University of Wisconsin, writes, "It would be of immediate practical value in Eastern colleges, and would help bring up the standard here in the West." Mr. C. A. Bristed writes: "There is much to be said in favor of" the plan.

The point made in the essay in question, as to the advantage at present given to muscle over mind, through intercollegiate competition, is not denied by any one. Mrs. Agassiz writes that her husband "often laments the readiness with which the press extols every exploit of the college-boys in base-ball and boating, and their indifference not only to the intellectual standing of the students, but to the transactions of all learned societies." Yet Prof. Agassiz has always been a friend of athletic exercises, and his son was one of the pioneers of boating at Harvard.

Again, the advantage is readily admitted of having scholarships based on something wider than a single college. Prof. Whitney writes: "We need a whole crop of 'scholarships' to help the higher education of the rising generation, and some of this kind would have a refreshing savor of catholicity." Prof. Goodwin writes: "It would be of great use to have such foundations, first, as bringing our colleges into direct competition and better acquaintance with each other, and secondly, in stimulating a kind of ambition which now lies dormant because (as you say) there is no prize which gives a national distinction to the one who

earns it. It would also give a new direction to both the teaching and the studying of any college to have it understood that its scholarship must be tested by some other standard than its own."

So far the indorsements; now for the criticisms; which are, as might be expected, frank, clear, and courteous.

The only one which may be said to touch the foundations of the plan, is that of Prof. Whitney, who objects *in toto* to the principle of competition as involved in it. He writes: "So far as this is concerned [the general plan of the scholarships] you can doubtless count upon the sympathy and support of all the friends of education. But as to utilizing the competitive motive in connection with the plan, all my feelings are against it; that is an element which I should distrust and fear, and want to keep out of sight as much as possible, and push out of sight whatever could not be kept down. The examples of the English universities and schools are to my mind only warnings; as institutions of intellectual training, those are in a great degree failures, in consequence mainly of their abuse of competition."

Now waiving the discussion of the principle of competition, I should say that while it is used in our colleges at all, it might well enough be used in connection with these scholarships, and that it would certainly involve no more ungenerous feeling between the colleges (so far as that objection goes) than in the case of the regattas. This view is confirmed by President Stearns, who writes: "I have never observed any necessary injury, moral or otherwise, as resulting from honorable competition, where many are concerned, and prizes stimulate. 'Intercollegiate Scholarships,' of the kind you propose, would, I am sure, help to quicken intellectual efforts, improve scholarship, and rouse public attention to the value of liberal studies. . . . There are, however, incidental evils which have thus far united themselves to these public physical exertions, and which I should hope would never appear in more purely intellectual competitions."

Another objection, touching a point less vital, is made by Prof. Diman. He thinks it would be difficult to secure an Examining Board of sufficient weight and authority to command the confidence of the colleges. "I much doubt whether, if in the hands of an independent Board of Trustees, the various colleges could be induced to coöperate heartily, and unless they did, the best men would not be encouraged to prepare for the examination. It seems to me that, to give the examinations character, they need to carry with them the prestige of some great institution. Still I should be very glad to have the plan tried." President McCosh and Mr. Bristed express similar doubts in respect to the examiners.

It was to meet precisely this objection that the article in question suggested certain public bodies as examiners in different departments; the Coast Survey, the Smithsonian Institution, the American Philological Society. It must be freely admitted, however, that to obtain a competent board of examiners outside the colleges would, for the present, be no easy thing. As Mr. Bristed says, "we have few *unattached* savans or scholars." But it is to be hoped that the gradual advance of American scholarship will supply this deficiency.

Closely connected with this last objection are the very important observations made by Prof. Goodwin, as to the great practical difficulty of conducting the examinations. His remarks deserve to be quoted at some length:—

"I am afraid that the details of any plan for intercollegiate scholarships must be more complicated, and far more difficult to arrange in this country than they are in England. In England, Oxford and Cambridge have set two well-recognized standards of scholarship for all the schools which you mention, and the teaching of each school is directed to fitting boys to pass certain tests in one or both of these universities, and it is assumed that these tests will not change essentially from year to year, at least without due notice. The different colleges, too, which make up the two Universities, all know exactly what is expected of their students at the examinations held by the University; and although some colleges always gain the highest prizes, it is because they have the art of attracting the best men, who would gain the prizes wherever they went. Now, if there should be a general examination open to all the colleges of *both Universities*, there would arise new complications, and no student of either University would feel able to submit to an examination held by the other; and, although it would be a most excellent thing for all concerned to have scholarship come to a better understanding with itself, it would still puzzle the Dons severely to arrange a common ground on which both could meet and contend fairly. This trouble, which I am sure would be a serious one in England, would be greatly multiplied here, where we have (I was told yesterday) 384 (!) colleges, each following an independent course, and teaching its pupils that portion of each department of learning which its professors happen to understand best or to think most important. I do not mean to speak disparagingly: I am as great a sinner as anybody: but in the limited time allowed to our students to learn anything, it is impossible for them to be taught *everything* with equal accuracy (or with *any* degree of accuracy;) and it is natural and best for each teacher to teach that which he knows best. There is no art (in my opinion) less understood, and none more difficult to learn, than that of examining fairly a set of candidates who have been under different systems of instruction in any department. And yet there is nothing which a green hand takes hold of with greater confidence. I have not yet learnt how to examine my own pupils fairly; I mean so that I am sure that the results of the examination (which we publish) are a fair statement of what each pupil knows about the subject, absolutely and relatively. I have great fears that the whole system of civil service examinations may fail, or fall into

deserved disgrace for a time, owing to the lack of experience in the examiners. I do not say this by way of objection to your plan, but I want to give my reasons for thinking that the details of the plan should be carefully considered before it is tried."

This clear and modest statement is entitled to much weight, and points undoubtedly to the greatest practical obstacles to be encountered. These are happily not more than can be in time surmounted; and their very existence shows the need of some common standard of instruction, such as these intercollegiate scholarships would help to create. It appears that a plan very similar to this was proposed some years ago by Bishop De Lancey, to be applied to the New York colleges alone, under the direction of "the University of the State of New York," a central organization, to which all the colleges of the State are supposed to appertain. The Regent of the University was to appoint examiners before whom the best scholars of the different institutions were to appear, and the successful candidates were to receive sums to enable them to complete their education. He wished the legislature to appropriate the sum necessary for this purpose; but the plan fell through, and Bishop De Lancey died with his object unattained. The present plan is wider, can be endowed by private munificence, and can be put in practice on a small scale at first, in order that we may see whether it works well. Should it prove too difficult in the working, no great harm can be done: should it work well, it may prove an important tonic for our higher institutions of learning. T. W. H.

Post Haste.

WHEN a citizen of London wishes to communicate with another in a distant part of that consolidation of cities, he commits his message to the public post, and awaits the result in perfect confidence that his letter will be promptly and surely delivered, and that an answer, if one is required, will be returned to him in a few hours.

Under like circumstances a citizen of New York would send a special messenger or a telegram. He could have nothing like the London man's assurance that his letter would be safely despatched to its destination; and the probability would be overwhelming that one day would not suffice for the going of the letter and the return of its answer.

It is not long since an editor of one of our city papers, puzzled by the uncertainty of the mail-delivery, —especially of matter passing between different parts of the city and its suburbs,—undertook to study the laws of its disorder by timing the passage of local letters. The result was not at all complimentary to the postal service. One letter addressed to himself, and dropped into the letter-box directly in front of his place of business, was somewhat more than a day in making the rounds of the post-office. Letters to Brooklyn were anywhere from one to three days in reaching their destination—if they were so fortunate as to reach it at all.

Matters have, no doubt, been improved since then; still, one may trust a letter to reach Yonkers or Stamford more speedily and surely than Brooklyn or Jersey City. Very frequently a letter posted as far away as Poughkeepsie or New Haven will be delivered in our up-town districts sooner than one committed to a letter-box, at the same hour, on the further side of Brooklyn.

The simple fact is that our postal machinery is altogether inadequate to meet the necessities of the vast population clustered around the harbor of New York. Socially and commercially we are one community under a dozen names, the widely scattered subcenters depending very largely for their life and prosperity on the closeness of their connection with the center.

Particularly do we need rapid and frequent postal communication between all parts of our island and the larger cities immediately around, and we must have it. That a metropolitan postal system such as Gen. Butterfield recommends would be self-sustaining from the outset, we have little doubt. Business awaits it, and if it could give assurance of speed and certainty in its operations there would be no question of its success. A quick post, even more than a cheap post, would serve as an incentive to postal communication, and would increase the revenues of the system far more rapidly than its expenditures. Certainly if it pays to sustain a postal system for the ordinary slow-moving affairs of life, and for communities wherein time is little valued, a system designed to meet the infinitely more urgent requirements of a busy community like ours could not fail of success.

English Parliamentary Methods and the Recent Ministerial Crisis.

THE fathers of the American Republic, believing the constitution of England to be the best in the world, strove to copy it as nearly as was consistent with the conditions of the new country. That the legislative and executive branches were separate has always been the accepted theory of the British constitution. The founders of our government endeavored to imitate and perpetuate that feature by giving entire executive power to the President, and entire legislative power to Congress, and by completely divorcing and disconnecting from each other these two branches. But just about the time of our Revolution, England had undergone a change which was very complete, but which had not as yet been theoretically recognized by the critics nor got into the school text-books on history. This change was the *fusion* of the executive and legislative branches. Originally the king and his ministers were the real executive power. The king decided the policy of the government and chose his own ministers. As the nation came to be its own ruler, the power to decide the policy of its government passed from the Crown to Parliament. But there remained for a while a period during which the king, though unable to choose the policy of the nation, could choose his ministers. Thus Walpole was for a very long

time kept in power through the personal partiality of the court. But in time, without any *expressed* alteration of the relation of the king to the state, the power to choose ministers, along with the power to decide a policy, came to be entirely the property of parliament. Thus it will be seen that while the idea of our fathers was to make our government as much like that of England as possible, the result is that in this particular the governments are totally unlike.

The people elect Congress, and they elect Parliament; but that is the only point at which the two methods are alike. The President is elected by the people, and the Premier is elected by the Parliament. The President is not responsible to Congress, while the Premier is responsible to Parliament. The President can choose which ministers he wishes, while the Premier cannot. The Premier may dissolve Parliament, while the President cannot dissolve Congress.

We are apt to think of the House of Commons as only a legislative body. Its *elective* function, however, is its most important one. It really is what the founders of our government meant that our electoral college should be, a picked assemblage elected by the people, who should *choose* an executive, not "cast the vote" of the people. The Parliament elects the Premier. Of course there is no voting for a Premier, but the Queen selects that man whom it is supposed Parliament wants. If he consents he tries to form a cabinet. Now a Premier cannot, as a President may with us, choose anybody he likes for a cabinet officer. There is a charmed circle of able and recognized men in the two houses, from whom the selections must be made. Though the public and Parliament indicate who these men are to be, they do not indicate to what particular offices they shall be assigned. Thus it is inevitable that A, B, C, and D must be of the cabinet, but the Premier may give the Home Office to A or B and the Admiralty to C or D, just as he chooses. Then there is often great difficulty in forming cabinets. Coalitions frequently overthrow governments; but when it comes to distribute offices between parties to the coalition, an amicable arrangement is impossible. A and B may both want the Foreign Office, or A may absolutely refuse to serve in the same cabinet with B. Still, if a minister can command a strong majority in the house, he can get his cabinet.

A government once fairly started, it is the duty of the Premier to lead the Parliament, but to lead it where it wishes to go. It is also his duty to instruct it. The Premier and his Cabinet are chosen from among the ablest men in the House; it is their especial business to study, to devote their whole energy to the solution of the great and imperative topics of the day. The House is therefore always glad to learn from its leaders, and if the leaders can convince it that their measures are right, and that the nation is in favor of them, it is glad to follow and support them. The House stands in the same awakening and instructive relation to the nation in which the Premier stands to the House. It wishes to learn from the discussions and investigations of the House, but the House must not go where it is not prepared to follow. A change of government then is effected in this manner: The Premier brings forward a measure which the House cannot support. It may happen, as in the case of Mr. Lowe's Budget of '71, that there may be such a general outburst of astonishment and derision that the Premier will amend or withdraw his measure. If he be not disposed to do that, and presses his measure to a vote and is defeated, he has then two courses open to him: he may resign or he may dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country. He will not "dissolve," of course, unless the indications are that parliament does not express the sentiments of the nation. In the recent defeat of the Irish University Bill, the country evidently supported the opposition, and Mr. Gladstone's only course was to resign. Disraeli could not rely upon the radicals whose coalition with the conservatives had overthrown the Bill. A semi-liberal government was impossible, because the liberals insisted that the conservatives, having overthrown Gladstone, must take the responsibility of doing something better. It will thus be seen that an opposition cannot lightly overthrow a government, unless it is prepared to take power into its own hands. Disraeli's confession of his inability to step into Gladstone's shoes is a very damaging one. The nation will in future be apt to listen to the harangues of violent conservatives with more caution and suspicion.

Mr. Gladstone's return to office somewhat diminishes the historical importance of the Irish University Bill. It was the intention of the government, and it was the intention of the House and the country, to give Ireland secular education of the higher sort. The institutions for higher education which exist at present in Ireland are Trinity College and Queen's University. In connection with Queen's University there are colleges at Galway, Cork, and Belfast. Trinity College is Protestant, but is open to students who are not of the disestablished Church. Its positions of trust and profit are open only to churchmen. Queen's University was unsectarian. It was proposed by Mr. Gladstone to found a great Irish University, to which Trinity College, Queen's College, the colleges at Belfast and Cork should hold the same relation as the various colleges of Oxford and Cambridge hold to those Universities.

Members of any of these colleges could be examined for a University degree. The new University was to be entirely secular. Its professorships, fellowships, etc., were to be thrown open to persons of all religions. But in order to keep the peace, Philosophy and Modern History were excluded from the curriculum, and teachers were enjoined under penalty not to introduce into their discourses, subjects which might stir up discussion in the University. All parties at once fell foul of Mr. Gladstone's measure. The Protestants objected, because it involved too much concession to the Catholics; the Catholics would be satisfied with

nothing less than a University of their own; Trinity College objected, because part of the scheme was that $50,000 should be set apart out of its income for the support of the University; the radicals objected to the suppression of free opinion and to the exclusion of philosophy and modern history from the course of study; the conservatives objected, because objection is their particular function and the end of their existence. And the Bill was defeated.

It should be understood that the defeat of Gladstone had no political significance whatever. It was the joint work of the radicals and conservatives. The radicals are Mr. Gladstone's most supercilious critics; his angriest critics are the conservatives. The whole number of young gentlemen who write for the press, and who are so immeasurably above Gladstone that they can afford to be tolerant of his "folly and imbecility" may be safely computed at about five thousand, while the "village Hampdens" and the unknown observers all over England, who, if suddenly called from the humble walks of life, would be competent to lead the nation, number, we should say, a fourth of the British population. It is difficult to decide what a conservative is. He has no opinions; he has only instincts. He is the balky horse of the team. For two hundred years it has been his opinion that England is going to the devil under the guidance of the Whigs. In his own home and in the parlor of the country inn he loudly asserts that he is in favor of hanging Gladstone, and when a point is made against that statesman in the House he expresses his assent by a most energetic and delighted cry. His belief is that the Irish Church has gone, and the English Church will go next, then the Crown, and then will come in Bradlaugh and Communism. His existence is a protest against progress, and that will undoubtedly be his function to the end of the chapter. Meanwhile the idea of improvement has a steady hold of the English mind, and the people of England have very great confidence in the talents and integrity of Gladstone.

A History of American Journalism.

MR. FREDERIC HUDSON has made his book on American Journalism sufficiently entertaining reading, despite its formidable divisions into eras and epochs, and its array of names, dates, and statistics. It will amuse those (and there be many) who love to read the gossip of newspapers about newspapers; and the small personal details, which give so much color and reality to its subjects of biographical treatment, are most faithfully gathered. That the work should be in some sense a history of journalists as well as of journalism is inevitable. This is especially true of the journalism of the passing generation, which has been more distinctively personal (let us hope) than that which is coming on. But even this view of the subject can hardly account for Mr. Hudson's striking neglect of the moral and intellectual forces which have surely formed a conspicuous element in the history of journalism in the United States. We have facts and figures relating to newspaper circulation; the lives and deaths of journalists; their friendships, hates, feuds, duels, failures, and successes, but no account is made of the impressions fixed upon the passing periods of national history through which these worthies moved; nor is there any notion of the influence which the changing times, manners, and modes of thought exerted upon journalism as it grew into its present stature.

It must be acknowledged, in all candor, that the book bears in every part the flavor of "the shop." It has at once the ambition and the slouchiness of the great newspaper of which it is the faithful mirror. It aims at lofty things, and comes lamentably short in many which should form the solid foundation of a book which calls itself a history. So many errors of statement are at once perceptible on the surface, the reader directly loses that confidence which is only begotten by absolute correctness in the author. What excuse, for example, is there for making a quotation from *The New American Encyclopedia*, and deliberately writing *The Missouri Argus* where the book has printed *The St. Louis Enquirer* as the newspaper established by Thomas H. Benton? Such lapses as these are frequent; they must embarrass even the casual reader; they discourage the inquiring student of history.

The pen portraits of men who have been prominently connected with journalism are capitally done. They have the crisp touch of the professional "interviewer." Most people would like more of them; but more it would be impossible to give in a book which seems to have no space for such men as Wm. J. Snelling, E. A. Duyckinck, Margaret Fuller, Orestes A. Brownson, Elizur Wright, Ben Perley Poore, George Ripley, C. C. Hazewell, John Hay, Parke Godwin, J. B. McCullough, L. A. Gobright, and many others whose names are interwoven with the journalism of this generation. It is not fair to call that a history in which such men and their work are overshadowed by reams of printing-paper and the columnar memorials of the fleeting triumphs of a particular journal in news-gathering. After all, it is not all of journalism to print the fullest version of the latest news.

We would have been glad if Mr. Hudson, in his arduous and loving labors, could have given us some more worthy record of the lives and struggles of the pioneers in journalism whose scanty sheets floated on the far western frontier of the Republic. To say nothing of the heroic enterprise of the men who carried the printing-press with the rifle and the plough to the prairies of Illinois, Kansas, and Iowa, in the days when a white man's scalp was a merchantable commodity, why give only a half-page to the lusty newspaper growth of St. Louis? Why this next-to-nothingness of the early California press? The few incidents related at second-hand show how picturesque might be the story of the journalism of the gold-hunters. We have elsewhere read of *The Star*, pub-

lished in California before Stevenson's regiment left New York; of the font of type, bought of the Sandwich Island missionaries, with which the first (or one of the first) California newspaper was printed; of the doubled v's which were made to do duty as w's until such time as "sorts" could be brought to San Francisco from afar; of James King of William, who maintained with his life the right of the press to denounce crime, and whose death by violent hands was the signal for that popular uprising against lawlessness which is known as the Vigilance Committee rule in San Francisco. Journalism cannot afford to leave these events and the story of such men out of its history.

We have said enough to indicate the good points and the weak parts of this book. Though slovenly in style, it is seldom dull; prolix in some details, it is crisp and clear in others. Its informing purpose is a capital one; its scope is designed to be broad and generous; if it seems to come short of its aims, the omissions are not fatal to present popularity. But it must be said that a fair examination of its contents forces the conclusion that a trustworthy, judicial, clear, and comprehensive history of journalism in the United States is yet to be written. (Harper & Bros.)

"Barriers Burned Away."

So much excellence is mingled with the grave faults of *Barriers Burned Away* (by Rev. E. P. Roe; Dodd and Mead), that the author's next book can be made to improve greatly upon this essay of inexperience. The governing motives of two of the chief characters are analyzed in sustained action, and several of the minor ones individualized with a skill that deserves to be applied to a less commonplace story. And more study should be given to the trouble of fusing the religious element into the work, instead of plastering it over the outside. What the author justly regards as a mysterious power should not be plied as it is for cheap mechanical effects. The hero, in spite of his manly merits, is more undeniably a prig than the circumstances demand, though not more so perhaps than might be expected from the singular defect in taste that attempts to create interest for a personage named Dennis. It is an instance of that want of tone that pervades the novel, betrayed in mistakes of detail as to cultivated life, and a style of conversation alternately ambitious and trivial, which the author needs to correct, if possible, for the sake of bringing into stronger light his lively powers of description and his commendable morality.

"Galama." *

PERHAPS the brilliant character given by the very nature of his subject to Motley's story, crowded with heroic forms and splendid incidents, has deterred novelists from resorting to a passage in history colored by the mere recital with a romance beyond the power of their art to heighten. The procession of events attending the rise of the Dutch Republic composes of itself a historical novel. Still it was left for them to depict the fortunes of individuals fluctuating with the mighty struggle, or the control of genius over its changes. Count Egmont furnishes Goethe with the substance for an attractive idealization, after his favorite type, of a character blended from contradictory elements, gallant impulses and generous weaknesses and knightly virtues, yielding to tragical circumstance. A score of personages of the time might be named, each fit to be the center of a romance—dissolute Brederode, and learned St. Aldegonde, and frivolous Leicester, and ferocious De La Marck, with Granvelle, the Flemish Mazarin, and the complete soldier, Parma—even without invoking the grander memories of Alva and Philip and the silent William. The personal story of any of these might be traced in an impressive picture, with the Inquisition for its background and the new ideas of freedom for its atmosphere. But the taste of our day does not approve so bold a touch. We are satisfied with realism in copies from society and prefer to follow the play of motives in everyday situations. It is the novel of inner life that pleases us now, and its analysis may be as effectively applied upon a common subject as upon a high one, and perhaps with more of the sympathy that will gain advantage from seeing others as we should see ourselves.

The author of Galama certainly professes no ambitious aim. It is the unpretending story of a Flemish noble of the lower rank, an emissary between William and his chief adherents in the provinces, whose supposed possession of the prince's confidence and of his cipher makes him the object of persistent pursuit and dangerous plots on the part of the Jesuits. The heroine is the daughter of the warden of the bread-market at Brussels, converted into a prison in which Egmont and Van Hoorn are confined just before their execution. The story fills the few years after their tragical death, while the tide of disaster to the prince's arms was running steadily, until its turn upon the capture of the little fortified port of Brill, with which the novel ends. The patriots, proud of the title of Beggars, flung at them first in derision and caught up as a badge, are actors by sea and land in the various military scenes, which are drawn with spirit. Frisian obstinacy individualizes the character of Galama, as Spanish craft does that of Father Sextus, who pursues his assigned task of gaining and betraying the hero's confidence, until he perishes, with his intrigues all unraveled and defeated, a captive on the vessel he vainly attempts to blow up. The modest plan involves no high personages nor grand events; it avoids the inside of cabinets and the survey of battles, to carry us among open-air scenes, enlivened by an ambuscade, a prison escape, or a sea-chase. A true local coloring is borrowed from such peculiar features of Dutch landscape as the maze of dull canals creep-

* *Galama; or, The Beggars.* By J. B. De Liefde. Scribner, Armstrong & Co's "Library of Choice Fiction."

ing past every man's door, the quaking bush-covered morasses bordering the high-roads and the tall dikes barring or undermined by the rush of inundation. There are few glimpses permitted into the luxurious interior life of the Netherlands or the sudden misery of war that overwhelmed it; and the great religious interest of the time is feebly dealt with in diluted controversies between women. Yet it hangs over the whole story like a shadow, and the dumb sense of oppression pervading the great towns is well conveyed. The dissolution of society under steady persecution of free thought and belief, and its rescue and reconstruction through energy and faith, are as distinctly read in the toils and fortunes of the hero and heroine as if they had been more largely and directly described. And the spirit of the time is so successfully evoked as to impress us with a feeling of wonder that the evil in human nature should have flourished so rankly and audaciously only three centuries ago, and to suggest the doubt whether in our own day it is really subdued, or only changed and diffused in its manifestation.

"Fleurange." *

WERE it not announced as a translation, there would be very little about this romance to indicate a French origin. It differs in kind, not in degree, from the standard wicked Gallic novel—it contains no character of mere brilliant selfishness or successful cleverness—and the spring of action for the heroine, and for him who fills the place of hero at the end which he does not hold at first, is self-sacrificing duty. In both, this sense of duty is a little too tensely strained for reality, none of those occasional lapses being allowed which must occur with the best of human beings. They are rather too perfect—at least the heroine is so drawn—to be quite genuine, and this excessive excellence, of course, requires for its due triumph an excess of cruel ingenuity in trial, which real life seldom offers.

Making this slight deduction from her superhuman attractions, Fleurange, or the flower of angels,—for that is the synonym of Gabriel, from whom as her patron saint she takes her other name of Gabrielle, being called indifferently by either,—is a very charming personage, candid, strong, and tender. Born in Italy, and educated in a convent by Madre Madelina, who sits for another admirable but overdrawn portrait of impossible excellence, she is left at Paris, the orphan child of an improvident artist. His picture of Cordelia, painted from her face, inspires a Russian noble, Count George von Walden, with a romantic passion. Adopted by her mother's kindred in Germany, she grows up in their accomplished family, meeting there two cousins, Felix and Clement, for both of whom she becomes a destiny. The author soon finds the atmosphere of father-land too prosaic for romance, and changes the scene. Felix, managing the fortunes of the family, involves them in ruin by gaming. A Frenchman would have solved the difficulty by suicide—the practical German only flies the country. Fleurange, unwilling to remain a burden to their poverty, goes again to Italy as a companion for the princess, the mother of Von Walden. The Count, still worshiping his Cordelia, finds the original even more adorable, and the contest between attachment to him and duty to her patroness is delicately and strongly described. She escapes from the intolerable situation to her convent and Madre Madelina again. Her lover meanwhile seeks the excitement of political conspiracies, led into their toils by the crafty Felix, who plots to destroy his rival.

The good sense of Madre Madelina refuses to see in Fleurange's grief a "vocation" to the life of a recluse, and she returns to her family, now prospering again, in seeming hopeless separation from her lover. Before long the conspiracy on the accession of the Emperor Nicholas breaks out; Von Walden, involved with Felix in it, is sentenced to death or Siberia. Fleurange, attended by Clement, still devoted and still self-denying, hastens to St. Petersburg, after gaining the princess's consent to a marriage which will exile her for life as a companion and consolation to her husband. Her petition is sent to the Emperor through Vera, a maid of honor, whose marriage with the Count had once been arranged, and who, still passionately in love with him, is yet unwilling to share his banishment. Discovering Fleurange's history, Vera suppresses the petition, and extorts from her the sacrifice of her purpose, by the promise of obtaining the Count's pardon on condition of exile for four years to his own estates, and marriage with Vera. The Count is basely willing, and Fleurange, though ignorant of his ready faithlessness to her, resigns her hope and love for his sake, and returns to Germany, to become, after a due interval of illness and change and growth, the wife of Clement.

The story is not so skillfully constructed as to prevent a feeling of disappointment at this *dénoûment* The exalted nature of Fleurange, while attracting so many passions, seems to place them all in unworthiness at distance from her. She absorbs indeed too completely the interest of the romance, and the care and finish bestowed on her leave the personages about her comparatively weak and sketchy. There is no effort at analysis of motives; every one, in a plain, straightforward fashion, either does his or her duty or does not do it, and the situations are too simple to give any room for hesitation as to what that duty is, or for self-deception in trying to evade it. Where such a doubt might arise, religion is summarily called in to solve it by mere authority, after the Roman Catholic method. Any effects of description either of scenery or manners are rarely tried, and no movement of humor is attempted. The work is very clever closet-novel writing, and it is singular that a story which combines so few of the elements and rejects so many of the usual arts for exciting interest, should yet succeed in gaining the reader's admiring attention to the

* *Fleurange*; a novel: from the French of Mme. Augustus Craven. Holt & Williams.

simple figure of a candid, resolute girl pursuing no other object than that of doing what is right.

"Songs from the Old Dramatists."*

HERBERT'S verse should be the motto for these selections—"a box where sweets compacted lie." Many of these songs are the only things their authors are known by to general readers. And those most familiar with the writings of a period singular in the richness of a dramatic literature which then flowered and ripened once and for all, find renewed delight in these fragments from their favorites, so grouped as to be brought into comparison. It is a pleasure mingled with pity for our own degenerate time. Not more surely are their contemporaries of the South masters in painting than these are the masters, for our language, in song. One asks the question with wonder, Whither have the freshness and pliancy of the English tongue gone? All the labored brilliancy and strained variety of the newest verse is tame beside the aptness and sweetness of this nervous speech. Its thought runs over with vigor, if sometimes coarse,—though full of conceits, they are no riddles of introspection,—and its blunt freedom is manlier than veiled sensuousness that grazes indecency.

Leaving the later age to its changed tastes and ways, it is interesting to trace in their lighter work the distinctive characters of the early great authors. The very limited conditions of song-writing to which they all submit have not effaced individuality. The peculiar traits of each genius still shine in this narrow range. To name only those most easily recognized, Shakespeare's lithe ethereal fancy does not droop when so confined, nor Jonson with all his fullness of strength forget to be a little cramped and pedantic, nor Milton lose in trifles his pure serenity. So the rollicking license of Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger's stateliness, are here in little. The latter unbent less readily than his compeers. In the eighteen plays of his which are preserved, scarcely half a dozen songs occur, and one of these has been fairly likened to Swift's nonsense-stanzas. The song here given is not only the best, but it is the only good one.

But to trace the characteristics of each dramatist, as here drawn in miniature, would lead us too far. The book, coming from the Riverside press, is of course a luxury of typography. We only regret that the accomplished illustrator did not shape a clearer finish out of the intentional haziness in which he veils his fine fancies.

"The Poems of Henry Timrod."†

THE publication of a small volume of Henry Timrod's poems at Boston, about twelve years ago, occasioned no difference of opinion among the critics as to the vigor and purity of his poetic conceptions, or the nice finish of their expression; and though his verses are of rather too delicate a kind to win sudden popularity, they would have been more generally read and liked, had not interest in the stirring events of the time banished literature from the minds of all but its professors. His later passionate war-songs, of course, did not improve his chances of recognition among a people who knew him only as the Tyrtæus of the South, nor had he any reason to complain of this neglect. Judges of poetry could admire their lyric fire and large execution apart from their motive, just as they distinguished between the divine afflatus and the Hebraic savageness blending in Whittier's inspiration. But ordinary readers could not be expected to care just then to hear themselves called, however melodiously, despots and hirelings. Even among his own people his fame proved very barren. Though he was applauded for reversing Cassandra's story, and chanting to believing ears prophecies that never were fulfilled, he reaped only the poet's reward of praise and poverty. The pressure of war in a ruined state accounts for so hard a fortune, with which the common cant about the fate of genius has nothing to do, for Timrod was neither a weakling like Keats, nor a vaurien like Poe.

His life, as reflected in these poems and described in the sketch that introduces them, was a wholly pure and manly one. The "Vision of Poesy," the longest work in this volume and the one most resembling a personal record, discloses the limitations of his powers and experience. He kept too much alone in crowds, and, to quote his own confession of the contrast between his endeavor and the poet's true aim, instead of living in

> "A sympathy that folds all characters,
> All ranks, all passions, and all life almost,
> In its wide circle,"

it could be said of him—

> "It was thy own peculiar difference
> That thou didst seek: nor didst thou care to find
> Aught that would bring thee nearer to thy kind."

So narrow a range of purpose excluded the hope of fame as a great poet, and there were other reasons sufficient to prevent his becoming a well-known one. He wrote nothing to catch the ear of the groundlings. He was completely classic and old-fashioned, in the sense of having studied the best masters, chosen simple themes, and written upon them with severe taste, in unaffected style. He dissects no morbid morals, and apes no mental paroxysms by corresponding verbal contortions. Whatever is subjective in his verse, and there is very little that is so, touches on tender and natural feeling. The poem that strives to be peculiarly classical in its narrower sense, "the Arctic Voyager," catches something of the tone of Tennyson's Ulysses, but fails in transporting us to the sphere of clear heroism, with all accidents of thought, ancient or modern, falling away. The author is happiest in the careful elaboration of some delicate fancy, linked with pathos, as in "The Mother's Wail," or rising

* Songs from the Old Dramatists: Collected and arranged by A. S. Richardson. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1873.

† E. J. Hale & Sons, Publishers.

into fainter connections, still firmly held, with wide human interests, as in "The Cotton Boll."

Within the limits of its powers, Timrod's genius was so complete and sincere that his usual seriousness does not exclude sportive sentiment and a tender grace of humor. "Baby's Age" and many touches in "Katie" leave the lightest effect of playful delicacy and aptness. His characteristic purity of conception and finish of manner are well illustrated by the sonnets, showing the miniature perfection of a cameo. Timrod was one of the very few Americans who understand the laws that govern both the form and substance of the sonnet, prescribing a rigid rhythmical frame of setting for a single precise idea. Though he was called the poet of the South, the literature of the country has lost in Timrod an artist in verse who wanted only more fortunate circumstances and a longer life to do it honor by the fulfillment of very noble promise.

Another Volume of the Bible Commentary.

THE second volume of the Bible Commentary, which Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. have just published, illustrates, even more perfectly than did the first volume, the general plan and scope of the work. Here we have, in the compass of six hundred pages of most readable type, introductions to, and notes upon, the six books of Scripture which immediately follow the Pentateuch. It is evident that for such condensed space the notes must be brief and concise and preëminently practical. There is no room for long discussions of mere speculative criticism. Such discussions, even if there were room for them, would be foreign to the purpose of the work, which is, to give the results of scholarship rather than to show the processes of it. In the names of the learned authors into whose hands the separate books have been committed, there is sufficient assurance that these results will be fairly and ably stated. To give to the readers for whom this Commentary is especially designed the details of exegesis and of argument by which results have been reached, would be like darkening counsel by words without wisdom. The ordinary Bible student, who is to find in his commentary the assistance which he needs to make his Bible intelligible as he uses it in private and domestic worship, or in the Sunday-school or Bible-class or church, has neither the time to spend in wading through the foggy obscurities of German criticism, nor the learning which shall help to make such criticism luminous. A word or two of honest and sensible suggestion, to correct some error of translation, or to explain some point of oriental custom or of ancient history, or to reveal the spirit of the word beneath the letter of it, is far more helpful to such an one. And it is for such an one that this work is especially designed.

The historical books with which the present volume of the Commentary is occupied are among the most difficult and obscure of all the books of Holy Scripture. As a natural consequence, they have been somewhat neglected by the present generation of Bible readers,—partly from an uneasy suspicion that they would not bear a very close scrutiny in matters of chronology, for instance, or of statistics, or even of ethics, and partly for the lack of critical apparatus for such study. This volume will help devout and thoughtful readers of the Bible to see how groundless are their suspicions, and how full of picturesque historic interest and of practical religious suggestion and counsel are even those parts of Scripture which seem comparatively unimportant.

"The Foreigner in Far Cathay."

MR. W. H. MEDHURST, the consul for the English Government at Shanghai, has given, in a little volume of two hundred pages, his impressions of China and of the Chinese, especially in their relations with the outside world. These impressions are the result of many years' experience and observation, by a most skillful and competent observer. Mr. Medhurst's thorough knowledge of the Chinese language, his fair-mindedness and willingness to recognize what is good in the Chinaman as well as what is evil in the foreigner, his appreciation of the enormous difficulties which attend the work of the merchant, the diplomatist, the missionary, in a country where the habits of thought and the ways of conduct and the very spirit of life are so different from our own, all fit him to speak with authority in the matters whereof he treats. How he has managed to compress his statement of fact and of opinion into so small a space, and to tell so much and to tell it so well in so few words, is really a marvel. His book should be a hand-book for all who for any reason need to inform themselves concerning the relations of the West with the far East. It gives just the kind of practical and varied information which an hour or two of familiar conversation with a good talker would elicit. By a kind of instinct, Mr. Medhurst divines what we desire to know and tells us in a word. Testing the volume by direct personal knowledge, in many points, we have found it singularly accurate. And, testing it by the rapidity and delight with which we have read it, we may pronounce it highly entertaining. The publishers (Scribner, Armstrong & Co.) have done the American public a good service by giving to the volume such prompt and elegant republication. Our own relations with China are increasingly intimate, and such a volume surely concerns us on this side of the Atlantic hardly less than it concerns Mr. Medhurst's own countrymen.

A Year's Gleanings in Science.

"THAT'S worth remembering," we say to ourselves perhaps a dozen times a day, when some suggestive fact in natural history, some important discovery in science, some hint of a handy device or useful direction for one of the ever-recurring needs of daily life, turns up in our daily reading. But memory takes slight hold of these fugitive gleams and waymarks of advancing civilization; it is seldom convenient to make on the

spot a note of what we want to keep; and we think no more of the matter until, some day when it is needed, there flashes across the mind the tantalizing recollection that somewhere we have seen the very thing we want—but where?

For all such vagrant cattle Dr. J. C. Draper has performed the part of impounder (*Year-Book of Nature and Popular Science:* Scribner, Armstrong & Co.), gathering up the more important discoveries, observations, opinions, and suggestions of general interest set adrift during the past year, and preserving them for reference in a handy volume, carefully classified and indexed. In this last much-neglected virtue, indispensable in good book-making, Dr. Draper's work is a model. The analysis of the contents and their tabular arrangement suffice in themselves to make the book a positive contribution to applied science. The editor disclaims any responsibility for opinions not expressly acknowledged as his own: still the fact that each article has been deliberately chosen on its merits by a competent man of science, naturally gives them, individually and collectively, a trustworthiness far surpassing similar selections by less critical collectors. To the readers of our monthly record of Nature and Science we need only say that the Year-Book embraces the notes which Dr. Draper has already laid before them, with much additional matter of a similar quality.

Early Photography.

UNIVERSITY NEW YORK, MARCH 6, 1873.

To the Editor of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:—

SIR:—My attention has just been drawn to a paragraph in your March issue, contained in an article "On Professor Morse and the Telegraph," in which its author, Mr. Lossing, states, that "the first photograph ever taken in America was that of the tower of the Church of the Messiah, on Broadway," by Professor Morse; and further, that, experimenting with me, he succeeded in obtaining likenesses of the human face; my part of the invention "was that of shortening the process, and being the first to take portraits with the eyes open."

Will you oblige me by permitting me to say, that the view of the church here referred to was taken by myself, from the window of my lecture-room, which is now the small chapel in the University? The building of the New York Hotel subsequently obstructed this view. It was by no means the first photograph that had been made in America, for I had made others previously.

As to the photographic portrait from the life, *it was I who took the first*, and that not merely in America. At that time photographic portraiture was considered in Europe to be an impracticable thing, and when the difficulties were overcome, the credit of the success was given to me (See *Edinburgh Review*, Jan., 1843, p. 339). Professor Morse never made a photograph until he had learned the art in my laboratory, in which at that time he spent every evening. I had been publishing papers in the scientific journals on the chemical action of light for many years.

Professor Morse never made any pretension to a knowledge of chemistry or optics. His life had been spent in the study of art, not in the severe discipline of science. I think it is to be deeply regretted, that any well-meaning but indiscreet friends should put forth claims on his behalf that can never be sustained. He was not the inventor of photographic portraiture.

Yours truly, JOHN W. DRAPER.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Elevation of River Beds.

IN a report on the supply of water to Yonkers, Professor Newberry says: Before any plan is adopted for supplying the city of Yonkers with water, I would strongly recommend that a thorough exploration be made of the materials which occupy the bottom of the rocky valley of the Nepperhan, and underlie, perhaps, very deeply the present stream. It is probably known to you that most of the draining streams of all the region between the Mississippi and the Atlantic are now running far above their ancient beds. This fact was first revealed to me by the borings made for oil in the valleys of the tributaries of the Ohio. All these streams were found to be flowing in valleys, once deeply excavated, but now partially filled and in some instances almost obliterated. Further investigation showed that the same was true of the draining streams of New York and the Atlantic slope. For example, the valley of the Mohawk for a large part of its course is filled with sand and gravel to the depth of over two hundred feet. In the Hudson the water surface stands now probably five hundred feet above its ancient level—the old mouth of the Hudson and the channel which leads to it being distinctly traceable on the bottom nearly eighty miles south and east of New York. The excavation of these deep channels could only have been effected when the continent was much higher than now. Subsequently it was depressed so far that the ocean waters stood on the Atlantic coast from one hundred to five hundred feet higher than they now do. During this period of submergence the blue clays in the valley of the Hudson—the "Champlain clays"—were deposited, and the valleys of all the streams were more or less filled.

The Future of our Race.

ALFRED R. WALLACE thus reviews a recent work by De Candolle on the Doctrine of Natural Selection: In the last section, on the probable future of the human race, we have the following remarkable speculations, very different from the Utopian views held by most evolutionists, but founded nevertheless on certain very practical considerations. In the next few hundred or a thousand years the chief alterations will be the extinction of all the less dominant races and the partition of the world among the three great persistent types, the whites, blacks, and Chinese, each of which will occupy those portions of the globe for which they are best adapted. But taking a more extended glance into the future of 50,000 or 100,000 years hence, and supposing that no cosmical changes occur to destroy the human race, there are certain well ascertained facts on which to found a notion of what must by that time have occurred. In the first place, all the coal and all metals available will then have been exhausted, and even if men succeed in finding other sources of heat and are able to extract the metals thinly diffused through the soil, yet these products must become far dearer and less available for general use than now. Railroads and steamships, and everything that depends upon the possession of large quantities of cheap metals, will then be impossible, and sedentary agricultural populations in warm and fertile regions will be best off. Population will have lingered longest around the greatest masses of coal and iron, but will finally become most densely aggregated within the tropics. But other and more serious changes will result in the gradual diminution and deterioration of the terrestrial surface.

Assuming the undoubted fact that all our existing land is wearing away and being carried into the sea, but, by a strange oversight, leaving out altogether the counteracting internal forces which for countless ages past seem always to have raised ample tracts above the sea as fast as sub-aërial denudation has lowered them, it is argued that even if all the land does not disappear and man so finally become extinct, the land will at least become less varied and will consist chiefly of a few flat and parched-up plains and volcanic or coralline islands. Population will by this time have greatly diminished, but it is thought that an intelligent and persevering race may even then prosper. They will enjoy the happiness which results from a peaceable existence, for without metals or combustibles it will be difficult to form fleets to rule the seas or great armies to ravage the land.

Volition and Reproduction.

IN continuation of the observations of Mr. Potts on the retention of eggs by birds, in our February number, we present the following very interesting account and deductions by the Rev. Dr. Wilson, of Easton, Maryland: The common house wren (T. Ædon) lays from five to six eggs, and raises two broods, depositing an egg every morning. Last summer I observed a pair in my garden anxiously seeking accommodations, but seemingly hard to satisfy, as the season was advanced, and others of the species were already sitting. I placed a box against an outbuilding, and within a half-hour they had commenced the nest. When three eggs had been laid a vagabond boy destroyed the nest. I saw him and gave chase, when he dropped the box and I replaced it. In two days the nest had been repaired; and when four eggs were laid the same irrepressible little barbarian carried off the box. Two days elapsed; the injured pair meanwhile flitting about and singing as if nothing had happened. I bored a hole in the building, and fitted another box inside: in twenty minutes the first stick was laid, and soon a nest had been formed with all the care of a first structure. Next morning an egg was laid, which I unfortunately broke. It made no difference—six more were deposited, the brood reared, the nest pulled to pieces, every stick and hair being carried to a distance, another nest constructed, and five eggs laid for a second brood, which was also reared successfully. Now here was the first laying delayed by the difficulty in selecting a place; the first clutch interrupted, the second also checked, and the first egg of the third broken, and yet in natural course there should have been an egg laid daily until six were deposited. Instead of eleven eggs for the two broods, nineteen were certainly laid by the same female that season; and if, as is probable, two eggs were matured which could not be retained, but had to be dropped anywhere, twenty-one, or nearly two seasons' layings, were extruded. Will that bird become sterile a year earlier than natural in consequence? But the chief point of interest lies in the fact that three several times the regular maturation of eggs was voluntarily checked under the influence of adverse circumstances, while an entire clutch and several additional ova were matured, which should not have been extruded until next summer! Now the question is, if the law of ovarian development is substantially the same in all vertebrata, may not some very important results be obtained from investigation based on these data in regard to the effect of mental emotion and volition upon the reproductive function? Facts of minor practical interest may be developed of great usefulness to all stock-breeders, and especially to those of domestic poultry.

Asphalt Pavements and Fire.

THE *Journal of the Society of Arts* states that during the reign of the Commune in Paris, in 1871, the fires made by incendiaries were never known to have been spread by means of the asphalt pavements. In London experiments were made on this point by heaping wood on the Val de Travers pavement and setting fire to it. When the fire was at its fiercest the burning embers were raked away, and only a few feeble flames were seen to issue from the pavement, and they went out directly of their own accord.

In the stables of the Paris Omnibus Company the grain loft is immediately over the stables, and to protect the oats from the effluvium from the stables the floor of the loft was covered with a thick layer of asphalt. In five different conflagrations this floor arrested the course of the flames until help could be procured.

A wooden floor covered with asphalt was also perfectly protected against a fire which was lighted on the asphalt; for though this substance gives off a volatile material which is inflammable and burns, the mass of lime and coke which remains is sufficient to protect the wood against the flames.

Intelligence in Young Creatures.

CONCERNING Herbert Spencer's ideas on this subject Mr. Spalding remarks: "Mr. Spencer has made the unqualified statement that a chick, immediately after it comes out of the egg, not only balances itself and runs about, but picks up fragments of food, thus showing us that it can adjust its muscular movements in a way appropriate for grasping an object in a position that is accurately perceived." The fact is, that on emerging from the shell, the chick can no more do anything of all this than can the new-born child run about and gather blackberries. But between the two there is this great difference, that whereas the chick can pick about perfectly in less than twenty-four hours, the child is not similarly master of its movements in as many months. Our present point is, that it can be shown by experiments that the performances of the chick a day old, which involve the perceptions of distance and direction by the eye and the ear, and of many other qualities of external things, are not in any degree the result of its individual experiences.

Mr. Spalding then passes to the discussion of Professor Bain's account of the growth of voluntary power, in which that gentleman says: "The infant is unable to masticate; a morsel put into its mouth at first usually tumbles out. But if there occur spontaneous movements of the tongue, mouth or jaw, giving birth to a strong relish, these movements are sustained and begin to be associated with the sensations, so that after a time there grows up a firm connection." But, says Mr. Spalding, "we must remember that when the child is born it has no occasion for the power of masticating solid food; the ability to suck, which involves an equally complex series of muscular adjustments, is what it requires, and this it has by instinct;—bearing all this in mind, the question is, why may not the innate ability to masticate be developed by the time it is required quite as spontaneously as the teeth required in the operation?"

Alcohol in the System.

DUPRE adds his testimony in support of the opinion that alcohol is consumed in the body. The results of two series of experiments showed, 1st, that the amount of alcohol eliminated per day does not increase with the continuance of the alcohol diet, therefore all the alcohol consumed daily must of necessity be disposed of daily, and as it certainly is not eliminated within that time it must be destroyed in the system. 2d, the elimination of alcohol following the taking of a dose or doses thereof is completed 24 hours after the last dose is taken. 3d, the total amount of alcohol eliminated is only a minute fraction of that consumed.

Western Coal Measures.

As the result of an examination of the upper coal measures west of the Alleghanies, Prof. J. J. Stevenson deduces the following conclusions:

1st. The Great Bituminous Trough west of the Alleghanies does not owe its basin-shape primarily to the Apalachian revolution.

2d. The coal measures of this basin were not united to those of Indiana and Illinois at any time posterior to the lower coal-measure epoch, and probably were always distinct.

3d. The upper coal-measures originally extended as far west as the Muskingum River in Ohio.

4th. Throughout the upper coal-measure epoch the general condition was one of subsidence interrupted by longer or shorter intervals of repose. During subsidence the Pittsburgh marsh crept up the shore, and at each of the longer intervals of repose pushed out seaward upon the advancing land, thus giving rise to the successive coal-beds of the upper coal measures.

5th. The Pittsburgh marsh had its origin in the east.

Refining Sugar.

IN an article on the use of animal charcoal in sugar refining, Mr. Divis states that it is a mistake to suppose that the revivification of the charcoal is aided by the conversion into carbonate of lime of the lime that has been separated. On adding hydrochloric acid to the carbonate, the small masses of charcoal are quickly covered with a layer of carbonic acid derived from the carbonate of lime: whereas, if the lime is allowed to remain in the caustic state it dissolves in the acid without effervescence, and the removal of the impurity takes place more quickly and thoroughly. Having satisfied himself that the lime is in the caustic state, Mr. Divis goes on to propose the use of sal ammoniac as a means for the revivification of the charcoal.

Economy in Illumination.

MR. OFFERT states that in bats-wing burners, though the size of the flame diminishes with the amount of gas consumed, it is not in equal ratio. The light of a large flame, for example, may be equivalent to fifteen candles, while that of two small ones together will be only seven or eight candles, though they burn the same amount of gas as the large flame. This is caused by the complete combustion of the gas in the blue zone of the flame, which gives little or no light in either case and has more favorable circumstances for its occurrence relatively to the size of the flame in the small than in the large flame.

A singular fact in connection with gas flames is, that the power of the light is the same whether the flame is tested edgewise or flatwise. The conclusion arrived at is, that the use of cylindrical glass chimneys with round jets (Argand) is on the whole the most economical.

Preserving Iron Ships.

PROFESSOR CALVERT says:—I have made many experiments with the view of discovering the cause of the preservative action which alkaline solutions exert on iron, but have failed. Knowing the destructive influence which sea-water has on iron, and the serious injury resulting from the action of bilge-water in iron ships, a series of experiments was made with sea-water to which was added such a quantity of caustic soda or potash or their carbonates, that, after the salts of lime and magnesia were decomposed, there still remained in the solutions 1 to 5 per cent. of alkalies or the alkaline carbonates, and when iron blades were introduced into such liquids, they gave the same results as when iron had been dipped into an alkaline solution of Manchester water. I would propose, in conclusion, that a certain quantity of soda-ash should be introduced from time to time into the bilge-water of iron ships, as by so doing a great saving would be effected, since it would prevent the rapid destruction of such ships.

Memoranda.

M. CHANTRAN finds, that when the eyes of crayfish are exsected during the first year, they are completely restored after a few castings of the shell and perfect vision is regained. In old crayfish, on the contrary, the restoration is incomplete and imperfect.

An instance is given in *The American Artisan* in which typhoid fever attacked one-half the families in a village that used milk from a certain dairy. On making an investigation, it was found that the cows drank water from an old underground tank of wood which was decayed, and water from which doubtless found its way into the milk-cans in other ways than through the udders of the cows.

M. Gayon, as the results of experiments on the putrefaction of eggs, finds, 1st, that shaking the eggs has little or no appearance of effect on the act of putrefaction; 2d, that putrefaction is attended with the formation of vibrios; and, 3d, that the germs of these organisms are in all probability derived from the oviduct of the bird.

Experiments by MM. Estor and Saint-Pierre show that when glucose is injected into the blood-vessels it is consumed, its disappearance being attended by a consumption of oxygen and proportional production of carbonic acid.

ETCHINGS.

WILLOW WHISTLES.

THE world is wide awake to-day,
The laziest drones are bustling,
The brook slips by, the wind is gay,
And every leaf is rustling;
This shady bank, 'neath Beech and Oak,
With lance-like grasses bristles,
And you and I, two idle folk,
Sit making willow whistles.

Oh, heavenly sunshine of the May,
Succeeding winter hoary,
What shade can shut its light away,
What gloom resist its glory!
Down through our leafy canopy
Dart myriad golden missiles,
And gild the brook, the bank, the tree,
And e'en the willow whistles.

Such wealth of leaf! such worlds of green!
Such balm, no words can utter!
And all the birds that e'er were seen,
Have gathered here to flutter:
They pertly perch, with heads awry
Upon the swaying thistles,
And evidently wonder why
We're making willow whistles.

How dare you, comrade, trifle so,
In these grand forest temples,
And laugh, and beat your sappy bough,
And set me bad examples!
Such songs of praises here arise,
As ne'er were found in Missals,
And we should hearken, were we wise,
Instead of making whistles.

They say the world's a vale of tears,
And man is born to trouble,—
The words sound idly in my ears
Beside the brooklet's bubble;
Friends change, I hear, and hopes grow pale,
The fairest project fizzles,—
I'm glad there's no such word as fail
In making willow whistles.

The brook shows back two heads of brown,
Though one's a prettier color,
A Titian hue,—no need to frown,
I've said not which is duller;
They'll be the same, both yours and mine,
When time their brownness grizzles,
And then, we'll laugh at 'Auld Lang Syne,'
When we made willow whistles.

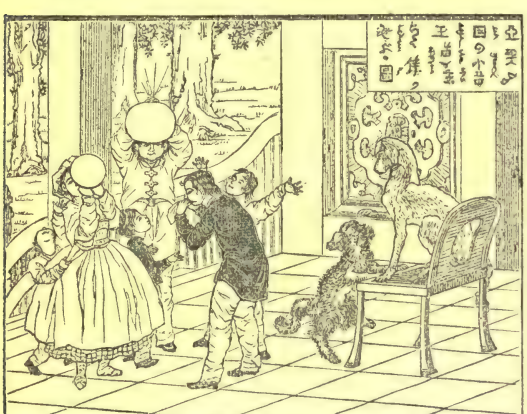
JAPANESE PICTURES OF AMERICAN LIFE.

Drawings and Explanations from a Japanese Book of Travels.

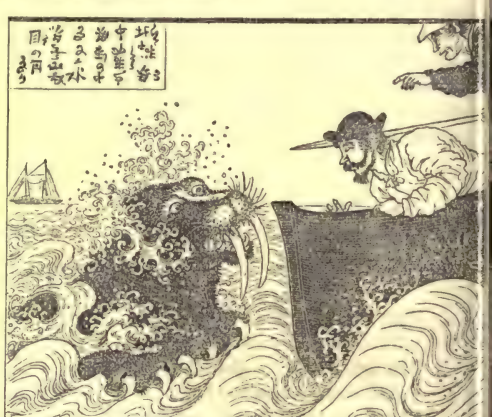
(This may or may not be the method of japanning the English language proposed by Mr. Mori. See SCRIBNER'S for April, page 770.)

The foreigner at in the ocean to fish a hook and line and He to make a dried fish.

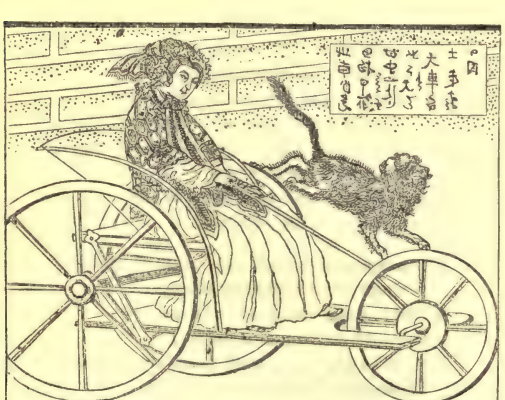
And now He the fish put on a horse back and going to sell of that is horse very small horse.



The children of the American in the Sunday He to assemble and He is a picture at play to blow the flute.



The ocean of the north pole the hippopotomas walk out in the ocean and He upset the steamer and ship men perhaps will to be men.



That a cart is called to go whirl cart own for it is to spin before wheel and after than can go spin of round but it is not fast nor slow therefore the woman in the cart is very glad.

It is a picture of cleanse with a water of boy by the woman w upon small boy catching hold of tip of the tail the dog and a p very vexed by the little child.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. VI. JUNE, 1873. NO. 2.

THE ASCENT OF MOUNT HAYDEN.

A NEW CHAPTER OF WESTERN DISCOVERY.

ON THE MARCH.

I WAS never fully satisfied with my explorations of the Upper Yellowstone region in 1870. What I then saw, and the discoveries made by Dr. Hayden's Geological Corps in 1871, begot in me the desire again to visit that Wonderland, with a view more fully to examine the surroundings of those particular localities which had so greatly excited the curiosity of the public. Our distress at the loss of a comrade,* and the little time we had for extended observation and careful description of what we saw, convinced me that the half had not been seen or told of the freaks of nature in this secluded wilderness. One of the most remarkable as well as valuable discoveries—the Mammoth Hot Springs at Gardiner River—was reserved to be the grandest trophy of Dr. Hayden's Expedition. It was with the hope, therefore, that I might more fully comprehend what I had seen, and aid somewhat in the discovery of other wonders, that I concluded to avail myself of an invitation from Dr. Hayden to join his U. S. Geological Survey in July last, and accompany it in its visit to the National Park.

With a view to explore the country south of the Yellowstone, and especially in the immediate vicinity of Snake River,—of which so many, almost fabulous, stories had been told,—Dr. Hayden placed his assistant, Captain James Stevenson, in charge of a part of his company, with instructions to approach the Park from that direction, while he, with the other members of the expedition, should proceed over the route of the previous year

* See "Thirty-seven Days of Peril;" SCRIBNER'S for November, 1871.

by way of Fort Ellis, up the Yellowstone River. Both parties were to meet in the Upper Geyser Basin of the Fire Hole River. This southern route had peculiar charms for me. It lay through a region practically unexplored, which must in a few years be penetrated by railroads and filled with people. It was now full of wild streams, vast lava beds, desolate sand tracts, mountain lakes, and long ranges of lofty mountains,—amid which the Snake River, true to its name, pursued its serpentine course to the Pacific, overlooked for hundreds of miles by the lofty range of Tetons, so long and widely known as the great landmarks of this part of the continent.

The company under Captain Stevenson's command had been several days at Fort Hall, in the Territory of Idaho, making preparation for their departure, before I joined it. I arrived at Ross's Fork, a station on the stage road from Utah to Montana, on the morning of our national anniversary. An ambulance which had been sent from Fort Hall for my use was in waiting, and I left almost immediately upon my arrival for that post. Lest the present Fort Hall should be mistaken for the old fur-trader's post of the same name, built by Nathaniel Wyeth as long ago as 1832, it is proper here to state that it is a new government fort, erected within the past three years, some forty miles distant from the ruins of the ancient post whose name it bears. Mount Putnam, named after the commandant of the fort, lifts its snow-crowned peak on the right to the height of 13,000 feet. Scarcely less conspicuous or majestic than the Tetons, apparently a member of the same range, it gives dignity and grandeur to the landscape whose features it overlooks.

All our preparations being completed, the morning of the twelfth day of July was designated by Capt. Stevenson for our departure. Captain Putnam, to whom we had been under repeated obligations during our stay at the fort, afforded us all possible assistance. The boys were roused early, and the work of packing commenced. Great skill is required to perform this labor well and adroitly. Our packers were adepts in the art, and it was marvelous to witness with what precision and celerity they threw, looped, and fastened the lash-rope around the body of a pack-mule, by what is known as the "diamond hitch." The pack-saddle, when firmly secured to the back of a mule, bears no small resemblance to the common saw-buck of the street wood-sawyer, the four horns corresponding to the four upright projections of the cross-pieces. Every part of it is made available for transportation. Tents, cooking utensils, clothing, engineering instruments, photographic apparatus, everything that enters into the outfit of any expedition through an unexplored region, is fastened to it with ropes, and the cincho, to which is attached the lash-rope, thrown around the whole. It would astonish any one who beheld the process for the first time, to see what immense loads may be packed upon the backs of horses and mules, in a compass sufficiently small to avoid serious collision with rocks and trees along the bridle-paths and trails through the forests and fastnesses of the mountains.

By ten o'clock our animals were packed and awaiting the order to start. The members of our party were each mounted on a strong horse, and as we passed out of the sally-port of the fort and descended into the valley, our appearance, to an eastern eye, would have been picturesque enough.

We left Mr. Adams and Mr. Nicholson at Fort Hall; the former to follow us on the fifteenth and overtake us by hard riding,—the latter to take observations and determine the latitude and longitude of the Fort.

Moving on to Blackfoot Creek, a tributary of Snake River, we made an early camp.

Our train was in motion early the next morning, and we traveled leisurely over an arid and sandy plain, destitute of water. The heat towards mid-day became very oppressive, and our thirst intolerable. We had neglected taking a supply of water in our canteens, and until we reached Sandy Creek, a tributary of the Blackfoot, none could be obtained. Our animals suffered greatly, and towards the close of the day's journey were with difficulty urged forward. A fine greyhound, which had been presented to Capt. Stevenson by Capt. Putnam, fell from thirst and exhaustion and died upon the trail; and another would have suffered a like fate had not his master dug a hole through the sand into the damp clay and half-buried him in it, while a comrade rode at full speed to Sandy Creek and returned with water to relieve the suffering animal. Just before we reached Sandy Creek a light rain came on, and we caught a few drops in our rubber ponchos, which greatly invigorated us. Our poor animals, too, seemed to gather new life as they felt the grateful moisture. I do not remember ever to have experienced the effects of thirst more than during this day's march. We made but fifteen miles advance, but the day was nearly spent when we went into camp.

Our camp at this place was in the midst of

a miniature desert, and we left it as soon after daylight the next morning as possible. Pursuing our way through the sand, at noon we arrived at Eagle Rock Bridge, the point where the stage-road to Montana crosses Snake River. Here we see one of the remarkable features of this remarkable river,—its passage through an immense table of trap-rock, where it is narrowed from a width of four or five hundred yards to less than thirty, while its depth cannot be measured with a plumb and line. It is like a river set up on edge, and boils, whirls, and surges in its course like Niagara. The water is almost of an inky blackness, and seems to take its hue from the dark chasm through which it passes. The bridge is thrown across the narrowest place; and though not greatly elevated above the water, such is the fury of the stream beneath it that one is very glad to feel that he has crossed it in safety. The same peculiarity which marks this locality may be seen on a much grander scale at the Dalles of the Columbia in Orgeon, where that river has worked a channel of about one hundred feet in width and fifteen miles long through a table of trap-rock. Curious erosions have been wrought by the elements in the rocks in this vicinity. They are full of pot-holes, and give a strange appearance to the immediate landscape. In many places where the rocks have been broken so as to divide the orifices, they are very jagged, and seem more like the work of man than of nature.

On our arrival at Taylor's Bridge we were obliged, before going further, to determine whether we would follow up the main stream of Snake River or cross the country directly to the north of Henry's Fork. We had about concluded upon the latter course when a trapper known as "Beaver Dick," who had just left the North Fork, informed us that we could ford the river above the Teton branch, but that the South Fork was impassable,—thus confirming our good judgment in selecting the route to the North Fork. Accordingly we renewed our march in the afternoon, and camped at a point five miles north of the Bridge.

Our route the next day was by the stage road to the station known as Market Lake. The marsh upon our left swarmed with musquitoes, and the weather being very hot, we passed a tedious day. Tortured by these insects, our two burros stampeded with their packs and gave us a three-mile chase. The mail-coach came up soon after we encamped, bringing Mr. Adams, who had letters and papers for nearly all our boys.

This portion of Snake River valley was pretty thoroughly explored by Lieutenant Mullan in the winter of 1853-4. When he visited it, Market Lake, now a dry sandy depression in the prairie, was a large and beautiful sheet of water twelve or fourteen miles in length. He traveled along its margin for more than eight miles, and then diverged to Snake River. He was told by trappers and others that the lake had been formed but a few years; that before its formation its bed was an immense prairie bottom, and the favorite resort for game of all kinds. The old mountaineers held it in high repute as a hunting-ground,—and whenever their provisions failed, always joined each other in an expedition to this favorite spot, which was known among them as "the market." "Let us go to market," was an invitation which was understood among trappers to indicate a desire to renew supplies from this ever-bountiful resource. Captain Mullan gave it the name of Market Lake, to perpetuate what he at that time supposed was a legend connected with it;—but could he see the dry and arid plain which it presents to the eye to-day, all doubt of its early uses would be dispelled. A freak of the subterranean streams, not less strange and unaccountable than that which filled it and converted it into a magnificent lake, has now emptied it, and changed it into a forbidding desert.

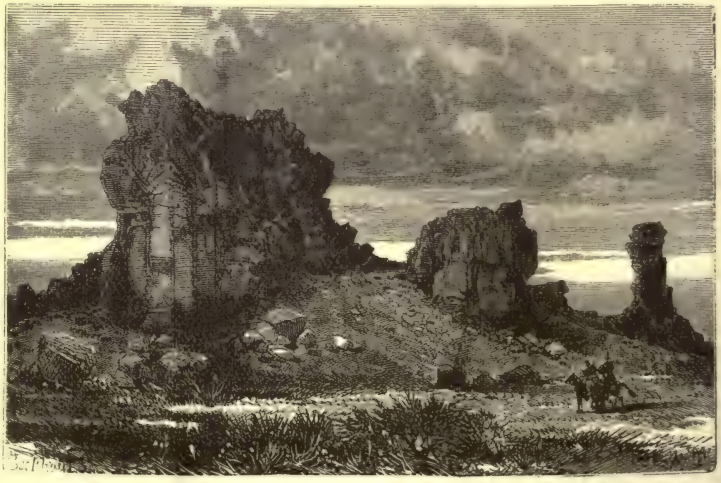
We bade farewell to civilization at daylight on the morning of the 16th, and plunged into the rocky wilderness which lay between us and the North Fork. Never before had this desolate clime echoed to the clatter of so large and gay a company. Thirty-seven mounted men and twenty-five pack animals could hardly fail to disturb the unbroken slumber of a region which, from every rock and tree and mountain, answers to the faintest sound with reduplicated murmurs. But as we looked before us and beheld, rising through the morning vapors, the glinting sides and summits of the Tetons, we felt that even this country, desolate and virgin as it was, had a thrilling history. Those grand old mountains covered with eternal snow had, by their very isolation, pointed the way to the Pacific to all the early explorers, from the days of Lewis and Clarke, through the mountain passes and river mazes of this the most intricate part of the continent. Guided by them, Hunt in 1811 led his little half-starved band out of the almost inextricable wilderness of the Bighorn Mountains, and pursued his long and tortuous journey to the Columbia. Often did they serve during his years of wan-

dering to guide Bonneville to the friendly wigwams of the Bannacks or Shoshones. And in the recent history of the country, the first sight of them has often assured the perplexed gold-hunter that he was on the right path to the Northern Eldorado. Rough, jagged, and pointed, they stood out before us nearer than I had ever before seen them, shining like gigantic crystals in the morning sunbeams. As I gazed upon the loftiest peak of the three, and followed up its steep and rock-ribbed sides to their acute summit, I tried to calculate the risks of our contemplated clamber, and communed with myself as to the possibility of its successful achievement. The outline of the mountain from this point of view presented so many concave reaches and precipitous ascents, that I began to regard as impossible the attainment of its top; and yet, as an achievement as well for the expansive and magnificent view to be obtained from it as for any renown it might give, it seemed to me to be worthy of the greatest risks and strongest efforts. Beaver Dick told us, that though many times attempted, the ascent of the great Teton had never been accomplished. And this was the opinion of the Indians. Indeed, as late as the visit of Captain Reynolds to this region in 1860, the opinion was prevalent that the Tetons were surrounded by a tract of country so full of rocks and wild streams and perpetual snows as to be entirely inaccessible.

Mr. Hunt bestowed upon them the name of Pilot Knobs, because of the frequent benefit he derived from them as landmarks, though previous to his time they had received from the early French explorers the name they now bear of Tetons, from their similarity in form to the female breast. But 'tis distance that lends enchantment to such a view of these mountains, for when nearly approached, those beautiful curvilinear forms that obtained for them this delicate appellation become harsh and rugged and angular; and the comparison used by Professor Hayden, of "Shark's teeth," to represent their appearance, is more truthful and striking. The name is a misnomer, and if instead—as some insist is the case—they had been called the three Titans, it would have better illustrated their relation to the surrounding country.

Our course was through a treeless, desolate country of sand and rock, marked by few great inequalities of surface, and well calculated for railroad improvement. After traveling seventeen miles we reached the North, or Henry's Fork of Snake River, so named after the first fur-trader who crossed the Rocky Mountains and established himself in this country.

We camped near the base of two high buttes, whose peculiar formation excited our curiosity. With every external appearance of basalt, they were as soft and friable as sandstone. An impromptu party, of which the writer was one, left camp for the purpose of exploring these singular Knobs. Ascending the most northerly of the two to the height of nearly a thousand feet, they quite unexpectedly found themselves standing upon the igneous rim, not more than fifty feet in width, of an enormous crater, whose yawning depth of three hundred feet, and widely extended jaws of a thousand feet or more, left no doubt as to the original character of the mountain. It was an extinct volcano. The rim of the crater, broken in the direction of our camp, denoted the course of the lava, and our geologist gave as a reason for its resemblance to sand-rock, that the overflow had occurred under water, which produced disintegration, and the particles on reuniting formed a volcanic sandstone. From the extreme rareness of its occurrence, this discovery, next to that of the "Quebec Group," was deemed the most important of the expedition. We descended at an angle of about 45°



"KENILWORTH CASTLE."

into the crater, the bottom of which was covered with sage-brush and bunch-grass.

Looking up from this interior at the rim, its various erosions, fissures, and inequalities of blackened masses presented a most grotesque appearance. Externally the lava on the mountain sides assumes a great variety of fantastic forms, prominent among which are those of numerous ovens with lofty chimneys, interspersed among turrets, castles, spires, keeps, and towers. The view from the rim commands a vast extent of country. On the south we behold the valley of the great Snake River, blackened with the huge and shapeless masses of basalt scattered over it, and the doublings and twistings of the mighty river itself as it struggles with a thousand impediments on its sinuous course to the Pacific. Eastward, Henry's Fork and its tributaries emerge into view from the mountains and hasten across the plain to their union with the Snake, while all around us the distant horizon is decked with isolated peaks and interminable ridges.

Among the strangely fretted rocks near the base of this volcano, was one which Mr. Adams called "Kenilworth Castle," from the resemblance it bore to that ruin. Upon that portion of it corresponding to the banqueting hall, we found an Indian inscription, which doubtless was intended to perpetuate incidents in the life of some successful hunter. As the rock was soft, the inscription could not have been very ancient. It represented buffalo-hunts, encounters with the grizzly, slaying of deer, elk, and moose,—cranes, mounted hunters and hunters on foot, all sufficiently accurate for identification. I have seen upon the elk and buffalo robes of the Blackfeet many inscriptions of like character; and with that nation more perhaps than any other, it is a custom by some means to perpetuate the memory of their great chiefs, and great events in their history. I conclude from the fact that the Blackfeet, within the past half century, were the most warlike tribe in the vicinity of this inscription, that it was the work of one of their famous hunters.

Among our own hunters was a trapper named Shep Medary—a lively, roystering mountaineer, who liked nothing better than to get a joke upon any unfortunate "pilgrim" or "tender foot" who was verdant enough to confide in his stories of mountain life.

"What a night!" said Shep, as the moon rose broad and clear—"what a glorious night for drivin' snipe!"

Here was something new. Two of our young men were eager to learn all about the mystery.

"Driving snipe! what's that, Shep? Tell us about it."

"Did ye never hear?" replied Shep, with a face expressive of wonder at their ignorance. "Why, it's as old as the mountains, I guess; we always choose such weather as this for drivin' snipe. The snipe are fat now, and they drive better, and they're better eatin' too. I tell you, a breakfast of snipe, broiled on the buffalo chips, is not bad to take, is it, Dick?"

Beaver Dick, who had just arrived in camp, thus appealed to, growled an assent to the proposition contained in Shep's question; and the boys, more anxious than ever, pressed Shep for an explanation.

"Maybe," said one of them, "maybe we can drive the snipe to-night and get a mess for breakfast: what have we got to do, Shep?"

"Oh well," responded Shep, "if you're so plaguey ignorant, I'm afear'd you won't do. Howsomever, you can try. You boys get a couple of them gunny-sacks and candles, and we'll go out and start 'em up."

Elated with the idea of having a mess of snipe for breakfast, the two young men, under Shep's direction, each equipped with a gunny-sack and candle, followed him out upon the plain, half a mile from camp, accompanied by some half-dozen members of our party. The spot was chosen because of its proximity to a marsh which was supposed to be filled with snipe. In reality it was the swarming-place for mosquitoes.

"Now," said Shep, stationing the boys about ten feet apart, "open your sacks, be sure and keep the mouths of 'em wide open, and after we leave you, light your candles and hold 'em well into the sack, so that the snipe can see, and the rest of us will drive 'em up. It may take a little spell to get 'em started, but if you wait patiently they'll come."

With this assurance the snipe-drivers left them and returned immediately to camp.

"I've got a couple of green 'uns out there," said he with a sly wink. "They'll wait some time for the snipe to come up, I reckon."

The boys followed directions,—the sacks were held wide open, the candles kept in place. There they stood, the easy prey of the remorseless mosquitoes. An hour passed away, and yet from the ridge above the camp the light of the candles could be seen across the plain. Shep now stole quietly out of camp, and, making a long circuit, came up behind the victims and, raising a war-whoop, fired his pistol in the air.

THE SNIP-HUNTERS.

The boys dropped their sacks and started on a two-forty pace for camp, coming in amid the laughter and shouts of their companions.

Beaver Dick pitched his "wakiup" near our camp, and, with his Indian wife and half-breed children, added a novel feature to the company. Dick is quite a character, and during the time he spent with us displayed personal traits that would make him a fitting hero for a popular dime-novel. He is an Englishman, has been engaged in trapping for twenty-one years, is perfectly familiar with all the accessible portions of the Rocky Mountains, and has adopted many of the habits and pursuits of the Indians. He, however, has made it a point twice a year to visit some civilized region in order to dispose of his furs and obtain supplies. We must depend upon his guidance in fording streams, crossing mountain passes, and avoiding collision with unfriendly tribes. His children are already great favorites with our company, and his dusky wife seems a quiet, inoffensive creature, whose highest ambition is to learn how best to serve her lord and master.

Under his guidance, we broke camp at early dawn and followed up the valley of Henry's Fork, which we crossed in safety at the ford. The task was not accomplished without difficulty, as the bank of the stream where we entered it was very abrupt and the current very rapid. It required great care to prevent the smaller pack-animals from being swept away. The water in the channel mounted nearly to their backs. A dog belonging to one of the company was carried yelping down the stream, out of sight, and we supposed it was lost. It made its appearance in camp two hours afterwards, sadly humiliated by the adventure. The stream was full of the large salmon-trout peculiar to all streams flowing into the Pacific; several that we caught weighed from two to three pounds each. In form and appearance these beautiful fish resemble the brook-trout, but they are very much larger, and, except in single instances, the spots upon them are brown instead of crimson. The flesh is a rich salmon color, and extremely delicate. If cleaned and cooked while fresh from the water, they furnish a delicious meal.

Among our riding-horses was a little cream-colored cayuse, which after fording the stream, performed the extraordinary feat of bucking completely out of his saddle while it was fastened upon him by cincho and breast-strap.

The poor fellow who mounts a bucking cayuse without knowing how to manage it, is very sure to be thrown over its head or slipped over its haunches, at the infinite risk of breaking his neck or being kicked to death. But with a man on its back who knows how to avoid these calamities, there is something ludicrous in the wrathful leaps and vicious dodges of the animal.

The little ponies, which take their name from the Cayuse Indians, possess, as a native quality, this habit of bucking, or jumping high in air as we have seen lambs do, striking, with every joint stiffened, all four feet forcibly upon the earth. The concussion is so violent that, unless the rider is experienced, one or two efforts will be enough to dash him to the ground. The very appearance of the animal is frightful. The ears are thrown back close to its head, the eyes put on a vicious expression, it froths at the mouth, seizes the bit with its teeth, tries to bite, and in every possible manner evinces the utmost enmity for its rider. Bucking is deemed as incurable as balking—whip and spur and kind treatment being alike in vain.

Mr. Adams left the camp the morning after our arrival, in company with Shep Medary, on a hurried return to Fort Hall, to procure more pack animals, and recruit our waning stock of supplies. Growing in great profusion all around our camp, we were delighted to find those articles of food so much prized by the Indians—the camas and yamph roots. The camas is both flour and potatoes for several wandering nations ; and it is found in the most barren and desolate regions in greatest quantity. The camas is a small round root, not unlike an onion in appearance. It is sweet to the taste, full of gluten, and very satisfying to a hungry man. The Indians have a mode of preparing it which makes it very relishable. In a hole of a foot in depth, and six feet in diameter, from which the turf has been carefully removed, they build a fire for the purpose of heating the exposed earth-surface, while in another fire, at the same time, they heat a sufficient number of flat rocks to serve as a cover. After the heating process is completed the roots are spread over the bottom of the hole, covered with the turf, the heated rocks spread above, a fire built upon them, and the process of cooking produces about the same change in the camas that is produced by roasting in coffee. It also preserves it in a suitable form for ready use.

The yamph is a longer and smaller bulb than the camas, not quite as nutritious, and eaten raw. Either of these roots contains nutriment sufficient to support life ; and often, in the experience of the tribes of the mountains, winters have been passed with no other food. There is a poison camas, which is sometimes mistaken for the genuine root, that cannot be eaten without fatal results. It always grows where the true camas is found, and much care is necessary to avoid mixing the two while gathering in any quantity. So great is the esteem in which the camas is held, that many of the important localities of this country are named after it.

The great theme of talk about our campfire was the proposed ascent of the Tetons. Beaver Dick said our design was not new. The ascent had been often tried, and always without success. An old trapper by the name of Michaud, as long ago as 1843, provided himself with ropes, rope-ladders, and other aids, and spent days in the effort, but met with so many obstructions he finally gave it up in despair. "You can try," said Dick, significantly ; "but you'll wind up in the same way."

After a ride of ten miles, we arrived at mid-day at the Middle Fork of the Snake, or the Mad river of Mr. Hunt. It is not as large as the North Fork, but much more rapid. All day the Tetons reared their heads in full view. From the summit, midway to the base, they seemed to be covered with perpetual snow. In the buttressed sides, as the eye scanned them critically, many places were seen where the rocks were nearly vertical, and which it would be impossible to scale. They were apparently intrenched in a wilderness of rocks, as inaccessible as their summits.

Our camp, the next day, was thirteen miles nearer the Tetons, which assumed a loftier appearance and seemed more distant than ever.

We followed up Conant's Creek another day over high, rolling ridges and through deep coulées, which were filled with groves of small poplars. These thickets afforded fine retreats and shelter from the weather for elk, deer, and bear, though our hunter, who came in empty at night, complained bitterly that the country is destitute of game. Looking at the mountain ridge, near the source of Middle Fork, a depression there suggested the practicability of a railroad from Snake River to the Geysers.

On the following day we pushed forward to the Big Cottonwood, a stream fed by the melting of the snow in the gorges of the mountains. Its banks were full, and the stream was a perfect torrent. Beaver Dick told us that it is generally dry from the point where we are camped to its mouth at this season. These snow streams in the mountains are very common, and in mining countries they often afford the only means of developing the richest gold placers.

Just below our camp we found a patch of strawberries, a luxury which none appreciate more highly than those who have been living

upon canned fruits and bacon. The rich bunch-grass in the bottoms and foot-hills contrasted strangely with the rock pasture we left behind us. We seemed to have entered a region of plenty. Our hunter killed an antelope, and we feasted upon fresh steaks. But we made slow progress, on account of the great number of badger and prairie-dog holes.

Eight miles of difficult travel took us fairly into the Teton basin. This basin, hid away among the mountains, is like an oasis in the desert. It embraces an area of about eight hundred square miles, and is carpeted with the heaviest and largest bunch-grass I have ever seen. It is bounded on three sides by a range of snow-capped mountains, and forms a complete *cul-de-sac*. Camas and yamph grow all over it in great abundance, and in the lowlands and along the streams are found large patches of strawberries of the finest flavor. Our entrance into this valley was effected by traveling over high table-lands and rolling foot-hills, which for a distance of twelve or fifteen miles were covered with vegetation. Innumerable crystal streams flow from the surrounding mountains into the Teton river, which traverses the valley longitudinally.

All the resources of our camp were now put in requisition to favor the ascent of the Great Teton. Mr. Adams, who had returned to Fort Hall from North Fork, was daily expected. He was to bring with him barometric instruments necessary to determine the altitude of the lofty peaks. Mr. Stevenson and the writer concluded to occupy the time until he should arrive in a preliminary reconnoissance of the mountains. Accordingly, on the morning of the 24th of July, after an early breakfast, we mounted our horses and proceeded up the cañon above our camp. Following the main stream, we passed in the distance of three miles thirty or forty beautiful cascades. For that entire distance the walls of the cañon seemed full of their reverberations. Many of them were fashioned by the descent of lateral streams into the main Teton, and followed each other in almost continuous succession down the rocks. Their noisy laughter (we could not call it roar) was the only sound that broke the silence of the chasm through which we were passing. On every hand we saw them through the pines, at a height of thousands of feet, veiling the rocks and leaping into pools of foamy whiteness.

There was no trail up the cañon, and we were obliged, as best we might, to pick our way over fallen trunks, through narrow ravines, and amid innumerable rocks. On our right the massive walls of fossiliferous limestone, nearly vertical, towered three thousand feet above us. Looking up, we could see, at that amazing height, huge projections of shelving rock just over our heads, and lofty towers rising above them into the clear blue atmosphere. A feeling of dread, lest some of these mighty masses should be loosed and hurled upon us, was mingled with

BEAVER DICK AND HIS FAMILY.

those sublimer emotions which this spectacle evoked.

While we were riding carelessly along, a black bear rushed from behind a rock and ran on before us. We gave it instant chase, but the ground being covered with bowlders, it soon distanced us, and coming to a tree which had fallen across the stream, it ran across the trunk to the opposite side. In attempting to ford the stream in pursuit, the rapidity of the current nearly swept my horse from his feet. He was swung around among the bowlders, and in extricating himself tore a shoe from his foot. A second effort enabled me to reach the other side, but Bruin, meantime, had escaped.

In traveling the distance of ten miles from our camp, we had accomplished an ascent of two thousand feet, when we struck the line of snow. Our horses were tired out, and the ravine up which we had advanced was now so full of rocks and bowlders as to render further progress on horseback impossible.

We lariated our horses, and proceeded to clamber over the immense granite bowlders that jutted from the side of the chasm. The frequent scratches and ridges apparent upon the surface of the larger rocks bore incontestable evidence that in the long ago some mighty glacier had pushed its way through opposing mountains, and left this long ravine to mark its track to the valley. Above the granite and overlying it, we found a stratum of gray sandstone, fragments of which were scattered over the sides of the ravine. Still above this was a superincumbent mass of lava, several hundred feet in thickness.

Following in the direction of the Tetons, which were hidden by intercepting rocks, after three hours' scrambling over yawning precipices, immense bowlders and vast snow-fields, we stood upon the summit of the ridge, at an elevation of 10,500 feet above ocean level. Expecting here to find ourselves upon a plateau which stretched to the base of the mountains, what was our disappointment at beholding, between us and it, an immense gorge with perpendicular sides, two thousand feet deep, and more than three thousand feet in width. A field of snow of measureless depth concealed the bottom of the chasm, and the hollow murmur of a creek which struck our ears seemed to come from the center of the earth. It must have been at least twelve hundred feet beneath the surface of the snow. On the right, in the midst of the snow-field, was a large lake of marvelous beauty. Upon its dark blue bosom swans and other aquatic fowl were sporting.

A BUCKING CAYUSE.

We named this sheet of water Lake Cowan, in honor of Hon. B. R. Cowan, Assistant Secretary of the Interior. It is located in that portion of the Teton range known among the early trappers as Jackson's Hole.

From our point of observation we discovered a smaller lake, lying at the base of the Tetons, the surface of which was covered with ice and snow. The perspiration occasioned by the severe exercise we had taken soon disappeared before the chill blasts from the mountains, and we found it necessary to shelter ourselves beneath some friendly rocks, whence we made a critical examination of the Great Teton, and the slopes ascending to the ridge or plateau which isolates those three peaks from all surrounding mountains. This immense bench, though not divided by erosions, seems at some former time to have been the base of one enormous mountain, the summit of which, by time and the elements, has been divided into the three Teton peaks. The view from where I stood was unlike any other I had ever beheld: in all the elements of savage grandeur, I doubt if it could be surpassed. Rocks and snow, with a few patches of trees, composed the entire scenery; but these were arranged in such fantastic forms and on so unlimited a scale as to defy all effort at description. It was bewildering—overpowering—but needed something beautiful, something upon which the eye could rest pleasurably, to relieve the stern lineaments everywhere revealed.

The ascent of the Great Teton, to look at the lofty peak of rugged granite, seemed impossible. On either side, the angle at which it rose was apparently a continuous precipice from top to bottom. Even to clamber up the plateau to its base was a labor full of difficulty. After crossing the glacier in the chasm beneath us, we would have to select a pathway up the plateau between the confronting ridges which everywhere swelled from its irregular sides, and crept in tortuous protuberances to its very summit. A mistake in the selection would be fatal to success, and we would be compelled to return and commence anew, for we could not cross laterally from one to another of these walled ravines. Two hours of observation, if they failed to exalt, did not dampen our courage, and we returned to our horses more determined than ever that the enterprise should not fail for want of effort. We selected a spot for a temporary camp, at the first grass we met with while descending the cañon, intending from that point to accomplish the ascent and return in a single day. Night was now approaching, and we hastened towards the camp.

When within three miles of it, we came upon our fearless topographer, Mr. Beckler, who, with a shot-gun loaded with small shot, stood face to face with a she grizzly and two cubs, which he had frightened from their lair in the thicket, while in search of smaller game. Fortunately, in attempting to discharge his gun it missed fire, and probably saved him from a deadly encounter with the irritated animal, or a hasty ascent of a tree as a possible alternative. We prevailed upon him to return with us, and await a more favorable opportunity for a tussle with grizzlies.

During our absence two of the boys had felled a tall pine that stood upon the bank of the stream for a foot-bridge, and while trimming off the branches from the prostrate trunk, contrived to lose the axe in the river, about forty-five feet from the shore. It was the only one remaining in camp, two others having been broken. We could hardly have lost anything so constantly in demand, or so difficult to replace. It had sunk, and in the clear stream lay in full view on the bottom of the river, in the midst of the rapids. The boys had made every effort they could devise to recover it, but in vain, and it was given up as lost. Two other members of our party had killed and brought into camp a good-sized black bear, which is one of the most formidable animals in the Rocky Mountains. We were made aware, by the finding of a flint arrowhead, of the fact that our present camp had, in days gone by, been occupied by Indians. As long ago as the

RESCUING THE AXE.

visit of Lewis and Clarke to this country, the Indian tribes had substituted sheet-iron for flint in the manufacture of their arrow-heads, —the material being supplied to them by the Hudson's Bay Company. Lewis and Clarke, on one occasion, bought several horses with a worn-out joint of stove-pipe. Judging from its appearance, many years must have elapsed since the arrowhead found by us was last in use: so this region, new to us, was long ago the occasional abode of the Indians.

Our party, while awaiting the arrival of Mr. Adams, spent the time in making various scientific observations. The three Tetons were found to be thirty miles east of the location assigned to them by all former geographers, and instead of being in Idaho, as generally supposed, were about a mile inside the western boundary of Wyoming.

Mr. Adams, accompanied by Dr. Curtis, the microscopist of the expedition, Shep Medary, guide, and two cavalrymen came into camp on the 26th of July. They had trailed our party from Fort Hall, a distance of 130 miles, in four days. A letter received from Dr. Hayden, announced the sudden death of Mrs. Blackmore, the estimable wife of Mr. William Blackmore. This melancholy event occurred at Bozeman, a few days after the arrival of Dr. Hayden's party, of which Mr. and Mrs. Blackmore were members, at that place.

The necessity for making the effort to obtain our axe is the only excuse that can be offered for incurring the risk it involved. But, without the axe, the company were in a condition of helplessness entirely irreparable. The depth of water where it lay was not more than three feet, but it was the very middle of the stream, which was one continuous torrent, and of icy temperature. An attempt made by one of the herders to reach the spot, by riding a horse into the stream, resulted in failure,—the current being too swift for even a horse to maintain his footing among the bowlders.

The member of the party who determined to recover it, accompanied by several of his comrades, proceeded to the spot, when, after removing all his clothing except his wrapper, a pair of woolen socks, and a silken handkerchief about his neck, he fastened around his chest a strong rope, the other end of which was passed around a tree which stood upon the bank in a bend of the stream about seventy feet above, and was then intrusted to the stout hands of the wagon-master. The uproar of the water would render verbal communication impossible, from the moment he entered the stream; so signals were agreed upon, by which the men on shore could understand his wishes. The bottom of the river was composed of smooth cobblestones and slippery bowlders,—a most uncertain footing.

Thus prepared, he stepped into the torrent, which every instant threatened to whirl him off his feet. Holding firmly by the rope, his feet braced against the current, his body inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees, he waded sidewise by slow steps, to the spot where the axe was lying. Reaching down to grasp it, he was unable to resist the force of the current by which his arm was impelled below it. Obeying his signal, his comrades drew upon the rope and enabled him to gain a position above the axe. Here he found that in order to reach it, his body must necessarily be submerged, and a loss of footing might be attended with serious consequences. A plunge was made, but the current still swept his arm beyond the axe. A second effort was attended with a like result. At the third plunge he succeeded in firmly grasping the handle. As he raised it, the force of the current against the broad side of the blade turned his body partially around, and in attempting to regain his position he lost his foothold, and was whirled in among the bowlders. The rope, drawing over one shoulder diagonally to the shore, forced his head under the water and held it there. Thus extended in the stream, it was impossible to recover an upright position against the powerful rapid,—and he was rolled over and over upon and amid the rocks and bowlders, sometimes above, and sometimes beneath the maddened waters, until by the sheer force of the current he was literally driven to the shore, covered with severe bruises and contusions, and nearly exhausted.

As he neared the bank, suffering intensely for want of breath, he made one more determined effort to regain his feet, and, securing a temporary foothold, succeeded in raising his head for an instant above the surface, when he heard from one of his comrades on shore the exclamation, "Well! we've seen the last of *that* axe." The next instant he was again swept among the bowlders;—but as he rolled over and the waters closed above him, he raised the axe above the surface of the stream, in full view of his comrades, in mute testimony of the triumph he could in no other manner express. The current was sufficiently strong to sweep from his feet the pair of woolen socks, and untie

PHOTOGRAPHING IN HIGH PLACES.

a hard knot in the handkerchief around his neck. All unpleasant consequences of the undertaking soon yielded to proper treatment.

On returning to camp, I was invited to dine with "Beaver Dick," who had cooked a beaver in the mountain style, and wished to demonstrate its superiority to the ordinary methods of preparing game for the table. I confess that my appetite was not much sharpened, on being told that the animal had been boiled entire, and that the dressing was all done after the cooking was completed; but the superior flavor of the meat, its succulence and tenderness, convinced me that, squeamishness aside, beaver was all the better for being cooked according to the civilized method of cooking pigeons.

Mr. Jackson, our persevering photographic artist, took a great number of views of the scenery in this vicinity—including many of the cascades in the Cañon, and the Tetons from all points of the compass. He is an indefatigable worker, and as often camps alone in some of the wild glens as with the company. Give him fine scenery, and he forgets danger and difficulty in the effort to "get a negative."

Our ascending party, fourteen in number, being fully organized, we left camp at 10 o'clock, on the morning of the 28th July, and followed up the cañon nine miles, to the spot chosen for our temporary camp. Here we rested, and dined; after which Messrs. Adams and Taggart ascended a mountain on the left of the camp to a plateau 3,000 feet above it, from which they were able to determine the general features of the route to the base of the Great Teton. That peak rose majestically in the distance above a hundred smaller peaks, its sharp sides flecked with snow, and its bold gray summit half buried in fleecy clouds. It was indeed the lord of the empyrean. Pressing on toward it, they ascended a point of the plateau separated by an intervening chasm of nearly a thou-

sand feet in depth from the elevation over which their pathway lay. The setting sun admonished them that they had barely time to return to camp before dark. They reached there in time to join the boys in a game of snow-balling, a singular amusement for the last days of July.

At half past four the next morning, the thermometer being 11° above zero, the party was aroused, and after partaking of a hearty breakfast, each man provided with an alpine staff, and a bacon sandwich for mid-day lunch, departed from camp, intent upon reaching the topmost summit of the loftiest Teton. The first two miles of the journey lay directly up the cañon, and over countless heaps of fallen trees. This tedious course of travel only terminated to give place to another, still more wearisome, through a ravine, and up a steep acclivity which we were enabled only to ascend by clinging to the points and angles of projecting rocks. Pausing at the summit to take breath, we saw lying between us and the first icy ridge a vast field of snow. Our aneroids showed that we were 9,000 feet above the ocean level—a height which entirely overlooked the walls of the cañon we had ascended, and took in an immense view of the surrounding country. Far as the eye could reach, looking northward, peak rose above peak, and range stretched beyond range, all glistening in the sunbeams like solid crystal. In the immediate vicinity of our position, the eye roamed over vast snow-fields, rocky chasms, straggling pine forests, and countless cascades.

The snow-field over which we next traveled, instead of the smoothness of a freshly-covered plain, was as irregular, as full of hummocks and billows as the rocks beneath it and the storms which for years had swept over it could possibly make it. It presented the appearance of an ocean frozen when the storm was at its height. Clambering over the first ridge, we traveled on in the direction of the second, which obstructed our view of the Tetons. Our route was over huge bowlders alternated with snow, and at this hour of the morning, before the sun had visited it, no traveling could be more unpleasant. We found our alpenstocks of infinite service, and we may thank them for the many falls we escaped upon the slippery surface, as well as for the comparative safety of many we made. Two miles of this kind of exercise brought us to the second ridge, which was composed of crumbling rock, and at least six hundred feet above the level of the field we had passed over. The view from this point was magnificent, but almost disheartening, from the increasing obstruction it presented to our progress. Another stretch of snow, rising to a sharp ridge, lay in front of us, at least five miles in length, across which, in our line of travel, was another upheaval of crumbling rock. On our right, a thousand feet below, was the open, blue Lake Cowan.

Resuming labor, some of our party crawled around the side of the gorge, preferring rather to cross over the snowy ridge on our left, than to descend the slippery side of the elevation upon which we stood. Several projecting ledges of crumbling rock lay between them and the snow, from which, as they passed over them, detached masses rolled down the bank endangering the lives of all below. Mr. Beckler, by a sudden jump, barely escaped being crushed by a large rock, which whistled by him like an avalanche. As he jumped he fell, and rolled down upon an out-cropping bowlder, receiving an injury which disabled him. Others of the party slid down the ridge unharmed, and encountered fewer difficulties in their journey along its base than its sides. The snow in the long ridge was at least two hundred and fifty feet in depth, and apparently as solid as the granite it covered. After a walk of more than a mile upon its glassy surface, we made a long descent to the right, and passed over a lake about 600 yards long by 200 wide, covered with ice from twelve to fifteen feet thick. There was nothing about this frozen water to indicate that it had ever been open. The ice which bound it, as well as the snow surrounding, seemed eternal. So pure and clear was this frozen surface, that one could see, even at its greatest thickness, the water gurgling beneath. At the distance from which we first saw it, we supposed this lake lay at the very base of the Tetons, but after we passed over it, there still stretched between us and that point two miles of corrugated snow. Still receding and receding, those lofty peaks seemed to move before us like the Israelites' pillar of cloud, and had we not seen this last snow-field actually creeping up to the top, and into the recesses of that lofty crest, from which the peaks shoot upward to the heavens, we should most willingly have turned our faces campward from the present point of vision, and written over the whole expedition, "Impossible."

There is no greater wonder in mountain scenery on this continent, than the tendency it has to shorten distance to the eye and lengthen it to the feet. A range of moun-

tains apparently ten miles distant may be fifty miles away. A plain, to all appearances as smooth as a floor, is often broken into deep ravines, yawning chasms, and formidable foot-hills. Everything in distance and surface is deceptive.

Beyond the lake we ascended the last rocky ridge, more precipitous than the others, to take a last look at the dreary landscape.

We seemed to be in the midst of an arctic region. All around was snow and rock and ice. Forward or backward everything was alike bleak, barren and inhospitable; but our great labor was still unperformed. Encouraged by the certainty that we were upon the last of those great snow environments which lay at the feet of the mountains, we pushed onward to the base of the immense saddle between them. At this point several of the party, worn out with the day's exertions, and despairing of reaching the lofty summit which still towered five thousand feet in mockery above them, abandoned all further effort. Our kind surgeon, Dr. Reagles, had considerately accompanied us to the base of the ridge, provided with instruments and bandages in case of accident.

We lost no time in selecting from the numerous ravines that were made by the erosion of the friable rock from between the ascending granite ledges, such an one as we believed might be traversed to the top of the ridge without meeting lateral obstructions. Some of our party, mistaken in this, encountered when midway up the side a precipitous wall of granite, which made their return imperative. Five only of the company, after clambering over a snow-slide a thousand feet or more in width, reached the depression upon the right of the Grand Teton which we called "The Saddle." The ascent thus far had tested the endurance of all who made it. It was only difficult or dangerous to those who had selected the wrong passage through the ledges. We ate part of our luncheon while upon "The Saddle," which we reached about noon, and rested there a quarter of an hour beneath the shadow of the Great Teton. It seemed, as we looked up its erect sides, to challenge us to attempt its ascent. As we gazed upon the glaciers, the concavities, the precipices which now in more formidable aspect than ever presented themselves to us, we were almost ready to admit that the task we had undertaken was impossible to perform. The mountain side, from the Saddle to the summit of the Grand Teton, arose at an angle of sixty degrees; broken by innumerable cavities and precipices.

Our leader, Captain Stevenson, had pushed on ahead, and when Messrs. Hamp, Spencer and the writer had reached "The Saddle," he was far up the mountain, lost to view in its intricacies. Our fears concerning him were allayed by occasionally seeing his footprints in the débris. Very soon after we commenced the ascent, we found ourselves clambering around projecting ledges of perpendicular rocks, inserting our fingers into crevices so far beyond us that we reached them with difficulty, and poising our weight upon shelves not exceeding two inches in width, jutting from the precipitous walls of gorges from fifty to three hundred feet in depth. This toilsome process, which severely tested our nerves, was occasionally interrupted by large banks of snow, which had lodged upon some of the projections or in the concavities of the mountain side,—in passing over the yielding surface of which we obtained tolerable foothold unless, as was often the case, there was a groundwork of ice beneath. When this occurred, we found the climbing difficult and hazardous. In many places, the water from the melting snow had trickled through it and congealed the lower surface. This, melting in turn, had worn long openings between the ice and the mountain side, from two to four feet in width, down which we could look two hundred feet or more. Great care was necessary to avoid slipping into these crevices. An occasional spur of rock or ice connecting the ice-wall with the mountain was all that held these patches of snow in their places. In Europe they would have been called glaciers. Distrustful as we all were of their permanency, we were taught, before our toil was ended, to wish there had been more of them. As a general thing, they were more easily surmounted than the bare rock precipices, though on one occasion they came near proving fatal to one of our party.

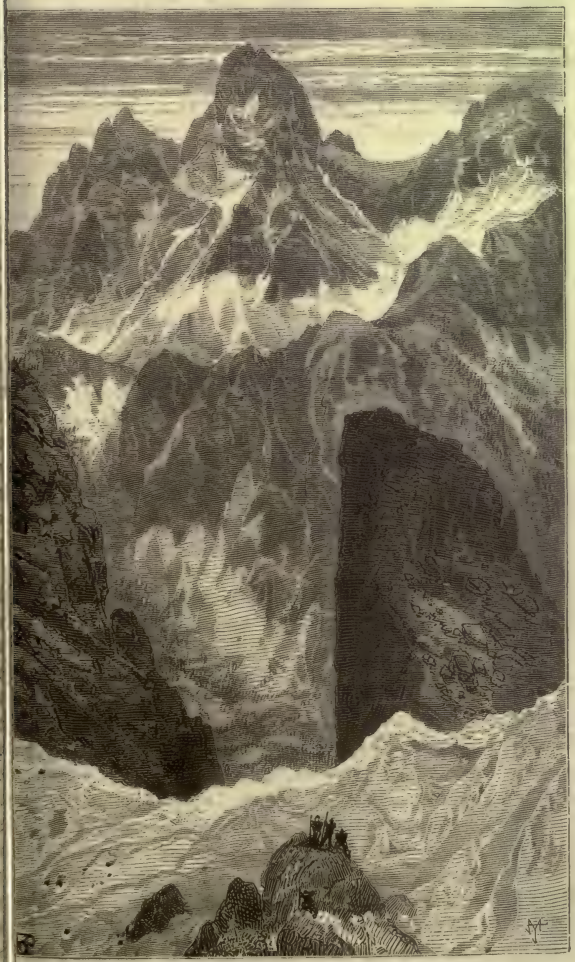
Mr. Hamp, fresh from his home in England, knew little of the properties of snow and ice, and at one of the critical points in our ascent, trusting too much to their support, slipped and fell. For a moment his destruction seemed inevitable, but with admirable dexterity he threw himself astride the icy ridge projecting from the mountain. Impelled by this movement, with one leg dangling in the crevice next the mountain side, and the other sweeping the snow outside the glacier, he slid with fearful rapidity, at an angle of forty-five degrees, for the distance of fifty feet, falling headlong into a huge pile of soft snow which prevented his descent of a thousand feet or more down the precipitous side of the

ıountain. I saw him fall, and supposed he ould be dashed to pieces. A moment after- ards he crawled from the friendly snow- eap and rejoined us unharmed, and we all nited in a round of laughter, as thankful as was hearty. This did not quiet that trem- lousness of the nerves, of which extreme and ıdden danger is so frequent a cause, and un- erlying our joy there was still a feeling of error which we could not shake off. Pres- ng carefully forward, we attained a recess ı the rocks, six hundred feet below the ımmit, where we halted.

While resting here, far above us, we heard ıe loud shouts of Captain Stevenson, which 'e answered. Soon he joined us, with the ıformation that he had been arrested in his scent, at a point two hundred feet above us, y an intervening rock, just too high for him ɔ scale. It was perpendicular, and sur- mounted by a wide sheet of ice stretching upward towards the summit, and covered with snow. He had made several ineffectual efforts to reach the overhanging edge of the rock, and at one time lost his foothold, his entire weight coming upon his hands while he hung with his face to the wall. It was impossible without a leap to reach a standing place, and by loosening his hold without one he would drop several hundred feet down the mountain. Fortunately, there was a coating of ice and snow, which reached midway from his feet to his arms, and into this, by repeated kicks with the toe of his boot, he worked an indentation that afforded a poise for one foot. This enabled him to spring on one side to a narrow bench of rock, where he was safe.

We had periled life and limb to little purpose, if the small matter of five hundred feet was to prevent the accomplishment of our task. We determined, therefore, to ascend with Captain Stevenson, and make another effort to scale the rock. When I saw the perilous position from which he had escaped, I could not but regard his preservation as almost miraculous. In spite of nervous exhaustion, Mr. Hamp had persevered in the attempt to climb the mountain, but as all upward progress from this point was extremely hazardous, he and Mr. Spencer were persuaded to avail themselves of a foot-hold in the rocks, while Captain Stevenson and I made a last essay to reach the pinnacle.

A rope which I had brought with me, cast over a slight projection above our heads, enabled me to draw myself up so as to fix my hands in a crevice of the rock, and then, with my feet resting on the shoulders of Captain Stevenson, I easily clambered to the top. Letting the rope down to Captain Stevenson, he grasped it firmly, and by the aid of his staff soon worked his way to my side. The shelving expanse of ice, overlying the rocky surface at an angle of 70°, and fastened to it by slight arms of the same brittle material, now presented an obstacle apparently insurmountable. Beside the danger of incurring a slide which would insure a rapid descent to the base of the mountain, there was the other risk, that the frail fastenings which held the ice-sheet to the rocks might give way while we were crawl-



MOUNT HAYDEN AND MOUNT MORAN—FROM THE WEST.

STEVENSON IN PERIL.

ing over it, and the whole field be carried with us down the terrible precipice. But the top was just before us, not three hundred feet away, and we preferred the risk to an abandonment of the task. Laying hold of the rocky points at the side of the ice-sheet, we broke with our feet in its surface a series of steps, up which we ascended, at an angle deflecting not more than twenty degrees from a vertical line, one hundred and seventy-five feet, to its topmost junction with the rock.

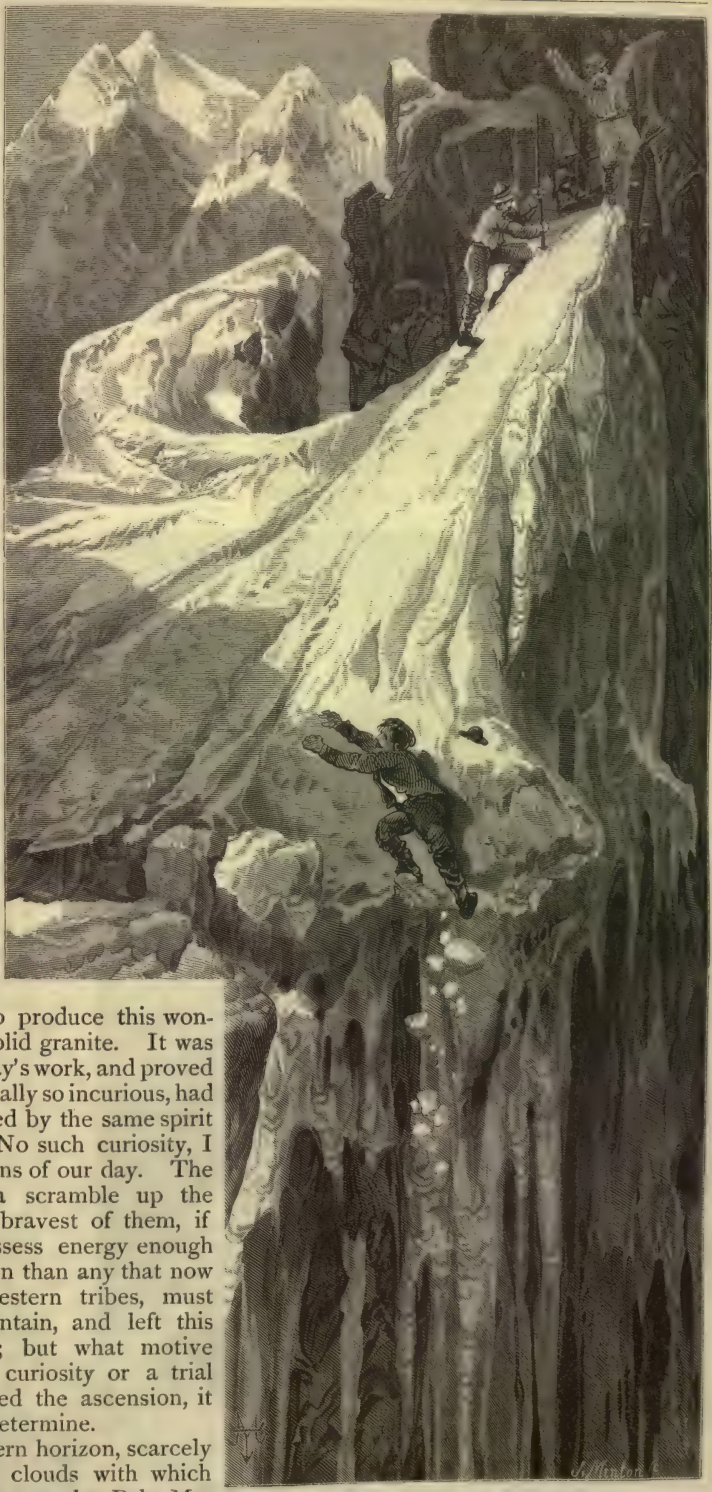
The peril to which this performance e posed us was now fully revealed, and had w seen it at the foot of the ice-sheet, the who world would not have tempted us to t effort we had made. Why the entire ma of ice, yielding to our exertions, was not d tached from its slender fastenings and hurl down the mountain is a mystery. On loo ing down through the space which separat it from the rock, I could see half a dozen ic tentacles, all of small size, reaching from w to wall. Seemingly the weight of a bi would have loosened the entire field. W felt, as we planted our feet on the so mountain, that we had escaped a great pe —and quenching our thirst from one of t numerous little rivulets which trickled do the rock, set resolutely at work to clamb over the fragments and piles of granite whi lay between us and the summit. This w more tedious than difficult, but we we amply rewarded when, at three o'clock P.M after ten hours of the severest labor of m life, we stepped upon the highest po of the Grand Teton. Man measures triumphs by the toil and exposure incurr in the attainment of them. We felt that w had achieved a victory, and that it w something for ourselves to know—a solita satisfaction—that we were the first white m who had ever stood upon the spot we th occupied. Others might come after us, b to be the first where a hundred had fail was no braggart boast.

The several pinnacles of the Grand Tet seen from the valley seem of equal heigh but the inequality in this respect was ve apparent at the top. The main summ separated by erosions from the surroundi knobs, embraced an irregular area of thi by forty feet. Exposure to the winds ke it free from snow and ice, and its bald, c nuded head was worn smooth by the e mental warfare waged around it. With t unshorn beams of a summer sun shining f upon us, we were obliged to don our ov coats for protection against the cold mounta breeze. Indeed, so light was the atmosphe that our respiration from its frequency beca almost burdensome, and we experienced, no slight degree, how at such an elevati one could at a single exposure suffer t opposite intensities of heat and cold. Abo the ice-belt, over which we had made such perilous ascent, we saw in the débris t fresh track of that American Ibex, t mountain sheep,—the only animal known clamber up the sides of our loftiest pea Flowers also, of beauteous hue, and delica

ragrance, peeped hrough the snow, where- ver a rocky jut had pen- trated the icy surface.

On the top of an ad- acent pinnacle, but little wer than the one we ccupied, we found a rcular enclosure, six et in diameter, com- osed of granite slabs, t up endwise, about ve feet in height. It as evidently intended, y whomsoever built, as protection against the ind, and we were only o glad to avail our- elves of it while we nished our luncheon. n entering it we found urselves a foot deep in e detritus, which had een worn by the cank- r of time from the sur- unding walls. The reat quantity of this bstance bore evidence the antiquity of the ructure. Evidently the ork of the Indians, it ould not have been onstructed less than a entury ago, and it is ot improbable that its ge may reach back for any centuries. A pe- od of time which hu- an experience cannot alculate, was required to produce this won- erful disintegration of solid granite. It was e great wonder of our day's work, and proved at even the Indians, usually so incurious, had me time been influenced by the same spirit hich had inspired us. No such curiosity, I agine, affects the Indians of our day. The il and exposure of a scramble up the eton would daunt the bravest of them, if e should happen to possess energy enough attempt it. Better men than any that now long to the North-Western tribes, must ave ascended this mountain, and left this vidence of their visit; but what motive ave that of the merest curiosity or a trial f skill could have caused the ascension, it ould be impossible to determine.

Far away on the northern horizon, scarcely istinguishable from the clouds with which hey are intermingled, we saw the Belt, Ma-



NARROW ESCAPE OF MR. HAMP.

dison and Main Rocky ranges, from which long, lateral spurs stretch down on either side, and close up the immense amphitheater by uniting with the Malade Range on the south. Within this vast enclosure, and more immediately beneath us, we overlooked the valley of the Snake, the emerald surface of Pierre's Hole with its mountain surroundings, the dark defile leading into Jackson's Hole, and Jackson and De Lacy lakes, Madison Lake, the source of the Snake River,—Henry's Lake, the source of the North Fork, and afar off, beyond these, the cloud defined peaks of the Wind River mountains, and the peaks surrounding the great lake of the Yellowstone. Our elevation was so great that the valley beneath us, filled as it was with knobs and cañons and foot-hills, had the appearance of a vast and level plain, stretching away to, and imperceptibly blending with the distant mountains.

We gazed upon the varied beauties of this wondrous panorama until reminded by the position of the sun that we had scarcely time to effect our descent, and return to camp before dark. Great caution was necessary while passing down the ice belt lest it should become detached, but it was our only passage-way to the bottom, and we were greatly relieved when we reached in safety the cranny occupied by Hamp and Spencer. At this point Captain Stevenson separated from us, and was the first to reach the base of the mountain. We clambered over the rocks and precipices with all possible expedition, and stood in safety upon the saddle, just as the sun was setting.

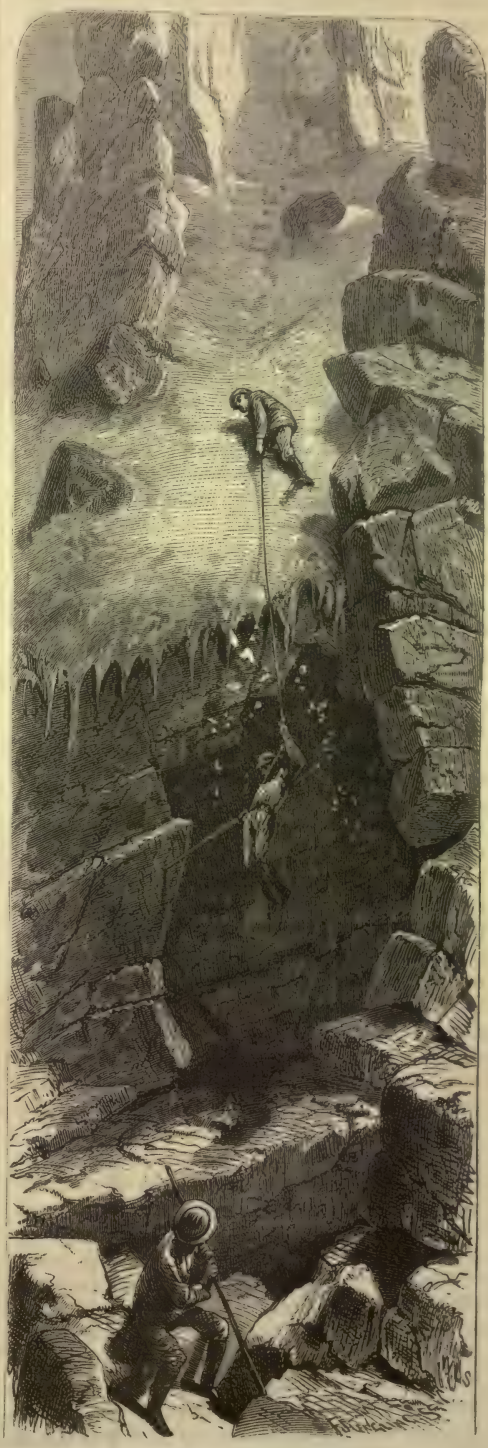
LOOKING OFF FROM THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT HAYDEN.

The interval between sunset and evening in these high latitudes is very brief, and we had yet to descend the ridge. In our haste to accomplish this we selected a pathway between ledges too abrupt to scale, which led directly to a precipice, thirty-five feet in height, at the base of which was a mass of granite fragments and débris from three to four feet deep. We were now in a dilemma. Either we must pass the declivity or re-ascend the steep mountain side, five hundred feet or more, and select another passage. Crawling to the edge, I saw at a distance of twenty feet a jutting point, which would afford standing room for a single person, and about eight feet below it, a smaller projection, too sharp on the face for a safe foothold. Passing the rope alternately around the bodies of my comrades, I let them down the perpendicular wall to the base, then throwing the middle of the rope over a projecting crag, and seizing the two ends, I lowered myself to the narrow shelf first described, whence a well directed leap enabled me to poise myself on the smaller projection below, and gather for a final jump into the pile of débris, where my comrades stood. Our safe descent

being thus accomplished, we had yet the snow-fields, ridges, and gorges to traverse, before we arrived in camp. Fatigued with the exercise of ascending and descending the Teton, the passage of these ridges was the most exhaustive effort of our lives. It was after nine o'clock, and very dark, when we first caught sight of our camp-fire, afar down the chasm. After a rough walk over prostrate trunks, through deep depressions, amid pine thickets, climbing bowlders, penetrating chapparal, wading streams,—at just thirty minutes past ten, when all our comrades had thought some serious and perhaps fatal accident had befallen us, we entered camp amid cordial greetings and shouts of delight. The joy of a re-union, after even so brief a separation, was as earnest and sincere as if we had been parted a year.

Repeated efforts to ascend the Tetons, all of which terminated in failure, have been made since the attempt of Michaud in 1843. Rope ladders, such as he provided, would have proved of incalculable benefit to us, but as it is not probable that another ascension will be made in our day, we have no advice to give those who are ambitious of the distinction. Often, while clinging to some little rock or crevice, as the only chance to escape a tumble down the precipice, we wished ourselves safe on terra firma, and promised ourselves never to engage in another enterprise of equal risk. At other times we were exposed to falling rocks and ice, really one of the greatest dangers where the ascending company is scattered along the mountain side. There were sections of the mountain, which, seen from below, were apparently smooth and easy of ascent, but on reaching them we found them filled with rugged inequalities of rock, seamed with snow, and dotted with ice patches. The falling of rocks, crackling of crags, and breaking of ice, constantly reminded us that the great mountain itself was undergoing a process of disintegration which, in the distant future, would crumble it to a level with the valley it overlooks. Often were we admonished of the necessity of constant watchfulness, lest some misstep or some decaying rock, to which we had trusted, should give way and carry us down the precipice. The draft upon our ingenuity, in devising means to clamber up steep rocks and over snow-fields was incessant; as was proved, when near the top, in the effort to surmount the precipice that but for our rope would have rendered impossible the completion of our task.

No steeper ascents than those made by us,



COMING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN.

have ever distinguished the Alpine climbers; and when Whymper states that the ascension of one mile in two miles of latitude is "prodigiously steep," we may be forgiven a little pride in the accomplishment of a mile of ascent in somewhat less than *one* mile of latitude! The resemblance of the grand Teton to the Matterhorn is very remarkable. Of the two the Teton, though not so high, is more abrupt, and probably presents many points in the ascent more difficult to scale, than those of the Matterhorn. The actual height of the Teton is 13,762 feet. This great height, its peculiar isolation, and the rarefied atmosphere through which it is seen, makes it visible a very great distance.

While ascending it, we saw in the snow-patches large numbers of grasshoppers, stiff with frost, and to all appearance dead, but at mid-day, when the sun came out, warmed by its beams, they exhibited in their movements all the life peculiar to that lively insect. Musquitoes attacked us even on the very summit. Mr. Adams, who had visited the Alps, pronounced the scenery of the Tetons equal in beauty and picturesqueness. Their geological formation is granite, seamed with trap across the sections. At several places, during the ascent, out-croppings of the "Quebec group" were noticed.

Our return to the main camp the next morning attested by its noise and hilarity to the gayety and good-humor our success had inspired. We woke the echoes of the cañon with songs and shouts, and entered camp amid the rejoicings of those we had left in charge, who greeted us as cordially as if we had returned from a long journey.

Beaver Dick and Shep Medary, who improved the time we had spent in visiting the Tetons by exploring a route for our train over the main range, returned into camp, with the report, that by following up Middle River, we could pass over a divide, at the head of that stream, of light grade and obstructed only by falling timbers, into the basin of the Fire Hole River. In some places the trunks in falling had piled up to the height of seven or eight feet, but by cutting them away, our road would be better and much shorter than by any other route.

While exploring this route, through a patch of pines, Dick came suddenly upon a monstrous grizzly, that had evidently been watching him for some time. He was seated on his haunches, eying Dick, with a very unamiable expression of countenance, and waiting for him to come up and engage in fight. The situation was not a pleasant one, and presented as the only chance for escape, the speedy death of his bearship. A shot which would wound without killing, would be as fatal as to attempt escape by flight,—and all experience in shooting this animal bore testimony, that nine efforts to kill failed for every one that was successful. Dick brought his rifle to his shoulder, and Bruin, as if aware that the fight was about to commence, uttered a premonitory growl. Dick fired. Fortunately his aim was deadly. The ball entered the front of the neck, and passed directly through the spinal column. The huge animal fell forward with a terrific howl, that carried his life with it. Dick was safe. A shot that had not reached the spine or heart would have been unsuccessful. Bullets fail to penetrate the head of the grizzly or the buffalo. Shep was fortunate in killing a black bear with which he had a like encounter. The two hunters came into camp laden with antelopes, and an abundance of waterfowl. In the evening I accompanied Dick on a visit to his beaver traps. We found in one of them the fore-foot of a beaver, which the animal, to effect his escape, had actually twisted and knawed off. Dick said this was a very frequent occurrence. The beaver, in his opinion, possessed reasoning powers and sagacity far superior to that of any other animal.

On the following morning we broke camp at an early hour, and were persuaded five miles out of our way, and over a rough and hilly route, in order to have peace in the family and gratify the whim of an uncomfortable comrade who, against the opinion of Beaver Dick, insisted that we should thus "cut off" greatly in the distance, and find a smoother trail.

By way of contrast to the route which had caused such general disgust, we were conducted the next day by Beaver Dick over a route which he had explored on his return from Middle River. It lay over a fine rolling prairie, dotted with aspen groves and luxuriant patches of grass opening into one another, for nearly the whole distance. Crossing Conant's Creek some miles above our old ford, we passed along the margin of several crystal streams, that flowed down from the mountains, for a distance of fourteen miles, through one of the finest pastoral countries in the world, making our camp on the bank of Middle River.

The water in the stream grew warmer as we approached the mountains, indicating our proximity to hot springs and our entrance within the banks of that river of heat, traced

through the territory of Montana by Captain John Mullin, as long ago as 1856. In a little volume put forth by him, a few years ago, he fully defined the width, course and banks of this stream of calorific vapor, and without attempting fully to account for its presence, intimated that it might be produced by hot springs which, at that time, were reputed to abound on the upper waters of the Yellowstone. The whole theory, when published, was rejected as absurd, but since the discovery of the geysers and hot springs, it is worthy the closest scientific investigation. It is not improbable that the intense heat projected into the atmosphere, from these causes, may perform an important part in the production of those singular modifications common to this newly settled region. If the fact could be established, it would account for a class of phenomena, in the climate and products of the country, which has never been satisfactorily explained.

At Conant's Creek, Mrs. Dick and her children bade us farewell. She had won the respect of every member of our company, for the care she manifested for her children, and her attachment to her liege lord.

Our course was through aspen groves, and over prostrate trunks, up the valley of Henry's Fork. The impediments offered by the timber were very trying to the patience of both donkeys and men,—as evinced by the stubbornness of the former, and the profanity of the latter. We came to a creek so full of beaver dams, that no running water was perceptible in it,—the back-water reaching from one dam to another successively for a great distance. Those of our company who had never seen such works before, were surprised at the size and length of the trees which had been felled by the beavers to aid in their construction, many being six and eight inches in diameter. It is no uncommon thing to see, along the borders of the beautiful cottonwood groves of the lower Yellowstone, trees of two feet in thickness, lying in the river, which had been prostrated by beavers in a single night. The industry and mechanical ability of this little animal surpass belief. Groves of immense cottonwoods jut out on the points of the Yellowstone, presenting on all sides exposed to the water a regularity as perfect as if trimmed to a plumb-line. In passing down the river one can scarcely resist the constant impression that the country has been settled and cultivated for thousands of years, and that within these picturesque groves, castles of feudal days are still standing. Our train crossed the creek on one of these dams, which we prepared by laying down a few poles over the center and filling in with willows. Several mules were crowded off the dam and became mired in the basin.

While ascending a long hill, which lay beyond the camp, several of our mules cast their packs, and one of them, during the process, turned five backward somersaults down the hill. The performance would have been fatal to any other animal than a mule, but this little fellow picked himself up, shook his head, pricked up his ears, and with hurried pace rejoined his mates, as unconcerned as if nothing had happened. The relative toughness and powers of endurance of the horse and mule, as determined by mountain travel and exposure, are so much in favor of the latter, that very few horses are used for packing except by the Indians. The mule will go without food and drink, and perform customary labor, where the like deprivation would entirely unfit a horse for service.

Our route now lay over a high volcanic ridge, covered with lava, which bore on its blackened surface testimony to the great heat which, ages ago, had produced it. Nothing gives a country a more desolate appearance, than burnt lava and basaltic ridges and tables. A large lake which we passed, evidently the crater of an exhausted volcano, taking its hue from the somber rocks which composed its basin, suggested the idea to one of our poetic comrades, that it might be a vent to the infernal pit. It was a relief as we pushed through this gloomy region, to catch occasional glimpses of verdant hillsides and valleys, on either side of us. Some of our company amused themselves with firing at the swans, as we passed the lake, but without success.

Sawtelle's Ranch, which we visited, is beautifully located upon the border of Henry's lake, near the point where the North Fork of Snake River, Red Rock creek and the Madison River take their rise. The lake is about five miles long by four broad, and abounds in the large salmon-trout of the Pacific streams. These delicious fish are speared in great quantities by Messrs. Sawtelle and Wurts and sold in Virginia City and Helena. The method of capturing them is like the old-fashioned way of spearing eels in the States by torch-light. Large mountain ranges are seen in every direction from the lake, but its immediate margin is low and marshy, stretching away to meadows and foot-hills covered with bunch grass. It is forty miles from Sawtelle's to the first settlements in the

Madison Valley. To this remote but beautiful nook, Gilman Sawtelle first came in 1866 and established his abode. He has dwelt there ever since, dividing his time between fishing, hunting, and raising a herd of cattle upon the fine pasture-land of the valley. Sawtelle is a man of mark. He exhibits in his life and conduct, the signs of careful early training, and carries beneath a rough exterior the manners and feelings of a gentleman. There is none of the roughness of border life in his nature, though, if aroused, we can fancy he would be equal to any emergency. He has been so long exposed to all the dangers of Indian attacks, that he has ceased to regard them as possible, and when spoken to about them always dismisses the subject with the remark that he is in no danger. He has built a spacious log dwelling and three or four outhouses, which give to his home an appearance of thrift and comfort. Once a week during the summer and fall months, he is in the habit of visiting Virginia with a load of trout, which are greatly in demand.

A few days previous to our arrival at Sawtelle's the sheriff of a neighboring county, with a posse, had arrested two horse-thieves near his ranch, who had been committing depredations upon the ranches of the lower Madison Valley. Three of the band, which had been traced to this vicinity, were killed in an encounter with the sheriff and his party, and their bodies were left near the head of Red Rock creek; the other two, finding themselves outnumbered, saved their lives by surrender. They informed their captors that there was another band, which intended to follow Dr. Hayden's party up the Yellowstone, for the purpose of stealing his horses and pack animals, and then cross over to Snake River, intercept our party and serve it in the same manner. The sheriff recovered eighteen horses and mules from the rascals, which he restored to their owners, in the Gallatin and Madison valleys.

Perhaps in the entire Rocky Mountain range there is no more wonderful freak of nature than is to be met with here. At each cardinal point, seen from the lake, the mountains present a broken appearance and, upon examination, we found at each of the breaks upon the north, east, and west, passes through the main range, and upon the south through a lateral spur, which could be crossed with teams at all seasons of the year. These passes are all within a few miles of each other. The Targee or East pass, is about 6,300 feet elevation, and opens into the valley of the Madison. Henry's or South Pass, through which the North Fork flows, is 6,000 feet elevation, forming a gateway into the valley of the Snake. Red Rock or West Pass, at an elevation of 6,300 feet, connects with the great valley of the Jefferson, while the Madison pass of the same height opens into the valley of the Madison. Either of these passes may be readily improved by a railroad, and the north and east passes are more in a direct line of travel from the Central Railroad to Montana, than the road that is now traveled. There is nothing to prevent the construction, from Taylor's Crossing of Snake River to these passes, of a good road that would shorten the route fifty miles in distance, be less mountainous and sandy, and pass through a more desirable country than the present road.

We spent the next day in an exploration of the mountains. On the south side of the lake, and at no great distance from it, we ascended a lofty peak, which proved to be an extinct volcano. It was nearly 11,000 feet above the ocean. A crater yawned beneath us, oval-shaped, one mile and a-half in length by three-quarters of a mile in width and twelve hundred feet in depth, composed of blackened basalt and porphyry, completely lined with stunted pines and bunch-grass, and forming altogether a horrible-looking pit. It was so abrupt in descent, that we could not, without great difficulty, explore it.

Our larder being destitute of sugar, yeast-powders, and various other necessaries, Mr. Adams and Shep Medary, with five pack animals, left our camp at Henry's Lake, for Virginia City, to obtain supplies, with instructions to rejoin the company at the Fire Hole Basin, with all convenient expedition. In the stream near our camp, we found many specimens of agglutinated pebbles, which were held together in the form of cells by some tenacious substance, the product of a small aquatic animal. They were unlike anything we had ever before seen. The cells did not exceed an inch in length, and the gravel of which they were composed was very small, and its particles nearly equal in size.

Messrs. Jackson and Campbell, photographers, Coulter and Beveridge, botanists, Dr. Reagles, Spencer, Sibley and the writer were designated to leave for the Fire Hole Basin the next morning, as an advanced party.

After a weary march, two of the incidents of which were the tumbling of our mules ninety feet down-hill, fortunately however without damage to the photographic apparatus with which they were laden, and the breaking of

the neck of Spencer's horse,—we at last reached the Fire Hole Basin. In the hurry to get home, our company in 1870 made no stay in this basin, and since that time it has been visited and explored by several parties. As the vestibule to the wonders of the National Park which lie beyond, it is worthy something more than a passing notice. There is nothing striking in its general appearance, to distinguish it from any little nook in the mountains. It is very irregular in form, inclosed by steep banks covered with pine shrubbery, and traversed centrally by the Fire Hole river,—a stream of perhaps fifteen yards in width, very rapid, shallow, and broken into rifts by the rocks and bowlders scattered along its channel. The valley itself presents a strangely mottled appearance. Spots of verdure, clumps of pines, and patches of white sinter thrown from the springs, are visible in every part of it. It is perhaps three miles long by one and a half miles wide. Constant wreaths and jets of steam are ascending from the hundreds of springs and orifices which fill it, as if the powers of a thousand manufactories were at work beneath its surface. Occasionally a jet of water is projected from some orifice to the height of fifty or sixty feet, which, but for the immense jets of the Upper Basin, would pass for a very respectable geyser. To a person who has not visited the Upper Basin, this one would prove a great wonder.

Many of the springs are surrounded by beautiful and delicate silicious walls, and covering their borders with marvelous figures in the most perfect arabesque. Springs of clear, pure water, and of delicately-tinted stucco were side by side. A remarkable feature never seen in the other localities, characterized some of the mud springs. Instead of boiling and emitting puffs, the whole surface of the water alternately rose and fell in a body, like the swelling and settling of a wave at sea. The effect was very singular. We found the Mud Puff, described by Dr. Hayden, an immense cauldron of boiling paint, of a pink hue, the sediment of which is as fine as that of magnesia. Many of the clear funnel-shaped springs were exquisitely ornamented both above and beneath the water, with multiform crystallizations and deposits, as pure as snow. These were very beautiful, not less from the perfect purity and wonderful transparency of their tranquil waters, than from the pleasing effect of sunlight and shade upon their flashing walls, alternately glittering with all the rays of the solar spectrum, and fading into the most delicate gloom. Days could be spent in delightful intercourse with the wonders of this marvelous valley, each one of which exhibited some new feature. A feeling almost of fear is inseparable from the place. The noise of agitated waters beneath the surface, the gush and whiz of some miniature geyser, the constantly ascending cloud of vapor, and the treachery of crust and sod as you pass on them, all seem to whisper of danger; and yet, of themselves they are so curious, that you feel the valley would lose half its charm without them.

While we were passing along from one group of springs to another, forgetful of aught else, we came suddenly upon letters, at least a yard in length, drawn in the scaly crust of silica, which yielded to interpretation the familiar name

BILL HAMILTON,

a name almost as well known among mountain men, as the mountains themselves. Hamilton was an old guide and trapper, whom I first met at Bannack in 1862, and I concluded at once that he had been employed by Hayden. Our anxieties were now awakened to know whether Dr. Hayden had been here and gone. Of course he would not depart without leaving some trace of his visit, and this we immediately sought—and as immediately found, near by, in the same silicious deposit, in the following date:

AUGUST 13TH, 1872.

"This very day!" went up in a shout from our boys. Concluding a hasty circuit of the unvisited springs in the vicinity of our camp, we mounted our horses and pushed forward in pursuit of Hayden's party.

Skirting the hills bordering the north side of the basin, we started from its covert in a small thicket one of those queer birds, known among mountaineers as a fool-hen. It is one of the largest species of mountain grouse, and when molested, instead of flying or hiding, always stands its ground, apparently preferring death to flight. Whether it is the bravery or the folly of the bird that should be charged with this peculiar trait, matters not,—it is called fool-hen for its temerity, and this one, as no one in our party was armed, was finally wounded by a stone thrown by our muleteer, Sibley, who remarked, as he let it fly, "I'm tolerably sure in throwing a rock." The wounded bird skulked around under the pines, and we repeatedly lost sight of it, but

as our only chance for a supper depended upon securing it, we each took part in the search.

"Do you think we shall get it?" inquired Hamp, anxiously, as he turned down the limb of a pine.

"Get it!" responded Spencer, "Get it! We've got to get it, we're out of meat!"

And get it we did, and our shout of rejoicing at the triumph, not only waked the echoes, but summoned to our presence, from a neighboring thicket, our friend Holmes, the artist attached to Dr. Hayden's party, who, it seems, had heard our shouting while in pursuit of a bear, and hurried to join us. He and Mr. Blackmore had separated from Dr. Hayden's company on the Yellowstone, the day previous, and under the direction of Hamilton as guide, were making their way in advance, to the Lower Geyser basin. Mr. Blackmore had been desirous of killing a bear, from the time the party entered the Yellowstone valley, and with that object in view had left the main party, with the hope of finding one on his way to the basin. While in the basin, he and the guide became separated from Holmes, who soon after found, and was in close pursuit of, a large brown or cinnamon bear, at the time he heard the shouts of our company. Hamilton and Mr. Blackmore returned to their camp, on the east fork of the Fire Hole, Hamilton first tracing his name and the date, which we found in the silica. Mr. Holmes left us to return to his camp.

The next day Professor Hayden and his company joined us at ten o'clock. Never were greetings more cordial or heartfelt than those exchanged between the members of the two divisions. It was indeed a holiday, and singular as was the concidence of our meeting, before the day closed we were to rejoice over greater surprises, for at three o'clock in the afternoon Stevenson came in, with the remainder of our party; soon after Hayden's pack train arrived from Bozeman, and at four o'clock Adams and Shep Medary entered camp from Virginia City, with a load of provisions. We were thus, by circumstances entirely fortuitous, brought together, without any delay, at the place of rendezvous agreed upon eight weeks before, when the two parties separated at Ogden.

It was a grand reunion. On the following day we held a meeting, at which Dr. Hayden alluded to the circumstances under which the two branches of the expedition had reunited, as a coincidence which seemed to be in harmony with all the designs and purposes they had expected to accomplish. Their work, in effect, was accomplished. They had completed the exploration of a region which in future years would make greater contributions to science, and at the same time afford more delightful recreation to tourists, than any other portion of the globe. The innumerable wonders which filled it, as yet had been seen by scarcely a hundred persons, themselves included. They could tell the world something about it, but as no language could adequately describe it, the world must see it to understand the enthusiasm of those who had visited it. The Doctor then stated that as this basin had been their point of meeting, it would now be their point of separation. This was probably the last time the whole party would be together, and with the hope and belief that the survey had now attained a permanence that would secure it a prominent place among the leading movements of the day, he wished to propose the names of three persons as honorary members who, though not of it, had yet so far participated in it, and contributed to it their aid and assistance, as to have a strong claim to its recognition. The first name he proposed was that of Mr. Thomas Moran, the accomplished artist, who accompanied the expedition in 1871 and had since painted the remarkable picture, now adorning the walls of the Capitol, of the Great Cañon of the Yellowstone,—a painting not less meritorious as a work of art, than as a most accurate delineation of one of the grandest pieces of scenery in the world. He then proposed the name of Mr. William Blackmore, of London, and spoke in complimentary terms of the interest which Mr. B. had manifested in the expedition, of his powers of endurance, and of his intention to furnish some views concerning the future improvements of the Park, founded upon his own experience and familiarity with like public works, and extensive travel in older countries than ours. The last name proposed was my own, a compliment, doubtless attributable to the fact that I was a member of the Washburn exploring party of 1870, whose accounts of this wonderful region first attracted the attention of scientific men.

Dr. Hayden closed his remarks with a graceful allusion to the aid he had received from the members of the expedition, expressing for each and all the warmest sentiments of personal esteem. The motion of the Doctor received the unanimous approval of the company. Mr. Blackmore then followed in a few remarks, and when it became my

turn, I turned the current of compliment against the Doctor,—who with great efficiency as an explorer, unites a maidenly modesty that has carefully avoided every opportunity for notoriety, since he commenced his labors,—by moving that the Grand Teton be hereafter and forever known by the name of Mount Hayden. This motion was carried by an acclamation, which called the Doctor again to his feet in a return of thanks. Another of the three Tetons has been since appropriately named Mount Moran, after the artist just mentioned. At the conclusion of the meeting the company rode to the Upper Geyser basin of the Fire Hole, on entering which they were saluted by an eruption from that most reliable of all the geysers, Old Faithful.

The next morning at four o'clock we witnessed an eruption of the Grand Geyser, which was first seen by Dr. Hayden's party on their visit in 1871. The volume of water thrown from this geyser is about eight feet in diameter. It is very compact, and the eruption is preceded by a subdued rumbling and shaking of the ground in all directions. The column, on this occasion, could not have been less than one hundred and twenty-five feet in height, and seemed to ascend in successive jets, terminating as a single spout that shot up thirty feet or more above the main body. Unlike any of the other geysers, this one tapered in its ascension, like the different stories in the spire of a church, terminating in an acute cone. It is very properly named, and its performances vary in character, and are frequently on a much grander scale than the one we witnessed. Our party had been very anxious to witness a display of the Giantess. Professor Hayden's company, on their last visit, after waiting five days in the basin, finally left without this grandest of all the geyser exhibitions. Suddenly, and while we were returning to camp,—with a tremendous spasm, which threatened to tear the very earth asunder, it threw an immense column to the height of two hundred feet or more.

Our party could not repress a loud shout, and this, followed by a second eruption of the same geyser, more wonderful, and of longer duration than the first, so frightened our horses, which were feeding near, that three of them, in their struggles, broke the ropes by which they were picketed, ran away, and were secured only with the greatest difficulty.

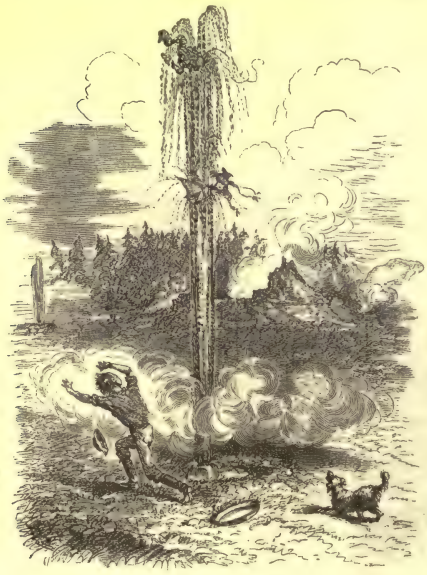
We spent the early part of the day in revisiting the geysers and springs of this wonderful basin. They had dwelt in my memory since the visit of 1870, like the pictures of a vivid dream—and this survey seemed necessary to confirm me in the faith that they were realities. There was the Castle with its broken parapets of sinter, the Grotto with its yawning cavities and irregular recesses,

THE UPPER GEYSER BASIN.

the Giant with its symmetrical round tower, the perfect cone of the Bee-hive, the radiating ebullitions of the Fan, and Old Faithful, most reliable of all, sending its sparkling column hourly to the sky.

One evening Messrs. Spencer and Hamp, desirous of testing the cleansing qualities of the hot springs, attempted to wash a flannel overshirt belonging to the former in their boiling waters. After carefully soaping the garment, they committed it to one of the least active cauldrons in the basin, when to their astonishment the water in the spring suddenly receded, carrying the shirt out of sight. Curiosity led them the next morning to revisit the spring, which proved to be a geyser of considerable force; and as they stood in mute astonishment upon the edge, and gazed down its corrugated sides, listening to the gurgling and spluttering of the water and the ominous intonations from beneath, an eruption suddenly took place, which projected the missing shirt, amid a column of water and vapor, to the height of 20 feet into the air, and in its descent it was caught upon one of the numerous silicious projections which surrounded the edge of the crater, and recovered.

During our stay in the basin we had the good fortune to witness, beside the eruptions already mentioned, the Castle, the Bee-hive and the Grotto in action. A hard wind was blowing in the morning, when the Castle, by various throbbings, pulsations and shakings gave notice of its intention to discharge.



THE MISSING SHIRT.

These preliminaries, followed by the issuance of a jet of steam, culminated in the emission of an immense column of water, projected to the height of 95 feet, the spouting continuing for an hour and twenty minutes. The wind had no effect upon the main column, but at the top, where it was lightest, and the curling crest broke into myriads of streams, showers of drops, blown off, fell like immense diamond clusters into the pool. No language can describe the beauty of the scene. Indeed the great variety of effects produced by sunlight, moonlight, storm, wind and rain upon the geysers while in action, must be seen to be comprehended. After the eruption of the Castle ceased, the steam would subside, and then burst forth with a sudden report, resembling the noise of a locomotive when the escaping smoke and steam sound through the smoke-stack.

The Bee-hive treated us to a hasty performance of six minutes, throwing a very compact and regular stream, to the height of two hundred feet, with sufficient force to withstand the wind, which at the time was blowing a gale.

The Grotto followed with one of its eccentric exhibitions. Steam and water were thrown in all directions, and apparently from half-a-dozen orifices. The falling spray, glittering in the sunbeams, looked like the chips of a rainbow suddenly cut to pieces. The flow of this geyser was of more than two hours' duration.

A feeling uppermost with all visitors to these wonders, is that they should be made speedily accessible to the world. Thousands would visit them annually, if they could be assured of safe conduct, even over a wagon-road, and passable hotel accommodation at the different points of interest. No enterprise would yield a surer return than a wagon-road from Snake River Bridge to the geyser basin, and thence through the Park, by way of the falls of the Yellowstone, and the Hot Springs at Gardiner's River to Bozeman. It could be easily constructed, and as soon as the different railroads, now in progress, should penetrate the territory, would be superseded by a branch to this region. How long shall it be until this improvement is made,—until in the two geyser basins, at the Lake, at the falls, at Sulphur Mountain, at Tower Falls, and at the Hot Springs, good hotels shall greet the crowds, that only await their construction, to visit this wonderful region!

I left the Upper Basin, in company with seven others, for the Yellowstone, by the way

EXTINCT GEYSER ON THE EAST FORK OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

of the East Fork of the Fire Hole, which I found to be entirely practicable for railroad improvement. This branch of the river, like the other, exhibits all the energetic features of a mountain torrent. It is broken into frequent cascades. A few miles from the basin, we fell in with two gold prospectors, who camped with us, and gave us much needful information relative to our trip by this new route to the Yellowstone.

We resumed our journey up the Fire Hole, the following day, and when we entered the forest, struck the trail made by Dr. Hayden's party in their trip across from the Yellowstone. This we followed over the divide, and through the timber. On the summit of the range between the Fire Hole and Yellowstone, we found a large number of sulphur springs, and in close proximity several hills emitting sulphurous vapor from innumerable vents. Want of time prevented our examination of these new and interesting features, which are held in reserve for another visit.

In the afternoon we arrived at the Mud Volcano, which on my former visit had seemed to me to be one of the most remarkable curiosities of the Yellowstone. As it had been visited by Dr. Hayden in 1871, I was greatly surprised on reading his articles to find no allusion made to it. But the omission was explained as soon as I saw it in its present exhausted condition. It was no longer, amid so many greater exhibitions, of object of importance. The crater, which in 1870 was in a state of constant ebullition, the report which resembled the noise of distant artillery, the cone which had been builded by a constant accretion of varied deposits, all had disappeared,—a large excavation remained, and a seething, bubbling mass of mud, with several tree-tops swaying to and fro in the midst, told how terrible and how effectual must have been the explosion which produced such devastation. I could not realize that in this unsightly hole I beheld all that was left of the rarest of those physical wonders which filled this extraordinary region. The explosion must have been terrific, as the forest was torn up in all directions, and the great trees, that then decorated the hill-side, were now completely submerged in the boiling mass that remained.

This change was not the only one in this vicinity. The jet of the mud geyser was thrown with greater force and to a loftier height, and its basin, but partly filled in 1870, now overflowed, whenever an explosion occurred. The sulphur vents are apparently dying out, and most of the volcanic forces in this locality are subsiding.

On our ride to the falls the next day we stopped at the Crater Hill long enough to visit the springs in its vicinity, and gather specimens of the various forms of sulphur. No

material change has taken place there since our last visit. The hill still smokes, and emits livid fumes of sulphur at every pore, and responds in hollow murmurs to the slightest tread upon its treacherous surface. The large spring at its base boils and bubbles in its beautiful setting of scollops, and "the cavern" wakes the echoes with its loud and regular reports. Even the beautiful alum spring has undergone no change, and its saturated margin still conveys a terrible warning to the venturesome observer not to approach too near.

Away we go through "bracken and brush" alongside the tranquil river, intent only upon the grand scene which we know lies directly before us. There is nothing in river or scenery to indicate its existence. Suddenly the voice of the falling water, like the murmur of the distant ocean, breaks upon the ear. Riding forward rapidly, we strike the current far above the upper fall, and follow it down, by the rapids, to the verge. There cannot be a more laughing, merry, jolly cataract than this upper fall of the Yellowstone. It is all joy. Its waters sparkle and foam like champagne, and if there is a jocund feeling or an atom of gayety in the composition of the beholder, it is sure to reach it. He laughs and jokes in response to the splash of the dashing waters. The very rocks which overhang the cataract, the sparkling basin into which it is received, the verdant hill tops, towering above it, all gleaming with sunshine, brilliant with jewels of spray, and glittering with prismatic globules, awaken into full play the liveliest emotions of the most sluggish nature. Our boys forgot to be careful in their desire to be funny, and hazarded some feats that might have had a serious termination. In all this there is a singular fitness, and we fully realized, before we left the cataract, that the visitor who for the first time comes here, should so approach the locality as to make his first visit to the upper fall. It will prepare him for enjoying the grander beauties of the great cataract and wonderful cañon below. There all is shadow. The falls have none of the playfulness and variety of their smaller neighbor. You look down upon them, from the edge of a mighty chasm, and behold them pouring smoothly over the even verge of the precipice, which they approach with the stealth and rapidity of some enormous serpent. The water is black, the shade of surrounding walls somber, and the dreadful gulf into which the river is poured, so dark and so full of spray and foam, that long before the sheet reaches it, you lose its connection with the attenuated stream that cascades through the dismal cañon below. Nature has never combined in one view more of the elements of sublimity,—nor more favorably disposed for human observation, the several components of grandeur, height, depth, motion, stillness and color. Here the loftiness of the rocks above the falls is brought into immediate contrast with the profound depth of the cañon below them,—the uproar of the waters, with the stillness of the vast gorge into which they are poured,—the gray of the upper rock, with the brilliant coloring of the walls of the marvelous chasm and the green of the adjacent pine-crowned hills. As I rambled around, the old feeling of terror, which I felt so sensibly on my first visit, came over me and grew upon me until we left the locality.

Upon one of the tall spires of rock, which had been formed by the erosion of centuries, an eagle had built her nest where the melody of the falling waters could be heard in security. This nest may have been there for centuries. Lewis and Clark describe one at the Falls of the Missouri, which was always included in the descriptions given them of that cataract by the Indians, and which remains there to this day. It is not improbable either, from the well-known longevity of the eagle, that the same pair of birds still occupy it that were there sixty years ago.

The Grand Cañon, that unique and wonderful piece of scenery, so new and original in its attractions on my last visit, has since been made familiar to thousands by the graphic pencil of Thomas Moran.

We followed the cañon several miles on our route to Tower Falls.

No material alteration has occurred, except the falling of one of the lofty towers of rock below the mouth of the creek. It was worn off by the waters. Accompanied by Spencer and the two prospectors, I pushed on to a point opposite the mouth of the east fork of the Yellowstone, which we reached by crossing the main stream on a bridge built by Jack Baronet, the mountaineer who rescued Everts in 1870. At a distance of ten miles from the junction, on the east fork, we found some very remarkable petrifactions of trees and stumps, still standing on the mountain side eight thousand feet above the ocean. The cortical layers in the wood, were more readily traced, if possible, than when in its natural state, and the inner side of trunks, that had undergone partial decay, were lined with amethystine crystals of great beauty. Many of these trunks measured from fifteen to thirty

nches in diameter. How was the process of olidification carried on in these instances? The trees and stumps are as firmly rooted in he steep hill-side as ever, and the root pro-rudes from the soil, as in the case of living rees. Yet they are solid stone. If submer-gence, heat, pressure, and slow deposition of ilicious solution constitute the only means of displacement, when and how were these gencies employed in this location?

This portion of the Park, from its lofty ele-ation, affords some very extensive views of he surrounding ranges of mountains. It will become a favorite resort for future tourists, nd when the time comes for such an im-provement, a tower erected here will over-ook a greater extent of country than any other portion of the Park. We pushed on o the Mammoth Springs the next day. These, the last, are by no means the least of he wonders of the region. Like the geysers, no language can describe them. Dr. Hayden's rticle, in a former number of this magazine, conveys the most accurate impression of their extent and peculiarities. The form is deline-ated in the photographs, but these give no idea of the coloring,—which in brilliancy, va-riety, and arrangement exceed anything we have ever before seen in the physical world. Every conceivable shade of color is to be seen, and all shades, acted upon by the aqueous flow, are continually shifting and changing. The white of the calcareous deposits, which form the scolloped rims of the countless pools along the hill-side, and the congealed cas-cades, apparently frozen in their descent, ex-ceeds that of the purest alabaster. New baths are constantly forming, new forms of grace springing into existence, new creations, as beautiful as the fabled birth of Aphrodite, are rising into view on every side. Here is a vast world of efflorescence, exhibiting all the pro-cesses of growth, from the smallest spicule to the fully-developed flower. Here are baths of every temperature, ornamented with un-sparing profusion, by the wonder-working pro-cesses of nature.

Here the powers of decay and re-creation work side by side,—the one upbuilding what the other destroys, with a celerity no less wonderful than the perfect beauty with which its work is done. Nature has no busier work-shop, nor one where her labors are per-formed with greater dispatch. A basket of wire suspended in this magic water for a week, is drawn forth at the end of the period a miracle of beauty, in translucent alabaster. Turn the descending stream upon the frac-tured or disfigured wall which encloses one of the pools, and in a month it is built up, more beautiful than ever. Pour it over a miniature precipice, and it congeals into a cascade, presenting on its hardened surface all the glories of a living fall. The forms in-to which this marvelous fluid may be wrought are as countless as the imagination may de-vise.

A SPIRITUAL SONG. V.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

WEEP I must—my heart runs over:
Would he once himself discover—
Only once from far away!
Holy sorrow! still prevailing
Is the weeping, is the wailing:
Would I here were turned to clay!

Evermore I see him crying,
Ever praying, ever dying:
Will this heart unending beat?
Will my eyes in death close never?
Weeping all into a river
Were a blessedness too sweet!

Is there none with me lamenting?
Dies his name in echoes fainting?
  Is the peopled world struck dead?
Shall I from his eyes, ah! never
More drink love and life forever?
  Is he now and always dead?

Dead! What means it—sound of dolors?
Tell me then, I pray, ye scholars—
  What imports the symbol dim.
He is dumb, and all turn fro me;
No one on the earth can show me
  Where my heart might look for him.

Earth no more while I am in it
Can provide one happy minute;
  All is but a dream of woe.
I too am with him departed:
Would I lay with him still-hearted
  In the region down below!

Hear, oh, hear, his and my Father!
Speedily my dead bones gather
  Unto his—oh, soon, I pray!
Grass will soon his low mound cover
And the wind will wander over,
  And the form will fade away.

If his love they but perceived,
Suddenly had all believed,
  Letting all things else go by;
Lord of love him only owning,
All with me would fall bemoaning,
  And in bitter weeping die.

BRET HARTE.

Some ten years ago, Thomas Starr King, then unknowingly near the end of his short but noble and glowing life, was guiding an acquaintance through the dingy, gold-strewn recesses of the Government Mint building in San Francisco. Pausing before entering the Secretary's little office, he said: "Now I want you to meet a young man who will be heard of far and wide some of these days." The visitor went in and was introduced to Francis Bret Harte, then Secretary of the Branch Mint. We all know how the later career of the young writer has more than justified the affectionate prediction of Starr King; for, since that day, Bret Harte's fame has, to borrow the language of his admiring German translator, "extended from the coasts of the Pacific Ocean to the English coast of the North Sea." "His works have drawn hearts to him wherever the language of Shakespeare, of Milton, and Byron is spoken."

A man who has so many readers must needs inspire a kindly curiosity to know something of the antecedents in a life which has given such generous promise of nobler works to come. Mr. Harte was born at Albany, New York, in 1839. He was christened Francis Bret Harte; but the second name,—an old family one,—was that by which he was familiarly known among home friends and acquaintances. Later in life, the initial of his Christian name was dropped altogether, and the world learned to know and love him by the somewhat crisp title of "Bret Harte.

Young Harte grew up surrounded by re-

ining influences; his father was a teacher of girls, and a ripe and cultured student withal. Left fatherless, Harte wandered off to California in 1854, dazzled with the golden visions which then transfigured that distant land; and, won by the fantastic romance which stories of the early Spanish occupation, sudden wealth, surprising adventure, and novel life and scenery invested the country, he cast himself into the changeful stream of humanity which ebbed and flowed among the young cities by the sea, the pine-clad ridges of the Sierra, and the rude camps of the gold-hunters which were then breaking the stillness of long unvexed solitudes. No age nor condition, no quality of manhood, nor grade of moral or mental culture was unrepresented in that motley tide of migration. The dreamy young student, the future poet of the Argonauts of 1849, drifted on with the rest.

For two or three years he, like all the restless wanderers of those days, pursued a various calling and had no fixed abode. An unsatisfied desire for change, a half-confessed impatience with long tarrying in any spot, seemed to possess every soul. Mining camps and even thrifty towns were depopulated in a single day, the unnoted casualties of their rough life emptying a few places, the rest being eagerly left behind by men who drifted far and wide; their lately coveted "claims" were quickly occupied by other rovers from other fields. Harte mined a little, taught school a little, tried his hand at type-setting and frontier journalism, climbed mountains and threaded ravines as the mounted messenger of an express company, or acted as agent for that company in some of the mountain towns which we have learned to know so well as Sandy Bar, Poker Flat, and Wingdam. But all the while the lithe, agile, and alert young artist was absorbing impressions of the picturesque life, scenery, manners, and talk which surrounded him as an atmosphere.

In 1857, or thereabouts, he drifted back to San Francisco—"The Bay," as the pleasant city by the sea was fondly called by the wandering sons of adventure. The Bay was the little heaven where were cool sea-winds, good cheer, and glimpses of that sensuous life which was then thought of as a far-off, faintly-remembered good found only in "the States." Here Harte speedily developed into a clever young *littérateur*. Working in the composing-room of a weekly literary journal, he put into type some of his own graceful little sketches by way of experiment. These were noticed and appreciated by the editor, and he was translated from "the case" to the editorial room of *The Golden Era*, where some of the pleasant papers which find place in his later published works were written. These were chiefly local sketches, like "A Boy's Dog," "Sidewalkings" and "From a Balcony." Meantime, marriage and the cares of a growing household had changed the vagrant fancy of the young writer, and he roved no more. He wrote a great deal which has not been gathered up, and in the columns of daily papers, as well as in *The Californian*, a literary weekly which he some time edited, appeared innumerable papers which enriched the current literature of those times, and swelled the volume of that higher quality of California journalism which seems now to have passed quite away.

In 1864 he was appointed Secretary of the United States Branch Mint in San Francisco, a position which, during the six years he held it, gave him time and opportunity for more careful work than any which he had heretofore accomplished. During this time some of the most famous of his poems and sketches were written. "John Burns of Gettysburg," "The Pliocene Skull," "The Society upon the Stanislow," "How are you, Sanitary?" and other little unique gems of verse were written about this time and first appeared (for the most part) anonymously in the San Francisco newspapers. In July, 1868, the publication of *The Overland Monthly* was begun, with Bret Harte as its organizer and editor. The success of the magazine was immediate and decided. We cannot tell how much of its renown was owing to the series of remarkable stories which immediately began to flow from the pen of its accomplished editor, nor how much to the rare talent which he seems to have had in awaking the dormant energies of those who constituted his loyal staff of contributors. *The Overland* became at once a unique, piquant and highly-desired element in the current literature of the Republic; and it found a multitude of readers on both sides of the Atlantic. In its pages, August, 1868, appeared "The Luck of Roaring Camp," a story which, whatever may be the merits of those which have succeeded it, gave Harte the first of his great fame as a prose-writer. But it was not until January of the next year that the stimulated appetite of the impatient public was appeased by the production of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," a dramatic tale which probably contains more firmly-drawn and distinct characters than have appeared in any one of Harte's stories or sketches. "Miggles" came next, and, mar-

shaled in their long array, the inimitable personages who figure in still later stories emerged from their shadowy realm and passed into the language and familiar acquaintance of the English-speaking world. Col. Starbottle, John Oakhurst, Stumpy, Tennessee's Partner and Miggles—with laughter and with tears we remember them all; we shall know them as long as we know Sam Weller, Micawber, Little Nell and the goodly company called into being by that other magician who has, at last, laid down his wand forever.

fore. Harte's first book was the *Condensed Novels*, a collection of wonderful imitations, too real to be called parodies, first printed in *The Californian*, published in a poorly executed volume in New York, called in and republished and reinforced in 1871. Four new volumes have issued from the pen of the poet-storyteller, and a great constituency hungrily waits for more.

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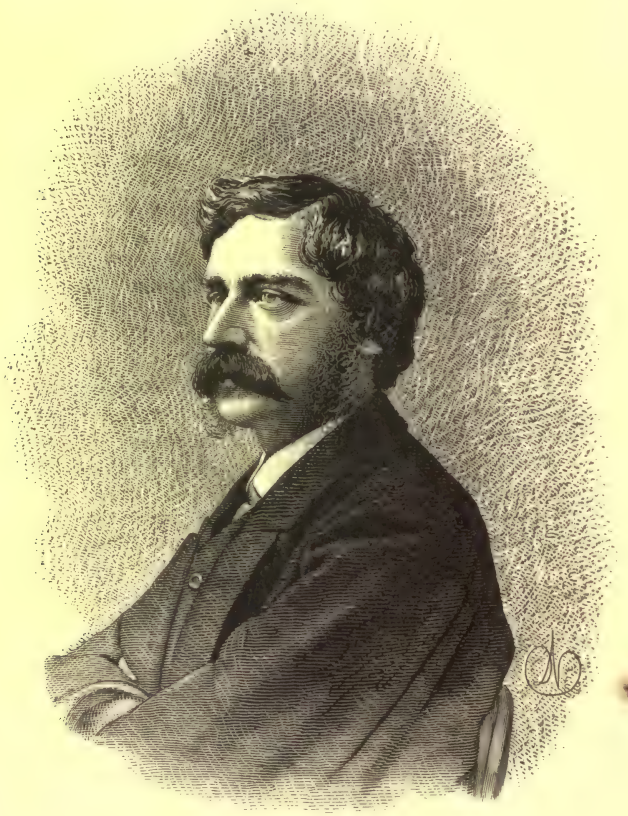


BRET HARTE.

Harte's poems are more thickly scattered through his later work in California than elsewhere. Some of the best-known were written between 1865 and 1870; "Plain Language from Truthful James," popularly quoted as the "Heathen Chinee," appeared in *The Overland* of September, 1870. A more ambitious work, "The Lost Galleon," was an earlier production, and gave title to a thin volume of fugitive bits of verse published in San Francisco a year or two before. Harte's first book was the *Condensed Novels*, a collection of wonderful imitations, too real to be called parodies, first printed in *The Californian*, published in a poorly executed volume in New York, called in and republished and reinforced in 1871. Four new volumes have issued from the pen of the poet-storyteller, and a great constituency hungrily waits for more.

In the Spring of 1871, Harte, resigning the editorial position which he held, as well as the Professorship of Recent Literature in the University of California, to which he had lately been called, returned to his native State with the ripened powers and generous fame which he had gathered during his seventeen years of absence. When his life shall have been adjusted to the new conditions which meet here any long-absent wanderer, we shall, no doubt, see the somewhat wavering panorama of his genius move on more steadily, glowing with more vivid colors and crowded with more life-like shapes than any

which his magical touch has yet placed on canvas.

What Harte's repute and standing are in his own land need not now be told. Few writers of modern times have been more discussed; it were better if his critics had always been generous as well as just. But it would not be fair to close this little sketch without noting the fact that most of his works have found eager readers in other lands. English editions of his stories are popular and widely circulated. In Germany, the genial old poet, Ferdinand Freiligrath, has translated a volume of Harte's prose tales, to which is prefixed a charming preface by the translator. We cannot forbear making this extract, so full of the simple-hearted Freiligrath's goodness:—

"Nevertheless he remains what he is—the Californian and the gold-digger. But the gold for which he has dug, and which he found, is not the gold in the bed of rivers, —not the gold in the veins of mountains; it is the gold of love, of goodness, of fidelity, of humanity, which even in rude and wild hearts, —even under the rubbish of vices and sins, —remains forever uneradicated from the human heart. That he there searched for this gold,—that he found it there and triumphantly exhibited it to the world,—that is his greatness and his merit. That it is which drew hearts to him wherever the language of Shakespeare, of Milton and Byron is spoken. And that it is which has made me, the old German poet, the translator of the young American colleague; and which has led me to-day to reach to him warmly and cordially my hand across the sea. Good luck, Bret Harte! Good luck, my gold-digger!"

Th. Dentzon has charmingly introduced some of Harte's California sketches to the French world of readers, and, in an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, he has given at great length a critical analysis of the powers and genius of our favorite story-teller. Our French and German friends alike wrestle with the difficulties of the untranslatable; but, *malgré* their failure to master the dialect of the gold-digger, they reproduce admirably the delicate finish and felicitous manipulation of the author. Thus his genius has found expression in many languages, and the gentle, loving spirit which animates his works lives and walks in other lands beyond the sea.

CAPTAIN LUCE'S ENEMY.

THE great army moved down upon the river and encamped above the enemy's stronghold. There was dredging and digging and hard, patient weeks of approach to be spent before the plan of attack could be fairly tried. The country waited in impatience, and the army toiled and watched, and each individual soldier and citizen lived meanwhile the separate and private life of thought and feeling, of which the visible existence is but the mask or expression more or less dimly comprehended. It is of this underlying and more real life of two or three out of the millions of actors in that tremendous drama that I am going to tell the story now.

A carriage with two ladies and a very old negro driver came to headquarters of one of the brigades one day about noon, and the general for whom they inquired came out courteously to hear what they would have. The elderly lady introduced herself and her daughter, explained that their house and lands adjoined his lines, and that the men of the neighborhood being all in the southern armies, they were naturally exposed to annoyance and uneasiness, and she asked to have a guard for the protection of themselves and their property. The general promised to see to the matter, made a note of the name and place: "Mrs. Forest, of Cottonwood Plantation," two or three miles to the southwest. In consequence of that interview, Captain Luce of the "Fessenden Riflemen" was presently detailed to post a guard at the Forests' place, and rode over in person the first day. Luce was a good soldier, a rather sober fellow, somewhat reserved and sharp with men, and a little shy among ladies; not handsome, but of a good presence, and very much liked by his men. The two ladies were true Southerners, but of the better class. They were proud of their State and the Confederacy, and scornful of the North; but that aside, they were well-bred, tolerably informed, superior in manners and bearing. It was no easy matter, that first interview of the young officer with his fair enemies. But he determined to have an understanding with them, if possible, and know just where he stood in the place. So after the first awk-

ward difficulty of introducing himself, and the reserved and distant response which was not unnatural from the lonely ladies towards a strange man and an enemy whom circumstances forced them to receive, he said :

"My men have strict instructions as to their duty, and I wish you to report immediately any disrespect or annoyance which they may show or permit. I will come or send as often as I can to see about it, and shall do my best to make your home secure and pleasant. But I must ask you to remember that we are soldiers in an enemy's country, and exposed on your account. The men must not be annoyed or harshly treated. You will easily see that they must regard an insult to them as aimed at the cause they represent by its enemies, and one that they are bound in honor to resent. I say this for your own sakes, wishing to save you trouble in the future. I do not respect you the less for taking sides with your State, and do not wonder that you do not love us for fighting your friends and desolating your country. But you must remember that there are two sides to the question ; that your friends would be at my home if they could ; and I hope that some of them would see that my mother and sister came to no harm. I believe that they would."

Beginning thus squarely, and continuing to show the same simple, downright, but courteous bearing in his visits, the first constraint and somewhat haughty politeness of the ladies melted imperceptibly into a respectful familiarity and confidence.

The younger lady's name was Ellen. She was rather tall, with an almost martial carriage, so straight, and proud, and straightforward, disdaining little arts and graces, turning neither to the right nor left. She did not belie the intelligence that lighted up her fine face ; she was unusually well read in books of the lighter kind. That alone would have kindled a friendly feeling in the captain, who was something of a student ; and from the first he was piqued by her self-contained manner, and admired her simple dignity and the quickness and keenness shown in what she said. With the growing confidence which constant intercourse with the young soldier inspired, her reserve wore off, and they became good friends, in a way. But the frank kindness that took the place of the young lady's first manner, had the same qualities of self-reliance and courage behind it, and Luce felt very sensibly that he held his friendly footing upon sufferance and straight walking, and that one step aside would precipitate him from it ; and the further he went in that path the less did he care to fall out of it.

Luce presently found himself contriving to be at Cottonwood a great many times in a week, and his mind going back there more and more as he went about his duty. He had a small number of favorite books with him in camp, and some of them presently found their way to the Forest mansion, and some with the name of that family on the fly-leaves took their place in the officers' tent of company C. Luce began to have a great liking for talking over Thackeray with Miss Ellen. She shared the incomprehensible dislike of her sex for that author, and she and the captain had many a talk, good-humored but sincere, and sometimes serious, over the master's men and women. But when Luce went over these discussions in his mind, it was not so much of the weight of the argument that he found himself thinking as of the lady's keen instinct, her quickness and delicacy of perception, and her shrinking from falsehood and impurity and difficulty in believing them.

But digging and dredging could not last forever, and one day Captain Luce woke up and found that the army was beginning to move again. His division was yet undisturbed, but he knew the marching orders would come before long, and the thought brought him a dull new feeling not at all pleasant.

He did not find the ache grow less by sleeping on it, and indeed he was late falling asleep and awoke very early. He made an errand to ride over to Cottonwood in the morning, found Miss Ellen alone, and told her of his near departure.

"When we went into camp over here," he said, "I was fretted by the delay, and now we are going, I feel as if I were leaving home." He laughed a little, rather ruefully.

She was doing some needlework, and she laid it down, and looked over at him thoughtfully. "So you're going away to fight my friends," she said. "Doesn't it seem strange that you and I, sitting here, should be enemies?"

"It seems crazy," he answered. He was leaning against the open window. He drew his sword and let the sun glitter on the polished blade. It was a pretty thing and made for a pretty use, he thought. This business he was in took for the moment that look of grotesque and incredible madness and folly that it does now and then, I suppose, to us all. The lady was sitting with a serious face and her eyes cast down, seeming to debate some-

thing in her mind. When she looked up he was sliding the bright blade back in the scabbard.

"Captain Luce," she said, "you have been very kind. I am going to ask one more favor of you."

"I will do anything for you consistent with my duty," he said.

She bade him wait, and went out and came back with an ordinary card photograph, which she put into his hand. It was the picture of a handsome young fellow in the uniform of a Southern cavalry soldier.

"Is it your brother?" Luce asked, glancing at the finer living face before him. "He looks a little like you."

"No, he is a friend," she said, blushing very slightly. "His name is Morris—William Morris. He was a captain in the twenty-sixth Tennessee regiment when I last heard of him."

Luce looked at her while she was speaking, and then turned away and looked out at the bright land and sky, and it was as if a black cloud had drawn suddenly over both. He put the card back to her without looking, and said, rather coldly:

"Well, what do you want me to do?"

"Will you be back here again?"

"I suppose I can come once more if there is any need," he answered. "Do you care?"

"Certainly. I shall be very sorry when you go. It's a dark time for us, you know, and you have been very friendly. I shall miss you sadly."

"Thank you. You're very good."

"You will come to-morrow, then. Keep the picture till you come. I want you to familiarize yourself with it, so you will know Captain Morris if you should meet. You are my friend too now, and don't you see how terrible it would be if you should meet and hurt one another?" and she shuddered and turned her pained face aside. He took a step or two away and sat down by the table, and she came and sat down opposite. He held out the card with the face down, and answered sternly:

"He is the enemy of my country. I am a soldier. I must do my duty."

"I do not ask you to do otherwise," she replied, a little proudly. "If you should fall into the hands of our soldiers, and should meet Captain Morris, if you will give him my name I am certain he will do you any kindness in his power. Is it too much to ask you to do the same by him? Will you keep the picture till to-morrow?"

"If you wish it," he answered, and drew back the card and took a long look at the brave, frank face and manly figure of the trooper.

It was late in the afternoon of the following day when the captain came galloping up the Cottonwood avenue, and sent off the guard. His black horse was white with foam. Miss Ellen met him at the door, and he took a last look at the picture as he handed it back to her. And he said:

"I shall know him if he looks like his picture. I haven't a minute to wait. I could hardly get off at all. All the troops are off but ours, and we break camp at daybreak. I must bid you good-bye. Is your mother at home?"

Mrs. Forest was quickly called, and they shook hands and said good-bye, expressing their hearty regret and hopes of meeting again. And then the captain mounted and rode off, turning to wave his cap and smile, at the corner, and then, plunging spurs into his mare, went galloping down the rows of trees with a great lump in his throat, and only a dim view of the flying wood and the fields tawny with sunset.

Siege and capitulation, movements by rail and river, hard marching, weary camping, forays, skirmishes, battles, bloody victories and bloody repulses followed one another and removed Luce farther and farther from Cottonwood, and might have easily worn out a light impression. But it seldom needed more than night, or danger, or leisure for thought to bring to his mind's sight a proud, straight girl, with a serious face, as he remembered it best,—and renew the ache and hankering he had brought away with him. He had seen many thousands of the enemy, dead and alive; had, indeed, been sent north in charge of a train of prisoners, but none of his inquiries for Captain Morris met with success. In fact he knew that out of the millions engaged in the enormous contest, it was a thousand to one that they two would ever meet.

One pleasant Monday in May the regiment was ordered to capture a guerilla band that had taken quarters in the mountain hamlet of Steubenville, and it moved out on the South Notch road. Some miles down the valley, Colonel Grierson rode up to the front of company C. "Captain Luce," he commanded, "take your company up this old road to the right. It comes out on the Bloomsbury turnpike, a mile west of Steubenville. They will most likely run that way."

So company C filed off and marched along

the rough old road. Some hours after a messenger met them and ordered them back to camp. Luce was riding at the head of the column. A horseman came round a bend some distance ahead, with the sun on his face. When Luce caught sight of him he bent forward and studied him intently a minute, and then halted his men and rode on alone to meet the stranger. The latter came along slowly and his horse looked tired. He wore the dress of a Union captain of volunteers, and was therefore of the same rank as Luce.

When they were near each other Luce challenged him, and he saluted and answered simply:

"I carry dispatches from General Rosecrans to General Grant. I have been riding since daylight, and my horse is nearly played out. Where is your camp, captain?"

And Luce answered quietly: "You are Captain William Morris, of the Twenty-sixth Tennessee. You are a spy."

A flash of surprise and consternation shot through the stranger's face and his hand sprang to his sword, but stopped with it half drawn. Luce was before him, and the muzzle of his pistol was not three feet from the stranger's head. "Don't draw," he said. "I don't want to hurt you. You are my prisoner."

"You insult me," was the bold reply. "I told you the truth. I will report you to the general. There, do you know that signature? You stop me at your peril." And he drew out and showed Luce a letter to all loyal commanders, instructing them to aid and furnish Captain Browning and help him on his way. But Luce persisted: "I take the risk. You are not Captain Browning. You are a rebel officer of cavalry, and you come from Earlsburgh."

He was plainly startled by that, but answered, doggedly, "There's no use of me telling you anything. You seem to know more about me than I do myself."

"Captain Morris," said Luce, "I don't want to expose you just now. You see I can disarm you and give you in charge. Give me your word that you will not use your arms without warning."

"I promise. I am in your power."

So the two captains rode on at the head of the company. The stranger kept a sullen silence for a while, glancing again and again at Luce's face. By and by he said:

"I'm certain I never saw you before in my life. I'm shot if I see what makes you think you know me."

"I have seen your picture," answered Luce. "I know Miss Forest of Cottonwood."

"Oh, the devil you do!" was the flashing response, and Morris made no further attempt at concealment. "What do you know of her? What do you mean?"

Just then they fell in with the main body coming down a side road, and as they dropped into their places in the regiment, the colonel rode up to Luce and spoke to him.

"They took to the woods, captain, on the east side. But we got Gridly and Haines. Did you meet Westcott? I sent him to look for you. By the way, who have you here?"

Then Morris thought his time had come; but he set his teeth and waited for his exposure with a defiant face. To his utter surprise, Luce answered the colonel:

"This is Captain Morris, whom I met back here. He is carrying dispatches from Gen. Rosecrans to Gen. Grant. I am going to keep him to-night." The colonel saluted and rode on.

"Keep close to my side," Luce said, low and sternly, without looking round. "Don't try to escape unless you want to be hung."

Morris did as he was bidden, and they rode into camp side by side, and one could hardly have told which was the sterner face. Luce gave the horses in charge and led Morris to his quarters.

"Give me all the papers you have about you," he said.

Morris gave him several. "Those are all but private letters, to which you have no right."

"Very well. Promise me you will not try to escape while I let you go free."

"I suppose I must promise. I do."

They went in, and Luce introduced Morris to the officers' mess, as he had to the colonel. Morris said little, and Luce was absent and stern. He went out on some duty, and by and by came and called Morris out. They walked away alone, and Morris faced Luce presently, and demanded:

"Now then, I want you to tell me what you know about Miss Forest."

Luce told him in few words how he had guarded her home the previous spring.

"And she showed you my picture?"

"Yes."

"Oh, by heaven now, I don't understand!" Morris swore fiercely, moving about in excitement. "How did she come to do that? How long were you there? What business had you there, anyway? I swear you're

enough to drive a man mad. I'd shoot you in a minute if I hadn't given my word."

"Oh, come now, don't bluster!" Luce answered, and told him the simple manner in which it came about; and Morris questioned sharply until he knew almost all she had said about him. That quieted him, and he fell to meditating. Luce sat on a fallen tree and thought, in no easy or pleasing humor. Then Morris stood before him and said:

"Well, are you going to report me?"

"You are a spy against my country. I must do my duty."

"You would have done the same if you were ordered," Morris answered.

"And what would you do if you took me?" said Luce.

Morris turned away abruptly. Then he turned back.

"You know nothing about me but information given you in confidence by a lady, and partly out of favor to yourself. Can you use that? Is that your Yankee honor?"

Luce's hand went to his pistol, and he said, "Don't tempt me." But he could not help a feeling of admiration for the young fellow's simple and gallant bearing. That and his perplexity, and a face and voice which their talk called up, affected him with a great gentleness and melancholy.

"Sit down here, Morris," he said. "Isn't it a crooked world? Here are we camping out a thousand miles from home, to kill you, and your fellows camping somewhere to come and kill us. You and I represent the two sides: two young men with like passions and both trying to walk straight, I guess. And here we've come to the blindest piece of road I ever heard of. I can't see any way out of it—I declare I can't." And when we consider how duty and honor seemed for once to have gone to war, was not our brave captain tied up in about as knotty a snarl as ever was tangled?

Morris was somewhat awed by Luce's new mood and manner. They sat still awhile and looked at the dim outlines of the camp below them, and the lights here and there among the tents, but doubtless neither saw much of all that. After a while Luce asked abruptly:

"Are you engaged to Miss Forest?"

Morris started up, but answered, "No."

"You are in love with her?"

"I should think so," he answered, looking up hurriedly and standing up, quivering as he spoke.

And Luce said, "So am I."

Morris said something that I shall not repeat, and stamped on the ground.

"You've no business. I was first, and you had no right to step in when I was away."

"Come now," Luce said, impatiently, "don't let's be children. You know I didn't know anything about you, and I didn't go—I was sent. It's too late for 'ought to have' and 'hadn't.' You and I are in the same boat, and neither of us has much right to find fault with the other. We can't be expected to love one another, I suppose; but I don't want any man's shoes, and if you've got a right to warn me off I want to know it. Has she shown you any special favor?"

The Northerner's freedom and sincerity, and the very evident emotion below his sober manner, moved the other to a passionate frankness.

"No; she's too proud. She cares more for the Confederacy than for all the men in it. I wonder she let you come into the house. She would have gone to fight you Yankees herself if they'd have taken her. She thought me a coward because I didn't run and enlist at the first shout. I couldn't leave her. I was mad with love for her, and I thought I couldn't come away. Then she was angry, and despised me, and I came away in a rage. I sent her my picture in my new uniform, and I never knew she got it till now. That was the one you saw. Did she seem to care about it—or—or about me?"

"That's a hard question for me to answer fairly, isn't it? But, honestly, I don't know," Luce replied.

Morris walked up and down, and Luce sat thinking darkly a good while with his head down. Morris stopped before him and asked rather sharply: "Well, what are you going to do with me?" And Luce said, "I'm —— if I know."

Luce had to go about some duty, and Morris said the night was fine and he would wait for him outside. Luce came back and found him lying wrapped in his blanket, and he said:

"I don't know what to do. I put it to you. What would you do if you took me so?"

And Morris thought awhile, and answered:

"I don't know; it's a tough place. Don't leave it to me."

It was late, and Luce made him come into his tent, and they lay down together; and when Morris was asleep, Luce turned and tossed and tormented himself with doubts and misgivings and happy or heart-sick thrills and memories and fears. He heard the young Southerner moving and muttering in his sleep.

Early in the morning he called Morris out.

"Were these dispatches of importance to your commanders? Were you to take them back?"

"I was to destroy them after they had served my purpose. They are in cipher and could not be read?"

"They are? Have they been long delayed?"

"Not an hour. Browning was captured at Kilgrave Wednesday night, and I took his uniform and came on at daylight."

"And you would not have delivered them?"

"Not if I could help it. And I suppose I could."

Then Luce saw his way. He could make his knowledge serve the cause, and yet not break his faith with Miss Forest. Not that he ever thought of doing that, but it was hard to see how not. He said:

"Promise me you will go straight back where you came from and will give no information against us."

And Morris looked at him, and answered:

"I promise, on a soldier's honor!"

Luce ordered his horse to be brought, and motioned him to mount. He walked by the horse through the camp, and looked at his watch.

"I'll give you half an hour," he said. "Make the best of it. Good-bye," and he offered his hand. Morris took it and held it.

"Give me your address," he said—"at home and here."

Luce told him both, and he repeated them slowly twice. Then he said:

"Captain Luce, you're a straight fellow, and I owe you for this. I shall not forget. Good-bye." He put spurs to his horse, and dashed off. Half an hour later Luce went to the colonel and told him as much of the truth as was necessary, handed him the dispatches, and gave himself in charge, expecting disgrace and punishment. Colonel Grierson naturally found it no light matter to connive at the escape of a spy, and spoke very sharply. Captain Luce went to his quarters and sent his sergeant back with his sword. But the colonel knew Luce's character for courage and honor, and saw the difficulty of his position, and he sent back the sword with word to keep it till it was sent for, and that was the last Luce heard of the matter. The dispatches were duly carried and delivered.

The autumn passed and the winter, with their dreams of fighting and camping. On a Sunday in June there came a letter to Luce in a strange hand. It was dated at a Union hospital, somewhere in the East, and was this:—

"Captain Luce—I was wounded and captured a month ago. Am paroled, and shall be well enough to travel soon. Am going home. I don't know what to do. Wish to heaven I had never seen you. But that is no fault of yours, and I suppose you wish there was no such fellow as me. You had me in your power and took no advantage, but acted like a brave and honorable gentleman. I must do no less. I have inquired, and hear that your regiment's time is about run out. If so, can't you come home with me, or meet me there? I suppose you didn't leave my people any richer, but such as there is you shall have, and my sister will make you welcome.

"I hope you got into no serious trouble on my account. You ran a great risk unless you destroyed the papers, which I don't suppose you did."

It was signed William Morris. Luce's time had expired. He had no intention of leaving the service, but he made his re-volunteering the means of procuring leave of absence. He went East and found Morris in the hospital; his wound healed, but not strong enough to travel alone. Luce took him in charge, and they started west. They traveled slowly, and Morris gained strength by the way. They were very friendly, and talked frankly together a good deal about the war, with the respect which a soldier feels for an honorable enemy. But neither of them mentioned Miss Forest's name all the way.

The Morris place had been farther away from the army's path than Cottonwood, and had suffered less. Morris's father was blind, and had, of course, remained with his daughter Florence. Both father and daughter received Luce warmly upon Morris's introduction and account of their relations, which, as may be supposed, was not quite full, but made up in warmth to such an extent as made Luce ashamed. Morris felt too much fatigued after his journey to ride far. He asked Luce about the position of his camp when he was there before, and said that was about ten miles north-east, from which Luce inferred that Cottonwood was about eight or ten miles north. But his fatigue did not prevent him from riding with Luce and Miss Florence east, west, and south. Luce was thrown a great deal in the young lady's company, in fact, and found it very pleasant and sprightly company too. After a day or two Morris was much occupied with his

father, arranging their rather disordered affairs, but he made his sister entertain Luce and show him this and that point about the country. A week or two passed so, and neither had spoken of Miss Forest. Luce began to wonder what they were waiting for. One afternoon the two captains rode to a place five or six miles north, on business. They took a different road back, which led to the west at first, and across a high hill. The sun was low, and as they came on the hill-top, a very pretty stretch of sunny lands lay before them. They both paused and looked northward. Far away Luce saw a house and lands that excited a familiar thrill in him. When he turned away Morris was bending forward eagerly scanning the same distant plantation. He turned and met Luce's eyes.

"That is Cottonwood?" said Luce.

"Yes."

And Luce said, "Well?"

"Are you still of the same mind?" Morris asked sharply.

And Luce replied, "Still the same."

"Come on then," he called, and struck spurs to his horse, and dashed down the road to the north.

When Luce overtook him he was waiting for him, and walking his horse up the Cottonwood avenue. Miss Forest was walking before the house as they rode up, and met them with pleasure and astonishment, as may be imagined. She showed great concern for Morris' pallor and the scar of a saber-cut on his face. She made them come in, and tell all about their strange meeting, and Morris's escape afterwards, and his wounding and capture. Very likely she had long ago repented of her impatience and harshness with the young fellow, and she seemed now to want to make amends by her kindness.

Morris forgot all doubts and rivalries in that happiness, and laughed and recounted the incidents to her, praised Luce, and was in high feather. When they came away, however, he grew quickly sober, as Luce was before him. His hot blood rose and surged at the obstacle in his path that he could not see round or through. After his calmer habit, Luce too was excited by the presence of the girl and filled with a mingled pain and delight. Each was occupied with his own thoughts, and they rode for an hour without speaking.

Then Morris turned abruptly and said: "You remember that night when you had me on your hands and didn't know what to do? You put it to me. Now I put this to you: What are we going to do?"

"And do you remember what you said?" Luce answered. "'I don't know. Don't leave it to me.'"

"Oh! that's hard, Luce," retorted Morris. "Don't you see how I'm tied and perplexed?"

"Well, why not leave it to her?" Luce said; "she can't care for more than one of us. I will leave your house and take my chance."

"No, that won't do," he answered; "I couldn't bear it. I should go wild if I knew you were going there, and should want to kill you in a week. You don't know what it is to have this hot southern blood in you. I tell you frankly, I don't love you now. I can't leave it to her. You and I have got to arrange it between us."

So they went in. Morris was absent and lay down after supper, saying he felt tired, but Luce heard him up in his room in the night. Luce sat up late himself, leaning out of the window, and thinking all sorts of things. Naturally his mind ran mostly on the young lady they had been to see, and he found himself going over her words, looks, tones, and actions, and found pleasure therein, but did not find himself moved to greater kindness for Morris. He owed him nothing, and did not see why he should not have his try at the mark. All he wanted was fair play, and if he missed, he hoped he'd take his luck without whining.

Then he heard Morris moving in his room, and the sound in the loneliness of the night made him sorry, and struck him with a pang of something very like remorse. He had been thinking of the bold rebel captain he had taken on the road. Now it was the pale young convalescent with the cut on his cheek, as he wistfully strained toward Cottonwood from the hill that afternoon. How frank and handsome he was! How the rich sunlight had flushed his thin face and gilded his straggling hair! And how madly fond he was of Miss Forest, and with what reason! The thought of her made Luce restless again, and he walked about the room. He heard the click of a gate and looked out. There he was, walking about the garden, down the path to the stream and across by the rude bridge. Here he came again, crossing the brook higher up on the stones, not minding a wet foot. Poor boy! how he was tormented. And what was it all about? Why was the brave young fellow turning out when he ought to have been asleep, and walking uneasily across and around? Who but he was the cause? Was he not coming between him and his love, and taking advantage of his extravagant

notions of honor and obligation to plague him in his own house and drive him wild with doubts and impatience? How would he like to have had some one making up to that Alice when he was her fool? How *had* he liked Dudley Clark, in fact, when the little devil was playing them off against one another and amusing herself with their rage and hate?

He heard him come in, and then the light streamed out of Morris' window and shone as long as Luce knew. He was of many minds and moods before he lay down, and he did not sleep a great deal.

While he was dressing in the morning, Tony, a young imp of darkness who waited on him, brought him a letter. It was from Morris, and was in these words: "I can only see one way out of this. I challenge you to fight with such weapons as you choose, and according to the usages customary among gentlemen. If you accept, the details can be easily arranged without the knowledge of my family. If you refuse, I shall consider that I am under no further obligation to allow you any privilege in this affair, and shall expect you to keep out of my way. I shall still owe you for the risk you took on my account, and make you very welcome as long as you care to stay in my home. Let me have your answer immediately."

Luce had already made up his mind. At breakfast Morris was brighter and freer than he had been. Afterward he gave Luce a cigar, and they stepped out at the window and strolled down into the fields. They came among a clump of trees and stopped.

"Did you get my note?" asked Morris.

"Yes," answered Luce.

"Well, what is your answer? Do you accept?"

"I refuse," said Luce, continuing to smoke.

"You do?" Morris echoed, throwing away his cigar. "Then I consider that you have forfeited any right you may have had in this matter, and I warn you to keep out of my way. Down here we consider that men who refuse to fight are—" He saw Luce's face turn quite pale and his hand go up and fumble at his throat, and he did not finish.

Luce leaned back against a tree and said: "I wouldn't repeat that, if I were you. We consider your code of honor barbarous and brutal. And a pretty settlement you'd make of it! You must have a high regard for the lady that you can't let her choose between us, but would have the bullet choose for her and make the one left her a murderer. I declare I don't believe you care for her half as much as for yourself. I think I care more for her than that. But that's neither here nor there,—I'm going to cut adrift from you and steer my own boat, and you can do the same." He turned and walked back to the house, went up and packed his luggage, came down and found Miss Morris and her father, and bade them good-bye, with thanks for their kindness and frank regret at going away.

Morris insisted upon carrying him over to the town, but Luce was impatient to be alone, and would only let him send his luggage.

So he went away and walked over toward the river and up it to the camp-ground, where he had spent that memorable month. Then he took the well-remembered road he had ridden so often. He had not been over it since he had come galloping back to camp with a lump in his throat and a bitter ache and blindness. And they came back to him now as he recalled them, trudging back on foot.

It was late afternoon when he came near Cottonwood, and sat down to look among some bushes a little way off. The negroes went about the place as of old; he heard old Esop's croaking voice berating some young hopeless, and the youngster's high chatter and yap-yap. There was General, the great St. Bernard, and the smaller fry of dogs about the cabins. All was the same. He heard a horse, and Miss Ellen came cantering up the avenue to the door. Esop came and took the black mare; Luce knew her very well,—Camilla was her name. The old negro seemed to be making some complaint to his young mistress, and while he gibbered and gesticulated the lady stood, with the sunset lighting up her face and figure, straight and fine, her arm straight down and holding the skirt of her habit, her other hand around the mare's white nose, and her face intent and displeased. She made an impatient motion and settled the matter with a few words, pointing them with her whip. Then she went into the house.

When she was gone Luce turned back among the bushes and lay down and cried.

He had made up his mind, it is true; but it was hard, harder than he had thought. He rebelled against the making of the world: that all the rest should be nothing and this one girl all, and that out of all she was the one he must not come near! When he looked at it, it seemed incredible, and yet it was true.

What was the use of going away? There

was nothing else to go for. Country and home lost their meaning to him. Honor and courage were words, and no more.

Oh! he could not go away without seeing her, hearing her speak. Why should he not? He would only be saying good-bye. And he would praise Morris to her, tell how brave he was, and how true and kind;—that would be brave, would it not? And then he knew that it was the lying devil of weakness and cowardice that put that false pretense in his heart.

And he rose up and ran. He did not stop till he came to the river. And he kept on as fast as steam would carry him, and never stopped, night or day, till he reached home. He came across the fields from the station, the old familiar woods and fields. He noted the crops and the cattle in the twelve-acre, the mowing machine ringing over the hill. There was corn in the barn-lot, sickly and yellow-looking too: it must have been a cold, wet spring. He had not thought he would be so glad. And when he went in upon mother and sister Louise, I need not tell of the laughter and happiness and the tears that were in more than two pairs of eyes. The dear hearts that had lain down so many nights with fears and anxious prayers for the absent boy thanked God that night out of trembling lips.

Luce clung close to those two as if he were afraid of losing them or himself. He made himself the boy again. He went in and out, stopping with one or the other all day long, and talking over all the trials and pleasures of their life and his own—all but one. And one evening as they sat together in the dusk he told them his strange adventure with the Cottonwood family and the rebel captain. He did not tell them quite all, but his manner then and since his coming home, and their own hearts told them the rest, and they were very gentle with him while he stayed. Presently he went back to his command, and the great tragedy drifted on around him and swept him along. It carried him across States, and back and forth through all sorts of fighting and maneuvering,—once into hospital with a ball in his thigh. Finally, it carried him wounded into the enemy's hands, and so into one of the military prisons. What kind of place that was need not be told.

Luce was sent there in May. In July he was transferred to another place and confined on an upper floor with some seventy more in one great room. About dusk of the 20th of October, as the guards were being relieved, a rather stout, bearded officer, in the battered dress of a Confederate colonel, came up and entered the place. The relieving sentinel came up a moment after, and the one who had seen the colonel enter went down. The light was dim, and there was a good deal of noise and confusion. The colonel walked down the length of the staring den, scanning sharply the faces that turned on him no loving looks. At the far end he stopped before one of them, at a loss, and asked:

"Is not Captain Luce confined here?"

"I am Captain Luce," was the reply. "Who are you?"

The colonel looked closer. "So it is," he said. "My God! I wouldn't know you."

He opened his coat. Under it was another, doubled down and buttoned round his body. He took it off and gave it to Luce. He took off his hat; it was two hats, one inside the other, and he pulled them apart.

"Put them on," said the colonel.

It was the uniform coat of a rebel captain.

"Now then," said the colonel, "come with me."

Without a word or a hand-shake, without at all knowing what it meant, Luce passed out from among his miserable comrades, down the stairs, across the yard and to the outer gate. The colonel said, "Come along, captain;" gave the word to the guard, and they walked out side by side. The fresh, free air, the stars shining overhead, the sight of women and children, the odor of flowers from some garden, overcame him, and he tottered and walked crookedly like a drunken man. The colonel took his arm under his own and spoke to him sternly:

"Keep up now, if you don't want to go back."

Go back? Not to that place, alive! He walked straight and quick. They passed right through the heart of the town. Hundreds of people jostled them on the narrow sidewalks. They climbed a steep block or two and came among the quieter streets. Then they came out into the country. They crossed some fields and entered a piece of woods. Luce heard a neigh, and then saw two horses hitched to the branches.

"Can you ride fast now, do you think?" asked the colonel, loosening one of them.

"I think so," Luce answered. "Let me try."

"Get up, then," he said, and helped Luce to mount.

There was a road just beyond. They rode out and turned to the north. They rode hard, over out-of-the-way, rough, hilly roads. After a little while Luce could only cling

blindly to his horse, and let him go clattering after his mate. He was nearly dead when the horses stopped, and the colonel came and helped him off. It was in a wood again, and there was a stream close by. The moon had risen. The colonel hunted a few minutes and found a bundle that had been hidden under a rock. It was clean clothing, and Luce had need of it. He bathed himself in the brook and let it float away his foul old clothes. When he was dressed again he felt refreshed. They mounted and rode on into a small town and up to the door of a public house. It was near midnight, and the landlord had to be waked to let them in.

"Here are your horses," said the colonel; "I will take mine early in the morning. Give us anything you've got to eat and a bed."

The victuals were none of the choicest, but Luce ate like a starved dog.

When there was nothing left, they went up to their room. Luce sat on the bed awhile thinking, and then said:

"Is this all a dream? Who are you? Tell me what it means."

The colonel pulled off his beard for reply.

"Captain Morris!" said Luce.

"Colonel, if you please," was the answer. "Here is a letter which you will be glad to see. It was months in reaching me. It was sent under cover to one of your commanders, and sent by him across the lines."

It was from Luce's sister Louise, and one can imagine how eagerly Luce read it.

"Now get to bed," said Morris. "You will need all the rest you can get."

So they lay down together a second time. In the morning they rode on. Their road lay off from the lines of railroad and telegraph. Everywhere they found horses waiting for them. Luce made out that Morris had come over the same ground with some other companions, and thus had relays of horses all the way.

It was in the afternoon, sunny and pleasant, and they were riding slowly for the first time.

"Morris," asked Luce, "what do you hear from home?"

"All well," Morris answered; "Florry and father and—and friends."

He glanced aside at Luce, and they rode on in silence, both thinking of the same things, no doubt. They skirted the breast of a hill, and Morris checked his horse, and pointed down the valley. "Look there, Luce," he said.

Luce saw through the trees the gleam of the tents of a camp, and the sound of a fife and drum came up suddenly. He moved his horse forward and peered down till the wind lifted the flag and the sunshine fell on it. Then he could have cried, and indeed he did not lift his face from the horse's neck for a minute. When he did, Morris said:

"Well, here we part company. Is there anything you'd like to ask me?"

And Luce answered: "Yes, one thing."

"I wanted to tell you, but didn't like to," said Morris, keeping his grave face, but with a happy light in his eyes; "I'm a happy fellow, Luce. Won't you come down and see us when this is over? No? Well, I don't know but it's best. I couldn't if I was you. But I couldn't have gone away as you did—you're a brave fellow, Luce."

"We may not see each other again," he went on. "I wish you'd keep that horse to remember me by—don't say anything; I'll take it as a favor. Good-bye, now—shall we call it square?"

"I should think so," answered Luce. "I wish you joy, Morris; take good care of her; good-bye."

And so, with a hard grip, these enemies turned their backs on one another, and rode each toward the camp of his friends.

THE WHITE FLAG.

"In Oxford (England), last May, there was much perplexity and surmising among the inhabitants regarding the appearance of a white flag, floating from a staff on top of the city jail. It appeared that the flag was hoisted by the governor of the prison, to denote the extraordinary fact that, for the first time in many years, he had no prisoners under his charge. According to a time-honored custom, the prison doors were thrown open, and all persons were allowed to pass in and out according to fancy."—*London Daily News.*

Upon the cold gray prison-walls
The yellow sunshine lies;
Up to the cold gray prison-walls
Men lift their wondering eyes.

For there against the English heavens
Of softly clouded blue,
Borne by the spring winds gallantly,
A banner floats in view.

And men breathe freer as they gaze,
And women shed glad tears,
And little children toss their hands
With shrill and clamorous cheers.

The bolts and bars are all flung back,
The keepers lounge and sleep,
While through the gates and empty cells
Great tides of people sweep.

Oh, generous hearts, blind eyes, look forth!
To-day flings wide and free
A colder, darker prison-door,
Yet no man turns to see!

This very day on English hills,
O'er English rocks and crags,
Flutter unnoticed in the wind
A million snow-white flags.

Hung out along the verdant slopes
They wave in hush of noon,
The Iris's proud gonfalon,
Herald of coming June.

The clustered pennons of the Rose,
Which float in stainless calm;
The Brier's long budding streamers,
The Lily's oriflamme;

The waft of tender Lilac blooms,
Rifled by humming thieves;
The beckon shy of Violets
Couched in their hiding leaves;

The waving arms of Clematis,
Poised on its airy seats,
The shining signal-lamps which light
The disks of Marguerites;

While in the deeper valleys
Where soft, warm breezes play,
A myriad tiny semaphores
Flutter and dance all day.

But few men guess for what sweet sign,
Thus flung against the sky,
From top of Nature's fastnesses
The flowery banners fly.

Few hear the fragrant speech, which tells
Of liberty like air,
Of a thousand prison-cells thrown wide,
For lack of prisoners there;

Of a grim and sleeping warden
Whose hand grasps fetters still;
Of open doors, where a great tide
Of merry folk at will

Sweep in and out, and spurn the bars
Which once their strength defied,
And spurn the jailer where he lies
His frosty chains beside.

Oh lily, flaunt your bannered snows,
Wave, roses! never cease!
All beautiful upon the hills,
Sweet publishers of peace!

Wave till the dull eyes laugh with glee,
The heavy hearts all sing,
And the wide world with rapture hails
The liberator, Spring.

AMERICAN IRISH AND AMERICAN GERMANS.

It might fairly be assumed that a discussion of the comparative fecundity of the Germans and the Irish in the United States would be at any time of both scientific and popular interest; but in view of the differences in the political affinities and political aptitudes of these two elements of our population, so strongly developed within the past few years, the question which of the two is increasing with the greater rapidity becomes of peculiar importance. Coincidently with this added reason for desiring to know the respective rates of increase of the American Irish and the American Germans, we have the fact that the country is now for the first time in possession of certain statistical information, which, though primarily applicable to uses far more general, may, through somewhat remote, yet wholly legitimate, statistical methods, be brought to the determination of this question. Although the material referred to has been for more than a year accessible to all, the use to which it will be put in the following discussion does not seem to have occurred to any one. The plan here pursued being, therefore, not only new, but presumably somewhat more difficult than usual, it will be necessary to ask a careful attention, step by step, to the course of the argument.

It should be clearly noted at the outset that the question is not of the ultimate capability of increase in either the German or the Irish people. In Germany and in Ireland the respective quality of the two races has been tested, on a scale far greater than that of their transatlantic rivalry, for a much longer period of time, and under conditions which allow the progress of each to be measured far more accurately and certainly than the information at command in respect to their increase on American soil will permit. In this home competition, the Irish people certainly did from 1831 to 1841 maintain a rate of increase unusual in the history of Europe. Were we bound to attribute the superiority to a greater physical vigor, a presumption clearly would be established, in advance of positive data, that the two million representatives of this people within the United States are making a greater proportionate contribution to our population than the one million and three-quarters of Germans resident among us. But this is not a necessary deduction from the known fact of a more rapid increase of the Irish at home; nor is this view of the case generally accepted by writers on population. The lower classes, both of Ireland and of Germany, are traditionally pressed for the means of subsistence. The supply of food for children born to parents in common life is never in excess, never abundant, but on the contrary is always meager and often deficient. Under this condition, the rate of increase will be determined very much by the standard of life which the common people set for themselves, and by the degree of prudence and self-restraint with which they are able to maintain that standard. The Irish have shown that they are willing that population should increase up to the limit of subsistence on a potato diet. The German will at least have black-bread for himself and his children to eat; and the increase of population is therefore limited, for that people, within the capacity to provide cereal food, scantily, it may be, but sufficiently for the support of life.

These facts are so notorious, and the rapid multiplication of the Irish prior to the famine of 1846 has been so uniformly accepted by economists and writers on population as due to the lower standard of life and the want of self-restraint among the common people, that it is only necessary to dwell on the subject here long enough to disclaim any inference, from the experience of the two nations at home, in favor of the more rapid increase of either in the United States, where the condition of the people in respect to food is entirely changed, it being as a rule true in this country that an able-bodied laborer who is sober, frugal and industrious can find shelter, clothing, and food for all the children that in the course of nature are born to him: shelter, clothing and food, moreover, not of the quality and in the degree essential to health and comfort alone, but with some margin for choice in respect to kind and amount, above the absolute necessaries of life.

The question before us is, how, under these new conditions, the Irish and the Germans in America increase relatively to each other. It is undoubtedly an almost universal opinion throughout the Eastern States, an opinion, moreover, which extends in a considerable degree over the entire country, that the Irish exhibit much the higher degree of fecundity.* There may be persons whose oppor-

* We use the word "fecundity" throughout this paper in a restricted sense, as expressing the *effective*

tunities for observation have been such as to persuade them of the contrary; there may be communities where the opposite view prevails; but the general belief is quite clearly what has been expressed.

It is easy to explain this belief. The Irish immigration was the first to reach us. The accounts so frequently repeated, in connection with the Famine, of the prodigious increase of this people, have combined with the observations made by our own citizens in contrasting the increase in the families of these foreigners with the rate prevailing among the native population, to give this opinion almost the currency and authenticity of a proverb. An opinion thus generally diffused is not soon or easily displaced from the popular mind. The Germans came later; they went largely to other portions of the country, where the rate of increase in the native population was more rapid than in the communities to which the Irish tended, where, consequently, the contrast between native and foreign habits was much less striking, and where, moreover, speculations on the laws of population were not much indulged in. Hence it is that the belief first formed in respect to this matter has so generally held its place, and that it is so common to speak of the increase of our Irish citizens as transcending that of any other portion of our population. It is the object of this paper to show that the belief is a mistaken one; that the Irish among us, as they have placed themselves and as they are occupying themselves, are not contributing to the general increase of the population in a degree exceeding that of the American-Germans; on the contrary, that while, in the absence of direct or positive proof, absolute assurance cannot be reached, the probabilities incline, and incline strongly, to the greater fecundity of the latter element.

With so much of preface, we may pass to the treatment of the statistical material available for the proof of these propositions.

Since and including 1850, the Census has given the number of persons in the United States of foreign birth, as well as the number of these belonging to each principal foreign nation. Thus, to take only that which pertains to our subject, the Census of 1850 showed 1,244,602 persons of foreign birth; the Census of 1860, 4,138,697, and the Census of 1870, 5,566,546. At these dates the numbers of the Irish were successively 961,719, 1,611,304, and 1,855,779; and the numbers of the Germans, 573,225, 1,276,075, and 1,690,533. Comparison of these figures shows that from 1850 to 1860 the Germans increased relatively to the Irish, as well as to the total foreign population; while from 1860 to 1870 they increased relatively to the Irish, though not to the total foreign population. The effects thus exhibited have, however, been wrought by immigration. The question which we are interested to discuss relates to the next generation; to the increase of this increase; to the proportion of children born respectively to German and to Irish parents in the United States.

The Census of 1870, for the first time, affords information which, though it was intended primarily to answer a somewhat more general purpose, is susceptible of being treated to yield statistical evidence of a cumulative character, competent, when in sufficient degree, to establish successively a presumption, a probability, or a certainty, upon the one side or the other of this question. The new feature thus introduced into the Census is the statistics of Foreign Parentage.* There are now shown for every State and county of the Union, by turns, the numbers successively: (1) of persons having a foreign father; (2) of persons having a foreign mother; (3) of persons having one or both parents foreign; (4) of persons having both father and mother foreign. For the purposes of the following discussion the third of these classes will be taken. We have, then, for the determination of our question, four facts in respect to each State and county.

1. The total number of persons of foreign birth.

2. The number of persons born in Ireland.

3. The number of persons born in Germany.

4. The number of persons having one or both parents of foreign birth.

Two things need to be said in respect to the relation of Nos. 1 and 4 above. First, No. 4 substantially includes No. 1, all persons of foreign birth in the United States having, as a rule to which there are only the most inconsiderable exceptions, had parents who were also of foreign birth; so that the number of persons *born in this country of foreign parents* is practically obtained by subtracting No. 1 from No. 4. Second, in each State and county, by turns, the excess

ncrease by birth, deducting any excess of losses by eath at early ages in one nationality over the other.

* Tables IV. to VII. inclusive, Statistics of Population, Ninth Census, 1870.

of No. 4 over No. 1 consists substantially of the children of those embraced in No. 1. There are exceptions to this rule, but not enough to affect in any important degree its accuracy or authority. Those exceptions are where the children of foreign parents have emigrated from one county or State to another, and where persons are found in any county or State whose parents were foreigners, but have deceased since their arrival in this country. Such instances are numerous in themselves, but they are so inconsiderable in comparison with the whole body treated, and they may so certainly be presumed to exist on both sides, so to speak, of the question, that, for the purposes of this argument, it is precisely the same as if they did not exist, and it therefore remains true that the excess of No. 4 over No. 1 is made up, practically, of the children of foreign families (foreign as to one or both of the heads thereof) living in the county or State.

But while we have thus the number of Irish and of Germans, together with the total number of foreigners, and the American increase (substantially) of such foreigners, we do not know how this increase is distributed among German and Irish families. This is, in effect, what we are seeking to obtain. It has never been given in any form. Yet though the census does not give us the number severally of children in the Irish and the German families of any one county in the United States, yet, having the facts above indicated, we may be able so far to resolve them as to yield results sufficient to show very distinctly any marked predominance of one element over the other. It will appear further on whether this has been successfully accomplished or not.

It has been stated that we have for each State and county of the United States four facts: the number of foreigners, the number of Irish, the number of Germans, and the increase of the foreign population. Now it is evident that if the Irish and the Germans were everywhere in equal proportions, whether exactly or approximately equal, we should have no clue to their fecundity. But if it should be found that in nearly every State and county a new ratio appeared,—the Irish in some cases very largely predominating, the Germans in others,—we should be able thereupon to institute comparisons, to ascertain whether the increase of the foreign population was habitually greater according as it was composed in a larger degree of the one or the other of these elements. A single instance, where the preponderance of one of these foreign elements was shown to be accompanied by an unusually large number of children of foreign parents, would justify no positive conclusion, inasmuch as in one such instance the excess might be due to any one of several causes, among which might even be an exceptional fecundity on the part of one of the minor elements of the foreign population, neither Irish nor German. Moreover, if the excess of foreign parentage should be discovered, now in communities where the Irish predominate, now in communities where the Germans predominate, without any appearance of system, it would not be safe to infer the superior fecundity of either the Germans or the Irish by reason of finding the number of such instances slightly greater on the one side than on the other, though such a result might if the comparison had been carried far enough fully justify the provisional, or even the definitive, rejection of a superiority previously claimed and popularly allowed, in respect to the nationality thus disparaged by the investigation. If, however, the balance should be found to incline steadily, and with something approaching regularity in degree, on the side of one of these foreign elements, its preponderance being, in by far the larger number of communities, accompanied by an increase in foreign parentage; and if, in the absence of any opportunity for direct and positive proof it should be found that the further these comparisons, embarrassed though they be by extraneous elements (foreign, but neither Irish nor German), were carried, the wider became the divergence, it would be safe and just to pronounce, at least provisionally, pending an actual count, this stock to be the more prolific.

Such being the conditions under which the inquiry is to be prosecuted, and such the material available for the purpose, let us proceed to discuss the States of the Union according to the method proposed. And in order that our procedure may be as short, simple, and certain as possible, it is desirable to confine the inquiry to those States which meet certain reasonable conditions.

First, it will add little to the value of the results, and much to the labor of the investigation, to include those States which have only an inconsiderable foreign population. In rough, wholesale computations like the present, we can only feel assurance when we are treating large bodies of people. From the table following will therefore be excluded all States having less than ten per cent. of their respective populations of foreign birth. In this class are embraced all the form-

Slave States except Maryland and Missouri, and also the States of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. This may seem like a large exclusion, and if it were a question of taxation or of Congressional representation it would be such; but in a discussion of the law of increase in the foreign population it is otherwise, the aggregate number of foreigners in these seventeen States being only 7,000 in excess of the number found in the single county of New York. It will thus appear that the omission of so much of the foreign population cannot be a great loss in an investigation like the present; while the statement that these seventeen States contain more than half the counties of the Union, will serve to show how much the time, space, and labor required for the discussion are reduced thereby.

Second, it is further right and expedient that those States should be excluded, the foreign populations of which, though considerable in the aggregate, are not composed in a great measure of either Irish or Germans. This is so clear that it does not need to be dwelt upon. The virtue of the inferences to be drawn, in the course of the computations proposed, depends upon the degree to which foreign elements not Irish or German may, in the nature of our material, be disregarded.

When, therefore, such elements extraneous to our inquiry appear in numbers to overwhelm the elements we desire to treat, the best use that can be made of these cases is to drop them. They can contribute nothing of value to the result, and must cause confusion, as well as add to the labor of the work, whenever introduced. In this view it is proposed to exclude all States which have foreign populations composed less than one-half of Irish and Germans combined. The States thus ruled out are California, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Nevada, and Oregon, all but one or two of which would have been excluded under the rule next following.

Third, it is necessary to exclude all States which are so new as to defeat the object of investigation, by reason of the fact that time has not been allowed for the clear development of the tendencies which we are discussing. Populations that have doubled or trebled by immigration within five or ten years, manifestly must exhibit such disturbances as to render useless inquiries like the present in respect to them. It is difficult to say just where the line should be drawn to cut off States in this condition. It is clear that in addition to the Territories, and to some of the States mentioned under the second head, Minnesota, which increased between 1860 and 1870 from 172,023 to 439,706, should be excluded. It seems best also for the integrity of the discussion that Iowa, which increased within the same period from 674,913 to 1,194,020, showing a rate of growth nearly double that of any State remaining on the list, should be omitted. This leaves but twelve States for investigation: a small number, seemingly, yet these States embrace more than eight-elevenths of the foreign populations, while, of the two specific foreign elements, they account for a still larger proportion, containing as they do 1,526,250 out of the 1,855,779 Irish, and 1,345,457 out of the 1,690,533 Germans in the United States.

Having thus obtained our list of States, let us further divide them as Irish or German States, according to the preponderance of the one element or the other, and present them, thus arranged, with all the facts pertinent to the present inquiry. In Table I. each of these States will be found, with the following statistical information: 1st, the number of persons of foreign birth; 2d, the number (embraced of course in 1) born in Ireland; 3d, the number (embraced also in 1) born in Germany; 4th, the number of persons resident in the State, one or both of whose parents were born abroad; 5th, the number of persons in 4 to every 1,000 persons in 1. Inasmuch, however, as one term of the ratio is thus constant, viz., always 1,000, only the other term is expressed in column 5. Thus the entry 1,792 against Connecticut signifies that there are in that State 1,792 persons of foreign parentage to each 1,000 persons of foreign birth. As has before been remarked, the 1,792 in this and all similar cases substantially includes the 1,000; the excess, 792, indicates, for all practical purposes, the American increase of the 1,000 foreigners.

It will be seen by the following table that the number of persons of foreign parentage to each 1,000 persons of foreign birth is, in the six Irish States, severally as follows: 1,717, 1,772, 1,792, 1,853, 1,955, 2,111; in the six German States, 1,942, 1,969, 2,093, 2,174, 2,281, 2,410; in the six Irish States collectively, 1,941; in the six German States, 2,084. From this it would appear that the number of persons born in the United States of parents born abroad is approximately as follows: in the six Irish States, 717, 772, 792, 853, 955, 1,111; in the six German States, 942, 969, 1,093, 1,174, 1,281, 1,410; in the six Irish States collectively, 941; in the six German States, 1,084.

TABLE I.

STATES.	FOREIGNERS.	IRISH.	GERMANS.	PERSONS OF FOR'N PARENTAGE.	RATIO OF COLUMNS 1 AND 4.
IRISH.	1	2	3	4	5
Connecticut	113,639	70,630	12,443	203,650	1792
Massachusetts	353,319	216,120	13,072	626,211	1772
New Jersey	188,943	86,784	54,001	350,316	1853
New York	1,138,353	528,806	316,902	2,225,627	1955
Pennsylvania	545,261	235,750	160,146	1,151,208	2111
Rhode Island	55,396	31,534	1,201	95,090	1717
Total	2,394,911	1,169,624	557,765	4,652,102	1941
GERMAN.					
Illinois	515,198	120,162	203,758	986,035	1942
Indiana	141,474	28,698	78,060	341,001	2410
Maryland	83,412	23,630	47,045	181,362	2174
Missouri	222,267	54,983	113,618	465,125	2093
Ohio	372,493	82,674	182,897	849,815	2281
Wisconsin	364,499	48,479	162,314	717,832	1969
Total	1,699,343	358,626	787,692	3,541,170	2084

Now there can be but two rational explanations of a preponderance so nearly uniform and so decided. Either the German States show a higher degree of fecundity because they are German States, the excess in the number of persons of foreign parentage being due to qualities of that stock as developed on American soil (which is to admit everything in controversy), or, the entire foreign populations of these States, without distinction of nationality,—German, Irish, British American, Swedish, and Norwegian alike,—are more prolific because of the greater freedom of life in the West, and the more general pursuit of agriculture. It may be premature to assume here the truth of the first explanation offered, but it must be noted that the second, in effect, no less concedes the whole ground. Whether the latter group of States are increasing so much more rapidly than the former because they are German States, or because they are mainly agricultural, it is still of record that 63 per cent. of the whole number of Irish in the United States are residing in States which exhibit the ratio 1,941 : 1,000, while only 18 per cent. are residing in the States with the ratio, 2,084 : 1,000. On the other hand, 46½ per cent. of the Germans of the United States are found in the latter group of States, and presumably share in the general increase of the foreign population characterizing this group, while but 33 per cent. are found in the former group. So that, in the least favorable view of the case, the Germans of the country are, by virtue of the general movement of the foreign population of the country, if not by their own inherent quality, increasing, as matter of fact, more rapidly than the Irish.

But a somewhat extensive and laborious investigation has convinced the writer that the more rapid increase of the German States is only in part due to differences in location and occupation. If the statistical information which has thus far been used in the discussion were only given by totals of States, the inquiry could be pursued no further, and each of us would have to be content with his own private opinion as to the cause of the facts exhibited in Table I. But we have precisely the same information given in respect to each county of the United States, and a canvass of counties in the States which we have discussed appears so strongly to corroborate the opinion expressed as to justify the exposition of the results, even at the risk of some added tediousness.

It is neither necessary nor desirable that all the counties of these States should be taken for the purpose; but it is essential that the selections should be made upon a determinate principle. The grounds of exclusion have been very much the same as those taken with respect to States. First, only those counties have been treated which have a considerable foreign population. For this purpose the limit was fixed at 5,000. Second, all counties have been excluded where the foreign population is made up, less than one-half, of Irish and Germans combined. Third, counties in which these two specific foreign elements are found in proportions corresponding in general to those of the State at large, are also counted out. It is obvious that the inclusion of such counties would be entirely without significance, while their number would add much to the time and space necessary for the discussion. And here it should be noted, that it is on the variation of counties from the ratios prevailing through the State that the whole value of this second stage of our investigation depends. If the Irish and Germans of a State were apportioned uniformly, or nearly so, among its counties, nothing could be added to what has already been given on the subject. But in fact these elements are in nearly every State very irregularly distributed. Strong German counties are found in Irish States and strong Irish counties in German States. It is by separating these from the mass of the counties which conform to the general proportions, and discussing the facts of their population by the same method which we have applied to their States, as wholes, that we are able to approach more closely to the inmost truth of the case.

By the application of the several rules indicated, the counties with which we have to

deal have been sifted down to 91, distributed as follows: Connecticut 6, Illinois 14, Indiana 5, Maryland 2, Missouri 5, New Jersey 7, New York 21, Ohio 8, Pennsylvania 15, Wisconsin 8. No counties of Massachusetts or Rhode Island were taken into account. The German population in both States is wholly inconsiderable (not reaching in either case four per cent. of the total foreign population), and, small as it is, is divided with more than usual evenness among the counties.

These 91 counties have been divided as German and Irish counties, according to the following principle: In classifying the States, those were taken as Irish States in which the numbers of that nationality exceeded the numbers of the Germans. In dealing with counties, however, we consider those as Irish counties in which the proportion of Irish to Germans is decidedly greater than the proportion prevailing in the State at large; those are taken to be German counties in which the proportion of Germans is greater than in the State. Thus, the State of Illinois has, in round numbers, five Germans for every three Irishmen. Peoria County has 3,493 Irish to 4,399 Germans. It is therefore ranked as one of the Irish counties of Illinois, not that it has more Irish than Germans, but because it has a larger proportion of Irish than is found in the State as a whole. On the other hand, Adams County is taken into the account as one of the German counties of Illinois, inasmuch as the proportion of Germans to Irish (8,808 to 1,549) is much greater than five to three. This scheme of classification, applied to the 91 counties taken, yields 48 Irish and 43 German counties.

Now, if it be true that the superior fecundity of the foreign population in States where the Germans abound is due to that excess of Germans, and not to other and indifferent causes, we ought, as a rule, to find in peculiarly German counties a proportion of persons of foreign parentage exceeding that of the State at large; and on the other hand, if the Irish tend to increase at a slower rate, we ought, in the great body of instances, in counties peculiarly Irish to find this proportion below the average. Whatever the truth of the case, instances on one side and the other are to be expected, as a matter of course. It is only the preponderance of instances which could determine the question; and in order to give assurance to either view, the preponderance on the one side or other should be decided.

The following table shows the number of counties distinguished as German and Irish, according to the principle stated, which yielded results under this test favorable and adverse, respectively, to the theory of a superior fecundity in the American Germans over the American Irish. Let us repeat: whenever an Irish county shows a foreign parentage equaling or exceeding that of the State to which it belongs, it has been taken as an instance adverse to the theory. Whenever such a county shows a foreign parentage below that of the State at large, it has been taken as corroborating the theory. Whenever, on the other hand, a German county in the respect indicated falls below the State, it has been taken as an instance adverse; and whenever such a county rises above the State, it has been deemed an instance favorable. The words *pro* and *con*, in the caption of the several columns of the table, are used in this sense.

TABLE II.

SELECTED COUNTIES.

STATES.	IRISH COUNTIES.		GERMAN COUNTIES.	
	Pro.	Con.	Pro.	Con.
IRISH GROUP.				
Connecticut	2	1	3	
New Jersey	4	2	1	
New York	9	6	4	2
Pennsylvania	5	3	4	3
	20	12	12	5
GERMAN GROUP.				
Illinois	2	4	7	1
Indiana	2			3
Maryland	1			1
Missouri	3		2	
Ohio	3		3	2
Wisconsin		1	5	2
	11	5	17	9

It will thus be seen, that of 91 counties selected by rules of exclusion of the highest degree of reasonableness, 60 are found to yield results corroborating the view that the superior fecundity of the Germans is due not alone to conditions of location and of occupation, but to qualities peculiar to that people on American soil. Thirty-one instances have been found in a degree more or less adverse to the theory.

TABLE III.

SELECTED IRISH COUNTIES.

IRISH STATES.	NO. OF COS.	FOREIGN-ERS.	IRISH.	GERMANS.	PERSONS OF FOREIGN PARENTAGE.	RATIO OF COLS. 1 & 4
Connecticut	3	27,528	17,589	1,948	47,581	1728
New Jersey	6	58,865	28,034	11,168	105,897	1799
New York	15	348,086	192,831	71,734	669,466	1923
Pennsylvania	8	304,346	155,033	71,485	699,588	2003
Total	32	738,825	393,487	156,335	1,432,532	1934
GERMAN STATES.						
Illinois	6	216,550	60,506	82,391	379,225	1751
Indiana	2	18,021	5,686	8,650	36,889	2047
Maryland	1	7,969	1,847	2,312	16,770	2104
Missouri	3	139,816	40,256	70,532	279,535	1999
Ohio	3	62,566	15,193	22,838	117,088	1871
Wisconsin	1	5,150	1,729	1,173	10,575	2053
Total	16	450,072	125,217	187,896	840,082	1867

SELECTED GERMAN COUNTIES.

IN IRISH STATES.	NO. OF COS.	FOREIGN-ERS.	IRISH.	GERMANS.	PERSONS OF FOREIGN PARENTAGE	RATIO OF COLS. 1 & 4
Connecticut	3	74,009	48,597	9,893	136,580	1845
New Jersey	1	46,335	18,390	17,810	86,545	1868
New York	6	551,889	240,040	206,927	1,057,567	1916
Pennsylvania	7	122,759	38,229	51,917	269,605	2196
Total	17	794,992	345,256	286,547	1,550,297	1950
IN GERMAN STATES.						
Illinois	8	81,093	12,435	47,075	163,519	2016
Indiana	3	24,724	2,189	16,918	55,554	2247
Maryland	1	65,758	18,251	40,426	141,968	2159
Missouri	2	12,236	1,148	9,497	29,473	2409
Ohio	5	120,217	24,933	73,344	261,961	2179
Wisconsin	7	118,793	11,405	80,587	235,603	1983
Total	26	422,821	70,361	267,847	888,078	2100

But still there is another form in which it is desirable that the results of these comparisons should be presented. In Table II. one county has just as much value as any other. Now, although all the counties embraced in the list are important, none having been admitted with a foreign population of less than 5000, some have yet a much greater importance than others. With a view, therefore, to satisfy ourselves that the preponderance in Table II. is not apparent only, but real, we may aggregate the county totals by States, and again by groups of States, and apply the same tests to the selected counties thus massed, which we have applied to them singly. If the result shall be the same as in the case of the counties when treated as equal bodies, we shall be very much disposed to hold that the superior fecundity of the Germans is not only made highly probable, but proved as conclusively as it could be in the absence of a direct count. The importance of this comparison cannot be disparaged, the counties taken, though but 91 in number, containing in the aggregate 934,321 Irish and 898,625 Germans.

The relation of the foregoing table to Table I. is direct and manifest. Thus in Connecticut the ratio between the number of persons having foreign parents, and the number of persons of foreign birth, is, as appears by Table I. 1,792 : 1,000. In the three peculiarly Irish counties of that State, however, the ratio is only 1,728 : 1,000, while in the three German counties the ratio is 1,855 : 1,000. In each case, the result is to corroborate the theory of the superior fecundity of the German element. But in New York, while the Irish counties conform to the same rule, the German counties fail to reach the average of the State. Examination of the table in connection with Table I. will show, that out of twenty cases (two for each State), fifteen favor the theory we have advanced, and but five are adverse. Three of the latter constitute exceptions of importance, viz., the German counties of Maryland, New York, and Ohio. The two remaining, affecting as they do but one county of Wisconsin and three of Indiana, are of slight consequence.

When, however, we aggregate these figures by groups of States, we have a testimony wholly favorable to the theory of German superiority in the particular mentioned. The 32 Irish counties of the Irish group of States, when taken collectively, exhibit the ratio 1,934 : 1,000 ; the 16 Irish counties of the German group, the ratio 1,867 : 1,000. The 17 German counties of the Irish group exhibit the ratio 1,950 : 1,000 ; the 26 German counties of the German group the ratio 2,100 : 1,000. In each of the four cases we have a distinct conformity to the rule, a concurrence certainly remarkable.

It needs to be strongly insisted upon here that the whole force and effect of the deductions from the comparisons instituted in Tables II. and III. are additional to what is derived from Table I. The first table showed that the German States, both severally and as a group, maintain from one cause or another, whether because they are largely German or because they are mainly agricultural, a higher rate of increase than the Irish States similarly treated. Tables II. and III. show that the peculiar German counties, whether in the Germa

States or in the Irish States, are as a rule above the average of the States in this respect; while the peculiarly Irish counties, whether in Irish States or in German States, are with equal uniformity below the average. The result of these comparisons is, therefore, not only to heighten the effect of Table I. by exhibiting the fact of German increase more strongly, because more relieved from the embarrassment of extraneous elements, but also to indicate almost unmistakably the cause of such increase; viz., qualities of stock independent of, or additional to, effects of location or occupation.

Am I entitled to write? *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

A SÉANCE WITH FOSTER, THE SPIRITUALIST.

CHARLES H. FOSTER was in Cincinnati during the latter part of November. My attention was first drawn to him by the accounts of several friends, whose experiences as related to me were so interesting and remarkable that I overcame no little prejudice and promised to sit. The substance of these experiences was such, that to admit there had been no jugglery,—that Foster had no preknowledge of the facts he professed to reveal, and which were among the most secret and sacred in the lives of the sitters, was to admit the existence of some mysterious agency or principle wholly foreign to ordinary ideal and sensuous perception. I preferred to believe in both jugglery and preknowledge, and preliminary to my sitting selected a test subject of which I am confident Foster knew nothing. Fortified with this and several commissions to be executed for friends while I should be in communion with the "spirit which, though dumb to us, would speak to him," I knocked for admission at Foster's door. But others were before me. The spacious parlor of the Burnet was quite dotted over with groups of waiting friends. It was my good fortune to join one which had had a prior sitting, and our turn at last came. Foster came into the parlor, recognized the party, which by this time had dwindled to two, and as we approached said, calling me by name, "I am glad to see you."

I had never seen him.

"You look incredulous," he added, "but I will tell you some things more surprising still. Come to my room."

We followed and sat down at a small plain table, covered with an ordinary cloth, and furnished with pencils, paper, and a card about four inches square containing the alphabet and numerals; the paper in long slips such as are used for newspaper copy.

When fairly seated, Foster asked me to write the names of a number of persons, and among them the name of the person whose spirit I wished to invoke. The names were written across the slip, and each one, as written, was torn off, securely folded lengthwise, then doubled and thrown on the table. He took them up, one at a time, pressed them to his forehead, selected the right one without having opened the paper, and wrote the name, as he said, in the handwriting of the deceased. The resemblance, however, was not close. I had invoked this so-called spirit to answer the following question of a friend:

"Mr. A. wishes to know his greatest weakness and his greatest wickedness?"

The question written and the paper folded as before, I was directed to take the card and read the letters slowly, for the purpose of spelling out the answer. The spirit rapped at each letter as needed, but perhaps not more than two or three letters had been so designated, when Foster exclaimed, "Ah! it comes to me," and seizing his pencil wrote rapidly as an answer,

"Too vacillating."

"But that, Mr. Foster, is answer to half the question only."

"Ah! yes! You want to know his greatest wickedness. The spirit declines to answer that."

Again the paper had not been opened, and it may be said here that seldom more than two or three letters were rapped; the answer being anticipated—very frequently without resort to the card, and oftentimes before the folded paper had fairly left the hand. A slight rapping, that seemed to come from the center of the table, accompanied the giving of each answer, whether resort had been made to the card or not.

This and the other commissions attended to, I came to the main test, and wrote three names with especial care that Foster should not see so much as the motion of my hand, and as he was at the same time answering a

question for the lady, it seems certain that he had not seen my writing. His first selection from the folded slips was wrong; the second, right. The presence assured, I then wrote with equal caution,

"How did you die?"

"Suddenly."

"But that, Mr. Foster, is not a sufficient answer. By what means did this person die?"

At this I was directed to write several ways of meeting death, and include the particular way in this instance. I wrote *poisoned, murdered, drowned.* The answer was correct, *drowned.*

"Where are you buried?"

I gave the usual list, mentioning the place. It was at this point of the sitting that I experienced an unusual feeling, not of awe altogether, but that fairly extorted an exclamation of wonder. It is easy to see now, in the light of reflection, that there was no more real occasion for astonishment than at preceding points of the sitting; but then the answer came with startling suddenness and accuracy. Before two letters had been fully rapped, the paper pellet fell from its position against Foster's forehead.

"This is very singular," he said; and with his pencil in a few nervous dashes struck the crude outlines of a wonderful scene. "My mind is drawn towards the west, to California. Here is water, here a noble road and gateway;" and at each phrase a new line was added to the sketch. "Here a place where bodies are received, and here a mountain,—Lone Mountain, Lone Mountain Cemetery, San Francisco, California. Is it right?" The raps said yes, and he had truthfully answered. A little effort of the imagination in aid of his rough sketch, served to bring vividly to mind the vision of this same solemn mountain which bears its city of the dead in ominous silence over the city of the living below, and whose lone round top overlooks the bay and measures its days in the ebbing of the tides, as they sweep in majestic flow through the Golden Gate into the vast expanse of the Pacific beyond.

In its essentials the sitting here ended, and I was left to reflect over what had been certainly a most remarkable exhibition. Wholly unaccompanied by any of the extraordinary spiritual manifestations,—thunderous knockings and ghostly presences, with accounts of which all are more or less familiar,—it yet presented the extraordinary spectacle of a man, an entire stranger to me, telling me events in the history of a third party of whom also he knew nothing. How did he get the knowledge? Foster claimed a supernatural agency, invoked and addressed it as a spirit, and in reply to my direct question stated definitely that he conversed with spirit forms visible to him but invisible to me. The claim is not conceded, yet how was he able to truthfully tell that this person whose spirit he professed to call up, had died suddenly, was drowned, and lay buried in a remote cemetery of peculiar and unusual name? It was just such abstract statements of mysterious disclosures by Foster that had led me to see for myself,—the only satisfactory course to those who desire to investigate. The statements of others are from our very prejudices taken with the largest grain of allowance, if not with entire disbelief, whatever be the usual credibility of the witnesses.

Desiring to give Foster's power full range, my questions were so worded, in the test case more especially, as to give no clue to the answers; and my first disappointment after all the marvelous statements made me, and the first damaging blow to the spiritual claim set up by Foster, was the requirement, as a condition precedent to an answer of the spirit, that *the answer should first be written.* This *sine qua non,* which had not been mentioned in the previous accounts of Foster's modus, at once removed a large element of the marvelous from his doings. I had not thought otherwise than that my agency in answering a question ceased when I had asked it. The difference is about this; whether, if A. asks what number he is thinking of, the number be at once given, or he is first asked to multiply by six, then by three, to cut off the right-hand figure of the product and give the remainder,—a puzzle familiar to most school-boys. In one instance there is a clue, in the other none.

Another point: If a question admitted an answer of more or less general application, I was not required to write the answer, but if the question admitted specific answer only, the answer must first be written. The answers to several questions, as in the case of Mr. A. first given, were general and such as might have applied with equal pertinence to any other man. What judgment is more in the mouths of the people than that "he is too vacillating?" or of what man, when the final moment of dissolution comes, may it not be said, "he died suddenly?" The answers to these questions were given by the spirit without having been first written down. But when a specific means of death, or a particular place of burial was asked for, the answer must first be written. If the spirit could without my

mediation tell Foster my name, could not the same spirit without my mediation tell him the burial-place of its own body?

This singular inability of the spirit to answer test questions unless the answers had first been written, once noted, another peculiarity was observed; namely, that the answer of the spirit came in the exact language of the answer as written. The spirit's answer "drowned," for instance, was identical with the written answer—nothing more, nothing less, even to the form of the verb; and "Lone Mountain Cemetery, San Francisco, California," was a literal reproduction in form and arrangement. In short, when the medium was puzzled, the spirit was puzzled, and wherein the written answer failed, the spirit failed; an excellent test of infringement of copy-right. For instance, let it be said the name of the spirit invoked was George Kant Jones. The *a* in Kant was so written as to be indistinguishable from an *e*. Foster slurred Kant in announcing the spirit and could not give it correctly. There is confirmation of this spiritual weakness in the report given me by a gentleman who had a sitting with Foster a few weeks since in St. Louis. He had written,

"Will it pay to speculate in lard?"

The *ar* in *lard* was indistinct, and the spirit mistaking the word for *lead*, answered in keeping with the state of the lead market.

Summing up the results, it may be said in brief, that Foster told nothing of a specific nature that had not been by written answers first told him. But with this conclusion, the ground of inquiry is narrowed and shifted only, and there remains a certain something to be explained. True, the answers of the spirit were reproductions of the written answers, yet these must have been known to Foster to have been used by him. How did he get the knowledge? The first theory of explanation, and that which most naturally occurs, was that of sleight of hand—magic in the more restricted sense of the term. Many tricks of the peripatetic wizard seem equally inexplicable. Take as an illustration the fish trick of Herrmann, who comes in tight-fitting dress-coat to the front of the stage. Without assistance and standing alone, he shakes out a large handkerchief, spreads it over the left hand and arm, which is bent and extended before him, and then with the empty right hand reaches under the handkerchief and brings out half a dozen goldfish swimming in a glass dish, with the water streaming over the sides and splashing on the stage. Or take again the trick of the oriental fakirs, who dig the ground, sow the seed, and cause it to sprout and mature into fruit; all within the space of a few minutes and before one's eyes that have been strained in vain to discover some sleight. It cannot be said that Foster's discovery of the contents of the folded papers was not a trick to be classed with these of legerdemain, for it was impossible to know that some preconcertment had not existed. The visible surroundings seemed against the possibility of jugglery, however. The room was a large one, in a much frequented part of the hotel, its occupants changing day by day; the table a common one, almost bare of furniture, and a third party in the room, a close and interested observer of all passing. Besides, my own eyes were attentive, and, in the preparation of the questions, every precaution that occurred had been taken, even to the provision of my own pencils and paper. Still, distrust of the senses and a feeling as of imposition remained clear and distinct above these usual evidences of fairness. But, avoiding the extreme of spiritualism on the one hand, and belief in trickery, which we so readily make the scape-goat of our prejudices, on the other, might there not be some intermediate means of explanation? This question I sought to answer—with what degree of satisfactoriness will be seen. Let those who wish, investigate for themselves. I have formed no opinion, express none.

One of the first steps after the sitting was to call on a lady whom I knew to have been an excellent medium in years gone by, and to have ceased to sit because of her entire disbelief in the canons of spiritualism, and the disagreeable association of her name in that connection. With much reluctance she yielded to my request for a sitting, but having discontinued for so long, she expressed doubt whether *It* would write. This unconscious use of the pronoun of the third person was odd, and plainly shadowed her inner idea of the agency about to be called into play, as a strange and unwonted force, if not one essentially of the *non ego*. We sat down entirely alone, and remained perhaps five minutes without any manifestation. Presently there was a slight motion of the fingers; the lady spoke of a sensation of pain extending from the wrist to the shoulder, and of swelling of the hand. In an instant more, the hand was seized with quick and violent motions that brushed the paper from the writing-desk and threw the pencil to the opposite side of the room. Twice I recovered it, and twice the same thing was repeated, except that the last time

two words were legibly written. Once more, and two verses were given, in good meter and including the original two words. Again another two, and so on, the pencil each time taking up the thread where it had been before laid down, until two stanzas had been written. The subject-matter was singularly definite and applicable, but wholly out of belief. Dale Owen says that during a sitting with Foster in 1861, he saw the letter F appear in pink script stroke on Foster's wrist. The circumstances as given by Owen are very strange, but the test of blood-writing as made by Foster is too arbitrary, and offered with too great frequency and readiness to be taken as convincing proof of spiritual interposition. Let each one be convinced by signs about which he can have no doubt.

The royal commission appointed by the French Government in 1784 to examine into the doctrine of animal magnetism, as stated by Mesmer, reported adversely; but the pronunciamiento, while it put out Mesmer's before bright light, bore against the truth of the theory, not against the facts of Mesmer's practice, as demonstrated over and over again by Mesmer himself and by D'Elson before the commissioners of whom our Dr. Franklin was one. The facts were admitted, and attributed not to animal magnetism, but to over-wrought imagination. Why quibble over a name? The strange power producing the phenomena of the magnetic state will be known quite as well if called imagination as if called animal magnetism. It is singular that Dunglison, while referring to this French commission and its condemnation of Mesmer's theory, should make no allusion to the subsequent French commission brought about by Foissac in 1826, which five years later gave the unanimous report of its nine members that animal magnetism *is* a force, not of the imagination, and capable of exerting a powerful influence over the whole human system. A similar English commission, appointed long anterior to pronounce on the practices of Dr. Greatrake, whose remarkable cures seem to come well attested, reported that a "sanative contagion existed in Dr. Greatrake's body that had an antipathy to some particular diseases and not to others."

Mesmer's theory is the existence of "A fluid universally diffused, and filling all space; being the medium of a reciprocal influence between the celestial bodies, the earth and living beings; insinuating itself into the substance of the nerves, upon which it has direct effect; capable of being communicated from one body to another, animate or inanimate, and at considerable distance, without the assistance of any intermediate substance," etc., etc. The condition of those fully under the influence of animal magnetism he termed "animal magnetic sleep." The phenomena of the state of magnetic sleep are too familiar to need mention here; but it is desirable in this connection that the idea of an *operator* and a *subject*, so prominent in Mesmer's doings and teachings, be not lost sight of.

On what usually received natural premises are we to account for these phenomena, or those of somnambulism? Shall it be said, after the manner of the royal commission in Greatrake's case, that there is an inherent antagonism of the mind to its usual relations to the body, under certain conditions of the latter? or that the mind or body, or both, are in abnormal condition? What have we, then, but a meaningless general term, serving now as a cloak to ignorance, just as in former times the abhorrence of nature to a vacuum was given as the explanation of the water-column *in vacuo?* "I do not pretend," says Deleuze, "in any manner to discover the causes of the phenomena of which I have spoken. The wisest way is not to search for an explanation. For in our waking state we can very well recognize, by the effects, the existence of a new faculty in somnambulists, but we can no more determine the nature of it than they who are blind from birth can conceive the phenomena of vision."

The facts of mesmerism and somnambulism are indisputable. Call the two agencies what we will, it still stands out in the broad light of frequent observation that they are two of several avenues leading to a possible condition of the human organism, in which peculiar powers and tendencies are exhibited. And these two avenues, one natural, the other artificial, seem parallel if they are not coincident. Why not lay aside the fallacy of disbelief in all that cannot be explained by usually received formulas, and seek more thorough and definite knowledge of a province bordering so closely on that of every-day life, yet given over wholly to the barbarians in almost every scientific chart.

"*How* is it," says Haven, "that the sleep-walker, in utter darkness, reads, writes, paints, runs, etc., better even than others can do, or even than he himself can do at other times and with open eyes? *How* can he do these things without seeing? and how see in the dark with the organs of vision fast

locked? The facts are manifest; not so the explanation. * * * Is there an inner consciousness, a hidden soul life, not dependent on the bodily organization, which at times comes forth into development and manifests itself when the usual relations of body and soul are disturbed and suspended? * * * Whatever theory we adopt, or even if we adopt none, we must admit that in certain disordered and highly-excited states of the nervous system, as when weakened by disease so that ordinary causes effect it more powerfully than usual, it can and does sometimes perceive what at ordinary times is not perceptible to the eye or to the ear; nay, even dispenses with the use of eye and ear, and the several organs of special sense. This occurs, as we have seen, in somnambulism, or natural magnetic sleep. We meet with the same thing also in even stranger forms, in the mesmeric state, and in some species of insanity."

One of the instances quoted by Haven, who is not original in his suggestion of the inner sense and higher soul life, is that of a young girl of inferior ability, in a school for young ladies in France, who competed with her classmates for the prize in painting. After a time she saw, as she resumed her work in the mornings, that additions had been made by a hand far more skillful than her own. Her companions denying all knowledge of the matter, she blockaded her door; but still the mysterious additions continued to be made, and remained unexplained until her companions, setting watch on her movements, saw her rise in her sleep, light her lamp, dress and paint. The picture took the prize, the young girl protesting that it was not her own. Ennemoser speaks of an apothecary who read his prescriptions through the ends of his fingers, and always made them up best when in the somnambulic state.

Illustration of the strange power exhibited in somnambulism is also found in dreams. Mrs. Howitt, in the preface to her translation of Ennemoser's work, *Der Magnetismus*, gives the following:

"The printing of this Ennemoser translation had commenced, and to a certain extent my mind was imbued with the views and speculations of the author, when on the night of the 12th of March, 1853, I dreamed that I received a letter from my eldest son. In my dream I eagerly broke open the seal and saw a closely written sheet of paper, but my eye caught only these words in the middle of the first page, written larger than the rest and under-drawn, '*My father is very ill.*' The utmost distress seized me, and I awoke to find it only a dream; yet the painful impression of reality was so vivid, that it was long before I could compose myself. * * * Six days afterward, on the 18th, an Australian mail came in and brought me a letter, the only letter I received by that mail, and not from any of my family, but from a gentleman in Australia with whom we were acquainted. This letter was addressed on the outside, 'Immediate,' and with trembling hand I opened it, and true enough the first words I saw, and these written larger than the rest, in the middle of the page and under-drawn, were, '*Mr. Howitt is very ill.*' The context of these terrible words was, however, that, 'If you hear that *Mr. Howitt is very ill*, let this assure you that he is better.' But the only emphatic words were those which I saw in my dream."

So of presentiments: A physician of this city tells me that a gentleman who had only a short time before left, to be gone several weeks, suddenly returned, having been strangely impelled by a feeling of trouble at home. The physician was at the time in attendance on the gentleman's child, which had fallen dangerously ill during his short absence.

And of apparitions: It is related of Goethe that, riding along a lonely portion of the way, he saw himself coming, on a queer-looking horse, and clad in costume much like that of Petruchio "in an old hat and a new jerkin." Horse and costume were singularly unlike his own. The incident had passed out of his mind when, years afterwards, passing the same spot, he remembered his vision and recognized it in the horse he rode and the costume he was then wearing.

Petetin speaks of a cataleptic person unable to see or hear, but he observed that she could hear when he spoke close to the pit of her stomach. Soon afterwards she was able to see and smell in the same manner, and had the power to read a book even when something lay between. If a non-conducting substance lay between, she took no notice of it. Van Helmont says that after partaking of a certain preparation "he felt movement and sensation spreading themselves from the head over the whole body, yet the whole power of thought was really and unmistakably in the pit of the stomach; always excepting a sensation that the soul was in the brain as the governing power."

The accounts of the convulsionnaires are incredible, and instances of prophetic vision on the approach of death, and under the influence of narcotic stimulants, are numerous.

Without multiplying from the hundreds of instances in which the records and our own experiences abound, all illustrative of the abnormal state, the two following are yet added from Ennemoser, an author whose patient and protracted research has furnished a ready-made key to much of the vast literature bearing on this most interesting subject.

"In the 17th century Xaverius had urgently recommended a crusade against the pirates of Malacca. During the preparations, and even at the very time of the battle itself, Xaverius fell into an ecstatic state, in which, at the distance of two hundred Portuguese miles, he was, as it were, a witness of the combat. He foretold that the victory would be on the side of the Christians; saw that one vessel which sank before the departure of the fleet was replaced by another; described every minute particular of the battle; stated the exact order; imagined himself in the midst of the struggle, and announced the arrival of the messenger on a certain day. Every particular of which was fulfilled in the most remarkable manner."

"On a fair day," says Zschokke, "I went into the town of Waldshut, accompanied by two young foresters who are still alive. It was evening, and, tired with our walk, we went into an inn called the Vine. We took our supper with a numerous company at the public table * * * One of my companions, whose national pride was touched by their raillery, begged me to make some reply, particularly in answer to a young man of superior appearance who sat opposite and had indulged in unrestrained ridicule. It happened that the events of this very man's life had just previously passed before my mind. I turned to him with the question whether he would reply to me with truth and candor, if I named to him the most secret passages of his history, he being as little known to me as I to him. * *He promised if I told the truth to admit it openly. Then I narrated the events which my dream-life had furnished me, and the table learned the history of the young tradesman's life, of his school years, his peccadilloes, and finally of a little act of roguery committed on his employer's strong-box. * * * The man, much struck, admitted the correctness of each circumstance; even, which I could not expect, of the last."

We incline to question the truth of such statements, yet Zschokke was a man of ability and note in his day. We know the tendency to soften the crude outlines of facts so as to fit them into the vacant niches of belief; to fill up a cavity here and knock off a jagged corner there, much as the mason breaks and cuts and plasters the stone into his foundation-wall. Yet with all this the substance remains, and certainly nothing related by Zschokke or foretold by Xaverius is more remarkable than experiences told me, within the time my attention has been given to this subject, by those whose testimony in all ordinary matters would be regarded as unimpeachable. Robert Dale Owen, collating many instances into his *Debatable Land*, welds them into the strongest plea for Spiritualism that has probably been written. But such a conclusion seems repugnant, and the disposition is rather to agree with Ennemoser that "spirits as intermediate beings are out of the question; that it would be a strange occupation for them, and we are not aware by what means they could make their communications."

We know these extraordinary manifestations are not the results of what we usually call man's natural agencies, and if the supernatural be denied, where shall we rest? Admitting the truth of the representative instances cited, and accepting the teachings of the Mesmerists, a basis is found on which all may stand; and coincidences, intuitions, presentiments, dreams, second sight, apparitions, somnambulism, vision, clairvoyance, and even prophecy, appear in simple connection, as varying degrees of a state, which perhaps in its highest degree is nothing more than entire freedom from the cares of the body, and which may be reached by the open sesame of Mesmerism or the dread portal of Death.

"Magnetism," says some one whom Ennemoser quotes, but does not name, "is even capable of setting free the original bright nature of man, in its various parts, powers, and relations, which can then express itself in many ways and in different degrees. *The power of magnetizing lies in every one*, but there must exist the power combined with the wisdom to apply it." If this be so, there seems but one error in the saying of Plutarch, remarkable in this connection, that "It is not probable that in death the soul gains new powers which it was not possessed of when the heart was confined by the chains of the body; but it is much more probable that these powers were always in being, though dimmed and clogged by the body; and the soul is only then able to practice them when the corporeal bonds are loosened, and the drooping limbs and stagnating juices no longer oppress it."

Still further: "It may be doubted," says

Deleuze, "whether its [artificial somnambulism] sudden propagation has not produced as much evil as good, and whether it would not have been better that this marvelous phenomenon had not been at first observed, and that people had confined themselves to magnetism as Mesmer taught it, and as many persons before him practiced it, without knowing whether they employed a particular agent, *or a faculty common to all men.*"

The first step is thus made toward an explanation of Foster's doings, by the mesmeric theory, in the knowledge that the "power of magnetizing lies in every one." A second step will have been made by the abandonment of the commonly received view that *two* persons are essential in Mesmeric operations, one strong, the other weak; the first attracting, then bringing into reckless subjection, much as the serpent fascinates the bird. Deleuze describes at length the processes of magnetism; but the teaching of later Mesmerists is to the effect that the "power of magnetizing" is not only "common to all men," *but extends to the magnetism of one's self.*

"The methods of modern magnetism," remarks Dr. Fahnestock, "are scarcely less absurd than those of Mesmer and his immediate followers. Some operators of the present day, who believe in a magnetic influence, still pursue the ludicrous methods of sitting down opposite to the patient, holding his thumbs, staring into his eyes, making passes, etc., etc." He remarks further that he has never noticed any perceptible difference in the susceptibility of persons, "which depends more on the state of the subject's mind at the time of trial than upon sex, temperament," etc., etc.

Again: "The operator has no power to produce this condition, and, independent of his instructions and his capability of managing while in it, has nothing to do with it. * * * *It is possible for any person to throw himself into this state at pleasure, independent of any one.*"

Dr. Fahnestock continues: "I have had over three hundred different individuals enter this state under my care, and have found by innumerable experiments that they are entirely independent of me, and *can enter this state and awaken themselves whenever they please*, notwithstanding all I can do to the contrary. They can throw the whole or any part of the body into this state at pleasure, and I have seen many do it *in an instant*, a single finger, a hand, an arm, the whole brain, or even a single organ (or portion) *and awake them at pleasure.*"

"The powers of perception in this state, compared with the same function in a natural state, are inconceivably greater, and it is impossible for those who have not seen or made the necessary experiments to conceive the difference. Language fails to express it, and our common philosophy is too circumscribed to explain the reality."

"This function, when roused and properly directed, is extremely sensitive and correct, and most subjects, by an act of their will, can translate their perceptions to any part of the body, whether to the stomach, feet, hands, *or fingers, and use them at these points as well as at any other.*"

"When a function of perception becomes active, while in a state of artificial somnambulism, *it is enabled to perceive without the aid of the external senses.*"

If the testimonies of Dr. Fahnestock, who is still living, be true, he demonstrates the power of a person, thoroughly in the somnambulic state, to read the mind of another, far or near, and in this position he is supported by numerous writers.

Assuming for the moment the truth of the mesmeric propositions already quoted, and what does there lack of a full explanation of Foster's so-called invocation of spirits but fuller practical knowledge of this vast field of little-explored artificial somnambulism, against which, maybe with just and proper prejudice, we so determinedly shut our eyes? Capable of taking on and laying off the somnambulic state in an instant, he appears simply as a trained clairvoyant of variable powers; strongly clear-minded when he speaks my name or reads my thoughts without utterance on my part; more feebly so when it is necessary to write them down, in order to better define them to his dimmer perception, or enable him to read them through his fingers' ends; whose very imperfections of clairvoyant power may be attributable to possible lack of a "meditative mind, great prudence, severe manners, religious dispositions, gravity of character, positive knowledge, and other qualities," which, according to Deleuze, are essential to complete availability of the somnambulic power, and which made Ste. Hildegarde so noted for her power of magnetic sight.

THE TIDES OF THE SEA AND THE TIDES OF THE AIR.

GIORDANO BRUNO expiated at the stake the crime of teaching the motion of the planets differently from the Ecclesiastical authorities of his time, and Galileo, at a later period, only avoided a similar fate at the expense of an imbittered life and a blasted reputation; but in this age of intellectual progress the most humble searcher after truth may venture to differ from "authority," though it passes wide-spread recognition and acceptance—and may even promulgate what he deems to be a more correct interpretation of facts, fearing no severer punishment than the incredulity of those who have imbibed ancient notions, wrong though they may be.

With this introduction, which owes its presence to strong consciousness of the temerity of the following views, let me invoke a candid judgment and attention to the consideration of the phenomena of the Tides. It is a problem which equals, if it does not surpass in difficulty, any of those to which the student of nature finds himself opposed, and if I may not hope that the views I shall here present will carry conviction with them, I have strong faith that I shall leave my readers at least impressed with the knowledge of the insufficiency of the widely accepted theory which now claims to solve it, as written in the books.

To enter at once upon the subject: The current theory to which we have referred presupposes a condition of earth and water which has no existence in fact. It presupposes that the earth is entirely covered with water. This being assumed, it is argued that the attractive power of the moon, at times aided by the sun, will and does draw up a protuberance of water upon the side of the earth turned towards them. When in conjunction, three-fifths of this lifting power, aptly termed the *pull* of gravitation, is ascribed to the moon, and the remaining two-fifths to the sun. The reasoning here employed necessitates the coincidence of high water, *i. e.*, high tide with the meridian position of the moon; but the fact is, such coincidence has never been observed.

The ordinary tides vary as much as three hours from the time demanded upon the theory; while under circumstances which should triumphantly sustain it,—I refer to the conjunction of the sun and moon,—the flood tide differs by some 36 hours from the time at which it should occur.

It is one of Professor Huxley's profoundly philosophical utterances, that "A scientific definity of which an unwarrantable hypothesis forms an essential part carries its condemnation within itself." With such sound doctrine to guide us, we may safely criticise the theory of the tides.

That the earth is entirely covered with water is, I think none of my readers will deny, an unwarrantable hypothesis,—for it is totally inconsistent with fact,—and I am of the opinion that it drags the theory of which it forms an essential conception into the category of those "which carry their condemnation within themselves."

I think we will be able to detect other discrepancies than this if we subject the theory to searching examination. The differences between the theoretical and actual times of the occurrence of high water have already been mentioned as one of them; but, contenting ourselves at present with the mere mention of it, we will find the theory numbered with another conception equally incompatible with truth; namely, that the tidal wave travels with the moon about the earth from east to west once in about 25 hours.

Now it can be shown in fact, and is continually recognized in the practice of mariners, that the tidal wave travels about the earth in precisely the opposite direction—from west to east.

That this is the real condition of things I shall shortly, I hope, abundantly convince you, and for its cause I would assign a new factor, heretofore entirely overlooked in the elucidation of tide phenomena, to wit, that of centrifugal force, springing from the law of gravitation, a force that whirls the water forward in mid-ocean, as the water is thrown forward on a revolving grindstone.

Guillemin, in his treatise on astronomy, after an exhaustive chapter on the tides, in which the "inequality of attraction" and the action of "distant molecules" are lucidly mystified, concludes, as it were in despair of a reasonable explanation, with the following statement.

"In a word, on one side the water is pulled from the earth, on the other the earth is pulled from the water." To Guillemin too must belong the credit of the announcement that "natural laws suffice to put a curb upon the fury of the waves," though as to the precise nature of these laws he leaves his reader to conjecture; and it is no wonder, seeing that not only he, but all

his compeers, are sadly perplexed to find the curb that shall correct the destructive fury of the wave, which travels with the moon at the rate of 1,000 miles per hour into the harmless pulsation whose energies are wasted on a few feet of ocean strand.

The moon theory of the tides originated with Aristotle. Pliny suggested an improvement on it in his "luni-solar theory." An attempt to improve upon this is found in the "Cotidal System," while this in turn is asserted by the "Derivative System" of Professor Norton, which conceives the moon to drag the wave (he uses the word drag) after it; but he too, like his predecessors, drags it the wrong way.

Let us examine now some other points wherein the theory seems to be defective. Since it ascribes the tides to the potency of both moon and sun, allotting two-fifths of the resultant to the latter, it should be expected that when the sun and moon are in quadrature there should be four different tides at one and the same time on four different parts of the earth, at least during the maximum period of this phenomenon. The fact is otherwise, and the theorists explain the discrepancy by declaring the waters to obey the behests of the moon, fashioning themselves into a compound neap tide, and robbing the sun of his just claim to a two-fifths share in the achievement.

At a quarter farther on the sun and moon are in opposition; they have the earth between them, and hence exert their attractive energy in opposite directions. We should therefore expect, upon reasonable analogy, to find as the resultant a feeble tide, for the attracting forces should partially neutralize each other, and we should have, instead of the flood-tide which really occurs, but a fractional part, one-fifth, of the combined attractive powers as a surplus for tidal effect.

From these considerations we are, I hold, justified in seeking elsewhere for the explanation of the tides than in the theory which is plainly insufficient, and, when carefully examined, glaringly inconsistent with itself.

We may remark, in introducing the explanation we shall offer in its place, that there are other periodical phenomena, both in the living and lifeless kingdoms of Nature, which may as justly be claimed to be coincident with the phases of the moon as that of the tides, but in which to claim on that account relationship would be palpably absurd. They have their elucidation in, and are manifestly referable to, that harmonious pulsation of nature which exhibits itself in the throbbing of the heart, in the motion of the blood, the vibration of sound, the "nodding" of the poles of the earth,—in all mechanical movements, and in the measured cadence of the waterfall as it rises and falls in its musical rhythms.

Herbert Spencer, in his chapter on the Rhythm of motion, says: "After having for some years supposed myself alone in the belief that all motion is rhythmical, I discovered that my friend Prof. Tyndall also held this doctrine." And here allow me to state that in my earliest aërial voyages I noticed this nodding motion in nature manifested in various ways: in sounds, in the undulations of the balloon's course, but most expressively in the rotatory motion of the aërial globe. In 1841, during an aërial voyage from the town of Danville, Pa., I noted the following in my log-book:* "During this voyage I observed a peculiar motion in the balloon, which had on former occasions drawn some attention from me, but which had not been closely investigated. It is this: When a balloon is sailing along with a steady current, while in equilibrium with the atmosphere, it revolves slowly on its vertical axis. This rotation is not at all times a smoothly continued circulation, but is *pulsatory*, like the notched wheel in a clock, as actuated by the pendulum. At first I attributed this motion to my breathing, believing the vibrations of the lungs sufficient to give a corresponding motion to so delicately balanced a thing as a balloon is when suspended in space. I held my breath as long as I could, and this was done several times, but the pulsations of the balloon were not interrupted by it; on the other hand, they became more audible during these experiments. Upon timing these pulsations I found them to be every two and a half seconds, and very regular. This left me at a loss to account for this motion, as it seemed not to be caused by my breathing, and did not correspond to the beat of my pulse." I noticed this peculiarity of the balloon's motion always when it was sailing along horizontally at great altitudes where it seemed to be uninfluenced by the irregularities of the earth's surface.

The ocean tides express this rhythmical pulsation as they beat the shores of the continent, in their breathing and heaving motions, keeping time as it were with nature's balance-wheel, universal gravitation. We see its evidences in the eruptions of volcanoes, in the earthquakes, in the great storms and

* *History and Practice of Aëronautics*, page 212.

floods, and we find it even in the animal system as exhibited in periodic and intermittent fevers.

Upon this view of matter and its movements, so impressively pointed out in the modern platform of philosophy, Correlation and persistence of force, I hold that we require no assumptions and no unwarrantable hypothesis in the explanation of the tides. Nature is not arbitrary in its ways, however arbitrary men may be at times in their ways of explaining natural phenomena. To say that gravitation pulls a little more here than there on the surface of the earth, in order to account for a little more tide here than there, as it in fact occurs, is to make nature as capricious as did the doctrine of the "crystalline spheres," wherein the philosophers held that the stars in the vault of heaven were riveted on these shells in a fixed manner, while a very few were left free to roam between the crystal shells, which they called wanderers (planets), to straggle about like drunken men.

In recent measurements of the earth it has been ascertained that its equatorial diameter is not a perfect circle but an ellipse : that is to say, the equatorial diameter which pierces it from longitude 14 degrees east to 194 degrees east (Greenwich), is two miles longer than that at right angles to it. (Royal Astronomical Society's vol. 29, 1860.)

These two bulges on the earth may have something to do with the gurgitation and regurgitation of the tides. The law of universal gravitation pervades all matter, from the minutest monad up to the most stupendous orbs. It is the *vis viva* of atoms as well as of worlds, since worlds are but atoms of a larger growth. We have the most sublime illustration of its universality when we cast our eyes upon the heavens, and we see it again in mysterious miniature form in molecular motion as revealed under the power of the microscope. So here as there we behold a life-giving manifestation spring out of the law of universal gravitation, tearing down at one place and building up at another; changing their configuration and altering the sinuosities of their water-lines. The labor of the tides in the past forms a marvelous history which the geologist is busy in deciphering.

It is an indisputable law of mechanics that a rotating body generates centrifugal force, as illustrated by the revolving grindstone as it throws the water on its periphery forward ; and sometimes, when the centrifugal force is greater than the centripetal, it flies from its center, *i. e.*, bursts. The globe we inhabit presents this motion, and its oceans should have a wave rolling round in accordance with this force from west to east, and so it has. Maury ascribes it to the "brave west winds," as sailors call them. They help, no doubt, but they too come from centrifugal force, and the air, being much lighter than water, moves so much more rapidly.

Allow me to term this the centrifugal theory of tides. I hold that centrifugal and centripetal force are the legitimate expressions of the law of universal gravitation; that the planets are subjected in their motion and orbits in accordance to the laws of natural distribution and compensation, agreeably to the quantity of matter contained in each respectively, moving in the direction of least resistance, which must necessarily be in the track of a circle, or nearly so, if we take the sun with its center as the centripetal point of our solar system.

The first authenticated records we have of this centrifugal wave rolling round the earth from west to east, are given in the log of the clipper ship "Sovereign of the Seas," in her remarkable short passage of eighty-three days from the Sandwich Islands to New York, in 1853, in accordance with Maury's chart furnished by our government. This ship made 16½ knots an hour in her easting for four consecutive days while riding this great centrifugal wave in her doubling of Cape Horn. And in the same year, by the same directions, the sailing ship "Flying Scud" made equally good time in easting, and made as much as 449 miles in one day, taking advantage of this fact of the great tidal wave.

But how does this wave produce two daily tides? It does not produce two distinct tides daily on the great southern ocean ! Nor does it at all points intertropical. It only makes two tides, by gurgitation and regurgitation, as it is thrown out from its central crest into the seas between the continents, oscillating from one shore to the other, thus producing high and low water, or flood and ebb tide at the average intervals of twelve and a half hours ; giving rise to all grades of tides in accordance to the shape of the seas and gulfs, bays and rivers, and their openings to receive it.

In the Bay of Fundy, with its mouth open to the swell tide, and contiguous to the Gulf Stream, it rises to the height of sixty and seventy feet, and, when assisted by a wind, to a hundred feet. In the Mediterranean, with its mouth nearly shut at Gibraltar, it rises only a dozen of inches.

And now as to the tides of the atmosphere. While they may not be so complex in their motion as the tides of the sea, because the ambient air is not encumbered with solid and obstructing continents to its movements, they are none the less grand and imposing when viewed in their positive action, and their economy in the great workshop of the universe of matter. The reason that we have no air-tide theories in the books is, because it is not long since men have learned how to get into the ocean above us, and even since that art has been acquired, very few have availed themselves of its uses. But it is a law of natural selection, that as mankind grows wiser, and more refined, so will also mankind aspire to occupy more room in space, especially that of the heavens above, and then we shall have more science of meteorology, and a better explanation of things directly connected with that science.

That there are atmospheric tides is no longer a question, but how they move, and what governs them, is a question, and one we are now going to briefly consider. The motions of the air, in what we shall consider as the great *atmospheric* tides, is caused by the same power, and governed by the same laws, as the motion of the sea. It flows round our globe from west to east, faster than the surface of its more solid matter, and this motion is caused by centrifugal force springing out of the rotary motion of our planet, agreeably to the law of mechanical forces. I can perceive no difference between celestial, or natural, mechanical forces, and those of artificial, or human contrivances. While this great atmospheric wave from west to east has no continents and shore-lines to give it the numerous variations of the ocean tide, it has nevertheless complex motions caused by the difference of temperature, to which it is so sensitive and obedient, and by which the chambers of heaven are more healthfully and more systematically ventilated than the best ventilated mansion that was ever constructed by mortal man. And this is an established scientific fact of every day's experience.

To a letter I wrote to Prof. Henry in 1849, on the subject of the law of gravitation, and the practicability of crossing the Atlantic ocean in from two to three days with a balloon, his answer, as to the latter proposition, was: "I have no doubt that there are great currents in the upper regions of the atmosphere, and particularly the return-currents of the trade-winds, which should blow continually from southwest to northeast. Should you conclude to make another aërial voyage, I should be pleased to suggest some observations." These currents are the aërial tides, caused in this way: Around the equatorial belt of our globe we find the greatest amount of heat, as also the greatest amount of centrifugal force, and the combination of these two elements make it the great seething laboratory wherein are generated the phenomenal disturbances—no, not disturbances, but the sublime circulation of the ethereal fluid which we recognize in the gentle trade-winds, in the more animated equinoctial storms, in the roaring cyclone, and the fierce thunder-gust, distributing electricity and moisture to every part of the earth, ventilating all its departments of land and water, and giving vitality to all its beings. The tropical trade-winds blowing in from the northeast on the north side of the equator, and from the southeast on its south side, apparently contradicting the general flow of atmosphere from west to east, are really normal expressions of its scientific condition. Friction, heat, and convection drawing in the air below by *undertow*, then being heated as it rises, it is hurled outward and forward, that is to say, towards the poles and towards the east, giving rise to the upper and the lower currents of the aërial tides. The lower currents only were recognized in the old trade-wind theory; the system of the upper current was first pointed out by an obscure individual.

This great breathing apparatus of the equatorial lungs, in its truly organic inhalations and exhalations, produces the interesting phenomenon of a cloud belt round our planet of several hundred miles in breadth, presenting to our next-door neighbors, Mars and Venus, and to their inhabitants, if they have any, an appearance similar to that we behold on the planet Jupiter.

This great aërial wave sends off north and south the upper currents of its regenerated air, and these currents losing the centrifugal force acquired at the equator in the ratio as they proceed to higher latitudes, until they reach the polar circles, where there is very little eastward motion on the surface of the earth by its axial rotation, and where the same condition of calm exists as in the calm belt of the equator, but just the opposite of the equator in temperature, the air is forced back from the poles, because it cannot be packed there beyond a normal pressure, and because it also moves in obedience to the law of temperature and direction of least resistance, to wit: that cold air will flow towards a warmer point, as warm air will flow towards a colder point. We have this law

illustrated in a heated chamber; wherever there is an opening, at the window, or even the keyhole, there is a warm current outward, and a cold current inward; and woe would be to the inhabitants of a house that would successfully stop this circulation. And thus the air of the polar regions is returned to the equatorial belt by its flow southward, in what we recognize in our latitude as the northwest wind, sliding along under the upper and warmer southwest current.

We have a periodic oscillatory motion of this equatorial heat belt northward and southward from the true equator, manifested in the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, which gives rise to winds and rains peculiar to its motion, and in accordance to the laws of temperature as it affects the air. It also affects the temperature of the sea in its motions as manifested in the various gulf streams, but not in so great a degree, since water is not as elastic as air.

OUR POSTAL-CAR SERVICE.

An English writer, describing the changes which were wrought in the postal service of Great Britain by the introduction of railroads, and, later, in connection with these, of "traveling sorting-carriages," enthusiastically exclaims that "by means of the extra railway facilities, the letters now pass along this line (the London and Birmingham) in a space of time so inconceivably quick, that some time must elapse before our ideas become accustomed to such a rapid mode of intercourse!" At the time this was written, Palmer's famous mail coaches were yet within the memory of some of the "oldest inhabitants" of England, and Sir Rowland Hill's postal reform was an affair of only yesterday.

The first railway post-office journey in England was made on the "Grand Junction Railway," between Liverpool and Birmingham, on the 1st of July, 1837; and it was upon the completion of this line to London, in January of the following year, that the railway post-office, or "Flying Mail," first started from the British metropolis for Birmingham. Owing to various circumstances, geographical, political, and otherwise, it was more than a quarter of a century after the success of the "Flying Mail" had been demonstrated in Great Britain, before any attempts were made in the United States to reorganize the mail service, and establish it upon a footing similar to that in England. The first vague efforts in this direction, which were simply experimental, took place under the administration of Postmaster-General Joseph Holt, who, in 1860, effected an arrangement with certain railway companies to run a mail train from New York to Boston, *via* Hartford and Springfield, by which the Southern mails, arriving in New York, could be immediately forwarded east, instead of lying over in the metropolis until the following day, as the practice had been. This movement may be considered as the germ of the railway postal system in this country. The following year similar facilities were secured on the line between New York and the National Capital; and two years afterwards, the Post-Office Department adopted a plan, suggested by the late Colonel George B. Armstrong, who was at that time assistant postmaster at Chicago, for putting "post-office cars" on the principal railroads, in which mails could be "made up" by clerks, while *in transitu*, for offices at the termini and along the lines of such roads.

It was on the 1st of July, 1864, that the originator of this system, Colonel Armstrong, was authorized by Hon. Montgomery Blair, who was then Postmaster-General, to "test by actual experiment, upon such railroad route or routes as you may select at Chicago, the plans proposed by you for simplifying the mail service." On August 31st, of the same year, Mr. Armstrong wrote in answer to this letter as follows: "To-day I commenced the new distribution; but it will be confined to the offices on the line (the railroad between Chicago and Clinton, Iowa). This arrangement will so far test the scheme. I have no doubt of its thorough success. I will keep you advised of its progress." The first railway post-office here referred to left Chicago for Clinton on the morning of the 28th of August, 1864, on its trial trip; and on the 31st, the distribution of letters from it to stations along this route was commenced.

This was the inauguration proper of the railway post-office system in the United States, in its present form, which differs materially from the plan proposed and partially carried into execution in 1860. To the late

Mr. Armstrong, therefore, belongs the credit of establishing the railway post-office service in this country on a practical footing, and to him and Mr. Zevely, who co-operated with him in carrying out his project, are due the thanks of the American people for the superior organization of this most important branch of the postal service.

In October of that year (1864), an experiment was made on the route between New York and Washington, on Colonel Armstrong's plan, which gave promise of ultimate success. The post-office cars used on this line were fitted up under the personal supervision of Mr. Zevely, from hints obtained in Canada and elsewhere; but the interior arrangements, although elaborate, and in some respects almost elegant, were not such as would suit the ideas of the postal clerks at the present time. At the outset, the department selected clerks for duty on the cars mainly from among the more expert officials in the New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington post-offices; and it was generally announced, or rather understood, that the service was to be operated on the basis of qualification and merit only. It was acknowledged, even then, that a high standard of efficiency would be absolutely necessary to secure success.

The next step taken in this new direction was on November 9th, when railway post-office cars were placed upon the lines between Chicago and Davenport, Iowa; and Chicago and Dunleith, Ill. On January 17th, 1865, the Chicago-Burlington and Galesburg-Quincy lines were established; and on May 22d, the first railway post-office service was put in operation on the Philadelphia-Pittsburgh route. About the same time, or a little later, postal cars were placed upon all the principal lines leading out of Chicago; and also upon the Hudson River and New York Central Railroads, between New York, Albany, and Buffalo, carrying and distributing along the line the Northern and Western mails.

While the railway post-office service rapidly spread and gained in public favor all over the West, its progress in the East was comparatively slow. For a long time the routes between New York and Washington, and New York and Albany-Buffalo, were the only two upon which postal-cars were running. After a period of nearly two years, however, the increasing success and popularity of the new service in the West, with Chicago for its central point and headquarters, began to affect the East, and infuse into that section of the country some of its own activity; and thence onwards it continued to extend all over the United States, until, at the close of the late fiscal year (June 30th, 1872), there were in successful operation 57 lines of railway post-offices, or "post-offices on wheels," as they have sometimes appropriately been called—the routes of which extend, in the aggregate, over 14,117 miles, and employ a force of 649 clerks. The aggregate number of miles upon which service is at present performed is about 33,690 miles *a day;* or annually, a distance of 12,296,850 miles! In the contemplation of these facts and figures, collected from the official reports in the Post-Office Department, one may well exclaim with Lord Macaulay: "Our Post-Office is a splendid triumph of civilization!"

Wm. Lewins, Esq., in his interesting work on *Her Majesty's Mails*, published in London, thus defines the English railway post-office or postal car system: "It is like a gigantic machine, one part interdependent on another, and all alike dependent on the motive power of the different contracting parties." This applies exactly to our own railway post-office service, but gives a very inadequate idea of the operation of the system. This will be better understood by first ascertaining the object of the service. It is, briefly, to give to mail matter of all kinds—letters, newspapers, packages, etc.—identically the same several advantages and speed in transportation as is accorded to first-class passengers; so that, for instance, a letter may travel from New York to Chicago with the same degree of speed as a passenger, and without being subject to any extra delay at any station on the road. Under what was known as the old "route agent system," although large post-offices and cities enjoyed the advantages of through mail-bags or pouches, by fast trains, smaller offices were restricted to way-service on slow or accommodation-trains; and mail matter going any considerable distance from one small post-office to another, was subject to a delay of from twelve to twenty-four hours at one or more points of its journey. This used also to be the case with the southern mails for Boston, previous to the temporary arrangement of 1860, which was subsequently improved by the adoption of Mr. Armstrong's plan.

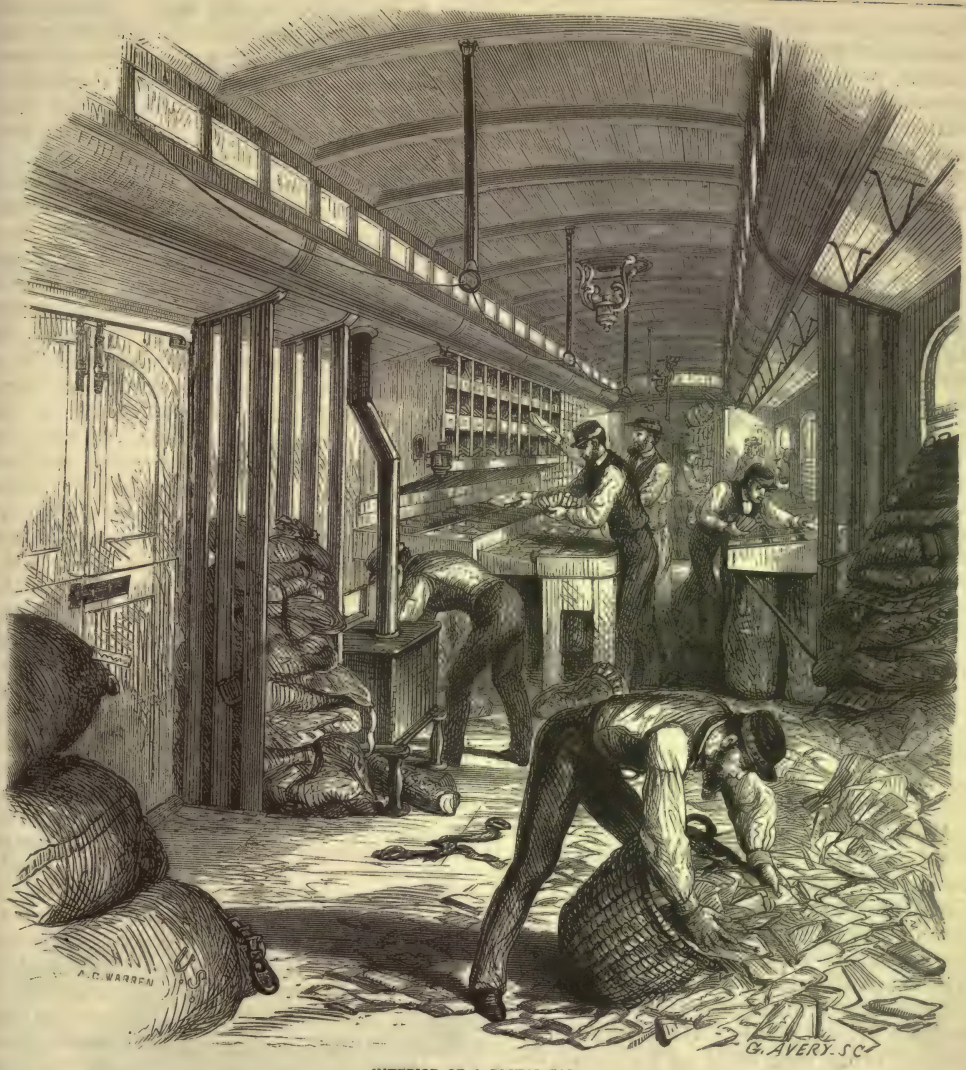
This plan, as subsequently carried into practical operation, constitutes the principle of the railway mail service, or system of "traveling post-offices." The car used at the opening of the first line between Chicago and Clinton, Iowa, on the morning of the 28th of August, 1864, was built and owned by the

railroad company, but was under the direct control of the Post-Office Department while in use, as is the case with all the postal-cars now running on lines in the United States. Competition among the various lines, which has manifested itself in the improvements and luxurious appointments of passenger coaches, such as palace-cars, sleeping-cars (and, quite recently, on some enterprising lines, bathing-cars, or cars containing alcoves with bath-tubs and all appurtenances for the convenience of passengers), had also a beneficial influence upon the postal-cars, which are now built by some companies without regard to cost, and solely with an eye to the convenience of their occupants and dispatch of business. It is especially on the Western lines that we meet with the modern postal-car in all its glory of latest improvements, fine upholstery, varnish and gold leaf. A fair specimen is one I saw on the Central Pacific Railroad, at Ogden, which might justly be called a palace postal-car. It was built in the company's shops, at Sacramento, Cal., under the advice and suggestions of Messrs. Barstow and Alexander, of the post-office department, and constructed in a very ingenious manner, with a view to economize space and facilitate the dispatch of business; while due regard had also been taken to the comfort of those who, on the long journey over the road and back, would have to occupy it as their home — bed-room, parlor, dining-room and work-room combined. One end of this car was taken up by a semicircle of boxes or large pigeon-holes, receptacles for newspapers and packages, each of which bore a label with the name of a station on the route, and connecting or distant routes. These boxes were so arranged that the person distributing the mail matter had every box within convenient reach. At the opposite end of the car were a number of smaller receptacles or pigeon-holes for letters, to the number of several hundred, all arranged in a certain order, and labeled with the names of stations and connecting routes. In the middle of the car was an apartment for the use of the clerks, with wash-stand, wardrobe, beds for three, a table, chairs, and other conveniences, not unlike the cabin of a vessel. There was also a place where a cooking-stove could be arranged for the convenience of the clerks, if they desired to keep their own *ménage*. The remaining portion of the car was set apart as storeroom for the mail-pouches, bags and packages, containing the through mail from San Francisco to Ogden, and further east, or *vicè versa*, which does not require assorting on the road. Several cars of the same pattern—all finished in the highest style of the art of car-building—have since been constructed by the same company and put upon their road, where they give universal satisfaction to the post-office employés and all others interested.

If any one desires to get a perfect idea of the sort of work performed in these railway post-offices, let him with me make the journey from Buffalo to Chicago, over the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, in one of the postal cars attached to that route. I single out this line because it forms the highway, so to speak, over which the bulk of the western mails is transported, and therefore affords an excellent opportunity for observing the operation of the service. On this route, railway postal service is performed twice a day, and the number of letters handled on each single trip of the postal car averages from fifty to sixty thousand. There is some difference in this respect between the Western and Eastern mails, that while the former are frequently much above these figures, the mails going in an opposite direction seldom quite reach them; but the above may be set down as a fair average. This makes about one hundred thousand letters for the round trip; or two hundred thousand per day handled and distributed on this route alone.

It must be borne in mind that in the above figures is included only the *letters;* the *newspaper mail* is quite a separate feature, averaging about three tons a day. Toward the middle of the months, when the magazines are published and sent to mail subscribers throughout the country, the newspaper and package mail often reaches the enormous quantity of ten tons on a single trip. Wednesdays and Fridays, when the leading weeklies that have a national circulation are issued, are also "heavy" days on the postal cars.

If the reader will accept my invitation to make this trip, upon which he will find much to interest him, we will make the tour together at once, starting from Buffalo, which is one of the great postal centers of the country. The post-office cars used on this route show marks of the rough service they have to perform, and are not the dainty, elegant coaches I have seen on some of the western lines; as, for instance, the one on the Pacific road, already described. They are constructed with a view to hard work and durability, for they must resist the wear and tear of a speed of from thirty to sixty miles an hour, next to the engine and tender, and the concussion



INTERIOR OF A POSTAL-CAR.

of numerous "catchings." But what conveniences there are for the comfort of the inmates have been freely placed at our disposal, and I can guarantee every courtesy and facility that may contribute toward making the trip agreeable. We may as well begin with the beginning, and go through the entire performance. The western mail train does not leave the depot till twenty minutes past twelve o'clock; but early in the morning the railway post-office clerks have assembled at the Buffalo city post-office, in the room set apart for them, where each head clerk (there are usually three clerks on each postal car—one "head clerk" and two "assistants"), in his turn, receives from the "register clerk" of the office the registered matter destined for points along his respective route, and lines beyond with which he connects.

The head clerk has receipted for his "registered" packages, say two hundred in number, for this trip, locked them safely in a pouch used for this special purpose, and is impatiently waiting for the signal of "all aboard!" which is regularly given by the mail dispatcher as the wagons are being loaded with mail-bags and pouches for the respective stations and connections. Soon the cry "Chicago—all aboard!" is sounded, and the three or more clerks who with us are to make the journey in the railway postal car, pick up their "traps," consisting of post-office

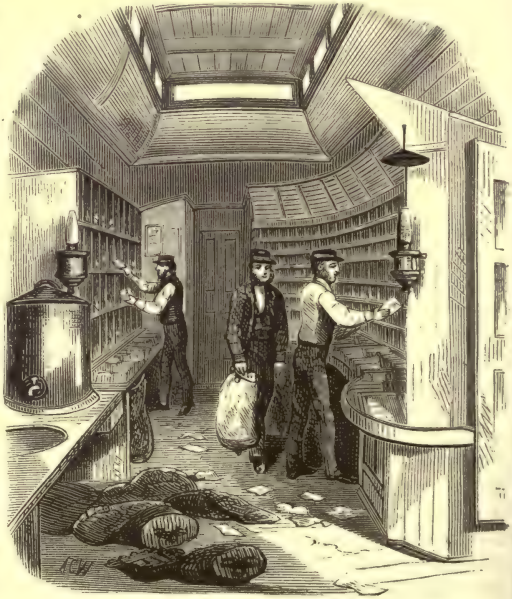
directories, maps, schedules of distribution, wooden or metallic tags and labels for pouches, working clothes, blankets, lunch baskets, etc.,—in fact, a complete outfit, suitable for the journey which lies before us, —and jump into the mail wagon, which is loaded to its utmost capacity with leather bags and iron-bound wooden boxes, *en route* for the depot.

A fine pair of sorrels soon bring us to the depot of the Lake Shore Railroad. Here a substantially-looking, but somewhat dingy car, with the words "U. S. RAILWAY POST-OFFICE" painted in large letters on the side, over the entrance, awaits our arrival, standing on a switch or side track, in close proximity to the outgoing express train. Our wagon is backed up to the car door, the bags, pouches and boxes composing our load are rapidly "piled" in, the clerks and ourselves jump after; and now business commences in good earnest. Such luxuries as hats, coats and vests are dispensed with, sleeves are rolled up, and leather pouches and canvas bags (the latter containing the newspaper mail) fly about in all directions. The "through," or direct sacks and pouches are piled up in the "through mail-room," in one end of the car, while the matter for distribution and overhauling along the road is stacked up in the working-room, in the fore and middle part of the car.

While all this is going on, we had better ensconce ourselves in a corner by the stove, behind the stacks of mail matter of all descriptions, and watch operations. We cannot possibly extend any aid to the clerks in assorting their loads of mail matter, for it requires a thorough knowledge and practice to handle the contents of the bags and distribute them in their proper places. Here, however, we are out of the way, while at the same time we have a good view over the field of operations, and can watch the *modus operandi* of distributing the mail.

To begin: the head clerk, who is in charge of the postal-car, and upon whom devolves the duty of distributing the through letter mails, stations himself before the letter case, numbering upwards of five hundred pigeon-holes, and commences operations by unlocking a pouch and dumping its contents,—consisting of some six or seven thousand letters, all tied up in packages of some eighty to one hundred or more each,—out upon the floor. The clerk picks up an armful of these packages, places them edgewise on the table or shelf in front of him, cuts open the strings by which they are held together, and "squares" himself for further operations. These consist in assorting the letters of the loosened packages and placing them in the pigeon-holes in front of which he stands, with a degree of dexterity that fairly puzzles us. While the head clerk is thus engaged, his assistants are not idle. One of them has emptied out another leather pouch, and is engaged in distributing the contents of this in a smaller case of pigeon-holes placed on the side of the car, adjacent to the newspaper case. Upon inquiry we ascertain that this is the "way mail," destined for delivery at points along the route. Not only are "direct packages" made up for all the stations along the line, but also for connecting lines for points and routes beyond; nearly each of the more prominent stations on our line forming a distributing post-office for numerous smaller offices adjacent. The other assistant, who glories in the technical appellation of "paper jerker," is engaged in distributing the bulky newspaper mail in the other end of the car, and fires away at and into the tiers of labeled boxes in front of and all around him like a good fellow, seldom missing his aim or "jerking" a paper into the wrong box.

Meanwhile, bags and pouches are rapidly thinning out; but others are being filled with the assorted matter, and, after being tied up, or locked and "tagged," are dragged into the "through" room, ready for delivery at the larger stations. Indeed, we think that the work is well-nigh over, when a heavy pound-



AT WORK AT THE LETTER-MAIL.

ing on the door attracts our attention, and there is a wagon loaded to the top, outside, backing up against our car. The door is opened, and we are again flooded with mail-bags and pouches, to the number of upwards of a hundred. This is the late New York mail, by the Erie road. If we had missed it here, which sometimes happens when the train is behind time, it would probably have overtaken us at Dunkirk. But it just reaches us in the nick of time; the horses attached to the wagon which brought it are steaming and foaming, and have evidently had a hard run. Bump, bump, in come the pouches, helter-skelter, one on top of the other; bang goes the door, the receipt for "registered matter" is handed out through the open window; the gong sounds and in a moment, by some unseen agency, is our car attached to the train with a heavy thud which nearly throws us off our feet; the bell rings, passengers are running to and fro on the platform; the whistle shrieks; a jerk and a grating, jarring noise, and we are off, slowly moving out of the depot, at exactly twenty minutes past noon, on our way to Chicago and intermediate stations.

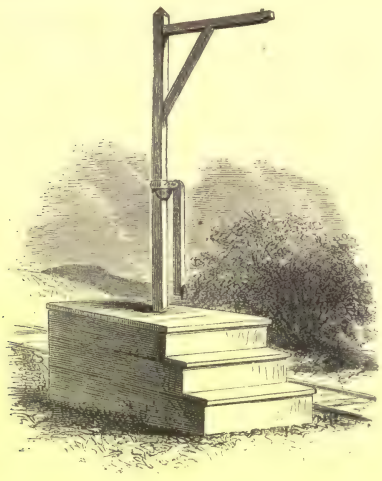
Clap, clap, clap, how it jars and rattles as we rush along at thirty miles an hour. The clerks are not idle; in less time than it takes to tell it, two pouches have been made up for delivery at Angola and Silver Creek—the two first stations on the road. As we dash past the depot at Angola, a bag is thrown off and another is caught without stopping. This is quickly opened and assorted; a work finished long before the bell rings, indicating a stopping-place, and we hear the brakemen shouting in the passenger cars, "Silver Creek!"

This place, on the shore of Lake Erie, about thirty miles from Buffalo, was once a prosperous harbor; but its trade and importance were long ago destroyed by the too close proximity of the larger cities of Dunkirk and Buffalo. The mail for this place, once quite bulky, has dwindled down to a single pouch of rather slim proportions, and the bag which we receive in exchange is slimmer still. We stop only about two minutes, and then are off again at a rattling rate, tearing along the shores of Lake Erie.

Dunkirk, forty miles from Buffalo, is the next point reached. During the five minutes we stop here, we receive fifty or sixty additional bags of mail matter, as this city is an important "accumulating" point in the railway mail service of New York State; "Dunkirk—all aboard!" shouts our head clerk; a letter pouch is quickly closed, locked, and thrown off from the car, followed by two canvas bags containing newspaper mail. These are for Dunkirk City. In another minute two more bags are made up, closed, and labeled "Buffalo, Corry and Pittsburgh line," which road connects here; and are pushed off the car down upon the truck in waiting just as we are moving out of Dunkirk station.

Station follows station in rapid succession; but we do not stop, this being the through mail, or express train. Bags containing mail matter are thrown off at some places, and pouches are caught with a sudden thud and a jerk as we fly past. The interior of our car presents a more confused and busier aspect than ever. The clerks, working in their shirt-sleeves, scarcely speak a word, but work, work incessantly, like beavers. Bags and pouches are opened, emptied, and their contents distributed, with wonderful dispatch; the bundles of letters in the way-pouches are carefully picked out from among the mass of newspapers and other printed matter, and handed to the head clerk for examination and assortment, and the "paper-jerker" is desperately battling with a veritable avalanche of newspapers and magazines.

The "catcher" now adopted in the railway mail service is the one known as "Ward's catcher," and is chiefly remarkable for its simplicity and effectiveness. It operates in conjunction with a "crane," on which the pouch to be exchanged by the post-master of a way station is suspended shortly before the train is due at that point, in such a manner as to be easily caught by the apparatus attached to the postal car of a passing train, no matter how great may be the speed at which it is running. The "catcher" consists simply of a large, two-pronged iron fork, like a >, with one arm considerably longer than the other. The shorter arm is attached to the side of the car, just outside the door, in such a manner, that, when the catcher is not in use, or "down," both arms, or prongs, are placed vertically against the side of the car. When ready for use, the short arm is turned in its bearings by means of a lever, which operation causes the longer arm to project from the side of the car at an acute angle, the opening in the direction in which the train is moving. The moment the crane is reached, the pouch is caught with a jerk, the lever is turned, and the pouch relieved from the iron grasp of the catcher. The apparatus is easily worked, and seldom



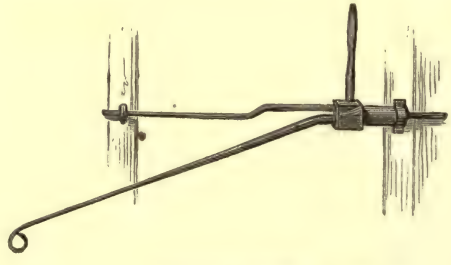
MAIL CRANE.

fails to do its work effectually; but great care and circumspection are necessary on the part of the operator, so that the catcher is applied at the proper time and places only, where the track is clear and nothing but a crane is in the way. It happens occasionally, on dark and stormy nights, when it is impossible to see any distance ahead, that the catcher is applied at the wrong time, and things have been caught which it was very undesirable and rather embarrassing to have anything to do with under the circumstances. Such things as telegraph-poles, lamp-posts, or switch-lights, are well enough in their way, if left to perform their proper functions; but rather awkward when in the way of a catcher. One of two things inevitably follows. Either the misplaced apparatus, with appurtenances, including door, windows, and sometimes a large portion of the solid woodwork of the car, is torn away, or some incongruous and occasionally injurious article will suddenly enter the car through the windows or the panels in the door.

To prevent accidents of this kind, the engineer always blows his whistle in a peculiar manner when a catch station is approached, and upon this signal the catcher is let down, and, if everything is all right and properly timed, a mail pouch is the result. The bag with the mail for the station is simply thrown off the car through the open door while the train is passing—an operation that is to all appearances simple enough, but really, like that of catching, requires considerable skill, and not a little physical force. The pouch must be thrown just at the proper time, for a few moments too soon or too late will leave it on the ground a considerable distance from the station. It must be thrown with considerable force against the wind caused by the moving of the train, as, otherwise, it will be blown under the cars and its contents ruined by the trucks passing over it.

On a cold, stormy winter night, it is no joke to serve these small way stations with the night-mail. At every opening of the door,—and the catcher cannot be operated, nor can the way mail be delivered, unless the door is wide open,—an avalanche of snow and icy sleet comes rushing in, half smothered in the steam and smoke from the locomotive. The force of the wind, with the train running from fifty to sixty miles an hour, is terrific, and one must have a good and firm grip at the iron bars at the side of the door when leaning out to see how far we are from the station. Presently there comes a short, hoarse shriek from the locomotive, the door is thrown all the way back, the catcher quickly let down—thud!—a slight shock; and bang goes the door again, shutting out the wind and snow, while the pouch that has just come aboard is being rapidly unlocked, emptied, and its contents properly examined and distributed. By the time this is done, the bag which we threw off with the made-up mail for the station just passed, has been picked up by the messenger in waiting, and is in all probability on its way to the country post-office.

This American arrangement of "catching" and "delivery," notwithstanding its drawbacks, is an improvement upon the system used in England. The British postal cars have a net attached to the side, which, by some complicated mechanism, is supposed to open out and catch the mail-bags at stations where the train does not stop. While the American arrangement sometimes catches too much, but is rarely known to fail to catch something, the English mechanism, it is said, misses the mark quite as frequently as it hits it. For this reason it is being gradually abandoned, and other systems, more or less



MAIL-BAG CATCHER.

like our own, are being introduced. In India, the American system has been exactly copied; and it is now being introduced on the Australian railroads.

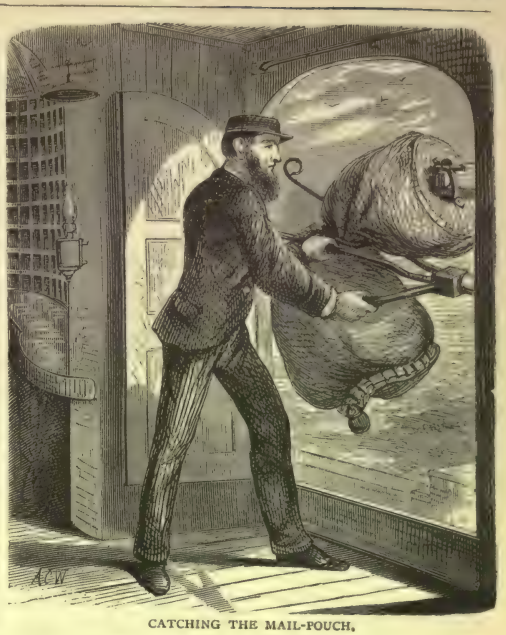
Arrived at Cleveland, at seven o'clock in the evening, we stop twenty minutes for supper. Hastily they throw on their coats, and before the train has come to a full stop, two of the clerks (one being left in charge of the car) may be seen at the bar of the restaurant, devouring cold ham, sausage and pie, at a terrific rate. Soon the gong sounds again, the bell rings, the conductor shouts "all aboard!" and off we are once more, postal car and all, the clerks busy at work arranging and opening the dozen or more pouches taken on board at this point.

It is almost midnight when we reach Toledo. Here the three postal clerks with whom we made the journey all the way from the Buffalo post-office bid us good-bye, and another "set" come aboard to take their places. Receipts are exchanged, a few explanatory remarks made, and our new friends begin work immediately where our fellow-travelers left it.

And so all through the night work continues. Every once in a while a mail-pouch is caught and another thrown off; the stoppages are few and far between, and we tear along through dark pine forests where the snow and hoar-frost glitter on the branches, illuminated by showers of sparks from the engine. The clerks courteously offer us the use of their berths; and while they are busy at their work, we retire and try to sleep; but are all the time conscious of the peculiarities of our situation, and recognize the thud and jar every time we make a catch.

As morning dawns, we approach Chicago, the terminus of our route. The clerks pack up their "traps," and prepare to deliver the last of their way-mail, and the pouches, bags, and boxes which have been stowed away in the "through" room in the rear of the car. A few minutes after seven o'clock we are at Englewood, the last station before Chicago, and precisely at a quarter of nine we enter the depot in the latter city, and our journey in a railway post-office is at an end.

The importance and value to the public of the railway postal service has not, until quite recently, been generally understood. A merchant in New York receives his letters from Chicago, mailed in that city only thirty hours before they are put into his hands, quite as a matter of course, without bothering his head about thinking how this is accomplished. But for the railway postal service, it would be an



CATCHING THE MAIL-POUCH.

utter impossibility; and the same letter, which now requires thirty hours only, would take perhaps forty hours in transmission. Every year, almost every month, adds to the number of lines upon which railway postal service is placed, and the corps of clerks employed in this most important branch of the postal service of the country is rapidly augmenting. The service is under the direct supervision and control of the "General Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service" in Washington,—an office most ably filled by Mr. Geo. S. Bangs, of Illinois. To Mr. Bangs is due the rapid and successful development of the service, and he is indefatigable in his endeavors to extend its benefits to all sections of the country.

In his last official report (dated November 15th, 1872), the Postmaster-General says regarding the railway post-office service:

"Railway post-offices continue to receive the special attention of the Department, and the improvement effected during the past year has been most gratifying. Since the 30th of June, 1871, this branch of the service has been largely extended. Eight new lines have been established, with an aggregate length of 2,909 miles. The daily service has been increased 6,094 miles, and the annual service 2,224,310 miles, making necessary the appointment of 136 additional postal clerks of various grades."

From an interesting table appended to the report above quoted, it appears that the

amount of railroad mail service, in successive years, from the commencement of such service (the railway *mail* service, be it remembered, not the *post-office* service) in 1836, to June 30th, 1872, has increased at an average rate of 1,626¾ miles per annum. The report for the first year, 1836, shows the annual transportation on railroad and steamboat routes combined. The length of railroad routes was first reported to be 974 miles at the close of the year ended June 30, 1837. The length in 1872, as has been already stated, was 57,911 miles—an increase of 56,937 miles in thirty-five years. The largest increase in length for any one year was for 1872, being 8,077 miles. The first report of the annual cost of railroad routes, uncombined with steamboat routes, was $531,752, on the 4th of November, 1845. The cost in 1872 was $6,502,771; showing an increase of $5,971,019, in twenty-seven years, and an average increase of over $221,148 per annum. The largest increase in cost for any one year was for 1872, being $777,792.

Although one of the branches of the Government in which every man, woman, and child in the United States is most directly interested, the Railway Post-Office Service, as it is officially called, has matured its plans and brought them into practical operation with so little ostentation, that many of those who derive the greatest advantage from the system were scarcely aware of its existence previous to the recent controversy between the Post-Office Department at Washington, and some of the leading railroad corporations of the country.

This arose from a demand by the railroads running postal cars on their lines for higher compensation for performing that service than they had been paid. The rate of compensation is limited by law to the sum of three hundred and seventy-five dollars per mile per year, and this rate is only paid to the great trunk lines performing "double" service, or running postal cars on two daily trips each way. In a letter addressed to the Postmaster General on the 27th of January last, the agents for some of the leading lines, among which the Erie Railroad, Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore, N. Y. and New Haven, the Connecticut River, Hudson River and N. Y. Central, and Pennsylvania Railroad requested compensation for the Railway Post-office service over their lines at the rate of forty cents per mile *run*, for an eight-wheel postal car, and proportionate payment for less space transported over the roads in this service. In case of non-compliance with this demand—which would, it is calculated, draw the sum of thirty-seven million dollars from the Treasury annually, in payment for the railway post-office service, *exclusive* of all the other expenses of the Post-Office Department (amounting to about thirty-one millions annually)—they threatened to withdraw the postal cars from their routes on the first day of last April. In justification of this demand, they contended that the rate of compensation for postal-car service is less than what is paid for second-class freight. The Postmaster General has, in his annual reports, repeatedly endeavored to call the attention of Congress to this matter of compensation for running postal cars, with their complement of route agents, clerks, etc.; believing that the present rate of payment is inadequate; and last year a law was passed, authorizing that officer to allow any railroad company with whom "he may contract for the carrying of the United States mail, and who furnish railway post-office cars for the transportation of the mail, such additional compensation beyond that now allowed by law as he may think fit, not exceeding, however, fifty per centum of the said rates." In order to carry this law into effect, an appropriation of about one million and a half would be required; but this Congress failed to make, and thus, of course, the law remained inoperative. Again having its attention called to the matter, and the necessity of some action, Congress, at its last session, passed a law making provision for a *pro rata* increase of compensation for the transportation of mails in postal cars, of from fifty to two hundred dollars per mile, per annum, according to the quantity of mail matter carried and the frequency of transportation, and appropriating five hundred thousand dollars for that purpose. By the passage of this act, the law authorizing the Postmaster General to increase the compensation of certain routes according to his own judgment was repealed, and the above act, which was approved March 3, 1873, is the only one under which payment can at present be made to the railway companies for performing this service.

There being no appropriation to pay for the enormous demand made by the railroad corporations on January 27th, the Postmaster General, even if he had been disposed to do so, could not have complied with their request, and the result would have been the withdrawal of the postal cars. It would have been necessarily productive of the most serious results to the entire business commu-

nity of the United States, if they had carried their threat into execution. Mr. George S. Bangs was sent to New York with instructions to endeavor to effect a compromise, temporarily at least, so as to avoid the pending calamity, for the withdrawal of the postal cars from all the leading railroads of the country would have been nothing less. At the same time, the matter was referred to the then newly organized "Select Committee of the Senate on Transportation Routes to the Seaboard" (Hon. Wm. Windom, of Minn., chairman), with instructions to consider and report upon "the nature and extent of the obligations subsisting between the railroad companies and the postal service of the country; and whether any, and what, legislation is necessary to guard the postal service against interruption or injury by hostile action on the part of said railroad companies, or any of them."

Meanwhile, Mr. Bangs had succeeded in effecting an arrangement with the Erie Company, which agreed to suspend action in the matter, and continue running the postal cars under previous conditions, until a settlement could be reached through the intervention of the Senate Committee above referred to.

This breach had the effect of making all the companies agree to continue the service on the same terms and conditions as heretofore, until the matter could be settled by the Senate "Committee on Transportation," as it is now usually called. It was not, however, the prospect that this committee would accede to and report favorably upon their demands, in their present form, which caused the other companies to suspend the threatened withdrawal of the service, although, in the letter which they subsequently addressed to the Postmaster General, it would appear so. But under the law, as it now stands, that officer has it in his power to contract, if circumstances such as the threatened "strike" should render it necessary, with any *one* of the great trunk lines, giving to it the exclusive transportation of the mails at a compensation equal to that now paid to all the lines combined for performing that service. The Erie company, appreciating this fact, withdrew from the coalition. It is, however, but due to state that, from the first, President Watson, of the Erie Company, seemed disposed to take a view of this matter rather different from that taken by the representatives of the other railroad companies; and, in conversation with Mr. Bangs, repeatedly said that, in his opinion, the roads running postal cars derived considerable benefit therefrom, indirectly, through the increase in traffic along their lines occasioned and encouraged by the frequency and promptness of the mail service in consequence of the postal cars. "The railroads as public servants," said this gentleman, "and in view of the franchises which have been granted them by the people, are indebted to the public to such an extent, certainly, that the withdrawal of the postal-facilities, and consequent confusion and damage, would be little less than a crime." He also expressed himself perfectly willing to run postal-cars on the Erie route without any change in the old arrangement, until the question at issue should be finally decided by the Committee on Transportation. Rather than allow the Erie to enjoy the valuable privilege of monopolizing the carrying of the mails, the companies all withdrew their objections temporarily, awaiting action by the Committee on Transportation, before whom they, as well as the Government, will have a full and fair hearing,—and thus the matter rests at present.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

Conspicuous among our many institutions of learning is Cornell University. This prominence is the result of a combination of causes, among which may be mentioned the peculiar nature and the richness,—actual and prospective,—of its endowments, the liberality of the principles upon which it has been planned and administered, the equality which it seeks to establish among the several departments of instruction, and the remarkable growth in numbers of its faculty and its body of students. Inasmuch, however, as the University is not situated upon any of the great highways of travel, the number of its visitors is still comparatively small. The great mass of tourists of New York State itself are acquainted with the University merely by reputation. This ignorance can only be

THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS, ITHACA, NEW YORK.

regretted, for both the University and its surroundings present much of interest to visitors of every class.

Ithaca, a town of about 10,000 inhabitants, is situated three-fourths of a mile from the upper or southern end of Cayuga Lake.

The University buildings are located on East Hill, outside the limits of the town, and half a mile north from the town-hall. Standing as they do on the very brow of the hill, they are conspicuous in every direction. The usual way of approaching them is to ascend the hill by one of the streets running directly east, and then, having reached the first ridge, to turn to the north. At this turn stands the Cascadilla, a massive stone building, one hundred and ninety-five feet by one hundred, and four stories in height. It was planned originally for a water-cure establishment, but was leased and is now used, and in part owned, by the University. It contains apartments for professors and their families, dormitories for students, a large reception-room, and the general University offices. The grounds have been terraced and sodded: the western windows afford a handsome view of the town. The road winds around the building, and then up the Cascadilla ravine for a few hundred feet to the east, and then turns to the north, crossing the ravine by a frail-looking bridge suspended forty or fifty feet above the bed. From this bridge there is, to the left, a charming glimpse down the brook as it tumbles in a succession of sparkling cascades over its rocky bed, hurrying to join the lake below. Nor is the view to the right less picturesque, as the brook quietly emerges from the dark woods of hemlock. The road continues northward, winding through a small grove, until it reaches the summit of the ridge, and the lake and the University buildings proper come into view. The distance from the Cascadilla to the University is somewhat less than half a mile. The buildings are, at present, five in number. Three of them stand in a row on the edge of the hill and parallel with the line of the lake and the valley. These three are the South and the North Universities and, between the two, the McGraw building. A little farther to the north, and at right angles to the main line, is the Sibley building. In the middle of the inclosure, and opposite the McGraw building, is the laboratory. This is of wood. The others are of stone. The two Universities are each one hundred and sixty-five feet by fifty, four stories high, and are used partly for dormitories and partly for recitation-rooms. The Sibley building is eighty feet by forty. The McGraw building, at present the finest of all, is two hundred feet by sixty, and is surmounted by a clock-tower one hundred and twenty feet high. This is almost completed inside, and will give ample accommodation for the rapidly growing library and the various collections in natural science, besides many large lecture-rooms. The Sibley building is occupied by the department of the Mechanic Arts. It contains the engine-room, printing-press, machine-shop, draughting-rooms, and also the botanical laboratory. Besides these two recent gifts, the Sibley and McGraw buildings, the University is to be the recipient of another and

still larger donation. Henry W. Sage, Esq., of Brooklyn, has given the sum of $250,000 for the erection of a dormitory for female students, and the equipment of a so-called female department. This dormitory is to stand somewhat detached from the other buildings, in the lot immediately south of the present grounds, and will be, when completed, one of the handsomest structures in the country. On the little knoll to the east of the university lot are the neat cottage residences of Professors Law and Fiske, and the President's house, a handsome brick building, the gift of Mr. White to the University.

From almost any point in the University grounds the view is fine. But the choicest spot, perhaps, is the little knoll in front of the western side of the McGraw building. Standing here on a natural terrace, the spectator may let his eye sweep with unobstructed vision over a panorama of uncommon loveliness. At his feet, half hidden in foliage, nestles the town, four hundred feet below. To the right, the smooth waters of the lake stretch away for miles. Directly across the valley, and spreading to right and left, is the broad slope of West Hill, dotted with farmhouses and intersected with roads. To the far left, and gradually losing itself among the distant hills, is the Newfield valley with its graceful contours, a vista of which the eye seems never to grow weary. It is difficult to decide whether June, with its fresh, dark foliage, or October, with its multitudinous tints, offers the more attractions. Even in January, when field and wood and lake are alike covered with their mantle of snow or ice, the view is strikingly beautiful. No other college grounds, excepting, perhaps, those of the University of California at Oakland, can rival Cornell in its scenery. The eye may range at least forty miles from north to south over a broad zone of thrift, and quiet, diversified beauty.

THE CASCADILLA.

Mention has been made of the Cascadilla ravine. A few rods to the north of the University grounds is the no less beautiful and much grander gorge of Fall Creek. From the mill-dam to the base of the lower fall, a distance of a mile or a mile and a half, the water descends four hundred and fifty feet, in a succession of falls and rapids. Three years ago a path was made along the northern bank, alternately following the side of the stream or zigzagging along the tops of the overhanging cliffs. The distinct falls are five in number; the smallest is thirty feet in height, the highest, and last, over one hundred. There is always a fair volume of water in the creek; but in the spring, after a heavy freshet, the ravine thunders with the rush of the swollen torrent, and at such times it is one of the special sights of Ithaca to stand on the bridge of the lake road, at the base of the lower fall, and watch the huge masses of water and spray plunging down in angry bounds.

But Ithaca is not rich in its immediate surroundings alone. It can also point with satisfaction to its numerous charming drives and walks. The valley of Six-Mile-Run, east of the town, is well worthy of exploration. Three miles up the Newfield valley, on the eastern side, is the romantic ravine of Buttermilk creek. Five miles farther, on the other side, is Enfield ravine, a secluded gorge that offers many fine views. In the opposite direction, about twelve miles from town, near the western bank of the lake, is the cascade of Tuyghanic, or Taughannock, as it is variously spelled. Here everything but the volume of water is on a grand scale. The sides of the ravine, which is almost if not quite half a mile wide at the top, are formed by two slate cliffs, three hundred and fifty feet high, and coming together at the upper end of the ravine so as to form a rocky amphitheater. At this upper end the wall is fissured for some distance from the top by a narrow gorge, from which issues a small stream that makes a sheer descent of over two hundred feet to the bed of the main ravine below. Standing on the outlook by the side of the road in front of the hotel, the visitor can take in at a glance the huge gulf below and the tiny, slow-dropping cascade. The northern bank itself is also interesting aside from its view. It has, in consequence of the width of the ravine, a very fine southern exposure, and is completely sheltered from the cold winds. For a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet up from the base,

the *débris* of the disintegrated slate rocks has accumulated, and this soil, in itself fertile and being thus favored in warmth and in moisture (from the spray of the fall), has become a great natural hot-bed, as it were, for the most luxuriant vegetation. The range of species is extensive, while the abundance of plants is extraordinary. There is probably not another spot of the size in this country, perhaps not even in the tropics, that surpasses it in this respect.

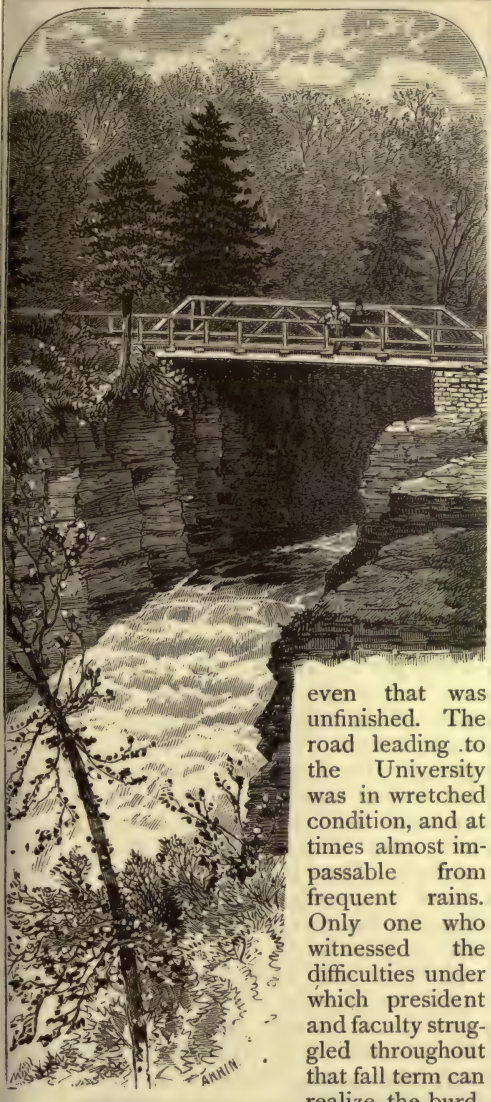
Ithaca being shut in by hills, it follows that the roads leading out of town must be more or less hilly. This drawback to locomotion, however, is more than made good by the variety of the scenery. The country is well cultivated and fertile, the roads no worse than the American average, and the views shifting and ever pleasing. One cannot go amiss in any direction. The most charming drive is perhaps the one up the Newfield valley. Some of the cross-roads leading down the eastern bank of the lake afford romantic but rather hazardous passages. In short, the traveler who has a week or more to spare may make Ithaca the starting-point for a number of excursions. The country is so beautifully *accidenté*, to use a French term for which our language has no equivalent, that he may be always sure of finding some view at once novel and picturesque.

To the naturalist, also, the neighborhood is one full of interest. The entire bed and valley of the lake is an immense excavation, or gully, made in the Devonian strata, which are handsomely exposed at many places along the banks. North of Cayuga Bridge the formation is Silurian. Proceeding from the bridge southward to Ithaca, we enter the Devonian. At Union Springs we find the Oriskany limestone, rich in fossils. Between Union Springs and Aurora there is a bed of corniferous limestone. From near Aurora to within a few miles of Ithaca we have the Hamilton formation, extremely rich in trilobites, spirifers, etc. Before reaching Ithaca there is a strip of Portage, while in the immediate neighborhood of the town the entire side of the valley, from top to bottom, is composed of Chemung rocks abounding in fossils. These several strata from Union Springs to Ithaca have a slight dip to the south.

A few words upon the botanical features of the neighborhood of Ithaca. By reason of the diversity of soil and temperature, and peculiarities of exposure, the flora is unusually rich and full. Towards the lake there are many varieties of marsh plants, among them the White and Yellow Water-Crowfoot and the Yellow Lady's Slipper. The glens contain several varieties of orchids, and are extremely rich in ferns and mosses. There have also been discovered, quite recently, two species of plants very rare in this latitude: the *Pinguicula vulgaris*, and the *Primula mistassinica*. The woods present an equal proportion of deciduous and evergreen trees: white pines, hemlocks, maples, oaks, etc. Among rarer ones are the *Magnolia acuminata*, and the *Liriodendron tulipifera*. Trailing arbutus is found in many places in great profusion. The wake-robin, or nodding trillium, is found in Taughannock Ravine. The marsh lands between the town and the lake contain a few uncommonly large sycamores, and the willows on the flats and along the lower water-courses are numerous and flourishing.

Cornell University has been the subject of extravagant praise and no less extravagant censure. Both praise and censure have been hurtful, and both have arisen from a misconception of the aim and limits of the institution. It would not be possible to give, in a brief sketch like the present, the details of the plan of studies and the general administration. The reader who may wish to inform himself thoroughly in the minutiæ of the University has only to consult the annual catalogue, or register, where everything is stated with exactness and fullness. The present article will attempt to give nothing beyond broad outlines, and such features of interest as cannot well be presented in official publications.

The University was born in troublous times. Its germ lay in the act of Congress, passed in the darkest days of the war, July, 1862, whereby public lands were apportioned among the several States for the purpose of encouraging instruction in agriculture, the mechanic arts, and military tactics. The share of the State of New York amounted, in scrip, to 990,000 acres. After much delay and not a little counter-legislation (for the details of which the reader may consult the Laws Relating to the University, printed by order of the Trustees), this scrip and the proffered endowment of $500,000 from Mr. Cornell were consolidated, and the University was incorporated in 1865. It was opened in October, 1868, with a faculty of sixteen professors and two assistants, and an entering class of over three hundred. The faculty were strangers to the students, and almost strangers to one another. There was but one building available for recitations, and



CASCADILLA FALLS.

even that was unfinished. The road leading to the University was in wretched condition, and at times almost impassable from frequent rains. Only one who witnessed the difficulties under which president and faculty struggled throughout that fall term can realize the burden of them or appreciate the smoothness and regularity of the present organization. Not before the Christmas vacation came the first breathing-spell, when the faculty could look around them and see that the University really had consistency and shape. Since that time progress has been uniform and rapid. The number of full professors has grown to twenty; of assistant professors, eleven; instructors, three; non-resident professors, eight; besides a number of short-course lecturers on special topics. In round numbers, the entire educational staff may be estimated at fifty. The number of students has increased to five hundred and ninety-five. In place of one over-crowded building there are now five, while the ground for the sixth, the Sage building, has already been broken.

The funds, also, have been greatly augmented. The original endowment was composed of the $500,000 from Mr. Cornell and the scrip for nearly a million of acres of western lands. To his original gift Mr. Cornell has added the land on which the buildings are erected, a large farm for the agricultural department, apparatus, and other donations aggregating over one hundred thousand dollars additional. Of the scrip, four hundred thousand acres were sold as scrip for about a dollar an acre, and the proceeds added to the other cash endowments. The scrip for the remaining five hundred and forty thousand acres was carefully located, chiefly in Wisconsin. Some of these lands have recently been sold at a handsome profit; upwards of two hundred thousand acres at four and at five dollars an acre. The income from vested funds has thus been raised from $60,000 to about $140,000, while there is still a residue of 270,000 acres of choice Western lands held for future sale.

The library is growing rapidly, and now contains (including the lately purchased Sparks' collection) 35,000 volumes.

The instruction is subdivided into three general courses: in Science, in Literature, and in Arts. The course in Arts corresponds, in the main, to the usual college curriculum, and candidates for admission to it are examined much as they would be at Harvard or Yale. Candidates for the course in Science are examined only in the so-called English studies, *i. e.*, in English grammar, geography, and algebra through quadratics. The course consists of mathematics, French and German, the natural sciences, history, English literature, etc. The course in Literature lies between the other two. The chief difference between it and the course in arts consists in the substitution of modern languages for Greek. Besides these general courses, there are special courses in Agriculture, in the Mechanic Arts, and in Engineering. In addition to the students in these general and special courses, there are the so-called elective students. These do not follow any of the routines of study, but select for themselves from term to term or year to year. Some of them, indeed, confine themselves to one study, chemistry, for instance, or geology. These special students are not entitled to any degree. The faculty exercises over them a supervisory power, seeing that the studies which they

THE SIBLEY COLLEGE.

undertake are pursued faithfully and regularly.

All candidates for degrees have to attend the lectures on General Agriculture, and every student, unless specially exempted, must take part in the military drill. It is at this point that the peculiar features of the University manifest themselves. It should be borne in mind that the act of Congress contemplated the foundation of colleges for the promotion of "agriculture and the mechanic arts, including military tactics, and without excluding other scientific and classical studies." The authorities of the University have endeavored, from the start, to construe these terms liberally and yet justly. Numbers play no part in instruction in agriculture or the mechanic arts. Hence no student is forced to receive instruction in those studies. Elective students may omit them altogether. At the same time it has not been deemed proper to *graduate* young men from a college in which agriculture and the mechanic arts play so important a part without exacting of them a knowledge of the general or the fundamental principles of the two branches. It may be stated here, in parenthesis, that the study of physics is prescribed in all the courses. In this way the University has endeavored to reconcile the spirit of the Congressional endowment, which is special, with the spirit of the Cornell endowment, which aims at the utmost freedom of study. Instruction in military tactics, however, must be placed on a different footing. Here numbers are an essential element in the instruction, and hence attendance upon drill has been made compulsory upon all. Exemptions, however, are granted, chiefly on the grounds of physical inability, aversion by reason of religious belief, and the necessity of labor for support.

Another feature of the institution which ha been sadly and even willfully misunderstood is the absence of compulsory religious in struction and exercises. Many religious jou nals have found herein a justification for ope or covert attacks of various kinds. Suc hostility, it may be said once for all, is bot unsound in theory and uncalled-for in poi of fact. The university was expressly founde as a non-denominational institution. By th terms of the charter, it is open, both as to it professors and its students, to men of ever shade of belief. Jews, Catholics, and Prote tants are alike entitled to its privileges Teachers and students come from all th leading sects. The chair of geology wa originally offered to a Roman Catholic. Onl recently the trustees offered to create a cha of Hebrew literature, to be occupied by Hebrew, provided the valuable library Müller, in Amsterdam, were presented to th University. The President is an Episcopalian the Vice-President, a Unitarian. In severa instances students have objected to being ex amined on Saturday, on the ground of the being Jews. How, under such circumstan ces, to arrange an acceptable course of in struction in religious matters, or even to en force attendance at religious exercises, is problem the solution of which may safely b left to the enemies of free education. O the other hand, as a matter of fact, the gen eral tone of the University is remarkably healthy. There is some dissipation, of course Never yet were six hundred young me brought together without their giving caus for some discipline. Individual cases of de reliction occur from time to time, but th instances of what may be called collectiv disorders are extremely rare. The intolera ble nuisances of horn-blowing, window-break ing, barring-out, and the like, which troubl the peace of so many other colleges, are alto gether unknown at Ithaca. Slight passin jars aside, the relations between student an professor are easy and pleasant. The stu dents are put upon their honor, and thei movements are literally unwatched. Th chief inducement to perverse conduct bein thus taken away, the result is that the youn men attend to their own affairs, and leave th professors to theirs. Those who are predis posed to vice gratify their propensities a they would at any other college. Those wh are in the habit of attending religious service at home, continue it at the University, an enjoy worship none the less for its bein voluntary.

Another University feature which has bee

uch misrepresented is the so-called labor de-rtment. Strictly speaking, there is no such partment. A number of students, how-er, have been employed in various ways by e University, and have been paid at the ual rates. The delusion was widely spread one time, that young men without skill uld attend the University, and earn their pport, or even more. The only feature an eleemosynary nature is the provision ade in the charter, that the University shall ducate, free of expense, one student from ch Assembly district in the State. This s been construed to mean one student each ar, so that the University is liable to ve at any one time about five hundred non-ying students. These free scholarships, wever, are not yet all filled. The tuition arge for those who do pay is fifty dollars a ar. The true statement is briefly this: he University does not engage itself employ any one. If there is work be done, and a student able to do it fers himself, he will be employed, and s services paid what they are worth. As a le, only such students as were skilled hands ve succeeded in covering their expenses, d even with them the tax on their time and ergy has been severe. The University is ot a charitable, but an educational institu-on; it was founded with a view to teaching, ot to paying young men. All that it can ttempt consistently is to dignify labor, and facilitate honest endeavors at earning an ducation. But it cannot overlook the end the means. In the words of the Univer-ty register, "the University authorities can-ot recommend any young man to come re-ing entirely upon unskilled labor for support. ome few have that peculiar combination of ental and physical strength required thus to ntirely support them-elves; the great ma-rity have not." Hitherto the self-sup-porting students have een chiefly printers. The University has or some time past done all its own printing, besides fill-ng several outside rders.

The students afford he usual variety of ind and character. n one respect, how-ver, they differ de-idedly from the or-

CASCADILLA WALK.

dinary American collegian. They come mainly from the small towns and villages in the interior of New York and other States, and belong to the rural or semi-rural class. As Cornell itself is still in its infancy, they are not sent to it because their fathers or their grandfathers studied there, but they go to it of their own accord, because it meets their wants. Perhaps they realize more clearly than do the students of other colleges the object of their student-life, and struggle more faithfully in its attainment. They are regular in attendance, and quiet in deportment. They succeed well in scientific and mathematical studies, but are deficient in literary culture. They compensate for the deficiency by their general sober-mindedness and good sense. They will not compare in oratory and composition with the students of New England colleges, but they will average better in solid attainments, and will probably wear

THE PRINTING OFFICE—SIBLEY BUILDING.

as well in life. In one particular, at least, they have the merit of upsetting the calculations of the authorities not merely of their own college, but of nearly all the others. It has ever been asserted confidently that dormitories were an essential feature of the American system, necessary to the discipline and the protection of the student. Ithaca never having been, prior to 1868, the seat of any institution of learning higher than a town-academy, it was expected, of course, that the reasons which made dormitories a necessity at Yale and Harvard would apply with increased force to Cornell. It was said and believed that the students never would and never could be accommodated in town. Accordingly the Cascadilla and the two University buildings were planned with a view to lodging two or three hundred students. During the fall term of 1868, and the spring term of 1869, the students did reside mainly in those buildings. But ever since the summer of 1869, a marked preference has been shown by the students for rooming in town, until at present three-fourths are thus living by themselves in knots of three and four. The inhabitants of the town, finding by increased contact, that students were neither Turks nor Indians, but good Christians like themselves, and able to pay for what they wished, have built new houses, repaired and enlarged old ones, until now the supply is a trifle in excess of the demand, and landlords are full as willing to accommodate students as students are to be accommodated. The discipline of the University has only gained by the change. The students are better satisfied with their board and lodgings; they seldom congregate in large groups; and they are not tempted to make any public disturbance, which would annoy only themselves and private citizens, and which would, if serious, result in their summary ejectment.

Such is a sketch,—a brief and imperfect one, it is admitted,—of the University, in itself and in its surroundings. It has its defects,

EZRA CORNELL'S RESIDENCE.

which will suggest themselves to every one familiar with the processes of education. The standard of admission to the scientific course, the popular one, is too low, and the instruction is too fragmentary. The University starts too low down in the scale and attempts to cover too much ground. Hence has arisen an institution *sui generis*, something that is neither a school of science, nor a college, nor a university, but an odd mixture of the first and second, with some suggestions of the third. The funds, large as they may appear, are not adequate to the thorough carrying-out of the programme. With all its imperfections, however, the University has done a good service to the State. It has placed all students, scientific and classical, rich and poor, on an equal footing, and it has executed its course of instruction with a minimum of discipline. It has given the opportunity of education to many who would otherwise never have been reached. It has disabused the public of many time-honored prejudices, and given new life to older institutions of learning, by rousing them to generous emulation in shaking off from study the fetters of unnecessary routine and *ex cathedra* interference.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

I.

HIS STORY.

THIS is my lady, gracious as the air,
Breathing alike on all; her destiny
Fulfilled, if she will deign only to be,
Being so beautiful. Mark you her hair,
Twined strand on strand of intricate and rare,
And, O, most fatal woven witchery!
Her eyes are fathomless as is the sea,
Engulfing fools who for their radiance dare
To venture all upon them. There she sits,
Mysterious, silent, cruel as the grave;
And here am I,—men say of subtle wits,
Shrewdness, and poise of judgment,—yet a slave
Unto her least caprices. Know her? I?
I know her! yet for lack of her must die.

II.

HER STORY.—THE SURFACE.

"Mysterious, silent, cruel as the grave"—
That's I! La Belle Dame sans merci! 'Tis so
The legend runs. Now and again a slave
Will try to pluck the mystery's heart, and brave
The cruelty. He ventures much, and lo!
He loses all, and wins the luck to know
That women are but women. Then a wave
Sweeps him out seaward. He is seen no more.
Would he had chanced to thrive! He's ruined? Ay,
'Tis pity of the ruin. All the shore
Is strewn with wrecks. The breakers make reply,
"Wrecks feed us not. O that beyond the roar
And foam and jagged death their ships would sail,
And on the safer sea ride out the gale!"

III.

HER STORY.—THE DEPTH.

I'm weary of my life. Proud hearts can ache
In unsuspected hunger. "Fair to see,
And hard and cruel." Dare they talk of me?
Hunger is ever cruel. Need doth make
The gentlest soul forget sweet mercy's sake
And tear and raven. Still with self-same plea
Come fools and sages, saying each will be
The solver of my riddle,—till they break
My heart with longing. Ah, come thou, my king,
Come thou, my hero,—and at thy dear feet
I'll crouch, thy velvet cushion, thy tame thing,
And listening for thy lightest word, entreat
To do thee lowliest service; still content
If life in love's free vassalage be spent.

ARTHUR BONNICASTLE.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

MR. BRADFORD AND ARTHUR ON THE STEAMER.

CHAPTER XIII.

NEW YEAR'S morning dawned bright and cold. "A happy New Year to you!" shouted Livingston from his bed. The call woke me from a heavy slumber into delightful anticipations, and the realization of a great joy in living, such as comes only to youth—an exulting, superabounding sense of vitality that care and age never know.

We rose and dressed ourselves with scrupulous pains-taking, for calls. On descending to the breakfast-room, we found the young ladies quite as excited as ourselves. They had prepared a little book in which to keep a record of the calls they expected to receive during the day, for, according to the universal custom, they were to keep open house. The carriage was to be at the disposal of my friend and myself, and we were as ambitious concerning the amount of courtesy to be shown as the young ladies were touching the amount to be received. We intended, before bedtime, to present our New Year's greetings to every lady we had met during the week.

Before we left the house, I saw what preparations had been made for the hospitable reception of visitors. Among them stood a row of wine-bottles and decanters. The view saddened me. Although I had not tasted wine

since "the special occasion," my conscience had not ceased to remind me, though with weakened sting, that I had sacrificed a conscientious scruple and broken a promise. I could in no way rid myself of the sense of having been wounded, stained, impoverished. I had ceased to be what I had been. I had engaged in no debauch, I had developed no appetite, I was not in love with my sin. I could have heartily wished that wine were out of the world. Yet I had consented to have my defenses broken into, and there had been neither time nor practical disposition to repair the breach. Not one prayer had I offered, or dared to offer, during the week. My foolish act had shut out God and extinguished the sense of his loving favor, and I had blindly rushed through my pleasures from day to day, refusing to listen to the upbraidings of that faithful monitor which He had placed within me.

At last, it was declared not too early to begin our visits. Already several young gentlemen had shown themselves at the Livingstons, and my friend and I sallied forth. The coachman, waiting at the door, and thrashing his hands to keep them warm, wished us "a happy New Year" as we appeared.

"The same to you," responded Livingston, "and there'll be another one to-night, if you serve us well to-day."

"Thankee, sir," said the coachman, smiling in anticipation of the promised fee.

The footman took the list of calls to be made that Livingston had prepared, mounted to his seat, the ladies waved their hands to us from the window, and we drove rapidly away.

"Bonnicastle, my boy," said Livingston, throwing his arm around me as we rattled up the avenue, "this is new business to you. Now don't do anything to-day that you will be sorry for. Do you know, I cannot like what has happened? You have not been brought up like the rest of us, and you're all right. Have your own way. It's nobody's business."

I knew, of course, exactly what he meant, but I do not know what devil stirred within me the spirit of resentment. To be cautioned and counseled by one who had never professed or manifested any sense of religious obligation—by one above whose moral plane I had fancied that I stood—made me half angry. I had consciously fallen, and I felt miserably enough about it, when I permitted myself to feel at all, but to be reminded of it by others vexed me to the quick, and rasped my wretched pride.

"Take care of yourself," I responded, sharply, "and don't worry about me. I shall do as I please."

"It's the last time, old boy," said Livingston, biting his lip, which quivered with pain and mortification. "It's the last time. When I kiss a fellow and he spits in my face I never do it again. Make yourself perfectly easy on that score."

Impulsively I grasped his hand and exclaimed: "Oh! don't say that. I beg your pardon. Let's not quarrel: I was a fool and a great deal worse, to answer as I did."

"All right," said he; "but if you get into trouble, don't blame me; that's all."

At this, we drew up to a house to make our first call. It was a grand establishment. The ladies were beautifully dressed, and very cordial, for Livingston was a favorite, and any young man whom he introduced was sure of a welcome. I was flattered and excited by the attention I received, and charmed by the graceful manners of those who rendered it. House after house we visited in the same way, uniformly declining all the hospitalities of the table, on the ground that it was too early to think of eating or drinking.

At last we began to grow hungry for our lunch, and at a bountifully-loaded table accepted an invitation to eat. Several young fellows were standing around it, nibbling their sandwiches, and sipping their wine. A glass was poured and handed to me by a young lady with the toilet and manner of a princess. I took it without looking at Livingston, held it for awhile, then tasted it, for I was thirsty; then tasted again and again, until my glass was empty. I was as unused to the stimulant as a child; and when I emerged into the open air my face was aflame with its exciting poison. There was a troubled look on Livingston's face, and I could not resist the feeling that he was either angry or alarmed. My first experience was that of depression. This was partly moral, I suppose; but the sharp air soon reduced the feverish sensation about my head and eyes, and then a strange thrill of exhilaration passed through me. It was different from anything I had ever known, and I was conscious, for the first time, of the charm of alcohol.

Then came the longing to taste again. I saw that I was in no way disabled. On the contrary, I knew I had never been so buoyant in spirits, or so brilliant in conversation. My imagination was excited. Everything presented to me its comical aspects, and

there were ripples and roars of laughter wherever I went. After repeated glasses, I swallowed at one house a draught of champagne. It was the first I had ever tasted, and the cold, tingling fluid was all that was necessary to make me noisy and hilarious. I rallied Livingston on his long face, assured him that I had never seen a jolly fellow alter so rapidly as he had since morning, begged him to take something that would warm him, and began to sing.

"Now, really, you must be quiet in this house," said he, as we drew up to an old-fashioned mansion in the suburbs. "They are quiet people here, and are not used to noisy fellows."

"I'll wake 'em up," said I, "and make 'em jolly."

We entered the door. I was conscious of a singing in my ears, and a sense of confusion. The warm air of the room wrought in a few moments a change in my feelings, but I struggled against it, and tried with pitiful efforts to command myself, and to appear the sober man I was not. There was a little group around us near the windows, and at the other end of the drawing-room—somewhat in shadow, for it was nearly night—there was another. At length, a tall man rose from this latter group, and advanced toward the light. Immediately behind him a young girl, almost a woman in stature and bearing, followed. The moment I could distinguish his form and features and those of his companion, I rushed toward them, forgetful for the instant that I had lost my self-control, and embraced them both. Then I undertook to present Mr. Bradford and my friend Millie to Livingston.

It did not seem strange to me to find them in New York. What foolish things I said to Mr. Bradford and what maudlin words to Millie, I do not know. Both carried grave faces. Millie's eyes—for even through all that cloud of stupid insanity, from this far point of distance, I see them still—burned first like fire, then filled with tears.

For what passed immediately after this, I am indebted to another memory and not to my own.

After watching me and listening to me for a minute in silence, Millie darted to the side of Livingston, and, looking him fiercely in the face, exclaimed: "You are a wicked man. You ought to be ashamed to let him do it. Oh! he was so good and so sweet when he went away from Bradford, and you have spoiled him—you have spoiled him. I'll never forgive you, never!"

"Millie! my daughter!" exclaimed Mr. Bradford.

Millie threw herself upon a sofa, and burying her head in the pillow, burst into hysterical tears.

Livingston turned to Mr. Bradford and said: "I give you my word of honor, sir, that I have not drank one drop of wine to-day. I have refrained from drinking entirely for his sake, and your daughter's accusation is most unjust."

Mr. Bradford took the young man's hand cordially and said: "I believe you, and you must pardon Millie. She is terribly disappointed, and so am I. She supposed her friend had been tempted by bad companions, and, as you were with him, she at once attributed the evil influence to you."

"On the contrary," responded Livingston, "no man has tempted him at all, and no man could tempt him. None but women who prate about their sufferings from drunken husbands and brothers could have moved him from his determination. I am ashamed to tell you who attacked his scruples first. It was one who has reason enough, Heaven knows, to hate wine; but her efforts have been followed by scores of younger women to-day, who have seemed to take delight in leading him into a mad debauch."

Livingston spoke bitterly, and as he closed, Millie sprang from the sofa, and seizing his hand, kissed it, and wet it with her tears.

"Please take him home, and be kind to him," she said. "I am sure he will never do it again."

In the meantime, entirely overcome by the heat of the room, acting upon nerves which had been stimulated beyond the power of endurance, I had sunk helplessly into a chair, where I stared stupidly upon the group, unable to comprehend a word of the conversation.

Mr. Bradford took Livingston aside, and, after some words of private conversation, both approached me, and, taking me by my arms, led me from the house, and placed me in the carriage. The dusk had already descended, and I do not think that I was observed, save by one or two strangers passing upon the sidewalk. The seal of secresy was placed upon the lips of the household by the kind offices of Mr. Bradford, and the story, so far as I know, was never told, save as it was afterward told to me, and as I have told it in these pages.

The carriage was rapidly driven homeward. The house of the Livingstons was upon a corner, so that a side entrance was

available for getting me to my room without public observation. The strong arms of Livingston and the footman bore me to my chamber, removed my clothing, and placed me in bed, where I sank at once into that heavy drunken slumber from which there is no waking except that of torture.

The morning after New Year's was as bright as that which preceded it, but it had no brightness for me. The heart which had leaped up into gladness as it greeted the New Year's dawn, was a lump of lead. The head that was as clear as the sky itself on the previous morning, was dull and heavy with a strange, throbbing pain. My mouth was dry and hot, and a languor held me in possession from which it seemed impossible to rouse myself. Then all the mad doings of the day which had witnessed my fall came back to me, and it seemed as if the shame of it all would kill me. Livingston brought me some cooling and corrective draught, on the strength of which I rose. The dizzy feeling was not entirely gone, and I reeled in a pitiful way while dressing; but cold water, a cool room, and motion, soon placed me in possession of myself.

"I can't go down to breakfast, Livingston," I said. "I have disgraced you and all the family."

"Oh! women forgive, my boy," said he, with a contemptuous shrug. "Never you mind. If they don't like their own work, let them do it better."

"But I can't face them," I said.

"Face them! Bah! it's they who are to face you. But don't trouble yourself. You'll find them as placid as a summer morning, ignoring everything. They're used to it."

He insisted, and I descended to the breakfast room. Not an allusion was made to the previous day's experiences, except as a round of unalloyed pleasure. The young ladies had received an enormous number of calls, and on the sideboard stood a row of empty decanters. There was no thought of the headaches and heart-burnings with which city abounded, no thought of suicidal habits begun or confirmed through their agency, no thought of the drunkards they were nursing into husbands. There sat the mother in her matronly dignity, dispensing her fragrant coffee, there were the young ladies chattering over their list, and talking of this one and that one of their callers, and there was I, a confused ruin of hopes and purposes which clustered around a single central point of consciousness, and that point hot with shame and remorse.

We were to return on the afternoon boat that day, and I was not sorry. I was quite ready to turn my back on all the splendors that had so charmed me on my arrival, on all the new acquaintances I had made, and on my temptations.

Special efforts were made by Mrs. Livingston and her daughters to reinstate me in my self-respect. They were cordial in their expressions of friendship, begged that I would not forget them, invited me to visit them again and often, and loaded me with all courteous and friendly attentions. Livingston was quiet and cold through it all. He had intended to return me as good as he brought me, and had failed. He was my senior, and had entertained a genuine respect for my conscientious scruples, over which, from the first moment I had known him, he had assumed a sort of guardianship. He was high-spirited, and as I had once repelled his cautioning care, I knew I should hear no more from him.

When we arrived at the boat, I went at once into the cabin, sank into a chair, buried my face in my hands, and gave myself up to my sorrow and shame. I was glad that I should not find Henry in my room on my return. He had been gone a month when I left, for, through the necessities of self-support, he had resumed his school duties in Bradford for the winter. I thought of him in his daily work, and his nightly visits at my father's house; of the long conversations that would pass between him and those whom I loved best, about one who had proved himself unworthy of their regard; of the shameful manner in which I had betrayed the confidence of my benefactress, and the disgrace which I had brought upon myself in the eyes of Mr. Bradford and Millie. It then occurred to me for the first time that Mr. Bradford was on a New Year's visit to his daughter, whom he had previously placed in a New York school. How should I ever meet them again? How could they ever forgive me? How could I ever win their respect and confidence again? "O God! O God!" I said, in a whisper of anguish, "how can I ever come to Thee again, when I knew in my inmost heart that I was disobeying and grieving Thee?"

I was conscious at this moment that steps approached me. Then followed a light touch upon my shoulder. I looked up, and saw Mr. Bradford. I had never before seen his countenance so sad, and at the same time so severe.

"Don't reproach me," I said, lifting my

hands in deprecation, "don't reproach me: if you do, I shall die."

"Reproach you, my boy?" he said, drawing a chair to my side while his lips quivered with sympathy, "there would be no need of it if I were disposed to do so. Reproach for error between erring mortals is not becoming."

"Do you suppose you can ever forgive me and trust me again?" I asked.

"I forgive you and trust you now. I give you credit for common-sense. You have proved, in your own experience, the truth of all I have told you, and I do not believe that you need to learn anything further, except that one mistake and misstep like yours need not ruin a life."

"Do you really think," said I, eagerly grasping his arm, "that I can ever be again what I have been?"

"Never again," he replied, sadly shaking his head. "The bloom is gone from the fruit, but if you hate your folly with a hatred which will forever banish it from your life, the fruit is uninjured."

"And are they to know all this in Bradford?" I asked.

"Never from me," he replied.

"You are too kind to me," I said. "You have always been kind."

"I don't know. I have intended to be kind, but if you are ruined through the influence of Mrs. Sanderson's money I shall curse the day on which I suggested the thought that brought you under her patronage."

"Will you accept a pledge from me," I said eagerly, "in regard to the future?"

"No indeed, Arthur. No pledge coming from you to-day, while you are half beside yourself with shame and sorrow, would have the value of a straw. A promise can never redeem a man who loses himself through lack of strength and principle. A man who cannot be controlled by God's Word certainly cannot be controlled by his own. It will take weeks for you to arrive at a point where you can form a resolution that will be of the slightest value, and, when you reach that point, no resolution will be needed. Some influence has changed your views of life and your objects. You have in some way been shaken at your foundations. When these become sound again, you will be restored to yourself, and not until then. You fancied that the religious influences and experiences which we both remember had done much to strengthen you, but in truth they did nothing. They interrupted, and, for the time, ruined the processes of a religious education. You fancied that in a day you had built what it takes a life time to build, and you were, owing to the reactions of that great excitement, and to the confusion into which your thoughts and feelings were thrown, weaker to resist temptation than when you returned from the Bird's Nest. I saw it all then, just as plainly as I see it now. I have discounted all this experience of yours—not precisely this, but something like it. I knew you would be tempted, and that into the joints of a harness too loosely knit and fastened some arrow would find its way."

"What am I to do? What can I do?" I said piteously.

"Become a child again," he responded. "Go back to the simple faith and the simple obedience which you learned of your father. Put away your pride and your love of that which enervates and emasculates you, and try with God's help to grow into a true man. I have had so many weaknesses and faults of my own to look after, that I have never had the heart to undertake the instruction of others; but I feel a degree of responsibility for you, and I know it is in you to become a man who will bring joy to your father and pride to me."

"Oh! do believe me, Mr. Bradford, do," I said, "when I tell you that I will try to become the man you desire me to be."

"I believe you," he responded. "I have no doubt that you will try, in a weaker or stronger way and more or less persistently, to restore yourself to your old footing. And now, as you have forced a promise upon me, which I did not wish you to make, you must accept one from me. I have taken you into my heart. I took you into its warmest place when, years ago, on our first acquaintance, you told me that you loved me. And now I promise you that if I see that you cannot be what you ought to be while retaining your present prospects of wealth, I will put you to such a test as will prove whether you have the manhood in you that I have given you the credit for, and whether you are worth saving to yourself and your friends."

His last words wounded me. Nay, they did more—they kindled my anger. Though grievously humiliated, my pride was not dead. I questioned in my heart his right to speak so strongly to me, and to declare his purpose to thrust himself into my life in any contingency, but I covered my feelings, and even thanked him in a feeble way for his frankness. Then I inquired about Henry, and learned in what high respect he was held in Bradford, how much my father and all his acquaintances were delighted in him, and

how prosperously his affairs were going on. Even in his self-respectful poverty, I envied him—a poverty through which he had manifested such sterling manhood as to win the hearts of all who came in contact with him.

"I shall miss him more than I can tell you," I said, "when I get back to my lonely room. No one can take his place, and I need him now more than I ever did before."

"It is as well for you to be alone," said Mr. Bradford, "if you are in earnest. There are some things in life that can only be wrought out between a man and his God, and you have just that thing in hand."

Our conversation was long, and touched many topics. Mr. Bradford shook my hand heartily as we parted at the wharf, and Livingston and I were soon in a carriage, whirling towards the town. I entered my silent room with a sick and discouraged feeling, with a sad presentiment of the struggle which its walls would witness during the long winter months before me, and with a terrible sense of the change through which I had passed during the brief week of my absence.

And here, lest my reader be afflicted with useless anticipations of pain, I record the fact that wine never tempted me again. One bite of the viper had sufficed. I had trampled upon my conscience, and even that had changed to a viper beneath my feet, and struck its fangs deep into the recoiling flesh. From that day forward I forswore the indulgence of the cup. While in college it was comparatively easy to do this, for my habit was known, and, as no one but Livingston knew of my fall, it was respected. I was rallied by some of the fellows on my sleepy eyes and haggard looks, but none of them imagined the cause, and the storm that had threatened to engulf me blew over, and the waves around me grew calm again,—the waves around me, but not the waves within.

For a whole week after I returned, I was in constant and almost unendurable torture. The fear of discovery took possession of me. What if the men who were passing at the time Mr. Bradford and Livingston lifted me into the carriage had known me? Was Peter Mullens in New York that night, and was he one of them? This question no sooner took possession of my mind, than I fancied, from the looks and whisperings of him and his companions, that the secret was in their possession. I had no peace from these suspicions until I had satisfied myself that he had not left the college during the holidays. Would Mr. Bradford, by some accident, or through forgetfulness of his promise to me, speak of the matter to my father, or Henry, or Mrs. Sanderson? Would Millie write about it to her mother? Would it be carelessly talked about by the ladies who had witnessed my disgrace? Would it be possible for me ever to show myself in Bradford again? Would the church learn of my lapse and bring me under its discipline? Would the religious congregations I had addressed hear of my fall from sobriety, and come to regard me as a hypocrite? So sore was my self-love, so sensitive was my pride, that I am sure I should have lied to cover my shame, had the terrible emergency arisen. It did not rise, and for that I cannot cease to be grateful.

It will readily be seen that, while the fear of discovery was upon me, and while I lived a false life of carelessness and even gayety among my companions, to cover the tumults of dread and suspicion that were going on within me, I did not make much progress in spiritual life. In truth I made none at all. My prayers were only wild beseechings that I might be spared from exposure, and pledges of future obedience should my prayers be answered. So thoroughly did my fears of men possess me, that there was no room for repentance toward God, or such a repentance as would give me the basis of a new departure and a better life. I had already tried to live two lives that should not be discordant with each other; now I tried to live two lives that I knew to be antagonistic. It now became an object to appear to be what I was not. I resumed at intervals my attendance upon the prayer-meetings, to make it appear that I still clung to my religious life. Then, while in the society of my companions, I manifested a careless gayety which I did not feel. All the manifestations of my real life took place in the solitude of my room. There, wrestling with my fears, and shut out from my old sources of comfort and strength, I passed my nights. With a thousand luxurious appliances around me, no sense of luxury ever came to me. My heart was a central living coal, and all around it was ashes. I even feared that the coal might die, and that Henry, when he should return, would find his room bereft of all that would give him welcome and cheer.

As the weeks passed away, the fear slowly expired, and, alas! nothing that was better came in its place. No sooner did I begin to experience the sense of safety from exposure, and from the temptation which had brought me such grievous harm, than the old love of luxurious life, and the old plans for securing it, came back to me. I felt sure that wine would never tempt me again, and with this

confidence I built me a foundation of pride and self-righteousness on which I could stand, and regard myself with a certain degree of complacency.

As for efficient study, that was out of the question. I was in no mood or condition for work. I scrambled through my lessons in a disgraceful way. The better class of students were all surpassing me, and I found myself getting hopelessly into the rear. I had fitful rebellions against this, and showed them and myself what I could do when I earnestly tried; but the power of persistence, which is born of a worthy purpose, held strongly in the soul, was absent, and there could be no true advancement without it.

I blush with shame, even now, to think how I tried to cover my delinquencies from my father and Mrs. Sanderson, by becoming more attentive to them than I had ever been in the matter of writing letters. I knew that there was nothing that carried so much joy to my father as a letter from me. I knew that he read every letter I wrote him, again and again—that he carried it in his pocket at his work—that he took it out at meals, and talked about it. I knew, also, that Mrs. Sanderson's life was always gladdened by attentions of this sort from me, and that they tended to keep her heart open toward me. In just the degree in which I was conscious that I was unworthy of their affection, did I strive to present to them my most amiable side, and to convince them that I was unchanged.

This hypocritical, unfruitful life I lived during all that winter; and when Henry came to me in the spring, crowned with the fruits of his labor, and fresh from the loves and friendships of his Bradford home, with his studies all in hand, and with such evident growth of manhood that I felt almost afraid of him, he found me an unhappy and almost reckless laggard, with nothing to show for my winter's privileges but a weakened will, dissipated powers, frivolous habits, deadened moral and religious sensibilities, and a life that had degenerated into subterfuge and sham.

My natural love of approbation—the same greed for the good opinion and the praise of others which in my childhood made me a liar—had lost none of its force, and did much to shape my intercourse with all around me. The sense of worthlessness which induced my special efforts to retain the good-will of Mrs. Sanderson, and the admiration and confidence of my father, moved me to a new endeavor to gain the friendship of all my fellow-students. I felt that I could not afford to have enemies. I had lost none of my popularity with the exclusive clique to which I had attached myself, for even Livingston had seen with delight that I was not disposed to repeat the mistake of which he had been so distressed a witness. I grew more courteous and complaisant toward those whom I had regarded as socially my inferiors, until I knew that I was looked upon by them as a good fellow. I was easy-tempered, ready at repartee, generous and careless; and although I had lost all reputation for industry and scholarship, I possessed just the character and manners which made me welcome to every group. I blush while I write of it, to remember how I curried favor with Mr. Peter Mullens and his set; but to such mean shifts did a mean life force me. To keep the bark of my popularity from foundering, on which I was obliged to trust everything, I tossed overboard from time to time, to meet every rising necessity, my self-respect, until I had but little left.

CHAPTER XIV.

THOUGH Mr. Peter Mullens had but slender relations to my outer life—hardly enough to warrant the notice I have already taken of him—there was a relation which I recognized in my experience and circumstances that makes it necessary for me to say more of him. He had recognized this relation himself, and it was this that engendered my intense personal dislike of him. I knew that his willing dependence on others had robbed him of any flavor of manhood he might at one time have possessed, and that I, very differently organized, was suffering from the same cause. I watched the effect upon him of this demoralizing influence, with almost a painful curiosity.

Having, as he supposed, given up himself, he felt that he had a right to support. There seemed to him to be no sweetness in bread that could be earned. Everything came amiss to him that came with personal cost. He was always looking for gifts. I will not say that he prayed for them, but I have no doubt that he prayed, and that his temporal wants mingled in his petitions. No gift humiliated him: he lived by gifts. His greed for these was pitiful, and often ludicrous. Indeed, he was the strangest mixture of piety, avarice, and beggarly meanness that I had ever seen.

My second spring in college was verging upon summer. The weather was intensely hot, and all the fellows had put themselves

into summer clothing—all but poor Peter Mullens. He had come out of the winter very seedy, and his heavy clothing still clung to him, in the absence of supplies of a lighter character. Although he had a great many pairs of woolen socks and striped mittens, and a dozen or two neck-ties, which had been sent to him by a number of persons to whom he gave the indefinite designation of "the sisters," there seemed to be no way by which he could transform them into summer clothing. He was really in a distressed condition, and "the sisters" failed to meet the emergency.

At a gathering of the fellows of our clique one night, his affairs were brought up for discussion, and it was determined that we should go through our respective wardrobes and weed out all the garments which we did not intend to wear again, and, on the first dark night, take them to his room. I was to make the first visit, and to be followed in turn by the others.

Accordingly, having made up a huge bundle of garments that would be of use to him, provided he could wear them—and he could wear anything, apparently—I started out one evening, and, taking it in my arms, went to his room. This was located in a remote corner of the dormitory, at the bottom of a narrow hall, and as the hall was nearly dark, I deposited my bundle at the door and knocked for admission.

"Come in!" responded Mullens.

I entered, and by good fortune found him alone. He was sitting in the dark, by the single open window of his room, and I could see by the dim light that he was stripped of coat and waistcoat. He did not know me at first, but, rising and striking a light, he exclaimed: "Well, this is kind of you, Bonnicastle. I was just thinking of you."

He then remembered that his glasses had been laid aside. Putting them on, he seemed to regard himself as quite presentable, and made no further attempt to increase his clothing. I looked around the bare room, with its single table, its wretched pair of chairs, its dirty bed, and its lonely occupant, and contrasting it with the cosy apartment I had just left, my heart grew full of pity for him.

"So you were thinking of me, eh?" I said. "That was very kind of you. Pray, what were you thinking? Nothing bad, I hope."

"No, I was thinking about your privileges. I was thinking how you had been favored."

It was strange that it had never occurred to Mullens to think about or to envy those who held money by right, or by the power of earning it. It was only the money that came as a gift that stirred him. There were dozens or hundreds of fellows whose parents were educating them, but these were never the subject of his envious thoughts.

"Let's not talk about my privileges," I said. "How are you getting along yourself?"

"I am really very hard up," he replied. "If the sisters would only send me trousers, and such things, I should be all right, but they don't seem to consider that I want trousers any more than they do, confound them."

The quiet indignation with which this was uttered amused me, and I laughed outright. But Mullens was in sober earnest, and going to his closet he brought forth at least a dozen pairs of thick woolen socks, and as many pairs of striped mittens, and laid them on the table.

"Look at that pile," said Mullens, "and weep."

The comical aspect of the matter had really reached the poor fellow's apprehension, and he laughed heartily with me.

"What are you going to do with them?" I asked.

"I don't know," he replied; "I've thought of an auction. What do you say?"

"Why don't you try to sell them at the shops?" I inquired.

"Let me alone for that. I've been all over the city with 'em," said he. "One fellow said they didn't run even, and I don't think they do, very, that's a fact. Another one said they looked like the fag-end of an old stock; and the last one I went to asked me if I stole them."

"Well, Mullens, the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb," I said, consolingly. "It's June."

"But it don't apply," said Mullens. "I'm not shorn. The trouble is that I've got too much wool."

This was bright for Mullens, and we both laughed again. After the laugh had passed, I said: "I think I know of eight or ten fellows who will relieve you of your surplus stock, and, as I am one of them, I propose to take a pair of socks and a pair of mittens now."

The manner of the man changed immediately. His face grew animated, and his eyes fairly gleamed through his spectacles. He jumped to his feet as I spoke of purchasing, and exclaimed: "Will you? What will you give? Make us an offer."

"Oh, you must set your own price," I said.

"Well, you see they are very good socks, don't you?" said Mullens. "Now, every stitch in those socks and mittens was knit, upon honor. There isn't a mercenary inch of yarn in 'em. Take your pick of the mittens. By the way, I haven't shown you my neck-ties," and, rushing to his closet, he brought forth quite an armful of them.

The humble sufferer had become a lively peddler, bent upon driving the sharpest bargain and selling the most goods possible to a rare customer. Selecting a pair of socks, a pair of mittens, and a neck-tie of a somewhat soberer hue than I had been accustomed to wear, he laid them by themselves, and then, wiping his forehead and his glasses with a little mop of a handkerchief, he put on a mildly judicial face, and said:

"Bonnicastle, my dear friend, I've always taken a great deal of interest in you; and now you have it in your power to do me a world of good. Think, just think, Bonnicastle, of the weary hours that have been spent on these articles of apparel by those of whom the world is not worthy! Think of the benevolence that inspired every stitch. Think of the—of the—thoughts that have run through those devoted minds. Think of those sisters respectively saying to themselves: 'I know not whom I am laboring for—it may be for Mullens, or it may be for one more worthy,—but for whomsoever it is, it is for one who will stand up in defense of the truth when I am gone. His feet, bent upon errands of mercy, will be kept comfortable by these stockings. His hands, carrying succor to the fallen, and consolation to the afflicted, will be warmed by these mittens. These neck-ties will surround the neck—the—throat—of one who will breathe words of peace and good-will.' My dear Bonnicastle, there is more in these humble articles of apparel than appears to the carnal eye,—much more—incalculably more. Try to take it in when we come to the matter of price. Try to take it all in, and then discharge your duty as becomes a man who has been favored."

"Look here, Mullens," said I, "you are working on my feelings, and the articles are getting so expensive that I can't buy them."

"Oh, don't feel that way;" said he, "I only want to have you get some idea what there is in these things. Why, there's love, good-will, self-sacrifice, devotion, and woman's tender heart."

"Pity there couldn't have been some trousers," said I.

Mullens' lip quivered. He was not sure whether I was joking or not, but he laid his hand appealingly upon my knee, and then settled back in his chair and wiped his forehead and spectacles again. Having made up my mind that Mullens had determined to raise an enormous revenue from his goods, I was somewhat surprised when he said briskly, "Bonnicaslte, what do you say to a dollar and a half? That's only fifty cents an article, and the whole stock will bring me only fifteen or twenty dollars at that price."

"I'll take them," said I.

"Good!" exclaimed Mullens, slapping his knee. "Who'll have the next bowl? Walk up, gentlemen!"

Mullens had evidently officiated in an oyster booth at militia musters. In his elated state of feeling, the impulse to run into his old peddler's lingo was irrepressible. I think he felt complimented by the hearty laugh with which I greeted his huckster's cry.

"If I'm going into this business," said Mullens, "I really must have some brown paper. Do you suppose, Bonnicastle, that if you should go to one of these shops, and tell them the object,—a shop kept by one of our friends, you know,—one who has the cause at heart—he would give you a package of brown paper? I'd go myself, but I've been around a good deal."

"Wouldn't you rather have me buy some?" I asked.

"Why, no; it doesn't seem to be exactly the thing to pay out money for brown paper," responded Mullens.

"I'm not used to begging," I said.

"Why, it isn't begging, Bonnicastle; it's asking for the cause."

"You really must excuse me, Mullens."

"All right," said he; "here's an old newspaper that will do for your package. Now don't forget to tell all your friends that I am ready for 'em. Tell 'em the cause is a good one—that it really involves the—the welfare of society. And tell 'em the things are dirt cheap. Don't forget that."

Mullens had become as cheerful and lively as a cricket; and while he was doing up my package, I opened the door and brought in my bundle. As I broke the string and unfolded the bountiful contents, he paused in a pleased amazement, and then, leaping forward and embracing me, exclaimed: "Bonnicastle, you're an angel! What do you suppose that pile is worth, now, in hard cash?"

"Oh, I don't know; it's worth a good deal to you," I replied.

"And you don't really feel it at all, do you now? Own up."

"No," I answered, "not at all. You are welcome to the whole pile."

"Yes, Bonnicastle," said he, sliding smoothly back from the peddler into the pious beneficiary, "you've given out of your abundance, and you have the blessed satisfaction of feeling that you have done your duty. I don't receive it for myself, but for the cause. I am a poor, unworthy instrument. Say, Bonnicastle, if you should see some of these things on others, would you mind?"

"Not in the least," I said. "Do you purpose to share your good fortune with your friends?"

"Yes," said Mullens, "I shall sell these things to them, very reasonably indeed. They shall have no cause to complain."

At this moment there was a knock, and Livingston, with a grave face, walked in with his bundle, and opening it, laid it upon the table. Mullens sank into his chair, quite overwhelmed. "Fellows," said he, "this is too much. I can bear one bundle, but under two you must excuse me if I seem to totter."

Another and another followed Livingston into the room, and deposited their burdens, until the table was literally piled. Mullens actually began to snivel.

"It's a lark, fellows," said Mullens, from behind his handkerchief. "It's a lark: I know it, I see it; but oh, fellows! it's a blessed lark—a blessed, blessed lark! Larks may be employed to bring tribute into the storehouse. Larks may be overruled, and used as means. I know you are making fun of me, but the cause goes on. If there isn't room on the table, put them on the floor. They shall all be employed. If I have ever done you injustice in my thoughts, fellows, you must forgive me. This wipes out everything; and as I don't see any boots in your parcels, perhaps you'll be kind enough to remember that I wear tens, with a low instep. Has the last man come? Is the cup full? What do you suppose the whole pile is worth?"

Mullens ran on in this way, muddled by his unexpected good fortune and his greed, with various pious ejaculations which, for very reverence of the words he used, my pen refuses to record.

Then it suddenly occurred to him that he was not making the most of his opportunities. Springing to his feet, and turning peddler in a instant, he said: "Fellows, Bonnicastle has bought a pair of socks, a pair of striped mittens and a neck-tie from my surplus stock. I've got enough of them to go all around. What do you say to them at fifty cents apiece?"

"We've been rather expecting," said Livingston, with a quiet twinkle in his eye, "that you would make us a present of these."

This was a new thought to Mullens, and it sobered him at once. "Fellows," said he, "you know my heart; but these things are a sacred trust. They have been devoted to a cause, and from that cause I cannot divert them."

"Oh! of course not," said Livingston; "I only wanted to test your faithfulness. You're as sound as a nut."

The conversation ended in a purchase of the "surplus stock," and then, seeing that the boys had not finished their fun, and fearing that it might run into some unpleasant excesses, Livingston and I retired.

The next morning our ears were regaled with an account of the remaining experiences of the evening, but it does not need to be recorded here. It is sufficient to say that before the company left his room, Mullens was arrayed from head to foot with a dress made up from various parcels, and that in that dress he was obliged to mount his table and make a speech. He appeared, however, the next morning clothed in comfortable garments, which of course were recognized by their former owners, and formed a subject of merriment among them. We never saw them, however, upon any others of his set, and he either chose to cover his good fortune from them by selling his frippery to the Hebrew dealers in such merchandise, or they refused to be his companions in wearing garments that were known in the college.

CHAPTER XV.

From the first hour of my direct violation of my conscience, there began, almost imperceptibly at first, a change of my views of religious doctrine and obligation. It was one of the necessities of my position. Retaining the strict notions of my childhood and younger youth, I should not have enjoyed a moment of peace; and my mind involuntarily went to work to reconcile my opinions to my looser life. It was necessary to bring my convictions and my conscience into harmony with my conduct, else the warfare within me would have been unendurable. The first change related to duty. It seemed to me that God, remembering that I was dust, and that I was peculiarly weak under specific temptations, would be less rigid in his requirements of me than I had formerly supposed. As this conclusion seemed to make him more lovable to me, I permitted it

to deceive me wholly. Then there was something which flattered me in being considered less "blue" than the majority of those who made a profession of religion. It was pleasant to be liberal, for liberality carried no condemnation with it of the careless life around me.

But this was not all. It was only the open gate at which I entered a wide field of doubt. All my religious opinions took on an air of unreality. The old, implicit faith which, like an angel with a sword of flame, had stood at the door of my heart, comforting me with its presence, and keeping at a distance all the shapes of unbelief, took its flight, and the dark band gathered closer, with a thousand questions and suggestions. Was there a God? Was the God whom I had learned to worship anything more than a figment of conspiring imaginations? If He were more than this, had he revealed himself in words? Was Jesus Christ a historical character or a myth? Was there any such thing, after all, as personal accountability? Was the daily conduct of so insignificant a person as myself of the slightest moment to a Being who held an infinite universe in charge? Who knew that the soul was immortal, and that its condition here bore any relation to its condition there? Was not half of that which I had looked upon as sin made sin only by a conscience wrongly educated? Was drinking wine a sin in itself? If not, why had it so worried me? Other consciences did not condemn an act which had cost me my peace and self-respect. Who knew but that a thousand things which I had considered wrong were only wrong because I so considered them? After all my painstaking and my prayers, had I been anything better than a slave to a conscience perverted or insufficiently informed?

The path from an open violation of conscience to a condition of religious doubt, is as direct as that which leads to heaven. It was so in my case, and the observation of a long life has shown me that it is so in every case. Just in the proportion that my practice degenerated did my views become modified to accommodate themselves to my life.

I said very little about the changes going on in my mind, except to my faithful companion and friend, Henry. When he returned from Bradford, he, for the first time, became fully aware of the great change that had taken place in me. He was an intense hater of sham and cant, and sympathized with me in my dislike of the type of piety with which we were often thrown in contact. This, I suppose, had blinded him to the fact that I was trying to sustain myself in my criticism of others. I could not hide my growing infidelity from him, however, for it seemed necessary for me to have some one to talk with, and I was conscious of a new disposition to argue and defend myself. Here I was misled again. I fancied that my modification of views came of intellectual convictions, and that I could not be to blame for changes based upon what I was fond of calling "my God-given reason." I lost sight of the fact that the changes came first, and that the only office to which I put "my God-given reason" was that of satisfying and defending myself. Oh, the wretched sophistries of those wretched days and years!

I do not like to speak so much of prayer as I have been compelled to in these pages, for even this sounds like cant to many ears; but, in truth, I cannot write the story of my life without it. I do not believe there can be such a thing as a truly religious life without prayer. The religious soul must hold converse and communion with the Infinite or its religion cannot live. It may be the simple expression of gratitude and desire. It may be the prostration of the soul in worship and adoration. It may be the up-springing of the spirit in strong aspiration, but in some way or form there must be prayer, or religion dies. There must be an open way between the heart of man and the heart of the Infinite —a ladder that reaches from the pillow of stone to the pillars of the Throne where angels may climb and angels may descend—or the religious life of the soul can have no ministry.

In my changed condition and circumstances, I found myself deprived of this great source of life. First my sin shut me away and my neglect of known and acknowledged duty. Then my frivolous pursuits and trifling diversions rendered me unfit for the awful presence into which prayer led me. Then unbelief placed its bar before me. In truth I found in prayer, whenever I attempted it, only a hollow expression of penitence, from a weak and unwilling heart, toward a being in whose existence I did not more than half believe.

I bowed with Henry at our bed every night but it was only a mockery. He apprehended it at last, and questioned me about it. One night after we had risen from our knees, he said, "Arthur, how is it with you? I don't understand how a man who talks as you do can pray with any comfort to himself. You are not at all what you used to be."

"I'll be frank with you, Henry," I answered. "I don't pray with any comfort;

myself, or any profit either. It's all a sham, and I don't intend to do any more of it."

"Oh, Arthur, Arthur, has it come to this!" exclaimed the dear fellow, his eyes filling with tears. "Have you gone so far astray? How can you live? I should think you would die."

"You see," I said carelessly, "I'm in very good health. The world goes on quite well. There are no earthquakes or hurricanes. The sun rises and sets in the old way, and the wicked prosper like the righteous, the same as they have always done, and get along without any serious bother with their consciences besides. The fact is, that my views of everything have changed, and I don't pray as I used to pray, simply because the thing is impossible."

Henry looked at me while I said this with a stunned, bewildered expression, and then, putting his arms around my neck, bowed his head upon my shoulder and said, half choked with emotion: "I can't bear it; I can't bear it. It must not be so."

Then he put me off, and looked at me. His eyes were dry, and a determined, almost prophetic expression was in them as he said: "It will not be so; it shall not be so."

"How are you going to prevent it?" I inquired, coolly.

"I shall not prevent it, but there is one who will, you may be very sure," he replied. "There is a God, and he hears the prayers of those who love him. You cannot prevent me from praying for you, and I shall do it always. You and I belong to the same church, and I am under a vow to watch over you. Besides, you and I promised to help one another in every emergency, and I shall not forget the promise."

"So I am under a guardian, am I?"

"Yes, you are under a guardian, a very much more powerful guardian than I am," he replied.

"I suppose I shall be taken care of, then," I said.

"Yes, you will be taken care of; if not in the mild way, with which you have hitherto been treated, then in a rough way to which you are not used. The prayers, and hopes, and expectations of such a father as yours are not to be disregarded and to go for nothing. By some means, tender or terrible, you are to be brought out of your indifference and saved."

There was something in this talk that brought back to me the covert threat that I had heard from the lips of Mr. Bradford, of which I had not thought much. Were he and Henry leagued together in any plan that would bring me punishment? That was impossible, yet I grew suspicious of both of them. I did not doubt their friendship, yet the thing I feared most was an interference with my prospects of wealth. Was it possible that they, in case I should not meet their wishes, would inform Mrs. Sanderson of my unworthiness of her benefactions, and reduce me to the necessity and shame of taking care of myself? This was the great calamity I dreaded. Here was where my life could only be touched. Here was where I felt painfully sensitive and weak.

A little incident occurred about this time which rendered me still more suspicious. I had been in the habit of receiving letters from Mrs. Sanderson, addressed in the handwriting of Mrs. Belden. Indeed, not a few of my letters from The Mansion were written entirely by that lady, under Mrs. Sanderson's dictation. I had in this way become so familiar with her handwriting that I could hardly be mistaken in it, wherever I might see it. From the first day of our entering college, Henry had insisted on our having separate boxes at the Post-Office. I had never known the real reason for this, nor had I cared to inquire what it might be. The thought had crossed my mind that he was not willing to have me know how often he received letters from my sister. One morning he was detained by a severe cold from going, in his accustomed way, for his mail, and as I was at the office, I inquired whether there were letters for him. I had no object in this but to do him a brotherly service, but as his letters were handed to me, I looked them over, and was startled to find an address in what looked like Mrs. Belden's handwriting. I examined it carefully, compared it with several addresses from her hand which I had in my pocket, and became sure that my first suspicions were correct.

Here was food for the imagination of a guilty man. I took the letters to Henry, and handing them to him in a careless way, remarked that, as I was at the office, I thought I would save him the trouble of sending for his mail. He took the package, ran it over in his hand, selected the letter that had attracted my attention, and put it into his pocket unopened. He did not look at me, and I was sure he could not, for I detected a flush of alarm upon his face at the moment of handing the letters to him. I did not pause to see more, or to make any inquiry for Bradford friends, and, turning upon my heel, I left the room.

I could not do else than conclude that there was a private understanding of some sort be-

tween him and Mrs. Belden. What this was, was a mystery which I taxed my ingenuity to fathom. My mind ran upon it all day. I knew Henry had seen Mrs. Belden at Mr. Bradford's, and even at my father's during the winter, for she had maintained her friendship for Claire. Could there have sprung up a friendly intimacy between her and Henry of which this correspondence was an outgrowth? It did not seem likely. However harmless my surmises might be, I always came back to the conclusion that through Mrs. Belden and Henry an espionage upon my conduct had been established by Mrs. Sanderson, and that all my words and acts had been watched and reported. As soon as this conviction became rooted in my mind, I lost my faith in Henry, and from that hour, for a long time, shut away my confidence from him. He could not but notice this change, and he was deeply wounded by it. Through all the remainder of the time we spent in college together, there was a constraint in our intercourse. I spent as little time with him as possible, though I threw new guards around my conduct, and was careful that he should see and hear nothing to my discredit. I even strove, in a weak way, to regain something of the ground I had lost in study; but as I was not actuated by a worthy motive, my progress was neither marked nor persistent.

I certainly was not happy. I sighed a thousand times to think of the peace and inspiration I had lost. My better ambitions were gone, my conscience was unsatisfied, my disposition to pray had fled, my Christian hope was extinguished, and my faith was dead. I was despoiled of all that made me truly rich; and all that I had left was the good-will of those around me, my social position, and the expectation of wealth which, when it should come into my hands, would not only give me the luxurious delights that I craved as the rarest boon of life, but command the respect as well of the rich as of those less favored than myself. I longed to get through with the bondage and the duty of my college life. I do not dare to say that I longed for the death of my benefactress. I will not acknowledge that I had become so base as this, but I could have been reconciled to anything that would irrevocably place in my power the wealth and independence I coveted.

It is useless to linger farther over this period of my life. I have traced with sufficient detail the influences which wrought my transformation. They have been painful in the writing, and they must have been equally painful in the reading, to all those who have become interested in my career, welfare and character. My suspicions that Henry was a spy upon my conduct were always effaced for the time whenever I went home. Mrs. Sanderson, upon whom the passing years began to lay a heavy finger, showed no abatement of affection for me, and seemed even more impatient than I for the termination of my college life and my permanent restoration to her home and society. Mrs. Belden was as sweet and ladylike and cordial as ever. She talked freely of Henry as one whom she had learned to admire and respect, and thought me most fortunate in having such a companion. There was a vague shadow of disappointment on my father's face, and I saw too, with pain, that time and toil had not left him untouched with change.

My visits in Bradford always made me better. So much was expected of me, so much was I loved and trusted, so sweet and friendly were all my acquaintances, that I never left them to return to my college life without fresh resolutions to industry and improvement. If these resolutions were abandoned, those who know the power of habit and the influence of old and unrenounced companionships will understand the reason why. I had deliberately made my bed, and was obliged to lie in it. My compliant disposition brought me uniformly under the yoke of the old persuasions to indolence and frivolous pursuits.

Livingston went away when his time came. There was much that was lovable in him. He had a stronger character than I, and he had always been so used to wealth and the expectation of wealth that he was less harmed than I by these influences. Peter Mullens went away, and though I occasionally heard about him, I saw him no more for many years. I became at last the leader of my set, and secured a certain measure of respect from them because I led them into no vicious dissipations. In this I took a degree of pride and satisfaction; but my teachers had long abandoned any hope that I should distinguish myself, and had come to regard me coldly. My religious experiences were things of the past. I continued to show a certain respect for religion, by attending the public services of the church. I did everything for the sake of appearances, and for the purpose of blinding myself and my friends to the deadness and hollowness of a life that had ceased to be controlled by manly and Christian motives.

At last the long-looked-for day of release approached, and although I wished it to come I wished it were well over and forgotten.

had no honors to receive, and I knew that it was universally expected that Henry would carry away the highest of his class. I do not think I envied him his eminence, for I knew he had nobly earned it, and that in the absence of other advantages it would do him good. I had money and he had scholarship, which, in time, would give him money. In these possessions we should be able to start more evenly in life.

The time passed away, until the day preceding the annual commencement dawned. In the middle of this day's excitements, as I was sitting in my room, there was a rap at my door. There were a dozen of my fellows with me, and we were in a merry mood. Supposing the caller to be a student, I made a response in some slang phrase, but the door was not opened. I then went to it, threw it wide, and stood face to face with my father. I was not glad to see him, and as my nature was too transparent to permit me to deceive him, and he too sensitive to fail of apprehending the state of my feelings, even if I had endeavored to do so, the embarrassment of the moment may be imagined.

"Well, father," I said, "this is a surprise."

The moment I pronounced the word "father," the fellows began to retire, with hurried remarks about engagements, and with promises to call again. It was hardly ten seconds before every man of them was out of my room.

The dear old man had dressed himself in his plain best, and had come to see realized the great hope of his life, and I, miserable ingrate that I was, was ashamed of him. My fellows had fled the room because they knew I was, and because they wished to save me the pain of presenting him to them. As soon as they were gone I strove to reassure him, and to convince him that I was heartily glad to see him. It was easy for him to make apologies for me, and to receive those which I made for myself. He had had such precious faith in me that he did not wish to have it shaken. He had left his work and come to the City of Elms to witness my triumphs. He had intended to give me a glad day. Indeed, he had had dreams of going about to make the acquaintance of the professors, and of being entertained with a view of all the wonders of the college. I knew him so well that I did not doubt that he expected to be taken in hand by his affectionate son on his arrival, and to go with him everywhere, sharing his glory. Never in my life had I received so startling a view of the meanness of my own character as on that morning. I could not possibly hide myself from myself, and my disgust with myself was measureless. Here was a man whom I loved better than I loved, or had ever loved, any human being—a man worthy of my profoundest respect—the sweetest, simplest, purest, noblest man whom I had ever known, with a love in his heart for me which amounted to idolatry—yet I could have wished him a thousand miles away, rather than have my gay and aristocratic companions find me in association with him, and recognize the relations that existed between us.

What should I do with him? Where could I put him? How could I hide him? The thought of showing him around was torture. Why had he not stayed at home? What could I say to him to explain my failure? How could I break the force of the blow which he must soon receive? I inquired about home and its affairs. I talked of everything but that which he most desired to talk about, and all the time I was contriving ways to cut him adrift, or to cover him up.

I was saved the trouble I anticipated by my good angel Henry, who, when he came, was so heartily delighted to see my father that the whole course of relief was made plain. Henry knew me and my circumstances, and he knew that my father's presence was unwelcome. He at once took it upon himself to say that I had a great many companions, and that they would want me with them. So he should have the pleasure of looking after my father, and of showing him everything he wanted to see. He disregarded all my protests, and good-naturedly told me to go where I was wanted.

The good old man had a pleasant time. He visited the cabinets, he was introduced to the professors when he chanced to meet them, he saw all that was worth seeing. He had a conversation with Henry about me, which saved me the making of apologies that would have been essential falsehoods. I had won no honors, Henry told him, because I had had too much money, but I was popular, was quite the equal of many others, and would receive my degree. I saw them together, going from building to building and walking under the elms and along the streets. That which to my wretched vanity would have been pain was to Henry's self-assured and self-respectful manhood a rare pleasure. I doubt whether he spent a day during his whole college life more delightfully than that which he spent with my father.

At night I had another call. Mr. Bird came in. I went to him in my old way, sat

down in his ample lap, and put my arms around his neck.

"Arthur, my boy, I love you," he said. "There is a man in you still, but all that I feared might be the result of your circumstances has happened. Henry has outstripped you, and while we are all glad for him, we are all disappointed in you."

I tried to talk in a gay way about it, but I was troubled and ashamed.

"By the way, I have seen your father to-day," he said.

"And what did he say?" I inquired.

"No matter what he said: he is not happy. You have disappointed him, but he will not upbraid you. He is pained to feel that privileges which seemed to him inestimable should have been so poorly improved, and that the boy from whom he hoped and for whom he has sacrificed so much should have shown himself so careless and unworthy."

"I'm sorry for him," I said.

"Very well, my boy; and now tell me, has the kind of life which has cost him so much pain paid you?"

"No."

"Are you going to change?"

"I don't know: I doubt if I do," I responded.

"Has money been a good thing for you?"

"No: it has been a curse to me."

"Are you willing to relinquish it?"

"No: I'm spoiled for poverty. It's too late."

"Is it? We'll see."

Then the good man, with a stern look upon his face, kissed me as he used to in the old times, and took his leave.

Here was another warning or threat, and it filled me with uneasiness. Long after Henry had fallen asleep that night, I lay revolving it in my mind. I began to feel that I had been cruelly treated. If money had spoiled me, who had been to blame? It was forced upon me, my father consenting. It had wrought out its natural influence upon me. Somebody ought to have foreseen it. I had been wronged, and was now blamed for that for which others were responsible.

Commencement day came, with its crowd of excitements. The church in which the public exercises were held was thronged. Hundreds from the towns and cities around had assembled to witness the bestowal of the honors of study upon their friends and favorites. Our class had, as is usual on such occasions, our places together, and as I did not belong to the group of fellows who had appointments for orations, I was with the class. Taking my seat, I looked around upon the multitude. Beautifully dressed ladies crowded the galleries, and I was deeply mortified that I should win neither their smiles nor their flowers. I was, for the time at least, a nonentity. They had eyes for none but those who had won the right to admiration.

At my right I saw a figure which I thought to be that of an acquaintance. His head was turned from me, while he conversed with a strikingly beautiful girl at his side. He looked towards the stage at last, and then I saw that it was Mr. Bradford. Could that young woman be Millie? I had not seen her since I so shamefully encountered her more than two years before. It was Millie. She had ripened into womanhood during this brief interval, and her beauty was conspicuous even among the score of beauties by which she was surrounded.

The orators came and went, receiving their tributes of applause from the audience, and of flowers from their friends, but I had no eyes for any one but Millie. I could regard her without hindrance, for she did not once look at me. I had always carried the thought of her in my heart. The little talks we had had together had been treasured in my memory among its choicest possessions. She had arrived at woman's estate, and I had now no laurels to lay at her feet. This was the one pungent drop of gall in my cup of wormwood, for then and there I acknowledged to myself that in a vague way I had associated her in my imagination with all my future life. When I had dreamed of one who should sit in Mrs. Sanderson's chair, after she had passed away, it was always Millie. I had not loved her with a man's love, but my heart was all open toward her, ready to kindle in her smile or the glance of her marvelous eyes. I knew there was only one whom she had come to see, and rejoiced in the thought that she could be nothing more to him than a friend, yet I grudged the honor which he was that day to win in her eyes.

At last the long roll of speakers was exhausted, and Henry came upon the stage to deliver the valedictory. He was received with a storm of cheers, and, perfectly self-possessed, came forward in his splendid young manhood to perform his part. I knew that Mr. Bird was somewhere in the audience, looking on and listening with moistened eyes and swelling heart. I knew that my father, in his lonely sorrow, was thinking of his disappointment in me and my career. I knew that Mr. Bradford and Millie were regarding Henry with a degree of pride and gratification

that, for the moment, shut me out of their minds. As his voice rang out over the vast congregation, and cheer after cheer greeted his splendid periods, I bent my head with shame, and tears that had long been strangers to my eyes fell unbidden down my cheeks. I inwardly cursed my indolence, my meanness, and the fortune which had enervated and spoiled me.

As Henry made his bow in retiring, there was a long-continued and universal burst of applause, and a rain of bouquets upon the platform which half-bewildered him. I watched the Bradfords, and the most beautiful bouquet of all was handed by Millie to her father and tossed by him at Henry's feet. He picked up all the others, then raised this to his lips, and, looking up at the gallery, made a profound bow to the giver and retired. Knowing that with my quicker brain it had been in my power to win that crowning honor, and that it was irrevocably lost to me, the poor diploma that came to me among the others of my class gave me no pleasure.

I knew that the young woman was right. She was true to her womanly instincts, and had no honors to bestow except upon the worker and the hero. The man who had demonstrated his manhood won the honor of her womanhood. Henry was everything; I was nothing. "The girl is right," I said to myself, "and some time she shall know that the stuff she worships is in me."

A young man rarely gets a better vision of himself than that which is reflected from a true woman's eyes, for God himself sits behind them. That which a man was intended to be is that which unperverted womanhood demands that he shall be. I felt at the moment that a new motive had been born in me, and that I was not wholly shorn of power and the possibilities of heroic life.

Before we left New Haven, Mr. Bradford, Mr. Bird, and my father met by appointment. What their business was I did not know, but I had little doubt that it related to me. I was vexed by the thought, but I was too proud to ask any questions. I hoped that the whole Bradford party would find themselves in the same conveyance on the way home; but on the morning following commencement, my father, Henry, and myself took our seats in the coach, and Mr. Bradford and Millie were left behind. I had not spoken to either of them. I did not like to tell upon Millie, and her father had not taught me.

I was not disposed to talk, and all the conversation was carried on by my father and Henry. I saw that the young man had taken a warm place near my father's heart—that they understood and appreciated one another perfectly. Remembering what an idol I had been, and how cruelly I had defaced my own lineaments and proved myself unworthy of the worship, a vision of this new friendship was not calculated to increase my happiness. But I was full of my plans. I would win Millie Bradford's respect or I would die. My imagination constructed all sorts of impossible situations in which I was to play the part of hero, and compel her admiration. I would devote myself to labor; I would acquire a profession; I would achieve renown; I would become an orator; I would win office; I would wrench a bough from the highest laurel, and, dashing it at her feet, say: "There! I have earned your approval and your smile; give them to me!"

How much practical power there is in this kind of vaporing is readily appreciated. I had at last my opportunity to demonstrate my possession of heroism, but it did not come in the form I anticipated and hoped for.

Our welcome home was cordial. My poor mother thought I had grown thin, and was afraid I had studied too much. The unintended sarcasm was not calculated to reassure me. Henry and Claire were happy, and I left the beloved group to seek my own lonelier home. There I manifested a delight I did not feel. I tossed my diploma in Mrs. Sanderson's lap, and lightly told her that there was the bit of sheep-skin that had cost her so much. Mrs. Belden congratulated me, and the two women were glad to have me at home. I spent the evening with them, and led the conversation, so far as I could, into channels that diverted their minds from uncomfortable inquiries.

Our life soon took on the old habits, and I heartily tried to make myself tributary to the comfort and happiness of the house. Poor old Jenks was crippled with rheumatism, and while he was made to believe that the domestic establishment could not be operated without him, he had in reality become a burden. As the weather grew intensely hot, and Mrs. Sanderson showed signs of weakness, Mrs. Belden took her away to the seaside again, leaving me once more the master of The Mansion.

A little incident occurred on the morning of Mrs. Sanderson's departure which left an uncomfortable impression upon my mind. She went into the dining-room, and closed the door behind her. As the carriage was waiting for her, I unthinkingly opened the door,

and found her before the picture. The tears were on her cheeks, and she looked pale and distressed. I impulsively put my arm around her, bent down and kissed her, and led her away. As I did this, I determined that I would find out the secret of that picture if I could. I was old enough to be trusted with it, and I would have it. I did not doubt that many in the town could tell me all about it, though I knew there were reasons connected with my relations to Mrs. Sanderson that had thus far forbidden them to speak to me about it.

And now, having finished the story of my boyhood and youth, I pass rapidly on to the decisive events of my life.

(To be continued.)

AN OLD-FASHIONED STORY.

THERE were six gigs, and there were six couples. Edmund Burt and I led the way in the first gig. He drove an iron-gray horse. I remember all this perfectly well, my dear, although it happened sixty years ago.

We were all Methodist young people. It was Tom Grigg who first proposed this riding party the week before, when Edmund was walking home with me from Wednesday prayer-meeting. Tom Grigg and Sallie Eliot overtook us, and they had been talking about it, and asked us how we would like it. I fell in with the notion right away, and Edmund thought too that it would be right pleasant, and that was how the affair started. I named it to four other girls, and Edmund asked four young men; these were all members of our class, and knew each other intimately. A pleasanter party couldn't have been got together; and it was in the month of May, and the Spring was very forward that year.

We left Trego at three o'clock in the afternoon, and drove nine miles to Lutherville, where we had supper. Tom Grigg's brother-in-law kept a temperance house there, and a very quiet, genteel tavern it was, though Lutherville hadn't a very good name among Trego people. Trego had not been made a city then, but it was a good-sized town and held its head pretty high; and, though there was some drunkenness and card-playing and such like there, it compared favorably with any town to be found anywhere. But Lutherville people generally were a pretty rough set, though some good families lived thereabouts. But we did not go to the village to see any of the people; we went there because it was a pleasant drive. There are no hills of any size between the two places, but there is a gradual slope all the way, Lutherville lying low at the mouth of Taylor's Creek.

Oh, that ride down there in the sunlight, and that ride back in the moonlight! It was my first sight of the country that year. We skimmed along the edges of green fields; the roadsides were bordered with dandelions, buttercups, and Mayweed; the air was sparkling, and the grass was of that early Spring green that has a yellow glimmer through it. I could not help breaking out into singing

> "Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
> Where pure, serene effulgence reigns,
> Ye scenes divinely fair,"

and all the others joined in. Then we went through the woods, and they were all green above and all pink below, for they were filled with honeysuckles in full bloom, and the sweet scents blew all about us. Out in the open again we went round a marsh where the tall blue flags stood in rows "like an army with banners." Then we were in the pines, where the air was strong and spicy, and we all stopped awhile to listen to the strange, solemn sound among the tree-tops that we had been told was like the roar of the ocean, which none of us had ever seen. Then we drove through Lutherville to the quiet little tavern, where we had a nice supper. The ride back was pleasant, too, but in a different way. We were not so gay; moonlight is very solemnizing to the feelings, I think. The night was not very bright, for the moon was past the full, and things were a little hazy and indistinct.

You know what strange shadows the moon makes, and as we drove pretty fast they seemed to be flitting about in an unearthly way, but, of course, always towards Lutherville, because we were riding towards the moon. I enjoyed the night—its strangeness and sweet solemnity. But afterwards this ride up from Lutherville seemed to me like a sort of prophecy, such as we have in dreams, and to this day, if I am belated in a country ride, an

see the moonlight streaming in under the trees, and the shadows flitting about, my mind goes back to that ride, and to Lutherville, and the dreadful sights——But I'll tell you about that by and bye. Now I will finish about the ride.

Was I engaged to Edmund Burt? O, no. There had never been anything like courting between him and me. I was an only child, and an orphan from three years old, and I had always known Edmund; and for seven years past he had been like a brother to me. We both experienced religion at the same revival, and made our public profession at the same time, when I was only fourteen years old. He was then eighteen, and we had both continued in full church-membership ever since; and when we took this ride I was just turned twenty-one.

What did we talk about? Of the things around us; a good deal about church matters, and some little about business; for Edmund had lately been made foreman in his father's shop, and Mr. Burt was accounted the best shoemaker in that part of the country, and did a large business, having sometimes a dozen apprentices; and I had learned my trade, and set up in the dressmaking business with Sally Eliot. In Trego, in those days, working at a trade was not considered lowering to the dignity of a young woman, and I always went into the very best Methodist society.

We reached home that night about eleven o'clock, and I thought that was the last of our ride, but I was mistaken.

It was on a Monday afternoon that we went to Lutherville; for work was apt to be rather slack with all of us at the beginning of the week; and the very next day we heard of it in a way that was not exactly agreeable. Sally and I had rented a work-room in the business part of Trego, in a house next door to Mr. Sands, a grocer, and one of our prominent church-members; and as Mrs. Sands's kitchen and our room opened on the same back porch, she said to us, as soon as the weather got a little warm, "There's no need, girls, for you to go to the expense of a fire to heat your irons; there's always a fire on my kitchen hearth, and you're welcome to a place there when you want it." So we thanked her, and accepted her offer, for it was easy to step from our room to the porch and right into her kitchen, and it was not uncommon for us to stop a minute or two for a chat. Sometimes Sally or I went out by the day, and sometimes we took in work, just as the orders happened to come in, but that day we were both in the room; and, late in the afternoon, Sally took an iron into the kitchen to put to the fire, and found Mrs. Sands just come in from a visit to Mrs. Lines, our preacher's wife.

"What's this I've been hearing about you young people?" she said, in her short way, for she was just as quick to find fault as to do a kindness—that was Mrs. Sands—"what's this I hear about party going? And to a Lutherville tavern, too! Seems to me you might have found a more respectable place! You'll have to be dealt with, all of you, or scandal will be brought upon the decent church-members."

Sally was so frightened she could not answer a word, and came back with a pale, scared face, to tell me what she had heard. I just walked straight into the kitchen.

"Sister Sands," said I, "'judge not, that ye be not judged;' we are quite as decent church-members as yourself; and you'd better find out the truth before you talk about our not being respectable. We did go to Lutherville yesterday, because it was a pleasant ride, and the tavern where we took supper is a genteel house of entertainment, kept by a Methodist, who never sells liquor; and that is more than can be said of some church-members who hold their heads pretty high."

That struck home, for it was well known that Noah Sands sometimes traded in liquors, though he did not make a business of it. This was all before any great temperance movement, and the church was too easy with those who sold liquor in large quantities, though very hard on those who drank too much of it.

"Blackening other folks ain't going to whitewash yourself," she said, pretty tartly. "You've got into hot-water, and I only hope you may get out of it!"

"We haven't got in it yet," said I, as I took up my iron. "We have done nothing unbecoming modest Methodist young women, and you may be sure the church will look on it in the same light that I do."

When my anger had cooled off, I began to feel a little worried and anxious; and on my way home I stopped at Edmund's shop, to ask him to get word to the young men of the riding-party that I wanted them to meet at my house the next evening. I got the girls together, and on Wednesday evening the whole company was assembled in my little parlor.

I had rented a nice little frame house, with four good-sized rooms, and a kitchen in the "lean-to," for which I paid thirty-five dollars a year. I took it chiefly for the sake of an

aunt of mine, who had married badly. Her husband being a dangerous-tempered man when drunk (which was pretty much all the time), she had left him and tried to support herself and her children. But she could not earn much, and if she ever got a little money ahead her husband would manage to get it all away from her. When she lived with me he did not trouble her, for he had no right to set foot over the threshold of my house, and you may be sure he didn't get an invitation. It wasn't much she could earn, having little children to care for, but she put her furniture into the house.

It was in the parlor of this house the little company assembled. All that I wanted was to let them know that I did not consider that we had done anything sinful, and that I should make no mention of this ride in giving in my experience at class. All agreed with me, and it was decided to say nothing about it at Saturday class.

The class-meeting passed over quietly, though I could see all were surprised that nothing was said about that Monday ride. The class was fuller than usual, some being brought there by curiosity, but they were disappointed.

On Monday, however, our class-leader came to see me, and he pretty soon let me know the object of his visit.

"Sister Mincey," he said, "I fear that your feet are set in slippery places."

"I hope not, brother Burroughs," said I.

"Is not the world getting to be a delight to your eyes, and a snare to your footsteps?"

I thought it was not quite right to pretend that I did not know what he was aiming at, and so I spoke out: "If you are referring to our Monday's ride, I confess that the green fields, and the birds, and the honeysuckles were a delight to my eyes."

"The green fields are at work, sister Mincey, doing their duty in bearing food for man and beast, and the birds and honeysuckles are as God made them, and, no doubt, useful in various ways; but what good or useful service was accomplished by such a frolic as that of last Monday? Is it not rather giving occasion to the enemy, when a set of professing young men and women go pleasure-riding over the country, and end up with a carouse in a Lutherville tavern?"

This speech made me angry, and I answered: "Now, you know, brother Burroughs, just as well as I know it, that we went on no carouse. You know all the young folks in the party, and that there are no steadier persons to be found in the church, and you know that Luke Johns is a good Methodist, and keeps an orderly, temperance public-house."

"I was hasty in my speech, Sister Mincey. I was looking at it rather through the eyes of the world than through my own. The circuit-rider down there does speak well of brother Johns, and I believe that you had no evil intention, and behaved in an orderly and becoming manner; but worldly people will not so regard it, as you know. They will think it a party,—for aught we know it may be reported that you danced,—but even for this I do not care so much as for the influence it will have on the young people in the church. We look upon you as a leader among them, and that is why I have come to you alone upon the matter. Young brother Burt is a chosen vessel, and he must not be led aside from his high calling."

"I didn't ask him to take me riding; you may be sure of that!" I retorted.

Brother Burroughs's thin lips opened a little crack in what was as near a smile as he could manage. "I am sure," he said, "that you will not do anything unbecoming in a well-behaved woman; I only meant that your influence over the young people in the church is unbounded. With them, whatever Mary Mincey does is right. It behooves you, then, to walk circumspectly and not to do anything that will cause your weak brother or sister to offend."

As I look back now, I can see that spiritual pride was the weak point in my Christian armor. I was looked up to, as brother Burroughs had said, and I knew it, and was proud of my standing in the church and my character for piety, and so, you see, brother Burroughs's last dart touched me. But the Spirit seems sometimes to turn our very faults into helps to goodness; and the fear of losing my place in the estimation of pious people set me to thinking whether the ride was not, after all, a piece of worldliness. It was undertaken with no object whatever except our own gratification; and I thought with shame that, on that day, I might as well have been one of the birds that I had watched skimming over the honeysuckles for all the seriousness that had been in me. I did not think we had done anything actually sinful, but we had, perhaps, trod the edge of the flowery path that leads away from the Heavenly Home.

So I felt kindly to brother Burroughs, and thanked him for coming to see me privately, instead of bringing the matter before the

church, as he might have done; and I told him I would think over what he had said.

Would they have turned us out of the church? Oh, no, but we would have been reprimanded, and the matter would have been talked about all over the town, and that would have been disagreeable.

Well, that really was the last of our ride; but one thing leads on to another in this life in a way we don't see at the time, but it is all clear enough to us when our memories travel back and take up the stitches.

I am sure now that it was this conversation about the ride that made me take to heart a piece of gossip of Martha Hays. She came to my house one day for no other reason, I am sure, but the pleasure of telling it to me; for a bit of scandal was to Martha meat and drink, and pretty good lodging besides. Generally I paid no manner of heed to what she said, for her talk was no more worth minding than the tinkle of a cow-bell. But my conscience wasn't easy under brother Burroughs's words, and I had been questioning with myself whether I had been careful to keep my lamp trimmed and burning in the last few months. So when Martha told me that the whole church (she never used small measures) was talking about Mary Mincey, and how hard she was striving to make Richard Gardiner wait on her, even making a point of going out of evening meeting, in the face of the whole congregation, before it was time to close, in order to oblige Richard to go home with her—so, when Martha told me this, I was not angry as I might have been at another time. But I did feel hurt that they should bring up against me the fact of my sometimes coming early out of meeting, for they all knew the reason as well as I did, and that it was a great cross to me, as I had explained in class on several occasions.

The reason was this: The family which gave me the most work and the best pay lived a long mile from our church. They were excellent people, but had peculiar notions, and one was that the house must be locked up at nine o'clock at night, whatever might happen; so when I was engaged there, working by the week, I was obliged to leave evening meeting before it closed; and, just as surely as I rose from my seat on the women's side of the church, Richard Gardiner rose from his on the men's side, and, following me out, walked with me to the house. I had never objected to his going, as it seemed natural enough, intimate as we were, but I did not need his protection, for there was not the slightest danger and I was not afraid.

As for giving up the place, that was not to be thought of. My regular wages, when I went out to work, were seventy-five cents a day, or three dollars a week, but I did a good deal of fine, nice work for the Brewer family, and they paid me extra for it, sometimes as high as six dollars a week. This was an object to me, as you may know, with a house on my hands and Aunty Carr's family to look after. I could not give up the place, but I could prevent Richard from going there with me. And this I resolved to do, not so much on account of the gossip, for this would die away after a while, but for my own sake. For Martha's words had given forms to the shadows of ideas that had lately been troubling me, and I saw at once that the truth of the matter had been that I had allowed myself to be too much influenced by Richard. It was difficult not to be influenced by Richard. Somehow he carried you along with him when he talked, until you didn't know exactly where you stood. He was a good young man,—morally good, I mean,—and upright and honorable. He would not knowingly do wrong, or lead others to do it, but he was high-spirited and worldly-minded. I could see now how worldly our talk had generally been, and how he had caused me to look on the things of time as if they were to be compared with the things of eternity.

Who was Richard Gardiner? The only child of Paul Gardiner, who had kept the largest store in Trego. His father had died a couple of years before this time, and had left Richard his business, so that he was better off than most of the young men. It was a Methodist family, and Richard had been piously brought up, and attended all the meetings, except class, as regularly as Edmund and I. He had the deepest respect for religion, and I believe had honestly tried to secure it for himself, but, up to this time, he had not found saving grace, though he had been several times up to the anxious bench, and twice, I know, had been under deep conviction. Harvest after harvest had been gathered into our church, but Richard was always left outside. And so good as he was, too! Sometimes I used to think if he had only been worse, there had been a better chance for his getting through and expressing an assured hope. He and Edmund were intimate friends, and were so like brothers to me that I never felt the want of a brother, though I often wished for a sister. In any trouble I appealed to one or the

other indifferently, and consulted them about my plans, and they were always thoughtful for me. There seemed to be an agreement between them, that if one could not attend to me the other would. Richard always went with me when I left meeting early, because Edmund was needed to lead in the prayers and the singing.

It happened that I was engaged to go to the Brewers' the Monday after I had heard Martha's story, and on my way out I stopped at Richard's store to get sewing-silk and linings. I had a little note for him tucked under my glove, for I knew there would be people in the store to prevent my saying what I had on my mind. So I wrote a few lines, just asking him as a favor not to go home with me from the Tuesday night prayer-meeting, and that I had a good reason I could not tell him then.

He had just got in a lot of spring goods, and he showed me a case full of beautiful ribbons. You talk now, my dear, about the wonderful tints in greens, as if there had never been any like them, but they had just such sixty years ago in dress goods and ribbons—lovely changeable greens, with browns and yellows and whites all blending into one another.

"I have picked out a ribbon for your bonnet, Mary," said Richard, as he took a roll out of the case; "I thought of you the moment I saw it."

He unrolled it and tossed it out of his hand, and it fluttered down on the heap of dark cambric he had been cutting off for me, which furnished a background to bring out the green tint—just the color of young sage-leaves.

"It is lovely, Richard," I said, "but too gay for me."

"Why, it is not gay at all," he said, "it is very pale in color, and this delicate green will suit your pink cheeks."

He whispered this as he bent over to gather up the ribbon, which he let float slowly out of his hand into a stronger light, where it looked as if moonshine were running up and down it.

I shook my head. "It is entirely too bright," I said, rather regretfully, I am afraid.

Then he gathered some of it up in a heap and threw it softly down right into the sunlight that fell on the counter; and there it showed a pale, pearl-gray, with just the slightest suspicion of green; and it looked so plain-colored I thought it really might suit me, so I told him to cut me off two yards. I kept a scrap of this ribbon for a long time, but it is lost now. It was heavy Mantua ribbon, but Richard let me have it at the wholesale price, sixty cents a yard. I never allowed him to give me anything out of the store, but he would not let me pay more than wholesale price.

When he handed me the package I managed to slip the note into his hand; and I went to the prayer-meeting Tuesday night thinking how strange it would be to take the walk back to Mr. Brewer's alone. I was quite nervous when it was time to return. The congregation were singing "The year of Jubilee," I remember, as I stepped out of the pew into the aisle. At that moment I saw a black figure looming up on the other side of the church, and as I walked down one aisle Richard walked down the other.

"I told you not to do this," I said, turning on him sharply, as soon as we were outside.

"I shall not let you take that long walk alone," he said, "if all the busy tongues in the church wag at us."

So he had heard the gossip too, and did not care for it. I was secretly so much pleased that he should, as it were, set all the church at defiance for my sake that I did not give him the scolding I intended. "And, after all," I thought, "his coming out of church with me was less noticeable than his staying in would have been." You see I had completely lost sight of the deeper reason I had had for requesting him not to go with me.

So I only said, "There is not the smallest danger." And then I slipped my hand into his arm, and we walked off as usual.

But we had a very unusual conversation, for Richard told me that he loved me, and asked me to be his wife. I was startled, almost frightened, for he was very vehement, and my brain was in a whirl with the new thoughts he had put in it. I had sometimes wondered if I ever would have an offer of marriage, and who would make it, and perhaps it is strange that I had never thought of the two young men who were most attentive to me. But their attentions had always been so brotherly, and I had known them so long.

I did not ask myself now if I loved him, it seemed such a strange thing that he should love me. That was all I could think of. Richard kept talking on, trying to win a word from me. Scripture sentences always came readily to my mind, and I finally murmured, more to myself than to him, "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers."

But he caught the words: "I was afraid that would be your feeling, Mary," he said. "I will not argue the point with you now, or quote other Bible phrases, such as the unbelieving husband being won by the conversation of the wife; but I am sure that, at some other time, I can convince you that my not being a professor of religion should not stand between us. All that I want to know now is if you love me. Love is the best thing in this world, dearest, and your words give me hope, for, if you did not care for me a little you would not have thought of any barrier there might be between us."

I did love Richard; I had always loved him. But the kind of love he was now asking for I knew nothing about. I could not have told whether I loved him in that way or not, if my life had depended upon it. But, turning aside from any spiritual view of the matter, and looking at it only in the worldly light in which he wished me to, I found a barrier there also. Something did stand between us even then. It was Edmund Burt. It seemed almost as if I was looking into his eyes, and that they were telling me that any word of love I might say to Richard would be a sore hurt to Edmund. And yet, I could not hurt Richard. So I thought it best to speak out frankly part of what was in my heart.

"I have always looked upon you, you know, Richard, as a sort of brother, and I cannot think of you in this way all at once—it startles me so."

My voice trembled, I expect, for I was near crying, and Richard said, soothingly:

"Never mind, dear Mary, there is plenty of time. Don't worry over what I have said. Let everything be as it was between us. I wanted to let you know my feelings towards you; and some time you will get to know your own heart better. I shall not trouble you with this subject again for a long time."

Richard meant well, and his words did sound comforting; but one can't coax a trouble out of sight, you know; and this, my first love affair, was a trouble to me for a long time. It was not the joyful thing I had imagined a love affair to be. I had not taken into account that in everything there is a conflict between right and wrong. They tell me that now it is the doctrine that in all such matters the feelings are the safest guides. How can this be true if "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked?" And yet, perhaps God does lead us sometimes by our feelings alone. I don't know how this may be, but no such doctrine was held among those with whom I was brought up. We were never to forget that we had our salvation to work out "with fear and trembling;" that our duty to God was the first consideration in everything; and that we must bring every earthly matter to His footstool and seek His guidance. This was the faith in which I tried to walk; and, if I failed to do what was right, I can't help thinking that the fault must have lain somewhere else than in the old faith.

That was Tuesday night. When Sunday came, bright and clear, I dressed myself for church, all in new attire. I wore a puce-colored Levantine, for which I had paid a dollar and a half a yard, but it only took eight yards to make a dress, and a good Levantine lasted for years. It was plainly made, without trimmings, and with narrow lace ruffles in the neck and sleeves. I had a plain silk parasol to match the dress, white silk gloves, and white silk stockings, and black kid slippers. All this, though new, was in my usual style, but in my bonnet I made a change. I was tired of the straight, white, untrimmed shirred silk bonnets I had worn every summer for years and years; and so, that season, I had given seven dollars for an English Dunstable, double straw. This was a high price, but I knew I could wear it for several summers, with bleaching and doing up. It was made in the straight Methodist fashion, and my beautiful delicate ribbon was laid across it in a fold and tied under the chin in a bow. Around the face was a narrow quilling of bobbinet lace.

Richard overtook me on my way to church, and, for the first time in my life, I was embarrassed in his presence. But he talked as easily as if nothing unusual had passed between us, praised my taste in dress, and told me the ribbon was very becoming. This was not proper conversation for the Sabbath, but my mind was so unsettled that I did not think much about what was said, though it came to me plainly enough soon after.

The very next Saturday night it was. I recollect it, because it was class night, and Edmund went home with me and sat with me a while in my little parlor. All these things are as clear to me as if they had just happened. I remember well that little parlor in the feeble light of the oil lamp, with Edmund and I sitting near the open window, and the scent of the climbing roses coming in through the slatted blinds. Edmund had been very quiet during our walk, and it was evident to me that he had something weighty on his mind, and, at last, out it came.

"Sister Mincey," he began (and then I

knew it was something about religious matters, for when we talked of other subjects he always called me Mary), "did your conscience bear you witness in decking yourself out in the gay apparel of last Sunday?"

No one could ever get really angry with Edmund. He had such a tender way of saying things, as if the love of the Lord Jesus constrained him, as indeed it did in everything; but my temper was a little touched that he should find fault with what I had thought a very simple dress, and I asked him in rather an acid manner what part of my clothing he had thought gay?

"You have been an example to the young women, sister Mincey, in plain and modest dress, and I was very much surprised last Sunday to see you with such a flaunting ribbon on your bonnet."

I felt it was unjust to call my delicate sage-green "flaunting," and it did not please me just then to be considered an "example."

"The ribbon was the least costly part of my dress," I said, "and green seems to me a very good color that the Lord has scattered around pretty plentifully."

Edmund thought a moment before he replied: "Certainly we ought not to spend much money upon clothing, but serviceable wear must be taken into account in purchasing, and your judgment is good in such matters. I can only speak of the effect, and to my eyes all your dress except the gay ribbon was such as was seemly for a professing Christian. The ribbon may, possibly, do you no harm; but you have great influence over the girls, and one will say, If sister Mincey wears a gay ribbon, I may too; and another will pin a bow on her bonnet, and another may even go so far as to stick a bunch of flowers on hers. This is why the sight was grievous to me, and I thought I ought to speak to you about it."

Not one word in regard to its effects on my looks! I recalled then what Richard had said about it, and I was provoked into mentioning it:

"Richard persuaded me to buy that ribbon, and he says I have never worn anything so becoming—that it exactly suits my complexion. But I suppose *you* never noticed *that*."

"No," he said, "I never noticed it. I only thought of its effect on the souls of those around us, and your own soul too, sister Mincey, for even those who feel that they are sanctified must not be too sure of not becoming castaways."

Edmund referred here to a belief we both held, and had often talked over. I know many good people do not subscribe to it; but it has always seemed to me that the good God would not leave his people to grope along this puzzling world without an assurance of being accepted, and through life this has been my comfort and my stay; and I believed then, and still think, that those who never feel that they are really God's saints cannot be perfectly happy in their religion.

We fell into a long silence. I thought over all that Edmund had said, and then my mind wandered off to Richard, and to that conversation we had had after evening meeting, and then it came back to Edmund as I remembered how he had seemed to stand between Richard and me. I had forgotten he was there near me, and was quite startled when he spoke.

"Forgive me, Mary," he said, "if, in doing what I felt to be my duty, I have offended you. I would not hurt your feelings for the world, but a soul is more precious than the world. And you are every way precious to me, Mary. I have been wanting for a long time to tell you how precious, but have lacked the courage, for I saw you only cared for me as a friend—a brother, it may be—and for four years I have been looking forward to the time when you would perhaps consent to be my wife. There is nothing earthly I have longed for as I long for this. I know that this is unexpected to you, and I will not press you for an answer until you are ready to give it."

This was not unexpected to me. It would have been so, two weeks earlier; but, when Richard spoke to me in that way, I seemed to hear Edmund's voice also, and I felt assured then that Edmund loved me, and that, sooner or later, he would tell me so. With the memory of Richard's ardor and vehemence fresh in my mind Edmund seemed cold and contained, but I knew he loved me as truly. He spoke in that way because his feelings were tempered by the deepest conscientiousness. I felt that he was very dear to me, but was he as dear as Richard? And just as Edmund had stood between Richard and me, so now Richard stood between Edmund and me.

As soon as I could collect my thoughts, I said: "Edmund, I don't believe I love you in the way you would like me to, but I am not quite sure; and perhaps you will despise me when I tell you that a few days ago Richard asked me to be his wife, and I gave him the same answer. I can't say to either of you yes or no."

What a stillness there was in that little

room for a minute, and I grew frightened, and Edmund's voice seemed to come to me from a long distance! "What did Richard say?" he asked.

"He told me to take time to think about it."

"I have known what Richard's feelings have been for you, Mary, though not a word has passed between us on the subject, and I think he understands me perfectly. I am anxious for his happiness, as I believe him to be for mine. And here there will be no hatred between us, whatever may happen. We will be just to each other, but it is your happiness, not ours, that you are to consider. Put out of your mind all thought of what the consequences may be to either of us, and consult your own heart, and ask the Lord for guidance to do, in this matter, what will be best for you in this world and that which is to come. Why should I despise you for not being able to choose at once between such old friends? I repeat Richard's words, dear Mary, take time to think about it."

It was impossible to follow Edmund's advice. How could I put out of my mind all thought of the consequences to them? Next to our profession of religion it was the most important decision we had ever been called upon to make, and I felt it would decide the future of all three for time and for eternity. And this great responsibility, you see, rested upon me alone. They both resumed their old brotherly ways, but the old feeling never came back to us. Edmund was as good as his word, and left me in peace to think and to pray; but Richard kept forgetting what he had said, and he worried me a good deal to try to find out exactly how I felt towards him, and then he would blame himself severely for troubling me.

I would have given a good deal at that time to have been able to know exactly which of these men I loved the best. When I was with Edmund, I liked Richard's ardent, eager manner; and when I was with Richard, there seemed to me nothing in all the world so pleasant as Edmund's quiet, gentle ways. Sometimes I thought I did not love either of them, and that I would tell them so and end the matter. But I could not bear to give either of them up. And, after all, this question did not trouble me as much as the other far more important one, which one *ought* I to love the best? Edmund was good and true, but so was Richard. He was so true that he never said to me: "I will try to be religious for your sake, and will you have me if I join the church?" Had he said this, my doubts would have come to a sudden end, for I could never have married a man who made the mercy-seat a stepping-stone to the marriage-altar. Edmund was already in the fold, and from him I would have every help towards growing in grace, and it seemed right that those who loved to serve the Lord should be mated together. But there was much to be said on the other side, for Edmund's spiritual nature needed nothing from me. He would stand steadfast through everything, whereas it might be that the very salvation of Richard's soul depended upon me. As his wife I would have to struggle against worldliness and vanity; but I had a more assured hope than many, and perhaps it had been granted me for this very purpose. My mind was tossed first on one side and then on the other.

As I had told Edmund what passed between Richard and me, I thought it only right to tell Richard of the interview I had had with Edmund. He was less generous than Edmund, for he said:

"Edmund is far better than I am, Mary, but he can never love you half so well. It is not in his nature to love as I do. But I see," he added, looking at my straw bonnet, which I happened to have on at the time, "that you have already gone far towards making a decision, as you wear a ribbon of his choosing rather than mine."

[I had taken off the gay ribbon and replaced it with strings of white lustring.]

"That signifies nothing," I replied, "except that in spiritual matters I consider Edmund's judgment better than yours."

I have tried to give you some idea of the thoughts that toiled through my mind day after day, but I know I have failed. We realize the workings of our own consciences, but we can't describe them to others. My mind was more absorbed in this subject than it ever could have been in gay ribbons or riding parties. I could not read my Bible with singleness of heart. Thoughts of Edmund or Richard intruded into my private prayers; and as for the seasons of refreshment in the Sabbath services and prayer-meetings, when my soul used to glow as I poured out my pleadings that all might be led or kept in perfect peace, they were gone utterly. I was accounted to have a gift in prayer, and even at this time I never refused when our preacher called on me to lead in prayer, but I would feel afterwards that I ought to have refused, for my heart was not in it.

We were at war with England at that time

—in 1813—but I didn't know much that was going on, I was so occupied with my own warfare; and none of the Methodist young men of Trego had gone into the army then, though some did afterwards.

A malignant fever broke out in Lutherville, and made short work with the drunken men and poorly fed women and children of that place. There were not enough well people to take care of the sick, and nurses could not be got to go there. Trego people got frightened, and no communication was allowed between the two places. This, being so near home, did rouse me a little out of myself, but still I did not give much thought to it.

This was the middle of July, and the weather was very hot. One afternoon, oppressed with the heat and my burden of perplexities, I threw aside my sewing, and, putting on my sun-bonnet, left my work-room and took a walk along the bank of the river, beyond the houses. As I was thinking that, in some way, I must end the strife in my mind, even if it should be by giving up both Edmund and Richard, the latter came up with me, having seen me pass his store, and followed me out of the town. As if he had divined my thoughts and was answering them, he urged me to decide one way or the other, assuring me that he could give me up to Edmund if I felt that I loved him best and would be happiest with him.

This was the first time he had ever hinted at the possibility of my marrying Edmund, and I began to think that perhaps this would not be to him the terrible blow I had feared, and that it might help me towards seeing the right way. But when I said, "I know Edmund could not fail to make me happy, but that is not——" he interrupted me, and contradicted himself by declaring in the most positive manner that I would never be happy with Edmund, for I only felt drawn towards him from a sense of duty, and that he could not give me up at all.

I knew it was not true that I loved Edmund from a sense of duty; but then came my moment of great weakness. I have told you that when I was with Richard I felt I loved Edmund best, and when I was with Edmund that Richard was dearest to me; but now my heart went out towards the one who was near me. Just then he seemed to me of very great price, and when I looked into his dear eyes, soft and shining with love, I was about to yield and say, "Richard, take me," when it was as if something whispered to me: "Wait a moment!"

He never knew what passed through my mind in that moment. He stood silent, expectant. Everything was still. Then I lifted up my heart and prayed to God—not that he would help me and teach me in this thing (for that I had often prayed),—but that He would then vouchsafe me a sign by which His will should be made clear to me.

This prayer finished, I found Edmund at my side as if he had dropped from heaven.

He smiled, a little sadly, I thought, at my startled look, and said, "I have seen you two for some time, but you were not looking the way I came, and you were so absorbed in each other you did not hear my footsteps. I have come, Mary, to bid you good-bye."

Was I about to lose Edmund? My heart sank. "Where are you going?" I asked.

"To Lutherville."

"Oh, Edmund!" Richard cried out, "don't go there. It is like the Valley of Death!"

"That is the very reason I am going," said Edmund. "Think of the poor creatures perishing for want of the nursing I can give them, and of the precious souls perishing for lack of the bread of life."

"And we cannot hear from you," said Richard, deeply moved, "or know whether you are dead or alive!"

"No," said Edmund, solemnly, "we three will not meet again for many weeks—perhaps—not then."

Richard turned to me: "Mary, help me to persuade Edmund not to go."

I had not said a word. Here was the sign I had asked for. The Lord had granted my prayer. He had sent a messenger to call me to the work He had appointed me. I looked into Edmund's face, always winning, and now made noble by holy love, and, laying my hand on his arm, I said: "I will go with you."

Richard moved away. I did not dare to look at him, for fear I might falter. I kept my eyes on Edmund's face, my hand on his arm, and thus we stood for several minutes. When he drew me to him and kissed my lips, I knew that Richard had passed out of sight.

What do you say? Did Edmund accept this sacrifice? He had no right to refuse it. Did Abraham refuse when he was called upon to offer up his only child? The sacrifice was not to him, but to the Lord. Edmund was dear to me, and it was sweet to be with him anywhere. Life was sweet to me too, but I could give it up, if it was the Lord's pleasure. But Richard took the same

view of it that you do. He had a long interview with Edmund, trying to convince him that he was doing wrong in accepting from me the sacrifice of my life by thus taking me down into the pestilence; and Edmund replied, as I have to you, that I was not making the sacrifice to him but to the Lord. Then Richard sent a letter to me. He could not trust himself to see me, he wrote, but he begged me not to marry Edmund until after his return from Lutherville, or else to insist on his not going there at all.

I answered him that my mind was fully made up; that the Lord had called me, and, in calling me thus, had made it clear to me that I should cast in my lot with Edmund, and I ended by entreating that, if I lived, he would be to me the same dear brother he had always been.

This was my last communication with Richard Gardiner for forty years; for he returned me no answer to this note. And, indeed, there was but little time, for the work Edmund and I had to do could not wait for us, and on the third day after my decision was made, we were married.

It was not the fashion of those days to take wedding trips, for traveling was not the easy thing it is now. The bridal couple went at once to their own home. Gay people of the world gave large wedding parties, and the more serious-minded had, perhaps, a few tea-drinkings. But Edmund and I did have a bridal trip. The iron-gray horse took us over the same road we had so gayly traveled two months before, by the green fields and through the spicy woods, down into the Valley of Death.

. . . . . .

Neither of us caught the fever. We were wonderfully preserved and sustained in our labors for the bodies and souls of those poor people, but I shall never forget the fearful scenes of that pestilence. This terrible visitation was followed by a great revival of religion, and a harvest of souls was gathered into the church. We were not the only ones moved to go there and nurse the sick. We had been soon joined by a few pious men and women.

When we returned to Trego in the autumn Richard was gone. He had removed to this city and opened here a dry-goods store. A few years after, Edmund set up in business here; but by that time Richard had drifted entirely away from us into another religious denomination, then into fashionable society, and then into public life. We used to talk of him sometimes; we would have welcomed him gladly to our home, but he never sought us, and there was nothing to cause us to meet. He married, and I used to wonder if his wife made him happy. It is hard for us to believe that the life of any one who has been so near to us can be quite complete without us. I forget how it was exactly, but I think she did not live many years.

I was happy in the love of husband and children. We were prosperous. We had enough to make us comfortable, to educate our children, and to give away. The children all grew up to be good men and women, and I was content, and never regretted the choice I had made on that July afternoon in 1813. But one may have no regrets and yet not be at perfect peace. My life was too busy for much thinking of the past, but there were times—perhaps you can't understand—I don't want to give a false impression—but when I was nigh on to sixty years, I could not fully answer the questions that had troubled me that summer of 1813—which did I then love the best, Edmund or Richard? — which ought I to have married? There were times when I questioned whether I should have been so *very* sure that the Lord gave me a sign that day. Had not Richard needed me more than Edmund, who would have firmly walked heavenward without any earthly support? Had I not made Richard's life, such as it was, full of worldly cares and empty of everything else? Was I not the one person in the world who could have made his life fuller and better?

I think now—indeed, I may say I know—that these were vain imaginings, and that I loved Edmund best, first, and always, and that it is likely I could not have influenced Richard's life as I then fancied I could. But there were times, now and then, when the calm happiness in which my life glided along seemed a stagnant pool to me, and when I was troubled with misgivings that the Lord had made me strong in the days of my youth to fit me for other and stormier scenes. You see, my dear, I know from experience that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

Edmund died at sixty-three. We were old people then, I thought, and that was twenty years ago!

It was about a year after this that I met Richard, and spoke the first words I had uttered to him since that time I had turned to say to him, "Richard, take me." It was a chance meeting. In a case of charity, in which I was interested, I was directed to the office of the president of a benevolent institution, and

there I found Richard. My dear, he did not know me! But when I told him who I was his face lighted up with pleasure, and we had a long talk, chiefly about Edmund. After awhile we took up the old days at Trego, but not a word was said about the summer of 1813.

The Honorable Richard Gardiner was a handsome old gentleman, courtly and affable; but I realized then that there was no real sympathy between him and me. And then, for the first time, was I fully satisfied that I had not loved this man. Since then my mind has been at perfect peace.

Except once. Nine years ago Richard died. It was late in the fall, when I could not go out; but I knew that his cemetery lot was on the river bank, not far from ours. Often, during that winter, I thought of the two old friends once more brought near together; but it was not until early summer that I was well enough to visit the two graves. My son James was in the habit of driving me out to Edmund's grave frequently during the summer, and we always took some of the children with us, and heaps of flowers. I was glad the honeysuckles were not all out of bloom when I went, for I liked to lay some on Edmund's grave every year. But the roses had always seemed to me to be Richard's flowers; and this day, while the children were tying wreaths, I slipped a bunch of roses under my shawl, and stole away to lay them on Richard's grave.

But there was no grave at all—nothing but a lonely marble tomb with pillars, and arches, and statues;—and when I looked back to the grassy mound under which Edmund was sleeping, with the scent of flowers, and the sweet voices of children floating around him; for a few minutes the old doubt came creeping back into my heart, and I wondered if my hand had raised this cold, hard shell between Richard and all that was tender and sweet in the world.

I am a foolish old woman to cry now out of sheer pity for him who, perhaps, never needed my pity.

There was no place there for my roses, and I would not put Richard's flowers on Edmund's grave, and so I laid them gently in the river.

A VISIT TO PIUS IX.

Monsignor Ricci, an officer of the Pope's Palace, whom I had begged to have the kindness to present me to the Holy Father, informed me beforehand by note that on the morrow, at eleven o'clock, His Holiness was graciously willing to receive me at the Vatican in the company of a prelate, a friend of mine, who belonged to the court. Our carriage conveyed us by the rear of the apsis of the basilica of Saint Peter's into the courtyard of San Damaso, where we descended.

The Pontifical gendarmes,—Pius the Ninth has retained one hundred gendarmes, as many halberdiers, who, together with twenty soldiers of the engineers turned into firemen, and sixty of the guard of nobles, preserve the independence of the Holy See,—the gendarmes on guard at the gate of the courtyard present arms to us. I say "us;" but it is the prelate to whom this honor is tendered. We bow; a domestic opens the scala of white marble, the easy flight of which leads up to the pontifical apartment. On the first landing-place a Swiss in shoes with buckles, stockings striped longitudinally with yellow, canary, and black, in a jacket variegated with black, yellow, and red bands, helmet on head, halberd in hand, paces stiffly to and fro with measured steps. He perceives the violet mantle of my companion and suddenly stops motionless. The blow of a halberd resounds on the slabs; one hears it strike and rebound in majestic waves along the brick-colored marble walls, and the window-panes tremble in their leaden frames. The prelate gives his benediction to the guard; I raise my hat. At the second landing another Swiss, another thud of halberd, a second blessing, a new bow. The same ceremony is repeated at the third stair-head and we enter the guard-room. At the further end and opposite the door six Swiss are drawn up in line. One might suppose them knaves taken from six packs of cards. Six halberds slide through their hands and fall with a crash on the mosaic at sight of the prelatical insignia; then the blessing and raising of hat together. Two lackeys of the Holy Father, in red stockings, short hose and doublet with false sleeves of crimson Utrecht velvet, bow deeply and kiss the prelate's hand; I give them my hat, and they usher us into a vast

ante-chamber, which we cross at their heels. They raise a door-curtain which opens upon the first pontifical drawing-room, and retire backwards with many reverences.

Four drawing-rooms follow each other, vacant; on the ceilings are frescoes painted; the walls are hung with woolen tapestries or adorned with panels of various kinds which form the frames for canvas. Some of these frescoes, tapestries and canvases, which represent events in the life of Christ or in church history, are very fine. There are no other decorations; a carpet on the wooden floor, as is customary at Rome in winter; some stools of waxed oak; a copper *brasero*, a gilded bracket with twisted legs and medallions, propping a crucifix, are the only furniture of the pontifical drawing-rooms.

The third room to which we come is in the same style, only beneath its canopy is seen a red velvet arm-chair of wood and with gilt fringe. It is the throne of the pontiff. A group of some ten prelates in violet cloaks talk together in a low voice. Four Franciscans, clad in a coarse stuff, draw themselves humbly away behind the marble uprights near the door; they cross their hands in their woolen sleeves, the edges of which partly hide a rosary of large beads; their eyes cast down in meditation brighten their venerable beards, which spread out their silver threads upon the breast; their bare feet are coarse and reddened by the air. They seem embarrassed at finding themselves at court. In the recess of a window a Camaldule in a white woolen robe reads his breviary. Near him the Capuchin Archbishop of Iconium, Monsignor Luigi Puecher Passavalli, who made the opening speech at the last council, is engaged in a political discussion with three Roman nobles in frock-coats. He is a sturdy prelate, white of beard, gray and quick of eye, open of countenance. His violet skull-cap and his silken mantle of the color of dead leaves lend something severely theatrical to his monastic costume. A poor old Sabine curé hides his confusion in the twilight cast by these princes of the Church. His eyes are moist, a shiver makes his bowed shoulders tremble under a cloak of honor, doubtless the same which he put on the day of his taking orders; its material has turned a greener shade than the thatch of his parsonage. Like the aged Simeon coming to salute the child of Bethlehem, he has come down from his mountain to be blessed by the Holy Father.

Through the windows the magnificent hills of Rome appear, entirely covered with their buildings, and stretch away in waves at the foot of the Vatican; the cupolas seem to prostrate themselves before the palace of the pontiff. One might suppose it all a show arranged for his eyes. Not far off, at the end of the open gallery of John XXIII., the cross of Savoy floats on Fort Saint Angelo in place of the gold and purple flag of the Church,—gold and silver since the days of Pius VII.

Piedmont trumpets are heard on the bank of the castle moats, and they send their mocking blare to the pontifical throne itself. Suddenly the cannon roars. It is the signal for mid-day, the royal troops having preserved this ancient custom.

At this moment a cardinal, followed by two domestic prelates, enters and disappears by a door which leads to the private apartment of the Pope. His entrance causes a stir which brings me near to the Archbishop of Iconium; Monsignor Ricci presents me to him, and the archbishop asks for news of Mgr. Dupont, Bishop of Azoth, who left Siam, where he had lived thirty years, to assist at the Ecumenical Council of 1869.

The little door which opened just now opens again. Two officers of the old pontifical army advance slowly; they are of noble family, to judge by their distinguished bearing. After them come two chamberlains, bearing the one the papal hat, purple, with gold tassels, the other a breviary, and take their places beneath the principal doorway.

The Pope enters the throne-hall.

Behind him march the cardinals Berardi and Guidi, Mgr. Pacca, Mgr. Ricci and a few prelates of his house.

All present put one knee to the ground.

This old man, entirely clad in white, white of hair, with blanched wrinkles on his face, as if the blood had departed, inspires you immediately with a very great respect. One might say it was an apparition of a phantom of snow. His girdle of white moire glitters on the background of his robe, like a blade of ice. The gold chain which he wears on his neck, his red slippers, and his glance still bright, throw a mysterious splendor on that whiteness. His body has remained strong; he has resisted his eighty winters. His step is easy; his face of an exceeding gentleness, noble and mobile, has preserved a beam of youthfulness. His forehead is burdened less than usual with cares; last Sunday his little niece, Mme. la Comtesse Maria-Pia Mastai-Ferreti, took the veil of the Oblates at the convent of Tor di Specchi. That religious festival made his heart young again.

Pio Nono in his left hand holds a letter be-

hind his back; his right blesses the persons who happen to be on his way. He first speaks a few words to a cardinal, then to one of the three persons in frock-coats, then to the Archbishop of Iconium, with whom he converses for a moment. I am at the side of Mgr. Passavalli; Mgr. Ricci, who had the goodness to announce me to the Holy Father a little before, gives my name.

"Ah, you then are the former General-in-chief of the forces of the Kingdom of Siam?"

"Yes, Most Holy Father."

"I was very sincerely afflicted by the death of the King of Siam, whom I loved because of the protection he afforded to the Catholic missionaries. Has his successor the same sentiments?"

"Yes, Most Holy Father, Prince Maha Chulalon Korn follows in the steps of his illustrious father."

The Pope asked one of his chamberlains for the King of Siam's letter written in September, 1852, and which was presented to him by two young Siamese under the guidance of Mgr. Pallegoix, Bishop of Mallos, and Apostolical Vicar of Siam.

Here is a passage from that curious letter, which, in accordance with the epistolary custom of Somdetch-Phra-Paramendr-Maha-Mongkut, is a very long one:

"I am not yet a believer in Christ; I am a pious follower of Buddhism; but I only hold to the philosophy of that religion, which has been disfigured by fables so monstrous and absurd that it seems to me it will soon disappear from the world. Your Holiness may be fully persuaded that in my reign there will be no persecutions of Christians, and that the Roman Catholics, especially protected, shall never be employed in any superstitious rite contrary to their religion, which matters I have charged the Bishop of Mallos to explain to your Holiness."

"And he keeps his promise, does he not, General?"

"Perfectly, Most Holy Father."

"So much the better, for I am not disquieted in that direction. Would to God that as much could be said of other parts of the earth! Shall you stay long in Rome?"

"Not as long as I could wish, Most Holy Father. I shall pass but a few weeks here."

"Nevertheless there is much to be learned for men who are interested in politics."

"Very true, Most Holy Father; but your Holiness knows that in this world one never does what one wishes."

"Have you still your family?"

"That happiness has gone, Holy Father. I lost them all in the French war."

He gives me his benediction, and then turns toward a prelate who hands him a petition. Cardinal Berardi puts on his shoulders a purple mantle, bordered all about with cloth of gold. Pio Nono takes the head of the procession, stopping now and then and speaking a few graceful words. We follow him across the four drawing-rooms which we had already passed through. We cut diagonally the vestibule of the crimson lackeys and in his train reach a grand drawing-room where fifty persons are ranged along the walls. The ladies are in black with false mantillas. The Holy Father makes the circuit of the whole room, says a word to each stranger, stops for five minutes near an ancient lady, who bursts into tears and crouches upon the ground, so profound is her emotion. Sobs choke her voice; she has difficulty in making herself understood. Pio Nono consoles her in a truly paternal manner. Then he addresses a few words in a firm voice and in French to the persons gathered about him. We kneel; he gives his general benediction and goes out by the vestibule, followed by his court, passes the guard-room, where the Swiss present arms to him on their knees, and proceeds to take his promenade in the library, the weather being too uncertain to descend into the gardens of the Vatican.

Every day this ceremony is repeated.

Pius the Ninth rises at six in the morning, alone and without aid from a chamberlain, in spite of his extreme old age. Having performed his meditation, he rings for his chamberlain, who watches in a room adjoining his, and proceeds to read his mass in the pontifical chapel, assisted by his Grand Almoner, Mgr. de Merode, Archbishop of Mitylene, and his sacristan, Mgr. Marinelle, Archbishop of Porphiry. A quarter of an hour later he takes a light meal, receives Cardinal Antonelli, opens his letters, gives audiences. At half-past eleven or at mid-day his promenade begins. At two o'clock he dines, eating little and drinking Bordeaux wine, which the sisterhood of St. Joseph of Bordeaux send him. He rests himself until about four on an extension chair. Then he receives the cardinals, the religious orders; studies the matters submitted to him. At seven the official receptions are opened until nine o'clock; he goes to bed at half-past ten or eleven o'clock. He no longer leaves the Vatican; this impressionable pontiff, who used to love the acclamations of the populace, wears mourning

n his palace. At Rome there are no longer either religious fêtes or pontifical.

The Pope is said to be kind and tender, but a man of impressions. Rarely does he turn back from a first emotion; men and things please him or displease him at first light, and preserve in his eyes their agreeable or disagreeable physiognomy. This spontaneity of resolve, which proceeds from a great delicacy of the perceptive faculties, renders him a person moulded with difficulty. In truth, the great art of Cardinal Antonelli, by which he has preserved the favor of the sovereign through a long reign of twenty-seven years, has been to discover his faintest thoughts and to conform himself to them.

THE FIRST-BORN.

TREAD rev'rently, this is a holy place!
A soul this moment here begins to be—
A spirit born to live eternally:
Speak low! commences here a human race;
An infant-man, God's image on his face,
In life's rough journey takes his first degree,
Opens his eyes, ah! not the end to see,
Only Omniscience all that path can trace.
Softly in whispers; there a mother lies,
The dew of youth upon her, yet so pale!
She folds white hands, and looks, with upturned eyes,
To her Deliverer, seen as through the veil
Of this hour's weakness; still, her full heart tries
For thankful utterance, though words may fail.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Atlantic Disaster and its Lessons.

IT is a good time, after the first horror of the disaster to the steamship *Atlantic* has passed away, to consider and discuss, with calmness and candor, the question as to the responsibility for that wholesale sacrifice of the lives of innocent and trustful passengers. Where was the blame? We are not inclined to place it at the door of Capt. Williams' chart-room. It is no more than just to believe that he did the best he knew how to do. His own safety was involved with that of his passengers, and his action after the wreck showed that he considered his own life worth saving as well as that of his passengers. Was he considerately cautious under the circumstances in which he found himself? Probably not. Did he prove himself to be a good navigator? We think not. Would the ship have been lost in the hands of a man who understood the dangers of the coast, and thoroughly felt the tremendous responsibilities of his office? Possibly not—probably not. But who placed Capt. Williams in command of the ship? Who but the same company that sent him out of port with a shamefully small supply of coal, and thus forced him into the circumstances which he proved himself to be incompetent to meet and master?

If Capt. Williams was an incompetent navigator, the fact must have been known to the company as well before as after the disaster. His life has not been hid under a bushel. He has commanded steamers sailing between New York and Liverpool for years. If there was anything in his character, habits or nautical education, which made him anything less than the best man possible for his place, the company knew it, or, if they did not know it, ought to have known it. Primarily, then, the company is responsible for every mistake that Capt. Williams made, and for everything culpable—if there was anything culpable—in his mismanagement. That he made great and awfully fatal mistakes, is evident enough, but we go no further than this in awarding blame to him. We are willing to believe that he did the best he

knew; but the question is: *Was the best he knew the best that was known?* If not—and we believe that the general conviction is that it was not—then we must hold the company responsible for placing him in a position of such tremendous responsibility. They are responsible for their commander; they are responsible for sending him to sea unprepared for the exigencies of the voyage; they are responsible for all the death and woe that have resulted from their course. If Capt. Williams was not the man for his place, he ought not to have been in it.

It is time that the American people, who furnish three-quarters of the fares of the finest lines, should know something of the dangers to which they are subjected by the foreign owners and commanders of the vessels which furnish the only means of transport to European shores. Tens of thousands of our best people are going back and forth every year on these lines. The world does not possess another line of ocean travel so freighted with life and treasure as this, or one which demands, from the interests involved, such faultless vessels and such thorough seamanship and high character on the part of those engaged in its management. We trust to these commanders our own lives, and the lives of our children and friends.

In these days, any sphere of industry commands the man it pays for. The world is so full of enterprise and the opportunities for wealth, that a cheap place, as a rule, can only get and retain a cheap man. One of the best captains afloat said the other day in our hearing: "A good man must either be hard up, or have a little money invested, to afford to be a captain in the Anglo-American service." The remark has moved us to make inquiry into the matter, and we find that the pay of a captain in this service is, on some lines, from £380 to £400 a year, with a bonus of £150 if no accidents occur, and on others from £300 to £500, without a bonus. In our money the salary of a captain is, therefore, from $1,500 to $2,500 a year. His board upon the ship is, of course, free. How do these wages appear to those who are compelled to trust their lives and their possessions to such men as can be hired by them? It ought to be stated, too, in this connection, that in the English-Australian Steamship service, the captains receive a thousand pounds a year—small wages enough, to be sure—but why is this difference made? Does any one doubt that the Australian line absolutely commands by its liberality the best seamanship in the market? Why should the lines that convey such multitudes of Americans in their cabins and such crowds in their steerage be subjected to this disadvantage? We know that there are, in the Anglo-American service, as good captains as there are in the world, but they are men who are forced to remain there by circumstances. How are their places to be made good when they retire? Are their wages such as to make their places a prize to be sought by the young men who are laying their plans of life? As a rule, these lines will get just what they pay for—that is, they will get cheap men, and to these men all Americans who desire to visit Europe are obliged to trust their lives and their treasures.

The first officer in the Anglo-American service gets about £15, or $75 a month, or $900 a year—what we pay to an ordinary clerk. The second officer gets $50 a month, or six hundred dollars a year; the third officer $30 a month, and the fourth $25. To men receiving these latter sums the Atlantic was committed when she plunged upon the rocks, with her priceless freight of human life. These sums correspond closely to what we pay our waiters and men of all work about the house, while they would not hire, in New York, a first-class waiter or a butler. The idea is horrible, but the facts are as we state them, or we have been misinformed by one who has the best opportunity of knowing them. What must generally be the class of men who can be hired at these wages? When this question is rationally answered, we can form some conception of the risks we are compelled to run by the parsimony of companies whose cabins we crowd with passengers, and who can hardly find room for the enormous freights which we commit to them?

We know of no way to secure a safer service but by holding the companies rendering it to a strict accountability. They are accountable for their ships, for their supplies, and for their commanders. If they wish for better captains—nay, if they wish to secure the best service of those they have—let those commanders hold a place whose wages are a prize worth holding, and make that place so high that young men of the best talents and character will look upon it as worth seeking. Let it be given to no man until it can be given as the reward of eminent character and eminent seamanship. As the facts stand to-day, we have no hesitation in saying that the niggardliness of these Anglo-American lines is a shame to their owners and managers, and that, until it is corrected, we have a perfect right to hold them criminally responsible for all the disasters that occur to them through the carelessness or ignorance of their employés.

Conscience and Courtesy in Criticism.

THE lack of sound value in current literary criticism, both in this country and Europe, is notorious. It is so much the work of cliques and schools, or so much the office of men who have a chronic habit of finding fault, or so coarse in its personalities, or so incompetent in its judgments through haste and insufficient examination, that it is rarely instructive either to the authors reviewed or to the public. The average column of book notices in a daily paper is quite valueless, by necessity. It is impossible that the reviewer read the books he is expected by the publisher to notice, and so he gives his crude and unconsidered dicta concerning them, going through his pile in a single morning, and helping to make or mar the reputation of their authors, apparently without dreaming how tender the interests are which he handles so carelessly. He seems to forget that all the influence of

the journal for which he works stands behind his hastily-written words, and that sensitive men and women are to be warmed or withered by them. Just a little more conscience, or a more candid consultation of such as he may have, would teach him that he has no moral right to give publicly an opinion of a book of which he knows nothing. In so small a matter as noticing a book before a competent examination of it, the chances are that he will mislead the public and do injustice to those who nearly always have some claim to the good opinion of the reading world. Publishers expect impossibilities of the daily press, and are largely responsible for what is known as the "book notice;" but the daily press ought to declare its independence, and absolutely refuse to notice any book which has not been thoroughly read. The best and richest of the city press has already done this; but the country press keeps up its column of book notices every week, written by editors who never have time to look beyond the preface.

In England, criticism is probably more the work of partisanship than it is here. The interests of parties in church and state, and of cliques and schools of literary art, seem to determine everything. It appears to be perfectly understood that everything written by the members of a certain clique will be condemned, and if possible killed, by the combined efforts of another clique, and *vicè versa*. Criticism is simply a mode of fighting. Mr. Blank, belonging to a certain literary clique, writes a volume of verses and prints it. He sends advance copies to his friends, who write their laudations of it, and communicate them to sympathetic journals and magazines. So when it is published, the critiques appear almost simultaneously, and the public is captured by the stratagem. The condemnations come too late to kill the book, and the clever intriguers have their laugh over the result. It is not harsh to say that all criticism born of this spirit is not only intrinsically valueless, but without conscience. The supreme wish to do right and to mete out simple justice to authorship is wanting. The praise is as valueless as the blame.

The old and fierce personalities of English criticism, which so aroused the ire of Byron, and crushed the spirit of some of his less pugnacious contemporaries, have, in a measure, passed away; but really nothing better in the grand result has taken their place. Men stand together for mutual protection, fully aware that they have nothing to expect of justice and fair dealing by any other means. We do not know why it is that the ordinary courtesies of life are denied to authors more than to painters or sculptors or architects, except, perhaps, that painters and sculptors and architects are not judged by their own co-laborers in art. We presume that these, and that singers and actors would fare badly, if all the criticisms upon them were written by their professional brethren; and this fact suggests the animus of those who criticise current literature. It seems impossible to get a candid and conscientious judgment of a literary man until after he is dead, and out of the way of all envyings and jealousies and competitions. It seems impossible also, until this event occurs, to separate a man from his works, and to judge them as they stand. There is no good reason, however, for the personal flings dealt out to authors, whose only sin has been a conscientious wish to deserve well of the public, except what is to be found in the meanest qualities of human nature. The lack of personal, gentlemanly courtesy in current criticism is a disgrace to the critical columns of our newspapers and magazines.

The majority of those who write are sensitive to a high degree, and could not possibly be notable writers were they otherwise. They do the best they can, and that which they do is the record of the highest civilization and culture of their country and period. They publish, trembling to think that what they publish is to be pounced upon and picked to pieces like prey. Their best thoughts and best work are not only treated without respect, but they find themselves maligned, cheapened, maliciously characterized, or summarily condemned. All this they are obliged to bear in silence, or suffer the reputation of being thin-skinned and quarrelsome. There is no redress and no defense. They have published a book, in which they have incorporated the results of a life of labor and thought and suffering, with the hope of doing good, and of adding something to the literary wealth of their country; and they have in so doing committed a sin which places them at the mercy of every man who holds a periodical press at his command. It is said that the greatest literary woman living fled her country at the conclusion of that which is perhaps her greatest work, in order to be beyond the reading of the criticisms which the book would call forth. The woman was wise. It was not criticism that she feared: it was the malevolence and injustice of its spirit, to which she would not subject her sensibilities.

There is but one atmosphere in which literature can truly thrive, viz.: that of kindness and encouragement. A criticism from which an author may learn anything to make him better, must be courteous and conscientious. All criticism of a different quality angers or discourages and disgusts him. Our literary men and women are our treasures and our glory. They are the fountain of our purest intellectual delights, and deserve to be treated as such. All that is good in them should have abundant recognition, and all that is bad should be pointed out in a spirit of such friendliness and courtesy that they should be glad to read it and grateful for it. If many of them become morbid, sour, resentful, impatient or unpleasantly self-asserting, it ought to be remembered on their behalf that they have been stung by injustice, and badgered by malice, and made contemptuous by discourteous treatment. It is not unjust to say that all criticism which does not bear the front of personal courtesy and kindness and the warrant of a careful conscience is a curse to literature, and to the noble guild upon which we depend for its production.

THE OLD CABINET.

A Riddle of Lovers.

I.

THERE lived a lady who was lovelier
Than anything that my poor skill may paint,—
Though I would follow round the world till faint
I fell, for just one little look at her.
Who said she seemed like this or that did err:
Like her dear self she was, alone,—no taint
From touch of mortal or of earth;—blest saint
Serene, with many a faithful worshiper!
There is no poet's poesy would not,
When laid against the whiteness of her meek,
Proud, solemn face—make there a pitiful blot.
It is so strange that I can never speak
Of her without a tear. O, I forgot!
This surely may fall blameless on that cheek!

II.

But of my lady's lovers there were two
Who loved her more than all; nor she nor they
Thought which of these two loved her best. One way
This had of loving; that another knew.
One round her neck brave arms of empire threw,
And covered her with kisses where she lay.
The other sat apart, nor did betray
Sweet sorrow at that sight; but rather drew
His pleasure of his lady through the soul
And sense of this one. So there truly ran
Two separate loves through one embrace,—the whole
That lady had of both when one began
To clasp her close and win her to love's goal.
Now read my lovers' riddle if you can!

I Will be Brave for Thee, Dear Heart.

I WILL be brave for thee, dear heart; for thee
My boasted bravery forego. I will
For thee be wise as that wise king, until
That wise king's fool for thy sake I shall be.
No grievous cost in anything I see
That brings thee bliss or only keeps thee still,
In painless peace. So Heaven thy cup but fill,
Be empty mine unto eternity!
Come to me, love, and let me touch thy face!
Lean to me, love, and breathe on me thy breath!
Fly from me, love, to some far hiding-place,
If thy one thought of me or hindereth
Or hurteth thy sweet soul,—then grant me grace
To be forgotten, though that grace be death.

Therefore I Know.

BECAUSE Heaven's cost is Hell, and supreme joy
Hurts as hurts sorrow; and because we win
No height of grace without the cost of sin,
Or suffering born of sin; because the alloy
Of blood but makes the bliss of victory brighter;
Because true worth hath its true proof herein:
That it should be reproached, and called akin
To the evil thing—black making white the whiter:

Because no cost by this were big—that He
Should pay the ransom wherewith we were priced;
And none could imagine mightier infamy
Than that the God were spit upon—enticed,
By creatures He thus blessed, to that damned tree:
O World! Therefore I know that Christ is Christ.

What Virtue hath My Voice?

WHAT virtue hath my voice in this loud choir?
Against the roaring organ how prevail
That fine, small note of mine? Above the gale
How may the little linnet's song aspire?

Hearken and you shall hear, ascending higher:—
Higher and higher, above the rhythmic wail
And heart-break—curse of men; sobbing of pale,
Fierce women—like up-leaping flame from fire:
Arrowing Heaven's awful silence; the thick pall
Of the visible earth:—one tear-shrilling, strong cry!
Higher and higher hear it ring and call,
Wild with the world's wild heart of agony—
Till men say, Lo! We are his children all—
There is a God beyond that brazen sky!

Remember.

BEYOND all beauty is the unknown grace;
Above all bliss a higher; and above
The lovingest is a more loving love
That shows not the still anguish of its face.
Than death there is a deathlier. Brief space
Behind despair the blacker shadows rove.
Beneath all life a deeper life doth move.
So, friends of mine, when empty is my place,—
For me no more grass grows, dead leaves are stirred,—
And I have ceased my singing, sad or cheerly:
Sweet friends whom I do thank for every word
Of heart-help,—praise or blame,—remember clearly
I asked that 'mid your tears this might be heard:
"For what he never did we love him dearly."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Picturesque Ladies.

SOME of our modern artists have so refuted by their lives the popular charge against their calling—that it does not develop practical and useful ideas, and that an artist cannot be a good man of business—that we wonder why none of them have yet thought of giving a series of lectures to ladies on dress, beauty, and kindred topics; for such lectures are greatly needed.

On examining a well-executed ideal painting, containing a female figure, we will perceive that there are no incongruities; the subject has been carefully studied in mass and detail; the woman is picturesque because her costume and her surroundings are in harmony with herself, and she is in harmony with them. Her age, too, has been considered.

A young girl is represented in bright tints of delicate material, with airy, graceful outlines, which veil without hiding the rounded contours and free movements of youth; the matron is more richly and gorgeously arrayed, while the redundancy of her body is obscured by the dark colors and long, heavy skirts of her robe; and the aged lady is well wrapped in warm and abundant folds of garments and mantles which hide her bowed and shrunken form. And in well-drawn pictures we find that a woman's hair is arranged to define the natural contour of her head. Then, too, in youth the hair flows backward and downward in waving, curling masses, modestly veiling the virgin shoulders and breast; in mature womanhood it is coiled in flat braids above the forehead and at the back of the head; and in old age a silken hood or a kerchief of lace still follows the natural outline and forms drapery about the shriveled neck.

Why cannot we witness such effects in real life? Why, even if not beautiful, may not women be picturesque? Since any mode that is adopted by common consent becomes fashionable, why should it not be *la mode* to look charming? Our old ladies, for instance—surely no one will believe that they willingly spend time and trouble to make themselves look hideous, and yet what curious sights many of them are, in their stiff puffs and braids of hair, and the bows and ribbons and lace and flowers that form huge towering helmets on the feeble old heads!

How delightful it would be, on calling upon an old lady of seventy, to find her in a quaint old-fashioned room surrounded by mementoes of her life! She is sitting, let us suppose, in a comfortable arm-chair, and if it is winter, before an old-fashioned fire. We observe how naturally and warmly the ample folds of her satin and velvet garments envelop her; how her bony, wrinkled hands are half hidden in her flowing, fur-edged sleeves; how her feet are nestled in easy, fur-bound slippers; how softly the scarf or kerchief of muslin or lace veils her silver hair, and coming down over her ears keeps them warm. How gentle and peaceful and venerable she looks!

Presently a young girl enters, grandchild of the old lady; so simply graceful in attire and demeanor that we do not observe her dress, nor comment upon herself, until a fashionable young lady friend of hers comes in to make an evening call. Then we contrast these girls; the one in heavy dark silks and velvets, in furs and plumes, that make her appear at least ten years older than she is; and so betrimmed and flounced and ruffled and fringed and puffed, that we cannot tell whether she has the form of a broomstick or of a camel, or how many humps she wears. But we can plainly see that she is high-shouldered and the upper part of her spine distorted, while her feet are deformed by bunions, and her ears pulled out of shape by heavy ear-rings. Her head is made to appear almost twice its natural size; and in addition she has perched a coquettish French bonnet on top of her hair, which makes her look at least six inches taller than any man she walks with, and is, besides, strangely out of keeping with her sentimental, somewhat melancholy face. But, indeed, what can be more incongruous than an average French bonnet with an average American face?

From her we turn and feast our eyes upon the grandchild of our hostess. Her dress seems exactly adapted to herself, though we can scarcely tell what it is. The material is soft and light, and of a dainty blossom color, with here and there a bit of darker ribbon, and a bracelet or two, with perhaps a necklace, and a rosebud in her soft, flowing hair, to match her rosebud lips. Her dress does not appear to be very fashionably made, but it is beautiful, and her friend in most stylish attire appears but a grotesque foil to set off this fair young maiden. Such a young American girl is picturesque.

Even when we saw her later in the evening at a private ball, where her dress was more in conformity with the reigning mode, she was much less conventional and deformed and ridiculous than the other girls, because she made what concessions she dared to grace and naturalness of form, while in color and fitness of material her attire was perfect.

We believe our ladies would dress better if they knew how; that they would not obey the dictates of ignorant, inartistic modistes, either men or women, if they had educated teachers. If they could be fashionable and picturesque both, they would surely prefer it to being fashionable and ugly, or fashionable and vulgar. Many of Worth's designs are shockingly ugly and vulgar to ladies of cultivated tastes, and we cannot refrain from wishing that our artists would give a series of lectures to ladies, their best friends and patrons.

Let the sculptors talk to them of form and the arrangement of drapery, and the painters tell them

about harmonious combinations of colors, and their adaptations to the human form.

As one great and entirely legitimate object of woman's dress is the beautifying of her person, there is no reason why this decoration should not be artistic, and no reason why real ladies should not be as picturesque as the ladies in pictures.

Bring Flowers.

Of course they will be growing in the gardens all summer, and (if we have a garden) we can go there and enjoy them. But this is not enough. We cannot be all the time in the garden, and we ought to have flowers in the house—especially in summer-time, for then they are not only so fresh and beautiful, but so free. We can then have flowers on our tables at every meal, and yet on their account we need not have one pound less of beef-steak, or stint ourselves of a single lump of sugar. But in winter we cannot always be so sure about this—particularly if we feel we need a good many flowers and have to go to the florist's for them.

As to what flowers it is best to bring into the house, and what to do with them after we have them there, we have all heard a great deal, and yet something useful may yet be said, and even if some of us have heard it before it will do no harm—especially if we have forgotten it.

There are in every house a great many places where flowers will look well, but nowhere will they look better than on the table at meal-time. If we have more flowers than we need for that purpose we can put them all around—everywhere.

And it is easy enough to find something to put them in. If vases are not available, a bowl, a plate, a flat dish, or something of the kind will do. If it is not pretty, cover it up with flowers and leaves. Small Ivy-leaves, Geranium-leaves, wood-mosses, and even parsley, and the graceful foliage of the common garden carrot will so cover and adorn the edges and rim of a common soup-plate, that it might as well be a jardinière of Wedgewood ware, or a vase of Sèvres porcelain, for all we can see of it.

In regard to the flowers—we should be more particular. It will not do to jumble flowers together any way, without regard to form or color, and then expect a beautiful result. Nature never does anything of the kind herself, and her flowers are not intended for such bungling processes. There is scarcely a flower or leaf in the world that cannot be made more beautiful by being placed by some other flower or leaf. It must be remembered that a much more beautiful effect is often produced by a few flowers than by a great mass of them. For instance: for a bouquet in a flat dish, the flowers of the pale-blue Passion-Flower will blend perfectly with an outer wreath of the palest pink Roses, and any deep green foliage will set them off advantageously. If a finger-glass is placed in the middle of the dish, and a group of flowers arranged in a drooping bouquet over the Passion-Flowers, the effect is quite unique and lovely.

Scarlet and white Geraniums, grouped with mignonette and their own leaves, are exceedingly effective, and the same may be said of China Roses mingled with white and crimson Carnations, with sprigs of Heliotrope dotted hither and thither. Bright pink Roses half blown, and wreathed among Lilies of the Valley partly shrouded under the cool green of their own leaves, make a lovely combination.

The chief thing to attend to, in arranging such dishes of flowers, is to take the shades of colors that suit each other, and not mix purple and blue, scarlet and crimson.

As a general rule, all flowers of thin texture, and particularly those which combine with it a delicate color, are, if gathered, not only a loss to the garden-bed, but of little avail for house use. They are tempting to gather, because their fragile, pale colors look so pretty in the hand and bear close inspection, but they will not add anything to your vase or bouquet; for, being thin and lacking in brilliancy of color, if they do not close by nightfall they will probably fall from the stalk and spoil your arrangement.

For the center of an upright vase of flowers, some grand flower like a Cactus, a Japan Lily, or a Water Lily should be used, or a good cluster of Carnations or Pelargoniums will show well in a central position, with five or six Carnations of various colors around it. If there is much scarlet in the vase, a few yellow-tinged flowers like the sprays of yellow Calceolaria will show to advantage. Often a few clusters of one kind of flower, such as Geraniums, with only their own leaves as a groundwork, will be exceedingly lovely.

White, pink, and crimson roses with their own leaves are extremely beautiful if arranged in one vase; for the great secret in these arrangements is only to seek to fitly display a pretty spray of flowers and foliage, not merely to fill a vase.

In the country, where Fern-leaves abound, there are but few flowers needed to make very lovely bouquets; for if the ferns are lightly grouped together with only a few little flowers they form a more attractive group than they would if crowded into a vase.

Delicate, small flowers mingle better with the fronds of Ferns than the larger and coarser flowers. A vase filled with Ivy branches and only a few clusters of scarlet Geraniums is really exquisite. Verbenas, too, look much prettier if arranged in vases by themselves than if mingled with a variety of flowers.

This style of arrangement may be objected to because one cannot always spare many flowers of any one kind, excepting Verbenas and those that grow *en masse;* but yet only a few flowers are required to make an effective vase, and if there are several vases to fill, the flowers will go much farther if divided or grouped in this way; each vase could take one shade of color, such as pink, *cerise*, scarlet, crimson, lilac, etc.

Bankrupt Talkers.

It is almost impossible to mix much in society without meeting a number of unfortunate persons who may be designated as bankrupt talkers. Most of these people started out in social life with high hopes and good prospects; there was no apparent reason why they should not succeed as conversationalists. But they failed. Now, if they want to talk, no one wants to listen; if they do not want to talk, no one regrets their silence. Their remarks are always below par. An offer of them either excites no attention or decided disapprobation.

These bankrupts may be divided into several classes. One class consists of those who do not know how to exhaust or even fully treat a commonplace subject. If they suggest anything in a conversational way or anything is suggested to them, they will say a little about it and then let it drop. To continue the conversation, another subject must be obtained. This is extravagance, and no talker can afford it long. There is hardly anything about which a great deal that is interesting cannot be said, but it often requires skill and address to say it. Still, he who has not that skill is bound to fail as a talker in society. Of course one may have a windfall, and something extraordinary may happen of which a great deal may be said without special effort. But nothing ever happened, which could be satisfactorily talked about all the time.

Not only is it impossible for most persons who are addicted to the incomplete consideration of conversational topics to find subjects enough to last them during an ordinary conversational career, but they will find that people will not care to converse with them even while their stock of subjects holds out. The mind of man naturally revolts against being jumped from one thing to another without having an opportunity to get interested in anything.

Another class of conversational bankrupts are those who never tell anything unless it is very remarkable or striking. Such people are bound ultimately to fail. We are not speaking of persons who draw the "long bow," or anything of that kind. We merely refer to those who, not taking interest in commonplace matters themselves, suppose that nobody else does, and therefore confine their conversation to the discussion of remarkable and uncommon subjects. We knew such a man. He had a fine eye for the peculiar. He noticed it acutely and talked about it well. But he noticed, or at least talked of, nothing else. If a thing was not *very* well worth telling he would not tell it. The consequence of all this was that he soon obtained the reputation of a liar. The common mind could not comprehend how he could become acquainted with so much that was unusual, and so, whenever he opened his mouth people instinctively looked for a "stretcher," to say the least. Had he mingled his strange experiences and observations with a good deal of matter of an ordinary kind he might have been a great conversational success.

Another set of bankrupt talkers owe their ill-fate to their bad habit of offering counterbalancing experiences. No one can even relate an incident but these folks can match it, and, what is worse, can often tell something better. Nothing is more discouraging to a well-organized talker than one of these people. No matter how much pleasure we anticipate—and ought to realize—in telling something novel and interesting, a man of this class will hardly wait until we have finished before he commences to relate the story of which ours has reminded him. Our statement or narration is not only deprived of opportunity of consideration and appreciation, but is crushed and humbled beneath the better story of this inconsiderate person. And it is a melancholy fact that the stories of these people are generally better than ours. It is in fact this fatal excellence which starts them on their road to their ruin.

There are other divisions of the great multitude of society people who have failed as talkers, but we have not room to discuss them here. It is curious, however, to note that there are very few women among these bankrupts. Women are generally not only economical in the use of the odds and ends of conversation, but they make a very good show of them, and often astonish you by presenting you with some of your own ideas, warmed up and served so nicely that you scarcely recognize them. And then, besides the fact that most women have an extensive "sinking fund" on which to draw in times of temporary conversational embarrassment, they would always rather borrow than fail; if they can't talk about a subject themselves they will make others talk, and no one is so successful as a conversationalist as one who makes other people talk.

Art and Furniture.

On the subject of decorative art as applied to the furnishing of houses, there are almost as many theories as there are furnishers of houses, and in many respects it is well that it is so. If there were a fixed fashion for furniture, and the adornments of our parlors were as uniform as the dress of the gentlemen who fill them on state occasions, we should have no need to trouble ourselves about the relation of art to our furniture. Art and fashion were divorced long ago.

But there are certain artistic principles which should underlie the process of furnishing every house, just as similar principles should underlie the painting of every picture. Be the picture or the house pretentious or humble, cheap or expensive, there is always opportunity for some expression of artistic feeling.

We have not here space to discuss this subject, which will be considered more and more important as civilization advances, but the following extract from a Scotch writer is quite pertinent. He is describing a parlor which had been furnished and decorated with reference to what he considered the proper harmony of color:—

"There were only three decided colors throughout, viz.: white, green, and crimson. The ceiling, cornices, wood-work and canopies of the window-hangings, the ground of the walls and that of the carpet were crimson, while the pattern on the carpet was a sort of tracery of creeping plants in green. The chimney-piece was of white marble reaching nearly to the ceiling, with a panel, equal in width to the opening of the chimney, which was filled with a mirror. The walls of the room were painted in imitation of morocco leather, enriched with gilded roses shaded by hand, and the whole varnished with copal. The wood-work was dead-white, bordered with gilt mouldings. The window-curtains were simple, being merely large curtains without draperies or fringes, and they hung in vertical lines so as to catch no dust. They ran on gilt wooden poles, and inside the cornice was a common French curtain-rod, on which ran a very fine but plain muslin sun-curtain edged with crimson, cherry fringe. The cords for drawing the curtains, instead of being concealed, were made conspicuous, and contributed to the general effect. The shade of crimson in all the decorations was of the same hue, and, being contrasted with the green and relieved by the white and gold, the coloring imparted a general air of comfort and warmth without being either gaudy or glaring."

Something to the point may here be said about carpets. At a recent "opening" of carpets at one of our large city stores, there was an expensive carpet of particularly gorgeous design—nothing less, in fact, than a "Sunset on the Lake of Como." Whoever treads this carpet may literally walk upon the clouds; he may also contemptuously trample upon the sun, and emulate the feet of St. Peter without wetting the sole of his adventurous shoe. But where is the taste or the sense in spreading a landscape on a parlor floor, where the sofa may dabble its feet in the waters of the lake, where the table may crush out the life of a hapless swan, where a footstool may obliterate the sun, where an easy-chair may break in the palace windows, and where two legs of the piano may rest on a treetop, while the others are peacefully reposing on the back of an agonized deer?

We would add our voices to the few who have already protested against the monstrous designs of broken shields and damaged urns intermixed with dilapidated scrolls and impossible flowers, which have so long disfigured our floors. Let us hope that we may be allowed some really tasteful carpets, of which the design shall be as valuable at least as the material.

But even those who cannot afford rich curtains, and who never go to carpet openings, need not despair of making their homes not only beautiful, but somewhat "stylish," if they take a little trouble. For instance, the handsome *cretonnes* that are now used so generally to cover furniture (and which when discreetly used are very effective and handsome, besides giving an eminently comfortable appearance to the chairs and sofas) will look just as well over common maple or even pine as over the finest black walnut. Of course much will depend upon the form of the articles covered; but even here a little ingenuity in stuffing and shaping will go a great way, and imperfections of workmanship may be covered by the accommodating *cretonne*. There are even those who, not being able to buy all the furniture they want, make their own chairs, lounges, etc., etc., which, when thus stuffed and covered, are not only serviceable, but often quite shapely and handsome.

Heroism Begins at Home.

WE often hear people speak of a heroic action with a certain surprise at its performance not altogether complimentary to the performer. "He forgot himself," they say; "he surpassed himself;" "he was carried away by a noble impulse." This is not true. A man does not forget himself in emergency; he asserts himself, rather; that which is deepest and strongest in him breaks suddenly through the exterior of calm conventionalities, and for a moment you know his real value; you get a measure of his capacity. But this capacity is not created, as some say, by the emergency. No man can be carried farther by the demands of the moment than his common aspirations and sober purposes have prepared him to go. A brave man does not rise to the occasion; the occasion rises to him. His bravery was in him before—dormant, but alive; unknown perhaps to himself; for we are not apt to appreciate the slow, sure gains of convictions of duty steadily followed; of patient continuance in well-doing; of daily victories over self, until a sudden draft upon us shows what they have amounted to. We are like water-springs, whose pent-up streams rise with opportunity to the level of the fountain-head, and no higher. A man selfish at heart and in ordinary behavior, cannot be unselfish when unselfishness would be rewarded openly. If he will not be unselfish when he ought, he cannot be so when he would. Is it not a question practical for every home: What sort of characters are we, parents and children, forming by every-day habits of thought and action? Emergencies are but experimental tests of our strength or weakness; and we shall bear them, not according to sudden resolve, but according to the quality of our daily living. The oak does not encounter more than two or three whirlwinds during its long life; but it lays up its solid strength through years of peace and sunshine, and when its hour of trial comes it is ready. The children of to-day, protected, cared for now, must soon begin to fight their own battles with the world; nay, more—must *make* the world in which they live. The future America lies in these little hands. They are

> "Brought forth and reared in hours
> Of change, alarm, surprise."

What shall we do to make them sufficient for the times upon which they have fallen?

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

The "William Morris Window."

PEOPLE who love beautiful things had a delightful treat a few weeks ago when a church-window from the workshop of Messrs. Morris, Marshall & Co., of London, was exhibited in this city, while waiting until the opening of the Hudson River should permit of its being sent to its destination. It is a memorial window, and is to be placed in the Episcopal church at Saugerties, New York.

We owe it—for do we not all of us share in the ownership of a beautiful thing?—to the wise generosity of the widow and son of the late Judge Vanderpoel, and many a youth and many a maid with a soul tenderly alive and sensitive to ideas of beauty and to religious emotions, will rejoice in time to come, sitting beneath this lovely interpretation of a tale that will never grow old, the beautiful and moving story of the Life of Christ. Some of our readers may not know that the Morris of this celebrated firm of furniture-makers and house-decorators is William Morris the poet, the author of "The Earthly Paradise," and of "The Life and Death of Jason." Mr. Morris, Mr. Dante G. Rossetti, Mr. John P. Seddon, make designs for the furniture, wall-papers, and textile fabrics manufactured by the firm, and the result of their labors has been to bring about a silent but very important revolution in the field of what have been termed the Household Arts. Pugin began this revolution long ago, writing combative essays and books to bring people to a sixteenth-century state of mind, but he was not wholly on the right track, was too fierce and unyielding a mediævalist to do as much good as might have been expected from his talents, and the designs he published, as well as those he executed, failed to attract many people, or to set a fashion. Still, as we know, Pugin had an influence, and the ball he set in motion, once it left his hands, was directed by others more original and more poetical than he, into ways more profitable to culture, and more consonant with the spirit of the time.

Some day the inner history of this revival of the Gothic, as it has affected other things beside architecture, will be written more completely than it has been by Eastlake in either of his books. We do not profess to know much about it, and, if we did, this is not the place in which to discuss the matter. We have a notion that some direction may have been given to the movement by the marriage of Mr. D. G. Rossetti into the family of the late Mr. Seddon, the father of the distinguished architect, and of the artist whose untimely death created so wide-spread a sympathy. Mr. Seddon the elder was, we believe, a cabinet-maker. "A carpenter" he would have been called in the honest good old times, and it was natural enough that his son, who entered fully as a rising young architect into the Gothic fight, should have seen that there was much to be done in the improvement of a craft with which he had had some practical acquaintance. At all events, here was a fortunate conjunction, and hardly a field into which the Arts enter but felt the influence of the new men and women who made up the so-called Pre-Raphaelite group. We believe that the elder Rossetti, author of the commentary on Dante, "Commentario Analitico," of the curious treatise "On the Antipapal Spirit of Dante," and of many lyrical "poems" of great merit, one of the chief literary names in the great movement toward Italian unity—was dead at the time the Pre-Raphaelite movement began with the exhibition of Millais' "Christ in the Carpenter's Shop," but there can be no doubt that the movement owed a vast deal of its intellectual influence to the family he had trained, and that had so deeply partaken of his spirit. Chief of these accomplished children was the artist and poet Dante Gabriel Rossetti; then came Christina, one of the best poets of her time, quite worthy of a place with Tennyson and the Brownings, and of no secondary place either; then there are William Michael Rossetti, the useful but somewhat heavy essayist, and a daughter who has written a valuable guide to the study of Dante. The wife of Dante Rossetti was a lady of remarkable beauty, and inspired much of her husband's best work in poetry and painting. Since she died the beautiful face that looks at us out of Rossetti's pictures is that of Mrs. Morris, the wife of the poet, who himself makes one of the chosen members of this accomplished circle.

They work in many directions—in poetry, in painting, in decorative design, in designs for furniture, and their influence has been widely felt on the arts in England, and even here in America; though, owing to the fact that there are far fewer people among us who unite culture with wealth than there are in England, there has not been the same opportunity for new ideas to tell that is found on the other side the water. A firm in Boston, "Bumstead & Co.," Tremont Street, has taken the American agency for such things as are manufactured by the firm of "Morris, Marshall & Co." for public sale: the wall-papers, tiles, stamped and unstamped velvets, curtain-stuffs, carpets, and the exquisite laces, fringes, tassels, etc., that go with these stuffs, are always to be found well represented in their rooms; but these articles are very expensive, and, going exclusively into rich houses, do not influence the popular taste to any perceptible degree.

Thus far, our public has had only two opportunities to see any of the productions of this English firm outside of the line of their manufactures proper. The church designed by Ware and Van Brunt for the Congregation of the Rev. Rufus Ellis, of Boston, has a small window representing the parable of the Prodigal Son, and now the Vanderpoel Memorial Window

is to be set up in the church at Saugerties. We envy the people of Saugerties their new possession. The Boston window is more quaint, and perhaps has more marked individuality; the compositions suggest less the compositions of other artists who have treated the same themes. But, while there is no straining after novelty in the Saugerties window, there is a remarkable freshness in the way in which the incidents chosen as the subjects of the several compartments are pictured. The plan of the window is a simple parallelogram; the compartments are not divided by tracery, but by simple straight lines forming the stronger portions of the leaden frame-work. The principal subject of the window painting is the "Crucifixion." This takes up the greater portion of the space, and is surrounded by a border made up of parallelogr ams and squares. Thus there is a square at each angle and a square in the middle of each side. These six squares are filled with subjects drawn from the life of Christ—The Annunciation, The Nativity, The Adoration of the Magi, The Baptism, The Burial, The Meeting of Mary and Jesus in the Garden. In the parallelograms of the border are figures of angels holding scrolls, on which are written texts of Scripture relating to the Passion. This is a cold statement of the arrangement of the window, but it would not be easy to convey an idea of the treatment of these subjects. To state our objection at once will leave plenty of room for unqualified admiration and delight. The principal compartment seems to us the least satisfactory, as indeed might have been expected from the subject. "The Crucifixion, with Mary the Mother of Christ, and St. John the Evangelist,"—a subject that never has been and never can be adequately treated. We consider it a mistake to have made it so prominent—an artistic mistake, we mean, and for these artists in especial whose fortunate field is found in subjects that give scope to their love of beauty and their power of representing it. This subject is the highest tragedy, and their hands fail before it. It is treated with taste, with pious feeling, and with grace; but there is little power in it to move, and the eye is constantly drawn off to the smaller pictures that surround it. The angels holding scrolls are of such poetic beauty, that one has hardly the heart to suggest that they hold the scrolls as if they were heavy, producing an awkward effect. But there is no fault to be found with the six small squares in which the main incidents of the Lovely Life are painted with the directness of Giotto, the simple piety of Angelico, and the skill of a later time, with a color that seems a younger child of Venice, but with harmonies all her own.

A work of art so beautiful and so original as this window must exercise no inconsiderable influence on the culture of the people among whom it goes. Happy the children to whom the Sabbath sunlight comes tempered through a screen so painted with sweet pathetic comment on the divine story the preacher reads to them. Here are no formalism, no manufactured sacred wares, no conventional pictures got up to order to be looked at once and to be straightway forgotten. The art that produced this window is as sincere as it is skillful; nay, the very charm of it is its sincerity; it is a work of the soul.

The National Academy of Design.

WE should not enjoy the task of dissecting the Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design for the present year. Though we, who have followed these exhibitions year after year for the past twenty years, have been well able to note their gradual decline in value and in interest,—a decline needing no peculiar acumen to discover, but patent enough to all the world,—yet we can easily believe that the badness of the later ones is not so striking to us as it is to those who come with fresh eyes from Europe, or who, untraveled, go to the Academy from such a picked collection as that of Mr. John Taylor Johnston, or even from Mr. Avery's gallery. Indeed, with any standard in his mind beyond the average, the visitor to these rooms must feel that if there be here any adequate representation of contemporary American art, that art is in a deplorably bad way. But it is certainly not true that contemporary American art is well represented here. It is not represented at all—only a few men of note have sent pictures, and those, with a very few exceptions, not their best, but their poorest. Mr. S. R. Gifford, Mr. R. Swain Gifford, and Mr. Ed. Moran have not forgotten us; Mr. Perry has sent the best pictures he can paint—and very clever pictures they are—and Mr. McEntee has sent two large pictures, one of which is of his usual excellence; but count out these two names, and where are the rest of our well-known men? Where are Church, and Homer, and La Farge, and W. T. Richards, and Frank Mayer, and the Hills, and T. Moran, and the Eastman Johnson that we know—the one we don't know is here—and what is Mr. Henry's clever picture of "City Point" doing in Snedicor's window, when it ought to be in the Academy? Can nothing be done to make the Academy Exhibitions what they once were, a means of judging something of the progress American artists had made in the year? Can nothing be done or said to excite the pride of our artists in their own Academy? Are they quite indifferent to the degradation into which it has fallen? Then it were far better to stop the Exhibitions altogether, and to allow the Academy building to be put to some useful employment. We very well know what are the excuses given by the artists for the decline of the Exhibition. We are told that if an unsold picture is sent to the Academy and is not sold before the Exhibition closes, its chances of finding a purchaser afterward are small. We suppose that since nearly all the artists join in this statement, it must be the result of a wide, common experience. We confess we do not understand why it should be so, and that the fact, if it be a fact, is contrary to human experience in buying and selling other things than pictures, and that what is supposed to be

a law here is not a law in other countries—in England and France, let us say. But, supposing it to be as the artists assert, then why not make up the Exhibitions of pictures that have been sold? why not borrow them of their purchasers, and let the public see them? "Oh," cry out all the artists, with one accord, "people who have bought pictures are hardly ever willing to loan them for exhibition!" One is tempted to shout out with the Hampton students, "Now ain't dat hard!" We can't see our native pictures on any terms. If they are unsold the artists won't show them, and if they are sold the buyers won't show them! What is the result? A few of us, an inconsiderable fraction of the public, do contrive to see, first and last, pretty nearly all the best pictures that are painted from year to year. We go to the studios, we go to the fortunate houses that own them, we see them in the inner rooms of dealers to whom they are sent for sale, or in the gilders' shops where they are being framed. But the great body of the public is deliberately shut off from this means of education and refinement. They see good art scarcely anywhere. There are no pictures nor statues in the churches—even the Catholic Church has abandoned all pretense of playing the rôle she never did really play, that of protectress of the Arts, but builds cathedrals in sham Gothic, with plaster capitals to their columns, and roofs of imitation stone, that "lift their tall heads and lie;" we have few public statues, though in this respect New York is better off than London, or even Paris, for at least three of her half dozen statues are good; we have no public gallery freely open every day to everybody, high and low, rich and poor, where the population from its youth up may become familiar with what art at her best has accomplished,—and of late the only popular school of art-teaching that we had, the Academy, has given up the ghost. We think the artists ought to do something to bring about a different state of things. In our humble opinion, they owe so much as this to the public, to whom they are under moral bonds, as it were, to give them some real return for their assistance in building the Academy building. If the artists are really going to desert the public and foist it off with such a collection of daubs as are the rule of late, we think their conduct has an uncomfortable look of getting the public's money under false pretenses. One doubtful institution like the Artists' Fund Society is enough for a single community,—the Fellowship Fund of the Academy is getting to be too much of a Little Joker for our patience.

For, the truth is, that the excuses we have been considering have very little show of foundation. The artists have it completely in their power to effect a change in the Academy Exhibitions if they choose to do it. Let it be provided in the Constitution that every Academician shall send at least one work to every yearly Exhibition and every Associate two, and let it be simply understood between every artist and his client that the purchased picture shall be at the artist's disposal for the yearly Exhibition. Is it not clear that if the artists were really in earnest in this matter, the evil the public complains of would soon be remedied? But we see very little to make us believe that the artists are really in earnest. Nay, we see much reason to believe that they are most discreditably indifferent both to the success of the Academy in general and to the yearly Exhibitions in particular.

Reproduction of the Gray Collection.

MESSRS. JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co., of Boston, have undertaken a work that, if successfully carried out, must prove of the greatest importance in the cause of popular Art Education in America. Having purchased the exclusive right for this country to employ the newly invented Heliotype process for the reproduction of engravings, they have asked and easily obtained permission from that thoroughly "live man," President Eliot, of Harvard College, permission to copy all the important works in the Gray Collection of Engravings. Aided by the good taste and scholarly penetration of Mr. George H. Palmer, the Curator of the Gray Collection, the publication has been begun with great spirit, and up to the present time of writing,—the end of April,—there have been nearly fifty plates put out for sale, although the enterprise was only started in March. The prints are sold as cheaply as possible, the prices ranging from thirty cents to one dollar, and the selections are made, not with the intention of pleasing an unformed popular taste by the reproduction of taking subjects and well-known favorites, but with the design to educate the public, to put masterpieces within easy reach, and to trust the power of excellence to make its own way.

A commonplace publisher, bent merely on making money, would have put his faith in commonplace people, who would have urged him to turn the Heliotype to "practical" use by supplying the public with easy things to understand. They would have laughed at the folly of throwing such pearls as Dürer, and Rembrandt, and Marc Antonio, and Lucas Van Leyden before the multitude. But, fortunately, Messrs. Osgood knew where to go for counsel, and are not unskilled in feeling the public pulse; so they determined to begin with the very best things, and the printed list of the first forty subjects printed contains *eleven* Dürers, *five* Rembrandts, *five* Marc Antonios, *three* Lucas Van Leydens, with others by Maso Finiguerra, Andrea Mantegna, Martin Schön, the master of 1466—the curious print of "Solomon adoring the Idols," reproduced by Ottley—Jan Lievens, Parmigianino, Velasquez, Nanteuil, Cornelius Cort, Van Dyck, Annibale Caracci, Guido, and Pieter Tanje.

Since these were published the work has been going steadily on, and the same standard of excellence in the subjects with variety has been followed—the publishers trying all the time to improve the mechanical process so as to turn out the best possible work. Nothing of the sort,—we mean the attempt to supply the public with good copies of the masterpieces of engraving at

the least possible cost,—has ever been attempted, although in France, England, and Germany, there have been no end of costly publications.

The results of this experiment cannot fail to be happy. Already the financial success of it is assured. In one month the students of Cambridge alone bought three thousand copies from about thirty subjects, and the interest still continues unabated. The knowledge of these works,—many of them wonders of skill in execution, others valuable as links in the history of art, others full of food for thought,—has long been confined to scholars and to special students. Of course this cheap reproduction of them by the Heliotype will not have done its best work until it has moved people to find out and to study the originals, of many of which it can, in its present state, give us only a hint; but, meanwhile, the familiar study of these masterpieces by so many fresh, healthy young minds must have a most grateful influence on the culture of the rising generation. New suggestions will be made, new discoveries will appear, a love of art will be shared by more people and will exert its wider, more legitimate influence,—for art is democratic, has always thriven best and touched its highest point when it has worked, not for a few rich men in their houses, but for the world of men in the market-place. No hope for art in America or anywhere till everybody has a chance to see it, and to be influenced by it.

Pelasgic Peru.

AMERICAN antiquity has always been a fruitful field of unfruitful speculation. Where did the ancient American races come from? And what was their connection with the races of the old world? The answers have been as numerous almost as the questioners; and so fanciful have they been as a rule that sober-minded people have become a little shy,—to use a financial phrase,—of taking stock in any new theory of American pre-history. Yet it is evident enough that, however obscure their origin, those unique civilizations must have had an origin, and their founders must have been related somehow to the people of Europe and Asia. In view of the late achievements of the immature sciences having to do with linguistics and tradition, is it too much to hope that the mystery of America may yet be solved?

The latest attempts toward such a solution are certainly curious.

For several years an enthusiastic Frenchman has been trying to persuade his acquaintances that he has read the riddle of ancient Peru. Its people were Assyrians, or the Assyrians were Peruvians, or both were offshoots of the same stock, he could not tell which: certainly they were intimately related.

In proof of his assertion, he produced what purported to be a certified copy of a manuscript which he professed to have found in the library of the British Museum, where it had lain unnoticed for two or three hundred years. This manuscript (assuming it to be genuine) contains an early Spanish account of the Peruvians, illustrated by copies of Peruvian inscriptions, drawings of Temple ornaments, ceremonial observances, and so on. The surprising characteristic of it lies in the fact that these illustrations are marvelously like those given in the works of Layard and other recent explorers of the ruined cities of Assyria. The type of countenance figured on Assyrian monuments is precisely that of the alleged Peruvian drawings. Both records show the same peculiar mode of dressing the hair and beard, the same style of garments, the same style of ornamentation, the same religious symbols and devotional gestures—only the Peruvian designs indicate a ruder stage of art, an earlier stage of national development: as though progress had been arrested in Peru, while in Babylon and Nineveh it had gone on to completion.

Now there comes a Spanish gentleman who argues the same relationship between Persia and Peru, founding his theory on language and tradition. He calls his work *Les Races Aryennes de Pérou*, and essays to prove the occupation of Western South America by an Aryan race who spoke an Aryan dialect, possessed a system of caste like that of India, worshiped in temples of Cyclopean architecture, and whose age antedates the invasion of Europe by the Teutonic or Hellenic offshoot of the original Aryan stock.

The correspondence between the architecture of the Incas and the Cyclopean remains attributed to the Pelasgians in Italy and Greece—"the most remarkable in the history of architecture"—was noticed years ago by Fergusson, who goes on to say that the sloping jambs, the window cornices, the polygonal masonry and other forms of Peruvian architecture, "so closely resemble what is found in the old Pelasgic cities of Greece and Italy, that it is difficult to resist the conclusion that there may be some relation between them." Again, it may be observed that the earlier Peruvian remains (see "An Ancient American Civilization" in our issue for April) mark a stage of development lower, and apparently older, than those of the East: for example, that of the Pelasgic treasure-house of Atreus.

Our Spanish author, however, finds his strongest proofs of the Aryan relationship of the Ancient Peruvians in their language, supported by their art remains, their legendary records, and the traces of their institutions and religious beliefs which these afford. It certainly requires but little study of the social and religious history of the Peruvians, as exhibited in the legends and traditions collected by Montesinos, to discover many curious parallels with corresponding stages in the development of the Aryan races of Europe and Asia; but that may be no proof of racial alliance.

Señor Lopez goes deeper, and boldly asserts that the Quichua language, which the Incas imposed on their conquered provinces, was an Aryan dialect, arrested in its development before it reached the inflexional stage which characterizes all other known forms of

Aryan speech. How well his comparative tables showing coincidence between Quichua words and Aryan roots will stand the scrutiny of Aryan scholarship remains to be seen. Should his claims be substantiated, and the Quichua language prove to be the missing link marking the transition which Max Müller says must have occurred at some time in the development of inflexional languages, a new impulse will be given, to say the least, to the study of American antiquity.

Tyndall's Lectures.*

THE many who had no opportunity of listening in person to the eloquence of Prof. Tyndall, or of watching his brilliant experimentation, can now repair the first of these losses—at any rate, in part. The printed type, of necessity, does not convey the charm and power of the living presence. Nevertheless, the public will be grateful to the author for leaving behind him, in an authentic form, the six lectures on light with which he delighted so many hearers. They will be the more grateful, if they will reflect that these lectures were "begun, continued, and ended in New York;" that the author had, to begin with, no intention of publishing them; and that they were written amid the press of other engagements and the thousand-fold distractions of his visit to a new and hospitable country. To write them, the author had to sacrifice much of his own pleasure, and the public gain was thus a direct loss to him. What shall we say also of the noble generosity which has prompted him to give back to this country, for the promotion of original scientific research within its borders, the entire sum of money which he had earned by his lectures? One may differ very widely from Prof. Tyndall as regards many of the theoretical opinions which he is known to hold, but his most ardent intellectual opponents must recognize and freely admit that few men are capable of such disinterested and single-minded devotion to the cause of science.

The six lectures comprised in the volume before us cover a vast extent of ground, and may, indeed, be most fairly regarded as a very clear and fascinating hand-book of the laws and phenomena of light. It is hardly necessary for us to disclaim any intention of criticising these lectures. "When kings build, the carters have to work," says an old German proverb: but their work lies in bringing bricks and mortar, and not in appraising the conceptions of the master-mind. It is enough to say that the subject of these lectures is one that has formed a life-study of their writer, and that he is an acknowledged master, both as regards the extent of his knowledge and as regards his power of imparting that knowledge to others. We do not know that anything could be added to this simple statement of facts.

We may be permitted, however, to draw the special attention of our readers to the remarks with which Prof. Tyndall concluded his course of lectures. These remarks refer to a subject upon which much popular misconception exists, and upon which it is most important for the future of the human race that something like a clear conclusion should be arrived at. What, namely, are, or should be, the aims of true science? Science has had to suffer, and still suffers, much from the misconceptions which prevail upon this point in the minds no less of its friends than of its opponents. The friends of science point proudly to the "practical" results of science, and base its claims upon the material benefits which the human race has received at its hands. The enemies of science, on the other hand, point scornfully to what they imagine to be the immense waste of time devoted to the investigation of subjects which have no "practical" bearing, such as what they elegantly denominate "clams and salamanders" or "bugs." Both alike are wrong, though the latter much more seriously so than the former. The railway, the steamboat, the telegraph, chloroform, and the thousand-fold appliances by which human toil is lightened, human pain alleviated, and human life sweetened and elevated, are noble achievements of science, and the world owes them for the most part to men who were content to spend their lives in researches not, upon the face of them, of a "practical" character. Higher and deeper, however, than all the discoveries of science by which modern life has been so immeasurably raised above the life of even the last century, are the incalculable benefits which have accrued to the progress of thought and knowledge from the recent vast development of science. No man now living is in a position to estimate rightly what will be the result, as regards the future of the human race, of the final settlement of such theoretical questions as the nature of life and its connection with the physical forces, the origin of species, the descent of man and his antiquity upon the earth, the laws of health, and the like. Superficial observers are very apt to overlook the importance of these questions, as seeming to have no direct practical bearing upon human life and activity. We hold, however, that the establishment of the doctrine of Evolution, for example, as a truth so undeniable that all men would acknowledge it, would within the *next* fifty years work more changes in human life than all the practical discoveries of science have produced within the *last* fifty years. As a matter of course, we hold that the disproof of the doctrine of Evolution, if equally conclusive and generally admitted, and its replacement by some other doctrine, would equally effect the current of human life. Upon the whole, therefore, the claims of science may be based at least as strongly upon what she has done, and is doing, in the world of thought, as upon what she has done, is doing, or may do, in altering the material conditions of man's existence.

* *Lectures on Light. Delivered in the United States in 1872–73.* By John Tyndall, F.R.S. D. Appleton & Co.

Burr's "Pater Mundi."*

THERE is happily yet a large class of cultivated minds, to which the supra-sensual truths of Religion are none the less real because they are not primarily based upon evidence derived from the senses, and are incapable of scientific analysis and treatment. To such minds works like the one at present before us are ever welcome, even though they may not always be without their defects. They are weapons, more or less keen and trenchant, which the Christian can use in the inevitable conflict which arises in every thinking mind, at some period or other of its development, between materialism and spiritualism. In so far as this conflict is a public one, waged not in the inner soul of each individual, but between opposing schools of thought, its intensity varies from century to century, with the set of the intellectual tide at different times, and with the prevailing form of society at each particular epoch. Nevertheless the conflict is a constant one, never entirely absent from the intellectual life of communities, and inevitably demanding its solution in every human soul which is not content to pass its existence in this state of being merely in baking bricks for the Egyptians. Never, perhaps, has this conflict been more hotly carried on than at present; never have so many and such able combatants been arrayed on either side; and never before has public attention been so strongly attracted to the fortunes of the fight. The battle between Materialism and Spiritualism is no sham fight, but is the inevitable result of the psychical development of individuals and peoples; and no one can doubt that its final outcome must in all cases be for good in the long run. This battle, however, is commonly, but erroneously, confounded with what is only in part the same thing—namely, the contest between Science and what is generally called Religion. In part the antagonism which subsists at present between Science and Religion *is* the antagonism between Materialism and Spiritualism, divesting the latter term of the extraneous and offensive meaning which it has in modern times come unjustly to bear. In so far as this is the case, the issue of the conflict cannot for a moment be doubtful. When Science fights against the primitive and instinctive religious beliefs of mankind, then it is not Science properly so called, and it is fighting against forces immeasurably stronger than itself. But in many cases, what is commonly called the antagonism of Science and Religion may be resolved on careful analysis into an antagonism between Science and that very different thing from Religion, which we know as *Theology*. Theology is but the human interpretation of religious beliefs, and is as much a branch of Science as any other "ology." It is not conceivable, except by those who are willing to believe in human infallibility, that Theology is invariably correct and right in its laws, formulæ, and conclusions. Indeed, no better proof of this is wanted than is afforded by the differences of opinion which subsist between different theological schools. In so far, therefore, as the conclusions of Science may seem to conflict with those of Theology, we may watch the contest, and await the result with comparative calmness; for no victory of natural or physical Science over any given theological dogma would at the bottom touch injuriously the vital truths of Religion.

The first question, then, in any consideration of the now celebrated "doctrine of Evolution" is to decide whether this doctrine is opposed to the fundamental truths of Religion, or merely to certain theological dogmas. This question, we think, Dr. Burr rightly answers by deciding that the hypothesis of Evolution is essentially, and by its own logical necessities, materialistic, unspiritual, and at heart atheistic. It is quite true that the theory of Evolution is not absolutely inconsistent with the belief in a Supreme Being, and that its positive proof would do nothing towards disproving the existence of a great First Cause. Still there cannot be much question but that "both in its practical influence and its logical sequences, it is quite inconsistent with a reasonable faith in the Bible and in God . . . Let men say what they will, Evolutionism means *Materialism;* and so denies to man moral character, responsibility, personal immortality and so denies the chief use of having a God." We are bound to say that we think Dr. Burr is fully justified by the facts in taking this view of the case, and that, therefore, in common with all the advocates of a Christian philosophy, he is fully justified in combating the doctrine of Evolution with all the weapons at his command.

The present work is a careful analysis of the hypothesis of Evolution, with the view of showing that it is not consonant with known facts, that it deals largely in assumptions, and that it is not the only or the necessary explanation of the facts. Upon the whole, the extensive task thus indicated has been well carried out, and Dr. Burr may be congratulated on having produced a work which may be, and we hope will be, profitably consulted by the numerous inquiring minds which halt dubious and uncertain in the neutral ground between the two great modern schools of thought. In parts, our author rises to the level of true eloquence, whilst his argument generally discloses an acute and subtle mind that has carefully pondered over the question under discussion. In parts, however, the reasoning stumbles under a load of metaphor; whilst there are indications here and there (as in the chapter on Geology) that the writer has not in all cases grasped the full import of the evidence. As an example of the author's style in his happier moods and as a fair exponent of the method in which he handles his subject, we may direct attention to what he says upon the question of the indefinite variability of species. It is well known that the key to the Darwinian position rests in the assumption that species are capable of indefinite variation, and that no trans-

* *Pater Mundi, or the Doctrine of Evolution.* By Rev. E. F. Burr, D.D., Lecturer on the Scientific Evidences of Religion in Amherst College. Second Series. Noyes, Holmes & Company. 1873.

mutation of species is possible except upon this assumption. Dr. Burr, however, points out that the admission that species are capable of a certain amount of variation by no means proves that such variation may not be perfectly definite and limited by rigid laws. It is quite certain that sooner or later all variations must reach natural limits somewhere, and the question to be solved is where these limits may be. The Darwinians place these limits so far away, as practically to abolish them altogether; but in truth there is reason to believe that every specific type oscillates about a central point, deviating now to one side and now to the other, but always returning in the end to its center of equilibrium. This subject is capitally illustrated by Dr. Burr, in a passage we have not room to quote, by a reference to the secular variations of astronomy.

"Lars." *

FROM the remote sphere, peopled with mystical personages, that invited his last poetic experiment, Mr. Taylor descends in this one to common daylight and simple human feeling. With the plain elements of peasant life, thrown into strongly contrasted situations, he has wrought out a very distinct conception of the power in mere goodness to conquer evil in character, and to soften by its example even barbarous national customs. It was a bold attempt to reconcile the extremes of Norse ferocity and Quaker meekness in the same spirit. Yet no miracle is invoked. The transformation proceeds under quiet natural influences; patient toil and womanly tenderness prepare a genuine conversion without religious spasms, until the Berserker fire of the exiled slayer burns in the chastened zeal of the returning missionary.

It is in this psychological study that the real difficulty of the task and the interest of its performance are found. The story moves through a narrow range of events. Lars, a woodman and hunter on the wild Norway heights, is the rival of Per, a blue-eyed masterful sailor, and Brita, the capricious beauty of Ulvik hamlet, lingers in her choice between them until jealousy breaks into deadly strife. In the duel with knives, permitted by savage Norse usage, Per is slain, leaving his enemy to Brita's hatred, who learns her preference too late, and to revenge laid as a duty on the dead man's kindred by the barbarous custom of blood-feud. Lars, seeking an escape, not from them, but from memories of his haunted life, recalls a tradition of his forefathers' emigration, and crosses the sea, to find a home among a community of Friends in Delaware. Renewal of the old strife in his soul, calmed into peace through the ministrations of Ruth, the daughter of the Friend who first gave him shelter, and transition to the quiet content of their marriage, employ the second book of the poem; and the last brings him again with her to Norway, as a preacher of humanity and a reformer of the cruel customs of his kindred. The offered sacrifice of his own life disarms his challenger, the brother of his victim, and his grand courage in rebuke, aided by Ruth's saintly example among the women of the region, checks, if it does not succeed in destroying the traditional vendetta.

This outline of the story suggests its capability of rich illustration. Mr. Taylor has availed himself of this in a masterly manner, borrowing from the pictures long ago laid up in his memory shapes and colors for landscape sketches, and touches of household ways that finish his work in very high relief. Contrast in character between the rude heartiness of Norwegian simplicity and the quaint serenity ingrained in Quaker life is as strongly portrayed as is the difference between the wild fells and blue Scandinavian fiords and the tranquil streams and sunward slopes of Hockessin.

The cool, quiet tone pervading the whole poem is perfect, and its symmetry so complete that the skill of construction almost escapes notice in the harmonious effect. As instances in style of this symmetry, the illustrative comparisons strike us by their accurate keeping, such as the likening of character to the "force of rooted firs that slowly split the stone," or the figure of uncertain hope in one

> "who in a land of mist
> Feels one side warmer, where the sun must be."

But the art goes deeper than style. Each of the main parts of the poem balances and reflects the other. Continuous life slowly changing, yet the same, for Lars presents in maturer days the softened copy of his fiery early years, the transfigured image of a nature still one in its elements. Love for a woman comes between him and his rival to kindle his Norse blood into fury, as it comes again, grave and tender, to part another quarrel and allay instead of inflaming his spirit. Old age warns Brita out of its little hoard of maxims, and larger, riper experience counsels Ruth. Even the little incidents continue this repetition that sustains identity. The wedding rout at Ulvik shows as a foil to the serene ceremonies among the Friends; —the knife that served Lars' wrath is hurled away in his self-conquest at a later hour of temptation,—the garnet brooch lost in the sea reappears, sparkling among the weedy rocks, binding the distant years together with a link of superstition. This interdependence, skillfully wrought into its various parts, heightens the impression of unity in the poem, while it makes any quotation that could do it justice difficult. And this impression is completed by the sustained evenness of the measure, which is smooth and fluent without pretensions to loftiness, and broken only by a single instance of a careless Alexandrine. As a mere bit of pastoral verse we frankly prefer Mr. Taylor's late stanzas, "John Reed's Thoughts;" but this is something higher and more complete, pastoral in its setting and atmosphere only, but thoughtful, and even tragic, how subdued soever the tone, in its study of the heart and its simple truth of action.

* *Lars: A Pastoral of Norway.* By Bayard Taylor. Osgood & Co. Boston, 1873.

"Memoir of a Brother."

WE all know and love "Tom Hughes." After reading this delightful book we shall know better how he came to be the brave, straightforward, loving, true man he is. This *Memoir of a Brother* (J. R. Osgood & Co.) is a revelation of more lives than one. To us it has been far more a revelation of the father (whose first name even, is not given), than of the son who is its subject. We wish every parent in America would read this book, and ponder well the letters which this father wrote to his boys at school. We do not know anywhere such models. And there is in them all just that certain fine aroma of tender manliness and manly tenderness, of devout simplicity and simple uprightness, without a trace of cant or priggishness, which we have seen reflected in Thomas Hughes, and which we find from this memoir were also reproduced, as such qualities in a father must inevitably be, in the older son George, "the home-loving country gentleman," of whose life this book is a touching record. So touching, indeed, in its unfeigned sorrow and exquisite simpleness of story, that one has almost a sense of intrusion upon a sacred family circle in reading it. Here is a part of one of the elder Hughes's letters to his sons while they were at Rugby.

The boys were in disgrace: a poor image dealer's wares had been taken and set up for "cock-shyes," and the sixth-form boys either could not or would not report the offenders. Dr. Arnold expelled half a dozen or more, among whom was George Hughes.

"I have heard an account of the affair of the images. You should have remembered, as a Christian, that to insult the poor is to despise the ordinance of God in making them so; and moreover, being well-born and well-bred, and having lived in good company at home, which maybe has not been the privilege of all your schoolfellows, you should feel that it is the hereditary pride and duty of a gentleman to protect those who, perhaps, never sat down to a good meal in their lives. It would have been more manly and creditable if you had broken the head of some pompous country booby in your back settlement, than smashed the fooleries of this poor pagan Jew, which were to him both funds and landed estate. This strict truth obliges me to say. Though if you had bought his whole stock to indulge the school with a 'cock-shy,' I should only have said, 'A fool and his money are soon parted.' It is impossible, however, to be angry with you, as you came forward like a lad of spirit and gentlemanly feeling to repair your share, and, perhaps, more than your share, of the damage. The anxiety the poor fellow had suffered you could not make up to him. And it is well that you did make such reparation as you did; had it not been the case, you never would have recovered the place you would have lost in my esteem. Remember this sort of thing must never happen again if you value that esteem. And have no acquaintance you can avoid with the stingy cowards who shirked their share of the damage; they can be no fit company for you or any gentleman."

And again: "I do not care two straws how you stand in the opinion of Doctor this or Doctor that, provided you deserve your own good opinion as a Christian and a gentleman. And if you only fear God in the true sense, you may snap your fingers at everything else, which ends all I have to say on this point. 'Upright and downright' is the true motto."

The precepts in these letters, true and sound as they are, are the least of the merits. It is the absolute sympathy, the friendly equality of tone. These are what tell on the young. These are what told on George and Thomas Hughes, and again on their children. "From generation unto generation" such heritage passes down.

We have left ourselves little room to speak of the subject of the memoir. Brave, athletic from infancy, riding to the hounds at seven, stroke oar in university races, and never beaten champion in golf at the age of forty-nine. So much for his bravery and bodily strength. And for patience and unselfishness of soul, we have only to note that he sacrificed to the needs of an invalid relative his whole professional career—spending his winters in search of sunny climes to suit the sufferer, and everywhere working quietly and earnestly for the good and the amusement of the community in which he lived. As his brother says in the preface, he was "one of the humblest and most retiring of men, who just did his own duty, and held his own tongue without the slightest effort or wish for fame or notoriety of any kind."

"Memorial of Col. Kitching."

THIS is a book closely of kin to the one just mentioned; a simple unvarnished record of a Christian gentleman's life and death. The purely religious element was far more developed, or we should say, brought to surface and expression in Col. Kitching than in George Hughes. But in simplicity, in unselfishness, they were alike.

Col. Kitching was the Colonel of the 6th New York Artillery, and received in the battle of Cedar Creek the wound from the effects of which he finally died. No more touching records of the emotions and experiences of a young Christian soldier have ever been written, than are to be found in Col. Kitching's letters to his friends.

That there were thousands as brave, as pure as he, who fell in our terrible war, is our best hold of trust for the future of our country. There must be thousands more as brave, as pure to-day, living, as Tom Hughes says, in the preface to his brother's memoir, "their own quiet lives in every corner of the kingdom, bringing up their families in the love of God and their neighbors, and keeping the atmosphere around them clear and pure and strong by their example,—men who would come to the front, and might be relied on in any serious national crisis."

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Strength of Wood.

PROFESSOR THURSTON reports the results of a eries of experiments on the torsion or twisting of arious kinds of wood. Among other interesting de-elopments, he relates that black walnut, hickory and ocust resist torsion up to a certain point; the resist-nce then becomes less for a time, when it again in-reases, passing considerably beyond the first maximum; then diminishes as the wood slowly twists asunder.

This striking peculiarity, he says, was shown by arefully-repeated experiments to be owing to the fact hat in those woods in which it was noticed, the late-al cohesion seemed much less in proportion to the ongitudinal strength than in other varieties. Watch-ng the process of yielding under stress, it could be een by close observation, that, in the examples now eferred to, the first maximum was passed at the in-tant when, the lateral cohesion of the fibers being vercome, they slipped upon each other, and the bundle f these loose fibers readily yielding, the resistance di-inished, until, by lateral crowding, further move-ent was checked, and the resistance rose until the econd maximum was reached. Here yielding again ommenced, this time by the breaking of the fibers nder longitudinal stress, the rupture taking place n the exterior fibers first.

Guns and Gunpowder.

THE problem of delivering the largest possible pro-ectile with the greatest possible velocity, has for ears occupied the attention of the ordnance officers f this and other countries. To solve the problem, wo courses were open, viz.: either to strengthen the annon, or to modify the powder so that the cannon ight stand the discharge without bursting.

In Europe the first method was adopted, and the ast-iron gun was soon supplanted by wrought-iron nd steel. Here, on the contrary, Rodman and others irected their attention to the second method, and evised the mammoth powder which, by burning slow-, should bring the pressure to bear on the projectile radually. Though the mammoth powder reduced he rapidity of the combustion, the greatest pressure as still exerted when the projectile had moved only short distance, and necessarily diminished as the ot traversed the remainder of the bore. To attain he desired result successfully, it is necessary to begin ith a small surface of combustion, and increase it as he projectile passes along the bore. This it is now roposed to accomplish by making the powder in rge prismatic grains with several perforations; thus small surface would be presented at first, which ould rapidly increase as the perforations increased in ameter and surface.

Deterioration in Iron.

IN thinking of the disaster to the Steamship At-ntic, many of our readers doubtless recollect the story of the wreck of the Great Britain on the Irish coast, and how she was cut in two, put together again, and is we believe still running in the Australian trade. Though this power of resistance to violence and also to decay was in part owing to the manner of construction, it is in part to be accounted for by the fact that the iron now made is not as good as it was in those days. An excellent illustration of this fact is furnished by the wear of railroad rails. In 1840, the seventy pound rails of the London and North-Western railroad withstood the passage of 313,000 trains, whereas it is estimated by Mr. Price Williams that the best iron rails now made will not stand the passage of more than 100,000 trains.

The life of a well-made steel rail, on the contrary, exceeds that of the old iron rails as much as the latter exceeds that of modern iron. On the railroad mentioned above, sixteen iron rails have been worn out in succession, while an adjoining steel rail has been worn evenly to a depth of a little more than a quarter of an inch. On the Philadelphia and Baltimore railroad also a good steel rail has outlasted sixteen iron ones, the traffic being the same in both cases.

Errors in Generalization.

IN reviewing Mr. Moggridge's work on Ants and Spiders, Alfred R. Wallace says: "It might have been thought that the habits of European insects were pretty well known, and that a person comparatively new to the subject could not add much to our knowledge. But the fact is quite otherwise, for Mr. Moggridge, in the course of a few winters spent in the south of Europe, has, by careful observation, thrown considerable light on the habits and economy of two important groups of insects, and, as regards one of them, has disproved the dogmatic assertions of several entomologists. Nothing is more curious than the pertinacity with which scientific men will often draw general conclusions from their own special observations, and then use these conclusions to set aside the observations of other men. Mr. Moggridge now confirms, in many of their minutest details, the accounts given by classical writers of the habits of ants. These habits were recorded with so much appearance of minute observation that they bear the impress of accuracy; yet because the ants of England and of Central Europe have different habits, it was concluded that the old authors invented all these details, and that they were at once accepted as truths and became embodied in the familiar sayings of the time. The ants were described as ascending the stalks of cereals and gnawing off the grains, while others below detached the seed from the chaff and carried it home; as gnawing off the radicle to prevent germination, and spreading their stores in the sunshine to dry after wet weather. Latreille, Huber, Kirby, and many less eminent authors treat these statements with con-

tempt, and give reasons why they cannot be true for European species, yet we find them verified in every detail by observations at Mentone and other places on the shores of the Mediterranean."

Curious Customs in the East.

DR. ANDERSON, who accompanied the expedition sent out by the British Government in 1868 to ascertain how far it was possible to open the great highway to China, by the Valley of the Tapeng, to British commerce, makes the following interesting statements, which we extract from a review by John Evans :

The practice of horse-worship in connection with the Buddhism of the Sanda Valley may, however, be noticed, as well as the Shan method of concealment of gold and precious stones, by burying them beneath the skin of their chest and necks, by making slits, through which the coins or stones are forced, and which subsequently heal up. When the valuable object is wanted a second cut is made upon the spot, and it is extracted. In some instances as many as fifteen stones or coins were found to be hidden beneath the skin of men just arrived with a caravan at Mandalay.

Their method of producing fire is very remarkable, and is effected by the sudden and forcible descent of a piston in a closed cylinder. There is a small cup-shaped cavity at the end of the piston-rod, into which a little tinder is inserted. The apparatus is identical in principle with one now employed in the lecture-rooms of our colleges.

Both bronze and stone celts are very common. They are thought to be thunderbolts which have penetrated the earth and afterwards worked their way to the surface. The belief in the celestial origin and healing powers of these implements is as common in Asia as in Europe. They are worn as charms, and carefully kept in small bags; when dipped in water they are supposed to impart curative properties to it, and it is administered as a medicine which is supposed to possess great value, especially in difficult labor cases.

Ancient Monuments.

REGARDING the destruction of such monuments in England a writer in *Nature* says :—"It is perhaps rarely the case that these monuments are destroyed in a merely willful manner; it is usually from economical motives. The barrows offer a mound of soil well adapted as a top dressing to some neighboring field, and there is also the secondary advantage that their site, after the removal of the mound, offers no impediment to the passage of the plough. The stones of the megalithic monuments offer supplies of material both for the purposes of building and the repair of the road in the vicinity. As it was with the 'Egyptian mummies which Cambyses or time had spared and which avarice now consumeth,' so it is with these rude monuments of our forefathers."

The writer, in conclusion, deplores the want of care for these relics of past times, and adds that in France, where a building or other ancient structure is classed as a historic monument, it is regarded with some degree of pride and affection by those who live near it, and the necessary expenses for the preservation of such monuments are not grudged as they are in England.

Ventilation in the Mont Cenis Tunnel.

THE *Engineering and Mining Journal* states that up to last autumn the tunnel was sufficiently well ventilated; but in the latter part of the autumn frequent and violent barometrical disturbances took place all over central Europe, and it is highly probable that the steady current of air through the tunnel was more than once brought to a stand-still, and even reversed. On one of these occasions, during the first week in December, a goods train stuck fast in the midst of the tunnel because all the *personnel* of the train had fainted in consequence of the vicious air and smoke. The train was met by another goods train coming in the opposite direction, which succeeded in pulling out the first train, when the half-suffocated persons soon recovered their senses.

Memoranda.

A NEW microscope slide for observing the appearances presented by fluids as they circulate through the capillary vessels has been invented by Mr. D. S. Holman. It consists of two shallow cavities on one side of the slide : these are connected by a minute groove. The liquid, *e. g.* blood, milk, &c., to be examined is placed in the shallow cups, and these and the groove are then covered with a piece of thin glass. By pressing on the portion of the glass covering one of the other cavity, the fluid is caused to circulate through the narrow tube, when the movements of its globules or corpuscles may be examined at leisure.

Country post-offices are the centers of information in rural districts. "Old Probabilities," we hear, is about to establish a system of telegraphic communication with these post-offices, and so afford the farmer information which will be of the greatest value in the management of their crops.

Dr. I. Waly finds that glacial acetic acid is an excellent solvent for iodine. On cooling a hot saturated solution, long arrow-headed crystals of iodine separate.

Mr. Paley has sent a communication to the Cambridge Philosophical Society, in which he attempts to show that as the word Odusseus signifies "Setting Sun," the Odyssey is to be regarded as a solar myth describing the journey of the sun to the west, and his return after many adventures to his bride, Penelope, the spinstress or cloud-weaver in the east.

A bandsaw 55 feet long and 5½ inches in width is in successful operation in Philadelphia. Its speed is 4,500 feet per minute. It is said that the blade will follow the curvature of the grain of the lumber, thus combining economy with increased value in the product, especially when it is to be used in ship-building.

The value of the silk raised annually in the United States is from thirty to forty million dollars.

Ruck's process for preparing illuminating gas consists in the decomposition of superheated steam, by coke and iron, at a high temperature, the removal of the sulphur products by oxide of iron and the carbonizing of the gas by rectified petroleum.

It is stated by Willoughby Smith, that under the influence of the light of the sun selenium gradually becomes crystalline. In its vitreous state it is a non-conductor of electricity, but in the crystalline condition it is a conductor.

A rival to the Bessemer cabin has been invented in Russia; in this case the cabin floats in a tank of water instead of resting on a pivot.

The causes of conflagrations in Philadelphia during 1872 are stated by a committee of the Franklin Institute to be as follows:—

Explosion of coal oil and fluid lamps,	59
Carelessness with matches, gas and lamps,	54
Defective stoves, grates and stove-pipes,	51
Incendiary,	35
Spontaneous combustion,	32
Tobacco-pipes and cigars,	24
Defective flues,	23
Fire-works,	20

A French inventor proposes to photograph dispatches to microscopic fineness, and blow them through a tube sunk in the Straits of Dover. When at their destination the dispatches could be enlarged again. By this method long dispatches could be sent about as cheaply and expeditiously as short ones.—(Journal Franklin Institute.)

It is stated that a strong solution of chloride of zinc will dissolve all the silk threads from any textile fabric and leave the cotton threads untouched.

Professor Artus recommends the addition of a little glycerine to the fat employed in greasing leather. The exposure of harness or other articles of leather to ammonia causes them rapidly to become rotten; such articles should therefore be protected from the ammoniacal fumes of stables.

M. L. de Henry suggests the use of a monochromatic soda flame in alkalimetry to determine with greater accuracy the changes of color in litmus paper.

A writer in *The Rural World* says that any fruit-grower can convince himself that stocks influence the character of the fruit: if he will put grafts from one tree into twenty different young trees in his orchard when they come into bearing, he will find that the fruit will be different in all.

By determining the increase in weight of a platform car during a snow storm, it was found that a cubic foot of the ordinary dry snow that falls on a cold day weighs about nine and a half pounds.

Dr. Ranke states that the electric currents in plants correspond in all respects with those in animals.

Mr. Riley thinks that the sulphur found in iron analyses frequently comes from the gas-flames employed in the fusions attending the analysis.

Professor Orton says: The imperfections of the diamond, and in fact of all gems, are made visible by putting them into oil of cassia, when the slightest flaw will be seen.

ETCHINGS.

CAROMEL.

THE scintillant zephyrs gleam;
The cloud rides over the rack;
The lightning-rods with cream
Comb their purple tresses back.

Far off in the eye of the wind
Slow thunders rise and set;
Though Moses and Jenny Lind
Sing on their dark duet.

And now through the steepling storm
The pink-eyed peaks appear,
While mildewed Miss Delorme
Creeps under the fallow-deer.

But down where the fir-trees fume
And the mermaids curl their teeth,
Rath corals glide in gloom,
And the red moon swords its sheath.

TO CATCH A CANARY.

After the Danburian.

AT this season of the year, when it behooves us to scrub and re-gravel our bird-cages, it's more than likely that your canary will get out.

In such a case prompt and decisive action is required. It is useless for the whole family to collect and shout at the canary and make desperate attempts to waft pocket-handkerchiefs over him. Life is too short to be wasted in this way.

And maddened efforts to clap hats over him generally amount to very little, especially when he is up a tree.

And just here we may remark, that there are few methods of taking exercise that may be relied upon to hold out like that of following a loose canary around a village, reaching out at arm's length towards him a good-sized bird-cage, and endeavoring by a series of monotonous and irrelevant chirps to make him believe he wants to go in.

Sugar and cuttle-fish bone, as engines of seduction, are not to be depended upon. The average coaxation into cages by sugar of the ordinary canary of North America is in the proportion of a wheelbarrowful of the one to a feather of the other.

We will also state in this connection that a man with new shoes on, and a big cage in one hand, can furnish an interesting spectacle to over forty bystanders by simply climbing a tree to offer wiry blandishments to an enfranchised canary.

The real way to catch a loose canary, and the only way which can be warranted for a term of years, is to collect all your friends and family and post them around the tree or fence where the canary is at bay. Let them all furnish themselves with plenty of bits of kindling wood, sods of grass, lumps of dirt, hunks of brick, curry-combs, bootjacks, porter-bottles, and other handy missiles, and let them fire away boldly at the canary. If the bird cowardly turns tail and flies off, let everybody follow and slam-bang at him with their utmost vigor. It will be hard to confine this entertainment to your immediate circle. No boy whose heart is in the right place and who has any legs will refrain from the pursuit, and there are men who would leave a dentist's chair to mingle in the fray. There are cases, too, where a funeral would hang by a thread, as it were, in the vicinity of a canary-hunt. Even from the windows of upper rooms, where sickness or dishabille may detain unfortunate enthusiasts, there will come, ever and anon, a frantic wash-bowl or a whizzing lamp-chimney to testify the universality of the public interest. Of course, in this rapid free distribution of fire-wood and paving material, it will not be long before several of your relations will wish they had brought a tin umbrella along. But considerations of mere personal comfort must not be allowed to interfere. If you keep this thing up long enough, and you all fire pretty straight, you'll be sure to get your canary. And then you can have him stuffed. Beautiful glass eyes can be had for twenty cents a pair; but you had better buy your glass eyes by the dozen, for of course you'll soon be getting another canary, so as not to waste the cage.

AFTER THE FAIR.

So Aileen, my darlint, you've been to the Fair,
And its moighty foine times you were havin', my lass,—
It must be I'm leavin' my wits wid 'em there,
Is it talkin' oi am to meself in the glass?

My Larrie came to me—to-morrow's three days—
And says he, very saucy and pert-like, says he,
The lads bid ye come to the Fair, if ye plaze—
Is it dancin' their hearts into shoe-strings ye'll be?

Ah! thin it's themselves must be moindin' their hearts,
But it's very poor shoe-strings I'm thinkin' they'd make—
It's little I'd see o' the lads o' these parts
The while I'd be dancin' wid Pat o' the Lake.

You're right, lass, meself 'll be seein' ye then,
It's dancin' wid Peggy I'll be, dear, ye know—
Just look at me wance, darlint, don't look again—
For it's jealous you'd be, since your loving me so.

I went to the Fair in a swate satin gown,
But it wasn't wid Pat I was dancin' at all,
But two foreign gintlemen, come from the town,
And wid two powdered heads on them smiling and tall.

It's Larrie was watching me angrily then,
And says I in his ear, very saucy and low,
"Just look at me wance, darlint, don't look again,
For it's jealous you'd be, since your loving me so."

. . . . . .

We stood on the door-stip, my Larrie and me,
And says he, very soft, lookin' up to the skies,
"A moonkey ye're lovin', too mane, dear to be
In the light o' your swate, lovin' beautiful eyes:"

And thin, very hoigh and offended, I said—
"Sure it's stories you're tellin', you niver can prove,"
And then very soft—"Are you losing your head?
Whist! Larrie, my darlint, it's *you* that I love!"

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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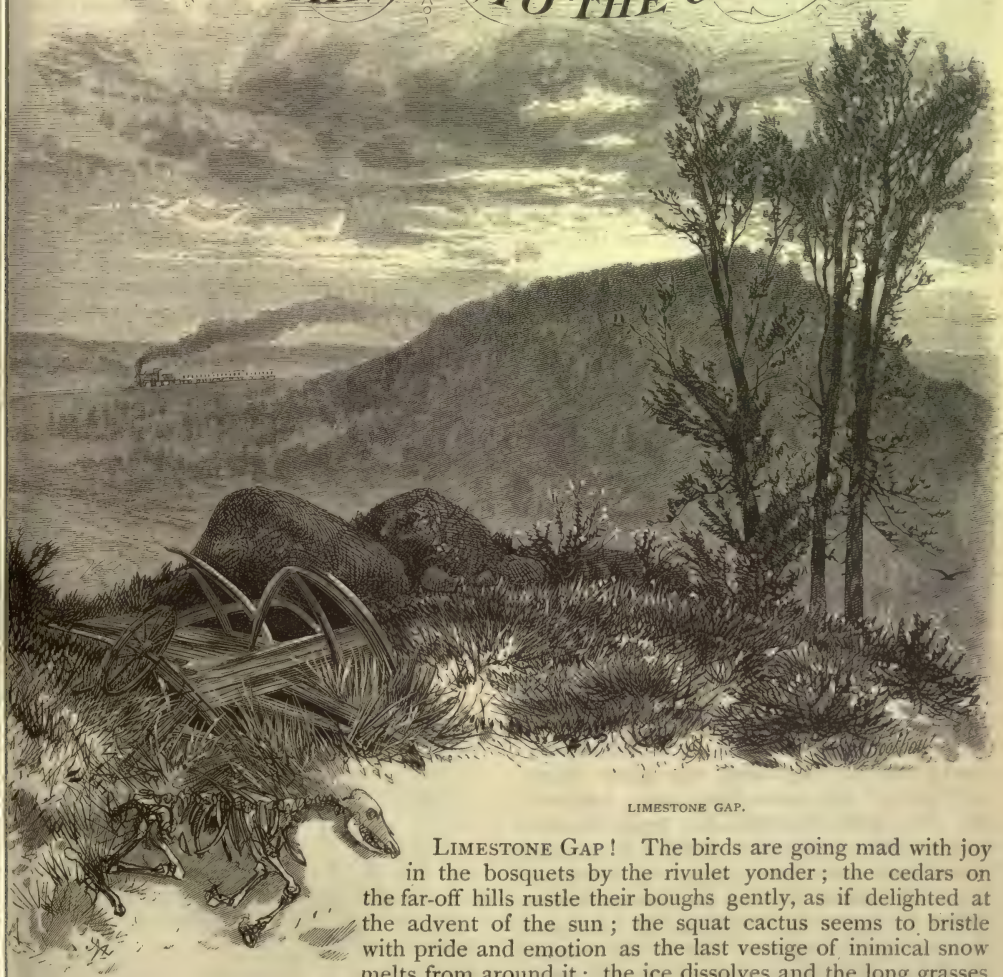
The Great South.

THE NEW ROUTE TO THE GULF



LIMESTONE GAP.

LIMESTONE GAP! The birds are going mad with joy in the bosquets by the rivulet yonder; the cedars on the far-off hills rustle their boughs gently, as if delighted at the advent of the sun; the squat cactus seems to bristle with pride and emotion as the last vestige of inimical snow melts from around it; the ice dissolves and the long grasses wave; the Choctaw Indian twines a red ribbon about his hat, and dons his calico

JEFF. DAVIS.

jacket; the coyote slinks across the prairie, sidling rapidly towards the horizon, for he knows that the hunters will be abroad in every direction now; and the deer fly to their deepest coverts, for the footsteps of men are heard in many a thicket heretofore deemed secure.

"Turn your face southward! Leave the railway behind! Look down the great Texas trail, over which the crusaders of a new civilization have been wandering for many a year. Now the road is bare of travel—not even a horseman is to be seen; yet, at every turn of the route, a monument might justly be erected to the valor of early emigrants. Massacres, heroic resistances, tremendous endurance, courage under privation, all these were the lot of those who went towards Texas a score of years ago. The path stretching through the monotonous prairie, along the high table-lands, or nestling in the embrace of guardian mountains, was beset with romantic adventure on every hand.

As you stand here on this ragged upheaval of obstinate rock, this sentinel-hill keeping watch over the line of mountains divided at this point in twain, you overlook the romance of the past and the romance of the future.

The new pilgrimage to the land of promise is made by express-train on that gleaming line of rail which winds across the plain beyond you, and comes to pierce the rocky chasm near the base of the hill on which you stand; the old pilgrimage was made along that weary way stretching two hundred and fifty miles through this great Indian country, and which crosses the Red River, and twines itself among the uplands of Northern Texas, dispersing into an hundred pathways among the immemorial hills, and by the banks of deep, swift streams. It was but yesterday that a train of canvas-covered emigrant wagons toiled over the Texas highway. That train of wagons started from far Missouri, or even Illinois, before the railway to the Texan frontier was completed, and by the time the emigrants guiding it found a home, the whole expanse of fertile land between Galveston and St. Louis was spanned by iron lines, and the locomotive has in a day rushed through fields on which the slow wagon-trains lingered for months. The development of the Southwest has begun in earnest. The gardens of the gods are at last open to mortals!

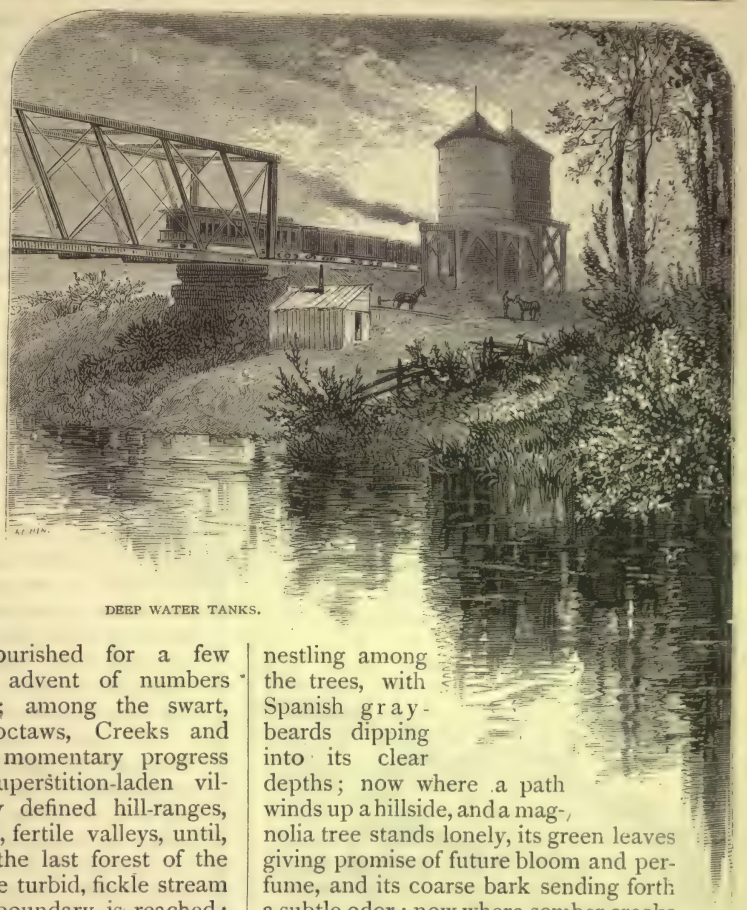
Two great currents of emigration at present tend towards Texas. One flows downward through Missouri and Kansas from the Northwestern States, through the Indian Territory, and enters the vast realm of the Lone Star at the Red River.

The other cuts across the languidly hurrying waters of the Gulf of Mexico from New Orleans, and lands numberless refugees from the Southern States at the port of Galveston. The one peoples the riant landscapes of the North Texan country with resolute, practical farmers and earnest housewives; the other sends a half discouraged, yet nobly-striving population, to inhabit the cattle-grazing regions, to develop the immense farming-lands which have so long sluggishly concealed their treasures. The former is the hope of Texas of the present, the latter gives sure promise for Texas of the future.

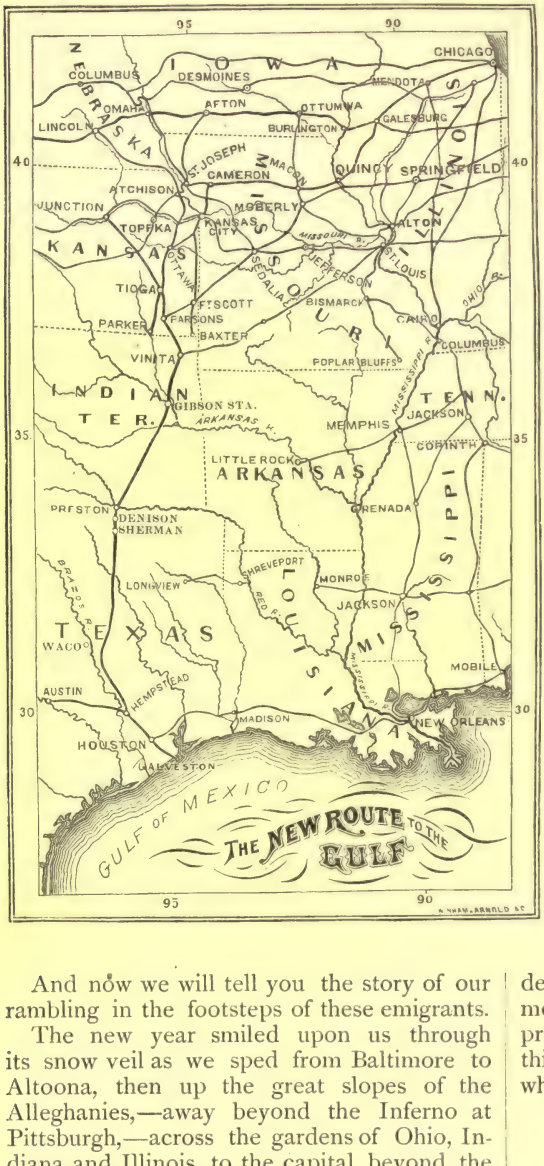
Wondrously beautiful—strangely picturesque pilgrimages these emigrants of to-day are making to the land of promise and performance! Let us be pardoned for visioning their progress, as we stand here on this grand outlook at Limestone Gap, ere we begin the

THE PET CONDUCTOR.

story of our rambles. Downward they wander over the far-stretching prairies, where mushroom towns spring up on either hand, before and behind them; along the courses of mighty rivers in the "Territory," where the half-civilized Indian regards them with evil eye, and bids them hasten to quit the homes allotted him; through lonely lands, where the face of man comes only with the rattle and rush of car-wheels; by the sites of ghost-ridden terminus towns, where fierce little hells of gambling and murder flourished for a few short weeks, until the advent of numbers made the ruffian flee; among the swart, fierce Cherokees, Choctaws, Creeks and Chickasaws, bringing momentary progress into their quaint, superstition-laden villages; through sharply defined hill-ranges, and deeply sequestered, fertile valleys, until, the last creek crossed, the last forest of the Territory dominated, the turbid, fickle stream that marks the Texan boundary is reached; then, on and on through new forests, where a gnarled, unprofitable growth rankly asserts itself; over uplands, where the black earth demands but a caress to bring forth abundant harvest; through thickets where the Spanish moss hangs in hundred fantastic forms from the trees it feeds upon; past immense fields, where thousands of cattle are grazing; by banks and braes, which in summer time are dotted and spangled with myriads of flowers; along highways where horsemen ride merrily; now rushing through a still, old town, where negro children are playing about the doors of the dirty, white houses, or a stalwart negress, with a huge bundle on her head, is tramping in the shade of some friendly trees; now along the borders of a marsh in which a million frogs are croaking a dreary burden, their monotonous chorus rising out of little pools from which the flag-lily raises its defiant head; now where one can see, in the tremulous air of evening, the reflection of the dying sun in a little lake nestling among the trees, with Spanish gray-beards dipping into its clear depths; now where a path winds up a hillside, and a magnolia tree stands lonely, its green leaves giving promise of future bloom and perfume, and its coarse bark sending forth a subtle odor; now where somber creeks steal in and out among the crooked trees, as if eager to furnish seductive nooks for the brown, gray, and red birds which flutter and hover and hop from a thousand twigs; now where the mesquite quivers in the glare of the generous Texan sun; where the voices of negroes are heard in loud refrain, singing some boisterous melody as they loiter home from their half-completed tasks, the urchins somersaulting on the elastic earth; and now where the shadows in the distance are strangely lighted up by the erratic glow of the moon, which throws a fantastic glamour on moss and thicket, on lily and magnolia, on live-oak and mesquite. Onward they wander, now through the sugar-lands and bayou-penetrated swamps of Louisiana, along tortuous waterways, and up to the richly indented Texan coast—even to where Galveston's roofs gleam over the sea-horizon, low-lying on the great gulf's breast, beautiful as Venice in approach,—fascinating as Valencia on near acquaintance.



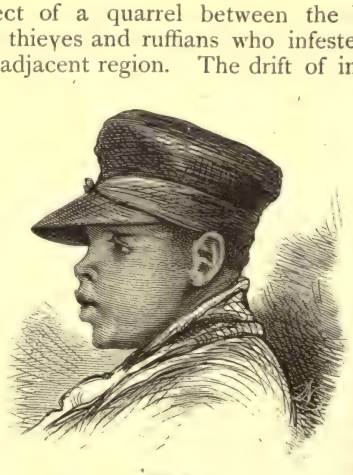
DEEP WATER TANKS.



And now we will tell you the story of our rambling in the footsteps of these emigrants.

The new year smiled upon us through its snow veil as we sped from Baltimore to Altoona, then up the great slopes of the Alleghanies,—away beyond the Inferno at Pittsburgh,—across the gardens of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, to the capital beyond the Mississippi. Long before we reached St. Louis we had entered into the westward current of emigration, and traveled among hundreds of Germans, Alsatians, Swiss, Swedes and Norwegians, hastening to homes in the New Atlantis. As soon, however, as we had crossed the Mississippi, we left the foreign element behind, and saw only native Americans, who, obedient to the eternal spirit of unrest born within us, were moving on. St. Louis was wrapped in a mantle of fog; the great shrieks of the steamers on the muddy stream sounded like the cries of evil spirits; the streets were filled with liquid mud; locomotion on land was almost impossible. At last, however, there came a clear, crisp morning, when sky and earth were not unlike those of January in the North, and we rattled away through Missourian landscapes, past the grape-growing lands, where the Germans are turning every hill and knoll into vineyards; along the dubious bottom lands of the Missouri River, where acres of huger cornstalks than we had ever seen before rose in mid-forest, and where log-cabins clustered in little groups by the side of creeks, or in groves; then over prairies, now aflame, and now dreary under the winter clouds, until, after a day of railway rattle, we drew up in the station at Sedalia, and heard the welcome cry of "Supper!" Fatigued with the ride, the only relief to which, aside from occasional glances at the scenery, had been the jangling music furnished by an adventurous negro minstrel who called himself "Jeff. Davis," we withdrew hastily to our little room in the principal hotel, which is also the railway station of Sedalia, and sat down to review our coming journey.

The ruder aspects of Sedalia have vanished before the march of railway improvement, and the town is rising from the low level of a speculative frontier village, where the tenure of life and position in society was very uncertain, to the grade of an important junction, and a city of prominence. It is not very long since the revolver was the supreme arbiter in all disputes in Sedalia,—since, indeed, the streets were cleared of all peaceable men in an instant, whenever there was prospect of a quarrel between the blood-thirsty thieves and ruffians who infested the whole adjacent region. The drift of iniquity



CHARLIE.

from the impromptu towns along the Union Pacific line came into Missouri, Kansas, and the Indian Territory, as soon as the project of the new route to the Gulf was broached, and brought with it murder and wholesale robbery. The men who had been attracted to Missouri from the States of Illinois and Ohio, and from portions of Kansas, by the excellent chances to enrich themselves in land speculations, were appalled by the actions of the drunken and ferocious fiends who came to haunt the new towns. The projectors of the Gulf Route had to face this criminal element and to submit to its presence in their midst. Often it was the stronger, and openly defied them, as is now the case in certain sections of the West. But the pioneers of the route had had their schooling in new lands; the engineers and builders were men of muscle and brain, of coolness and "nerve," and moved quietly but irresistibly forward, amid the harassing outrages of a mean and cowardly banditti, whose chief precept was assassination, and whose trade was rapine. With dauntless energy, courage, and industry, and by the aid of generously expended capital, these pioneers of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway worked steadfastly, and in three and a-half years laid five hundred and fifty-one miles of solidly constructed track, or a little over half a mile for every working day. When they took up their task, the anguish of the war was hardly ended; the total disorganization of society consequent on the radical changes inaugurated in the lately slaveholding States made many of the conditions of life and labor onerous and disagreeable; but the superb end hoped for always made the difficult means easier to work with. To-day a tract of country which, two years ago, was comparatively as unknown to the masses of our citizens as Central Africa, is now easily accessible; palace cars convey the traveler over the rich plains of the Indian Territory, and from St. Louis, with its legacy of more than a century's history, to Denison, the young giant of Northern Texas, with its records of scarcely a year—a distance of six hundred and twenty-one miles,—a through train will convey you speedily and safely. The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway merits more than a casual mention in the history of the development of our common country.

BRIDGE OVER THE MARMITON.

Two New Yorkers, Messrs. George Denison and David Crawford, jr., gave the railway its first financial status; and brought it before the eyes of the world with its respectability thoroughly guaranteed, and its objects all properly explained. The enterprise, originally known as the Southern branch of the Union Pacific Railway Company, was magnificent in scope, and found ready support from men of large minds and ample means. The system north of the Red River, when perfected, was intended to comprehend more than a thousand miles; and the proposed extension south of the Red River would amount to a thousand more. The scheme was that of a grand vertebral line through Texas, *via* Waco and Austin, to Camargo on the west bank of the Rio Grande; thence almost due south, through Monterey, Saltillo, Zacatecas, San Luis Potosi, and Queretaro, to the City of Mexico. The company formed for the building of these lines north and south—the company which is doing more to develop Texas by emigration each month than was done each year before its construction—and which will yet solve the Mexican problem—is ably officered and conducted by Levi Parsons, as president, by George Denison, as vice president, and by David Crawford, jr., as

OLD HOSPITAL—FORT SCOTT.

treasurer; their projects are put into operation with admirable skill by R. S. Stevens, Esq., the general manager. Among the directors are Francis Skiddy, L. P. Morton, J. Pierrepont Morgan, Erastus Corning, Shepard Gandy, Hezron A. Johnson, and J. B. Dickinson, of New York. The company, in constructing its railway and branches, through Missouri and Kansas, asked but few favors of the States. It has built the road mainly with its own money, and has shown the true pioneering spirit in boldly pushing its tracks, at an enormous expense, through the Indian Territory, without waiting for the settlement of the question of the distribution of lands there. The same indomitable pluck and persistent effort will doubtless be shown in the future building of Texas and Mexican extensions. The Legislature of Texas has accorded the company organization under a special law, and its general law gives to any railway built within the State limits extensive land grants, so that the people will not be subjected to any burdensome taxation, and in a few years the outside world will suddenly discover that a journey to Mexico is no more difficult than the present journey to New Orleans, and that new lands and territories have been opened up to speculation and profit as if by magic.

But the plan is not limited merely to this. It is possible that in future the line may extend from where it now joins the Houston & Texas Central Railway at Denison, southward, down the valley of the Trinity,—the richest in Eastern Texas,—to Galveston, with a branch to the waters of Sabine Bay, which route to the Gulf, it is claimed, would save from seven to twelve hundred miles of railway transportation upon all the foreign importations and exportations of the West Mississippi States and Territories, over shipments *via* the Atlantic ports. The value of the Texas business will also be immense, and should the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway lines touch the Gulf, there will be travel and trade enough for it and for the Houston & Texas Central, even though the latter double its tracks and rolling stock.

Besides this the branch from Sedalia, extending across the Missouri River at Booneville, to Moberly, Mo., will give a magnificent direct line from Chicago to Galveston.

And the whole work of construction to the Red River has been done in three years and a half! History furnishes but few such instances of rapid and solid construction. The expenditure of the company for the road and its equipment up to the present time has been nearly thirty millions of dollars; but the receipts, notwithstanding the great distance which the road runs through thinly-settled districts in the Indian Territory, are amply gratifying, and promise a rich harvest.

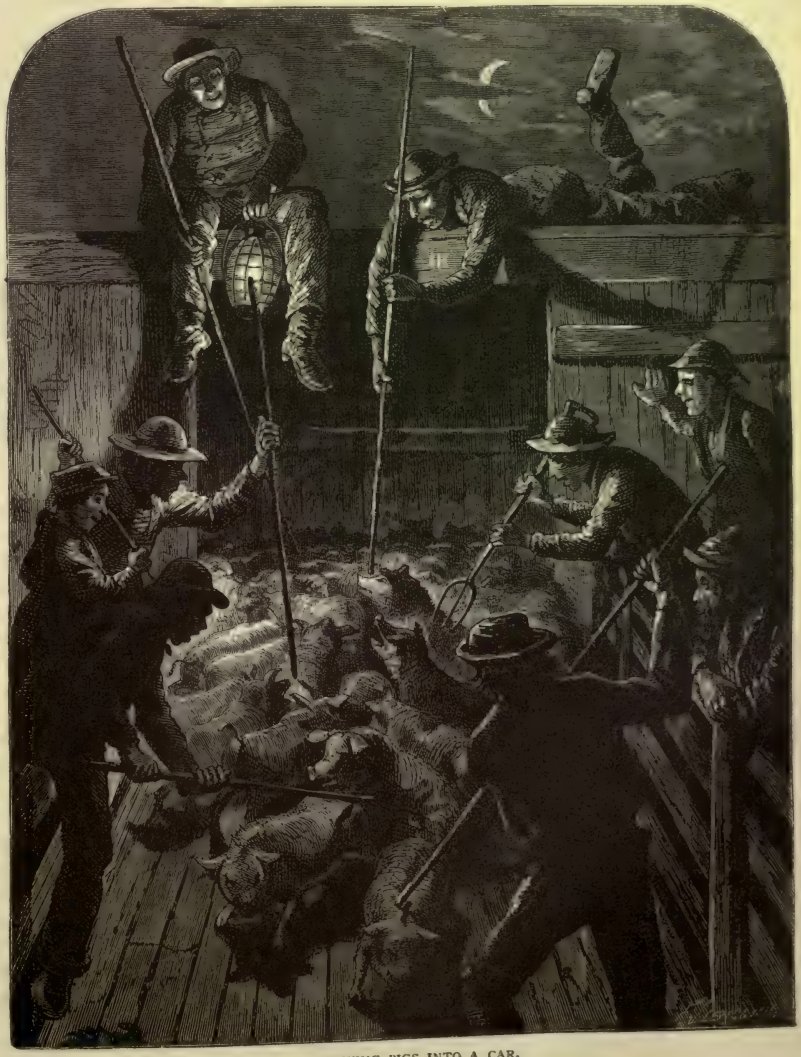
Sedalia, the present headquarters of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway, where the general offices are situated, already has an air of prosperity and thrift, which its less fortunate sisters in Missouri are painfully devoid of. Too many of the shire-towns in the State are mere collections of unambitious buildings around a square, in which stands the shabby one-story wooden or brick court-house. Pigs and negro children monopolize each sunny corner, and often clear the plank-walks of all serious pedestrians; and grog-shops, filled with lean, incult, idle people offend the eye. But from Sedalia these disagreeable features are mainly banished; the streets devoted to residences are wide and beautiful; many private houses are furnished with exquisite taste and luxury, and business establishments are springing up on every hand. No Eastern town could possibly manifest the same rapid increase in population; the census is never certain from week to week; and, indeed, all through the Southwest, the bitterest rivalry prevails between neighbor towns as to the

population they respectively contain. The Southwesterner never speaks positively on this subject; he always gives the numbers the benefit of an "or"; he is sure to say, "Well, I expect there's from 2,500 to 3,000 inhabitants here;"—to stop at the 2,500 would be rank heresy.

Our first evening at Sedalia was passed in the company of many of the gentlemen connected with the history of this great new Gulf Route. They had followed its fortunes from the first rail-laying to the last, in the direction of its junction with the Texas Central; and are even now actively engaged in finishing the branch from Sedalia to Moberly, which will give them direct connection with Chicago, giving the *renaissant* city as good a chance as her rival, St. Louis, at the commerce of the great new lands below.

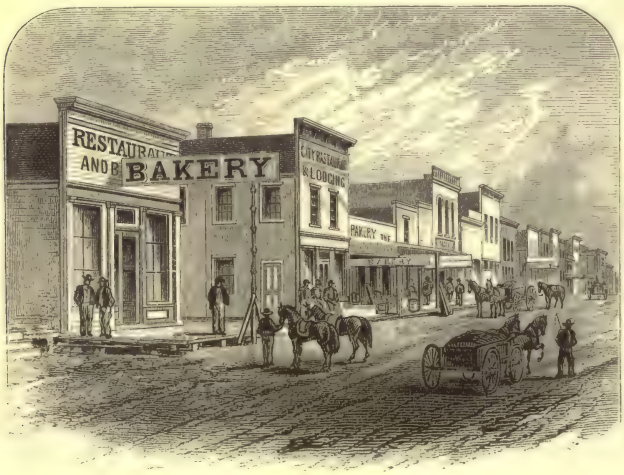
Two days thereafter the SCRIBNER EXPEDITION embarked on this new Gulf Route. A large delegation of the Sedalian population watched its *entrée* into a special train, in the rear of which was a magnificent hotel-car, presided over by "the pet conductor," known then to the world at large as Major James Doyle, and at present as Superintendent of the Holden division of the M., K. and T. Railway. The luxury of travel was fully realized in the elegant appointments of the train; but the gentlemen who bade us good-by assured us that we should need everything provided for us, as we were going away from civilization. A party of gentlemen accompanied us to a way-station not far from Sedalia: half an hour afterwards we were whirling along the M., K. and T.'s solid line, drinking in the beauty of awakening nature at every pore, while Charlie, factotum, and representative of African civilization in the Southwest, turned our car into a superb drawing-room. "I' golly, boss," he chuckled, rather than said, in his original *patois*, "dem fellers 'll take us fur directahs, sho!"

It was the perfection of travel, this journeying so thoroughly at one's own will, with power to stop at every turn, and no feeling of haste. At each station where it seemed



DRIVING PIGS INTO A CAR.

to us good, we dismissed our train upon a side-track, and went wandering. The Missouri towns were passed over with a cursory glance, as they were so much alike in general character. Windsor was a sleepy old town; Calhoun was sleepier and older. The latter village was grouped around a mud and snow haunted square, lined with ill-looking buildings. "Yer ought to see it Sundays," said an informant at the depot, "when them fellers get full of tangle-foot; they kin just fight!" But the railroad is bringing Calhoun a better future. A little farther on we paused before the entrance to a shaft sunk in one of those rich veins of coal which crop out in all this section. A dwarfed and bent, but stalwart old man, the very image of a gnome, conducted us into the narrow galleries, an hundred and fifty feet below the surface, and we crawled on our hands and knees along passages scarcely three feet high, examining the superb strata into which the railway company delves to secure its fuel. As far as the eye can reach, on either hand, there is scarcely a stick of timber to be seen; but a railway built along a coal-bed gives its corporation no cause for complaint. The men and women in these little Missourian towns had a grave, preoccupied look, doubtless born of long contemplation of the soil, and of the hard ways of the West. The farming population in that section is none too prosperous, and too rarely has any ready money. The immense disproportion between the cost of labor and implements for producing crops, and the prices of the produce itself, has made sad havoc with many brilliant prospects; and it is safe to say that, throughout that part of the Southwest, the tillers of the soil are savagely discontent. Many with whom we conversed spoke with great bitterness of the difficulty of obtaining proper representation in Congress on the subject of their grievances. It was curious to note, in this first day's journeying, how the advent of the railway had caused whole towns and villages to change their location, and to come tumbling miles across the prairie, to put themselves in direct communication with the outer world. Sometimes, at a little station, we were shown, afar off, a landmark of the village's former site, just on the horizon; and were told that the citizens one day set their houses upon wheels, and had them dragged by long trains of sturdy oxen to the railway line. For a time everything was in transition; people had to give up church on Sundays until the "meeting-house came over to the new village;" and a gambling-hell, and a pious citizen's house, often jogged along in apparently friendly company for days. Sometimes there came a great wind, keeling a whole transitory village upside down, and the "bullwhackers" were compelled to shout themselves hoarse for days, urging their cattle to aid in righting things. There were a good many instances of discouraged towns on every hand. Here and there we came to a long street, bordered by white one-story board structures and plank walks, and inhabited by a bevy of dejected and annoyed colonists, forever cursing their lack of judgment in not having selected the site destined to be the great railway city of the Southwest. Entering such towns, and daring to set foot into the shop of the humblest tradesman, we were at once the center of an admiring and awe-stricken group, each and every person in it manifesting the most unbounded surprise that commerce in that especial locality had revived even to the extent of the expenditure of a ten-cent scrip. In such towns, the hotel was usually a small, frail, frame structure, kept by a huge giant of a man, with a disappointed face and a sour and envious manner of greeting you, a manner which belied his real nature, but which the hard fatalities of pioneering had grafted upon him. The women in these towns were silent, impassive, laborious, seeming to have forsworn folly of every kind, and to be delving at nature with desperate will, determined to



A STREET IN PARSONS, KANSAS.

WARMING HIMSELF.

wrench riches from her, even though the golden opportunity had moved on.

After Charles had made all tidy for bed within the palace-car, on the first evening of the journey, we wandered among the drovers and herdsmen at one of the great stock-yards on the railway line. A stock-train from Sedalia was receiving a squealing and bellowing freight as we reached the yards, leading from which to the car door ran an inclined plane. Along the outer edge of the fence inclosing this plane stood a dozen stout men, armed with long poles and pitchforks. Presently out of the darkness sprang the figure of a man. "Is your lot ready, Bill?" with an oath. "Yes," with an oath; and then, to the music of oaths innumerable, a mass of struggling porkers were forced forward to the car door. A rain of curses, yells and sharp pitchfork thrusts fell upon their defenceless backs; they rushed madly over each other along the crowded way into the car, those who lagged behind receiving prods enough to fill an elephant's hide with holes. Now and then some giant porker threw down one of his human assailants and gave him a savage bite before succumbing to the captivity of the car; for these were none of your luxurious pigs of the civilized sty, but sovereign rooters in the open, brought forth and reared on the prairie. Many a drover has carried to his grave the ugly scars given him by Texas steers and Missouri swine.

The next day was Sunday, and the one street of the little town of Appleton, where a New York publishing firm has generously built a handsome schoolhouse, was lined with tired-looking women and pretty girls going churchward. Rough fellows, who had been occupied all the week with hard labor, mounted their ponies and galloped away for a day's hunting. We went on through the towns of Nevada and Deerfield to Schell City, a superb location for a fine town, and one of the especial favorites of the railway corporation. Thousands of acres of rich land are owned there by the company, and many substantial buildings are already in progress. In the afternoon we came to the prosperous little town of Fort Scott, in Kansas, stretched along a range of hills lined with coal. Situated directly at the junction of the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Gulf Railway with the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, and crowded with enterprising and industrious citizens, it is destined to a large prosperity. The government post there was long ago deserted; nothing remains but a few barrack buildings, grouped around a weed-grown square, and the old hospital, which decay aids in rendering picturesque. The building of the new Gulf Route has had a great influence for good upon Fort Scott and the surrounding country; and although the reclaiming of lands granted to the railway company, from people who supposed that they had acquired a title to them by living for a long time upon them, has occasioned some trouble, it is expected that a satisfactory arrangement may be reached. This was a lawless section but a few

KANSAS HERDSMAN.

KANSAS FARM-YARD.

years ago; now the security of life and property are as great as in any community in the world. The current of crime passed through with the building of the new railway, and found no inducement even to linger for a moment. It has been a sweeping change, this metamorphosis of Kansas into a transplanted New England, from the condition of a wild territory, whose lands were held and inhabited solely by the Indians driven west of the Mississippi. In 1841, Fort Scott was a post to hold the savages in check; now there is hardly a full-blooded Indian to be encountered in the vicinity. Thirty-five miles below Fort Scott we came to Osage Mission, where a good Jesuit, Father Schumacher, began his labors among the Indians a quarter of a century ago. A rambling but well-built town spreads over a prairie, level as a floor, and creeps up to the railway line. At some little distance from the main town stands the "Mission," a group of commodious stone structures, one of which, a convent for the instruction of young girls, is among the best schools in the State, and is patronized alike by Protestant and Catholic families. We arrived at the Mission just at dusk. In the yard allotted the boys as a play-ground, stood an old man clad in priestly garb: he greeted us kindly, and invited us into his rude whitewashed chamber. Had he never longed for that bright European world out of which he had come a quarter of a century before? Never! his simple wants were readily satisfied; the laws of his order forbade him to hold property, and he was content with two habits yearly, his frugal supper, and his hard bed in yonder bunk. There was another priest at the Mission, a handsome, scholarly Irishman of fifty, and with him we presented ourselves at the convent door. A pale face peered at us from under a black hood: for a moment it lightened with the genial smile of a fair woman, then relapsed into the resigned indifference of the "sister." After Mother Bridget had come to welcome us we were led into the schoolroom, and there the Irish father mustered his fair charges, a long row of robust beauties, ranging in age from six to eighteen, and in hue from the tawny complexion of the Osage to the white of the town-born American maiden. The reverend father filled the air with his question-missiles; skipped from grammar to ancient history, and thence to mathematics; and among the brightest and quickest of the respondents were the Indian girls. Then a chorus of maidens sang quiet songs for us until the growing hours warned us to take our way trainward across the prairie. From the Mission a rapid railway run of a few miles brought us to Parsons—a thriving town named in honor of the president of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway.

Parsons of course owes its existence to the railway. From its limits southward extends the route to the Indian Territory and to Texas; and north-west, through the thriving towns of Neosho Falls, Burlington, Emporia, and Council Grove, stretches the line to Junction City, where the Kansas Pacific joins it. Draining the rich regions between the boundary of the Indian Territory and the plains,—all the wonderfully fertile Neosho Valley,—it is not surprising that the growth of the town has been rapid. Less than a month after the town was "started," in 1871, upwards of one hundred lots, on which parties were pledged to put up buildings worth at least $1,000, had been sold; and at present the town boasts good hotels, churches,

handsome residences, banks, and huge stone railway shops. Land has already assumed an almost fictitious value in many of these towns; but at Parsons, as indeed throughout the Neosho Valley, the opportunities for investment are magnificent. The town is one of the great centers for the trade and travel of at least fifty thriving towns and villages into which the immigration from all parts of the West is rapidly flowing. The Neosho Valley offers homes to thousands of people, on terms which the poorest man can accept and fulfill. All through this rich country there is abundance of timber—black-walnut, ash, maple and oak; there is plenty of coal and water to be had for manufacturing purposes; and shrewd men with capital should not hesitate to manufacture near at hand the various implements of agriculture, the furniture, and the building materials, which are now transported hundreds of miles from St. Louis and Chicago. Why, the very ties on which the railway track is made are cut out of black-walnut!

The Neosho Valley is a revelation to him who has never before visited the South-west. Miles on miles of wondrously fertile valleys and plains, watered by fine streams, along whose banks is a heavy growth of timber, are now within easy reach by rail. Hundreds of cattle, horses and swine wander at their will through the fields, guarded only against straying into the crops by the alert movements of the herdsman, who, mounted on a fleet horse and accompanied by a shepherd dog, spends his whole time in the open air. The houses of the farmers are usually of logs roughly hewn, but symmetrically put together, and the granaries are rudely constructed, for the shelter of crops is rarely necessary in such a climate. A corn granary is a huge tower of logs, built exactly as we built them of corn-cobs in our early days; no one ever thinks of stealing from it, for every one has enough. The horses career as they will in the front yard, and look in at the parlor windows; the pigs invade the kitchen, or quarrel with the geese at the very steps of the houses; but whenever the master of the household thinks that discipline has been too seriously infringed, he sends a sprightly dog to regulate matters, and the pigs are taken by their ears, the geese fly screaming away, and the horses scamper into the distance. The people who live thus have, nevertheless, many of the graces of city civilization, and now that the railway has come in, are rapidly making improvements in their homes.

INDIAN GRAVE.

Not far from Emporia begins the Kaw reservation, where some seven hundred native Kansas Indians, or "Kaws," as the French language scoffingly named them, are located. Thousands of acres stretching away in either direction are given up to them, and are consequently devoid of cultivation. The Kaw of the present generation is by no means a prepossessing being. Dirty, lazy, and in many respects dishonest, he is hardly grateful for the respect government accords his traditional methods of life. Not far from the residence of the agent, government once built a number of commodious stone houses, which the Indians were solicited to occupy; but they stabled their ponies in the structures, and camped in their wigwams outside. As we entered the reservation, a violent storm of sleet and cold rain was in progress, but one adventurous brave galloped across from a little village to the slowly-moving train, and cautiously approaching us, as if he feared treachery on our part, uttered a sonorous "How! How!" and sullenly accepted the cigars and fruit offered him. He was a true son of the plains, just as far from being converted to civilization as were his ancestors three hundred years ago. Sitting his pony as if he were a Centaur, he pulled his blanket

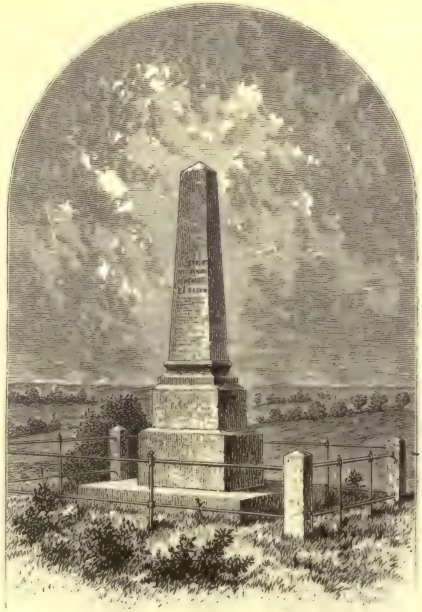
BACK TO CAMP.

over his coal-black hair, and galloped back to camp. A little farther on, we came to an Indian grave. The son of one of the chieftains had recently died, and the Kaw method of burial had been observed on a little knoll near the railway. Two ponies, the property of the dead man, had been slain, and their bodies left on the grave; and over the spot a United States flag was flying. Upon the flag-staff were tied ears of corn, wampum, and some broken arrows, while other articles which the dead man might be supposed to require on his journey to the "happy hunting grounds" were buried with him.

A BAD INVESTMENT.

The present generation of Kaws is much diminished in stature and bravery below that of the one preceding it, and any reclamation of it seems utterly hopeless. The whole tribe participates in a yearly hunting excursion, and rarely returns without having had a sharp fight with its especial enemies, the Comanches. The men and women still adhere rigidly to Indian costume; the men wearing buckskin leggings, moccasins, and gayly parti-colored blankets, which, in rough weather, are fastened over their heads in a peculiar manner. At every turn in the railway route, as we crossed the reservation, we saw groups of "warriors" hunting with bows and arrows, or galloping hither and yon across the plains, in utter disregard of the weather. The Kaws, as a rule, refuse to speak English to strangers, and will only converse by signs. They still sigh for the time when their forefathers were wont to swoop down upon the wagon-trains toiling from the Missouri State line to Santa Fé in New Mexico, when the traders were almost at the mercy of the tawny banditti, until the post of Council Grove, now a flourishing town, was established as a general rendezvous, where caravans numbering hundreds of wagons and thousands of mules could form into processions of sufficient strength to protect themselves. There were at one time nearly 6,000 men, 18,000 oxen and 6,000 mules engaged in the New Mexico trade, all of whom rendezvoused at Council Grove. The villages of the Kaws are all remote from the present line of rail, and the Indians rarely patronize the road save when, for the pure delight of begging, they entreat the conductor for a free passage from one village to another. When they are refused the privilege, they break forth into the most violent profanity of which the English language is capable. Their vocabulary of English oaths is more complete than even that of the native American, who, in many parts of the South-west, is charged with virulent expletives as a musket is charged with powder.

At Junction City, which stands in a beautiful valley, where the Smoky and Republican rivers join, in a country not so rich as that twenty miles south, yet still wonderfully fertile, we were detained by a sudden snow-fall and miniature whirlwind, which, coupled with intenser cold than Kansas had before known for many years, blockaded tracks and made travel impossible. The beautiful Smoky Valley was, therefore, a forbidden domain to us; and we consoled ourselves with a visit to Fort Riley, one of the most important of the frontier posts, established in 1852, on the left bank of the Kansas river, at the junction of the Smoky Hill and Republican Forks, and three miles from Junction City. The post is now merely quarters for a regiment either of cavalry or infantry during the winter, and in summer it is deserted save by one company, the rest going into summer camp one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles to the westward.



THE OGDEN MONUMENT—THE GEOGRAPHICAL CENTER OF THE UNITED STATES.

From May until November the troops are in the field, now and then doing a little fighting with recalcitrant Indians, but as a rule contenting themselves with marching, countermarching, and hunting buffalo. Gen. Oakes, in command at the post, welcomed us with true South-western hospitality. He was for many years stationed in Texas, and has a rich experience of frontier garrison life. This adventurous and isolated existence seems to have a charm for all who have adopted it, and very few of the officers take advantage of their furloughs to visit the Eastern cities. Ladies, too, find rare attractions in a garrison winter, and the forts all along the frontier do not lack good society from November until May. At Fort Riley the soldiers support a good little theater, much of the talent for which is furnished by members of the cavalry regiment quartered there. Not far from the fort is the "geographical center of the United States," on a hill-top, where stands a monument erected to the memory of Brevet-Major E. A. Ogden, founder of Fort Riley.

TWILIGHT ON PRYOR'S CREEK, INDIAN TERRITORY.

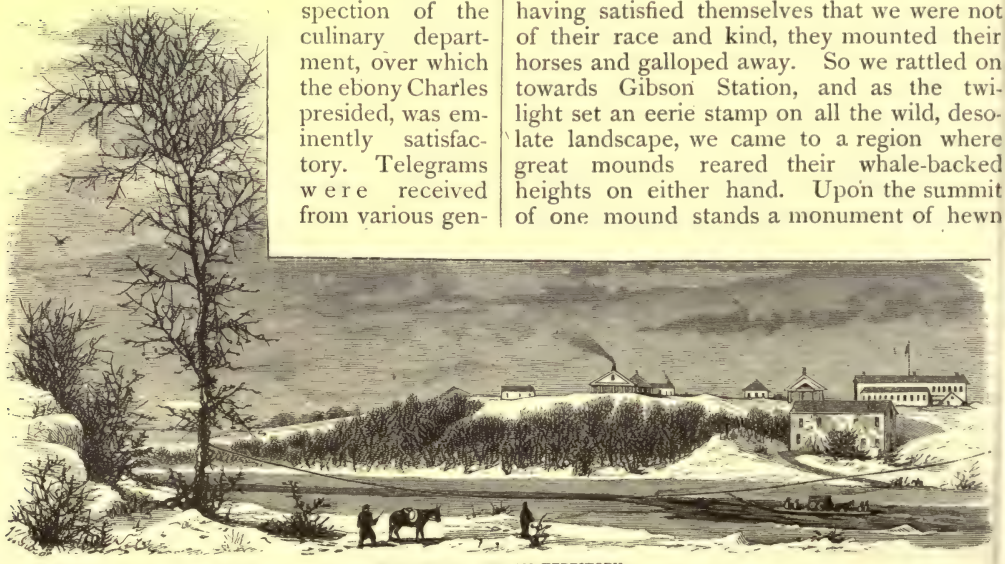
We hastened back towards Parsons, again crossing the great Kaw Reservation, and meeting long trains of Indians, mounted on their shaggy ponies. This Neosho Valley line, which we had traversed, was the beginning of the present great trunk route from Sedalia to the Gulf. Work was begun on it, under a contract with the Land Grant Railway and Trust Company, in November, 1868, the line to extend from Junction City to Chetopa, on the frontier of the Indian Territory, a distance of 182 miles; and it was completed in October, 1870. While this was in construction, the building of the line from Sedalia to Parsons was begun, and the whole route, 160 miles, was completed early in 1871. Meantime work was going forward, at lightning speed, in the Indian Territory. The manager of the line had made a bold stroke in order to be the first to reach the Cherokee country, and obtain permission to run a line through it, as well as to get conditional land-grants; and in May of 1870 occurred quite an episode in the history of railway building. On the 24th of that month the line had reached within twenty-four miles of the southern boundary of Kansas. Much of the grading was unfinished; bridges were not up; masonry was not ready. But on the 6th day of June, at noon, the first locomotive which ever entered the Indian Territory uttered its premonitory shriek of progress. In eleven days twenty-six and a half miles of completed rail were laid, four miles being put down in a single day. A grant of over three millions of acres of land, subject to temporary Indian occupancy, under treaty stipulations, has been accorded the M., K. and T. Railway Company, on the line of the road in the Territory between Chetopa and the Red River. The question of the future disposition of the Indian Territory is now interesting to the M., K. and T. Railway Company, as they have built their line through the great stretch of country, hoping that the fertile lands now waste may come into market. Until the country is opened to white settlement, or until the Indians adopt some new policy with regard to the disposition and development of their lands, the territory is, in many respects, a barrier to the best development of that portion of the South-west. The immense reservation, larger than all New England, extending over sixty millions of acres, lying between Texas, with her million settlers, Arkansas, with her hardy half million, and Missouri and Kansas, with their two millions of stout frontiersmen, is now completely given over to the Indian, and the white man who wishes to abide within its borders will find his appeal rejected with scorn by an Indian legislature, unless he marries the daughter of some dusky descend-

ant of Jephthah, and relinquishes his allegiance to Uncle Sam.

A little beyond Chetopa lies a range of low hills extending for miles. The new Gulf Route, cutting through them, carries you out of the United States and into the Cherokee Nation. You are no longer under the domination of the white man; the government of the United States can protect you only through the feeble medium of marshals and deputy-marshals, who exercise their own judgment as to whether or not they shall do you justice; and the nearest towns are away among the hills, or nestled on the banks of creeks, in the tall timber. The railway runs through a seemingly deserted land. Rarely does one see along the route the face of an Indian, unless at some of the little wooden stations, or a lone water-tank, near a stream. The Indians sullenly acquiesced in the opening of their country to railway travel, but they do not build near the line, and rarely patronize it.

After leaving Chetopa, a pretty town, with nearly two thousand inhabitants, the fruit of two years' growth, and a point of supply for traders in the Territory, the SCRIBNER TRAIN rattled merrily along the broad expanse of prairie until Vinita, the junction of the Atlantic and Pacific line with the M., K. and T. Railway, was reached. At Vinita, the junction has made no growth, because white men are not allowed to live there, and the Indians content themselves with agriculture and hunting. We had prepared ourselves for a sojourn of a fortnight between this point and the Red River, and a brief inspection of the culinary department, over which the ebony Charles presided, was eminently satisfactory. Telegrams were received from various gentlemen at each end of the main line, that they would join us at Fort Gibson, and we set out on our journey with keen anticipations of delight.

The long grasses rustled weirdly; the timber by the creeks stood out in bold relief against the Naples-blue of the sky; the distant line of mounds now assumed the appearance of a giant fortification, now of a city, and now of a terraced garden; here and there a gap in the timber lining the horizon, showed a glimpse of some far-reaching valley, on whose bosom still lightly lay a thin snow-veil; and sometimes we saw a symmetrical tree standing mid-prairie, with a huge white-hooded hawk perched lazily upon a bending bough, and a gaunt wolf crawling away from the base. But nowhere was there any sign of man. Our special train halted for water and coal; the engineer and firemen helped themselves at the coal-cars and water-tank, and we moved on. At last, at a little wooden station, we saw half a dozen tall, awkward, tawny youths, with high cheek-bones, intensely black hair, and little sparkling eyes, which seemed to have the very concentrated fire of jealousy in them. This was a party of young beaux from the nearest Cherokee village. They wore the typical American slouch hats, but had wound ribbons around and fastened feathers in them; their gayly-colored jackets were cut in fantastic fashion, and at their sides they carried formidable revolvers, which they are, however, slower to use than is the native American. They stared curiously at our party, seated in luxurious chairs on the ample platform of the rear car; and, after having satisfied themselves that we were not of their race and kind, they mounted their horses and galloped away. So we rattled on towards Gibson Station, and as the twilight set an eerie stamp on all the wild, desolate landscape, we came to a region where great mounds reared their whale-backed heights on either hand. Upon the summit of one mound stands a monument of hewn



FORT GIBSON, INDIAN TERRITORY.

tone, doubtless to some deity who went his ways hundreds of years before Columbus discovered America to European eyes. These mounds seem constructed according to some general plan, and extend for miles throughout the land.

We went on in the twilight deepening into dark, until we came to Gibson Station, the terminus of our journey for the day. Only one or two houses were to be seen; a cold wind blew over the prairie, and we ensconced ourselves at the supper-table, where prairie chickens, mysteriously purveyed for our surprise by the beneficent Charles, sent up a savory steam. The stillness of death reigned outside, and we listened languidly to the conductor's stories of terminus troubles a brace of years agone, until the night express trains from each way brought delegations to join our party, and we were roused to welcome and prepare for the morrow.

When we were all snugly tucked up in our berths in the gayly-decorated sleeping-saloon, one of the new-comers began dreamily to tell stories of termini troubles. "Not much as it was when we were here and at Muskogee in 1870," he said. "Three men were shot about twenty feet from this same car in one night at Muskogee. Oh! this was a little hell, this was. The roughs took possession here in earnest. The keno and monte players had any quantity of tents all about this section, and life was the most uncertain thing to keep you ever saw. One night a man lost all he had at keno; so he went around behind the tent and tried to shoot the keno-dealer in the back: he missed him, but killed another man. The keno man just got a board and put it up behind himself, and the game went on. One day one of the roughs took offence at something the railroad folks said, so he ran our train off the track next morning. There was no law here, and no means of getting any. As fast as the railroad moved on, the roughs pulled up stakes and moved with it. We tried to scare them away, but they didn't scare worth a cent. It was next to impossible for a stranger to walk through one of these canvas towns without getting shot at. The graveyards were sometimes better populated than the towns next them. The fellows who ruled these little terrestrial hells,—where they came from nobody knows. Never had any homes—grew up like prairie grass, only ranker and coarser and meaner. They had all been terminuses ever since they could remember. Most of them had two, three and four murders on their hands, and confessed them. They openly defied the

A SOUTH-WESTERN FERRY.

A CREEK INDIAN.

Indian authorities, and scorned Uncle Sam and his marshals. They knew there was money wherever the end of the road was, and they meant to have it."

"But how long did this condition of affairs continue?"

"It went on steadily until the Secretary of the Interior came down here to see the Territory and to examine the railroads. He went down in this same car, and he was carefully informed of all the lawlessness and flagrant outrages which decent people had been obliged to submit to. One night while they were on the road, the superintendent-in-chief pushed on a little ahead of the train to get a physician, as a gentleman in the special car was taken suddenly ill. The roughs captured the superintendent and proposed to shoot him, as they fancied him some local emissary of the general government. He begged off, however, and explained who he was. They hardly dared to shoot him then; so he succeeded in getting a physician, got back to the train, and next day he took the Secretary of the Interior to inspect this choice specimen of railroad civilization."

"And what did the Secretary see?"

"Oh, all the ruffians flocked to hear what he had to say. They had killed a man that morning for a mere caprice, and he was laid out in a little tent which the party passed by as they looked around. One after another of the rough fellows was presented to the party; and each one spoke very plainly, and said he had a good right to stay in the 'Nation,' and he meant (with an oath) to stay, and he'd like to hear any one hint that he had better go away. Then they told stories of their murderous exploits, practised at marks with their revolvers, and seemed not to have the least fear of the Secretary."

"I'M FROM ALABAMA."

"What was the result?"

"Well, the Secretary of the Interior took a bee-line for the nearest telegraph station, and sent a dispatch to General Grant, announcing that neither life nor property was safe in the Territory, and that the Indians should be aided in expelling the roughs from their midst. So, in a short time the Tenth Cavalry went into active service in the Territory."

"Did the ruffians make any resistance?"

"They got together, at the terminus, armed to the teeth, and blustered a good deal; but the cavalrymen arrested one after another, and examined each man separately. When one of the terminuses was asked his name, he usually answered that it was Slim Jim or Wild Bill, or Lone Jack (with an oath), and that he was a gambler or a 'pounder,' as the case might be, and, furthermore, that he didn't intend to leave the Territory. Whereupon the officer commanding would say: 'Well, Slim Jim, or Wild Bill, or Lone Jack, I'll give you twelve hours to leave this town in, and if you are found in the Territory a week from this date, I'll have you shot!' And they took the hint."

A CREEK INDIAN WOMAN.

"Where are these men now?"

"Some of them are at Denison, at the end of this road. They are secure enough there because when they are pursued on a criminal process, they are only four miles from the Red River, and they can escape into the Territory, beyond the reach of United States law, and recross the frontier in some other direction. You will see them at Denison. Good-night."

A moment afterwards, the voice added:

"By the way, at the next station, Muskogee, a man was shot before the town go

AT THE FERRY.

there, and the graveyard was started before a single street was laid out. You can see the graveyard now-a-days—eleven men are buried there with their boots on. Good night, again."

The landscape was snow-besprinkled next day, but we mounted in a rickety ambulance, a merry party of six, and set out on the seven miles' ride to Fort Gibson. As we rattled along past the dense bosquets of trees, great flocks of prairie-chickens rose in a leisurely flight; wild turkeys waddled away; deer fled across the roads after bestowing a scornful gaze upon us; and rabbits jumped painfully in the snow. The farm-houses which we passed were all built of logs, but were large and solidly constructed; and the Indian farmers were making preparations for the Spring plowing. When we came to the bank of the Grand River, on a hill beyond which was the post of Fort Gibson, we found the ferries impeded with a steady moving mass of floating ice, and the negro cavalrymen from the fort in mid-stream, desperately clinging to the guide-rope, and in imminent danger of being carried down river and out into the mighty Arkansas. At last, the dangers over, two lazy half-breeds ferried us across, after infinite shouting and disputing; and we met, on the other bank, "Uncle John" Cunningham, post-master at Fort Gibson.

"I was watching out for you a little carefully," said Uncle John, "for there's a fellow come into town this morning with six gallons of whisky, and we expect some of the Indians to go circusing around as soon as they get it down."

We climbed the hill to the fort, a well-built post usually garrisoned by three companies either of infantry or cavalry. Fort Gibson is the residence of the present chief of the Cherokee nation, William P. Ross, a cultivated and accomplished gentleman whom I had previously met in Washington. He is the son of the noted John Ross, chief of the Cherokees for thirty years, and one of the most remarkable men ever connected with the history of the South-western frontier. The fort stands on the Grand River, about two and a half miles from its confluence with the Arkansas, and is only twenty-one miles from Tahlequah, the capital of the Cherokees. The whole of the adjacent country, except upon the high range of hills along the Grand, Verdigris and Illinois rivers, is arable and easy to cultivate. From the veranda of the commanding officer's quarters at the fort, one can look away at a range of hills known as the "Boston Mountains," and the little town, set down in an amphitheater hemmed in by the sloping elevations, and with the broad swift river running between its picturesque banks, forms a charming scene.

At Fort Gibson we were in a real Cherokee town, and at every turn saw one of the tall, black-haired, tawny-faced citizens of the Territory. It was evidently a market-day with the farmers for many a mile around; for before the porches of the Indian traders, and along the bank of the river, horses were tied, and every few moments some stout Indian came rattling into town, his wife mounted behind him on the demure looking pony, who was equal to anything, from the fording of a river to the threading of a canyon. Many of the men carried side-arms, but there was no one who manifested any disposition to quarrel with his neighbor, and we saw no one who seemed to have been drinking liquor. Indeed, so severe are the penalties attaching to the sale of ardent spirits in the Indian Territory, that men do not care to risk their lives even for the money they might make. The United States marshals and the Indian authorities pursue the offenders with great persistence, and a

"HAS THE ARKANSAW RIZ?"

UNCLE JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

law-breaker rarely escapes. The Indians—Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles—all have a strange thirst for intoxication, and often make the most astonishing efforts to secure liquor. All kinds of patent medicines which possess even the slightest basis of liquor find ready sale among the various tribes; and camphor, pain-killer, and such stomach-annihilating things, were for a long time so much in use among the Cherokees, that the agents made an examination, and, discovered the braves drinking whole bottles at one fell swoop, in order to feel some effect therefrom. A bottle of whisky is still one of the most powerful bribes that can be placed before an Indian. The women were all robust, and not devoid of a certain wild beauty; but they wore a prim, shakerish costume which defied the rules of elegance. A poke-bonnet nearly concealed their features, and a heavy stiff robe fell down to the ankles, while a shawl was decorously draped about the shoulders. Many of the Indians seemed to have negro wives, and we saw more than one stalwart negress receiving courteous attention from tall copper-colored beaux, whose manners would have done no discredit to a *salon* in society. The men, as a rule, would not respond when addressed in English, and often turned sullenly away; while younger members of the tribes, both boys and girls, would chat cheerily, and question us as to our reasons for visiting the Nation, with childish curiosity. There were some superb heads among these Cherokees; shaded faces, with matchless eyes, with masses of tangled hair peeping in most charming confusion from under torn hats, and faces in which the Indian type of a century agone was still preserved—all the reserve—all the immobility—all the silent scorn visible in every feature. Yet civilization was beginning to do its work. The masses of faces were losing their savage individuality, and becoming more like those of their fellows in the neighboring States; still there was a certain foreign atmosphere about them, doubtless born of their methods of thought, their strange traditions, their lack of religion. Never until the war had they been called upon to feel that their territory constituted a part of a common country; but now they realize it.

Still the Indian Territory is, to its inhabitants and to the Government of the United States, at this present writing, a problem. The area of 52,780,000 acres has as yet scarcely population enough to make a city of tenth rank. The estimated numbers of the tribes scattered over the vast plains and among the mountains are as follows: Cherokees, 17,500; Choctaws, 17,000; Creeks, 13,500; Chickasaws, 5,500; Seminoles, 2,500; Osages, 3,500; Sacs and Foxes, 468; Shawnees, 670; Cheyennes and Arapahoes, 3,390; Confederate Peories, 170; Eastern Shawnees, 80; Wyandottes, 150; Quawpaws, 236; Senecas, 188. And this little band of 65,000 people is so separated by great distances unabridged by railways, and by barriers of language and custom, that there is hardly any intercourse between tribes. The land lies waste because there are not hands enough to hold the plow to its work in the furrow, and the country remains a wilderness, because the Indian jealously refuses to allow the white man to make it blossom as the rose. The white man who should dare to attempt a prolonged residence among

AN ADOPTED INDIAN CITIZEN.

AN INDIAN MULE-DRIVER.

any of the tribes without having taken to wife one of its dusky daughters, and forsworn his allegiance as a citizen of the United States, would be driven out, and by no gentle hand.

There is something pathetic in the ferocious resolution with which the Indian clings to this territory, one of the very last of his strongholds. His race and his history are soon to be inextricably mingled with that of the white men, whom he still considers as intruders; and while he recognizes the inevitable fate attending him and his possessions, he fiercely repulses any attempt at a compromise. He now stands firm in his right; for the treaties made in 1837 by the Government of the United States with the various tribes east of the Mississippi, giving them the "Indian Territory," on condition that they should move into and occupy it, were comprehensive and binding. The Osages had been the virtual owners of these immense tracts of land until the advent of the white man, but to-day have almost entirely disappeared. To the Cherokees, in 1837, a patent in fee-simple was given, while the other tribes held their lands under treaty stipulations. From 1837 to 1845 the task of removing the various tribes from their homes east of the Mississippi went on, and out of the unwillingness of the Seminoles to migrate came the Florida war. In the treaties it was provided that the five distinctive tribes, the Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks, and Seminoles, should hold the lands of the Territory as homes *forever*. They, in their turn, have allowed smaller tribes to make homes among them. In 1866, the Delawares and Shawnees of Kansas agreed to live thereafter in the Cherokee Nation, and to give up their own nationality, adding the funds resulting from the sale of their Kansas lands to the annuities of the Cherokees. The annuities of the various nations in the Territory arise from their sales of lands in the past; those of the Cherokees amount to about $350,000 yearly; of the Choctaws $250,000; the Creeks $175,000; the Chickasaws $100,000, and the Seminoles $10,000. The various treaties were all made anew in 1866—following on the "Treaty of Amity" made at Fort Smith, at the close of the late war. The Indians of the Territory of to-day are, therefore, just as firmly vested in their inalienable rights to obstruct the settlement of white men among them as they were in 1837, and they manifest no better disposition to yield than they did a quarter of a century ago.

The Cherokees have naturally made the greatest advances in civilization, and are at present the most powerful of all the tribes in the Territory. They have a ruling voice in matters that concern the general polity of the nations, and their manners and customs are better known to the outside world than are those of any other tribe. Their general status is not very far below that of some of the white frontiersmen. They are industrious and capable agriculturists, and understand the care of stock better than any other people in the South-west. They live remote from each other—on farms which, it is true, they all hold in common, yet to which there is an individual and perpetual right of occupancy. All the land is vested in the State; a man may sell his improvements and buildings—but not the land. The Indians throughout the Territory are not, as a rule, farmers in any general sense: they simply raise what they need; but that is because there is no incentive to the marketing of produce. The government originally supplied them with capital; they do not realize the beneficence of gain, they simply desire to "make a living." Throughout the various nations there is an utter disregard of internal improvements. An Indian highway is as difficult as the Vesuvian ascent, and none of the magnificent rivers were bridged before the advent of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway. The "Indian Agents"—who are appointed directly by the President, and who, residing among the different tribes, are properly the interpreters of all the treaties, have charge of the annuities, and make the annual reports—

usually have much influence with the Indian chiefs, and at their suggestions some few improvements have, of late years, been introduced. The person of an agent is always respected, and as a rule his word is law.

The government of the Cherokees, as well as those of the other principal nations in the Territory, corresponds in large degree to those of our States. The Cherokees elect a "principal" and second chief for four years. They also have an upper and lower house of the legislature, the former continuing in power four, the latter two years. Bills or acts are regularly introduced, and passed through the various readings to be engrossed, as in other assemblies. There is a supreme court, with three judges, and there are also district judges and sheriffs. At Tahlequah, the capital, the annual sessions of the legislature are held in the council-house, beginning in November, and lasting thirty days. The legislators are paid out of the annuities of the nation. Tahlequah is an average town of the South-west, with nothing especially denoting its Indian origin. The Choctaws and Creeks have the same general form of government. The Seminoles have vested their executive authority in twenty-four band-chiefs, all of whom are controlled and directed by a "principal," who is an absolute autocrat, having an irrefragable veto-power. All the tribes or nations join in a general council, provided for by the treaty of 1866, and it is presided over by the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Southern Superintendency. At this council only such matters as are of comity between the nations are legislated upon—the rendition of criminals, the joint action in regard to land, etc.

This superb country, unquestionably one of the most fertile on the globe, is a constant source of torment to the brave white men of the border, in whom the spirit of speculation is very strong. The hardy citizen of the South-west bears no ill-will towards the various Indian tribes, but it irritates him to see such vast tracts of land lying idle. He aches to be admitted to the Territory with the same privileges granted Indian citizens, viz., the right to occupy and possess all the land they may fence in, and to claim all that remains unfenced within a quarter of a mile on either side of their fenced lots. He is crazed with visions of the far-spreading, flower-bespangled prairies, the fertile foot-hills, the rich quarries, mines and valley-lands. He burns to course at free will over the grazing regions where even the Indians raise such fine stock. And now that the railroad has entered a protest against any farther exclusiveness on the part of the Indians, he thunders at the northern and southern entrances of the Territory, and will not remain tranquil.

At the time of the emigration of the Cherokees to the Indian Territory, a powerful feud existed between two influential families in the nation—the Rosses and the Ridges. It grew out of a dissatisfaction at a treaty made by the Ridge party. Those hostile to the treaty claimed that the Ridges had agreed to sell a portion of the Territory to the United States, contrary to the instructions of the nation; and a vendetta followed, in which Boudinot, Ridge, and all the parties to the treaty were killed, save Stand Weatie, who succeeded in defending himself, single-handed, against a dozen assailants who came to kill him. On the wave of indignation against the Ridges and the other parties to this odious treaty, the Ross party came into power, and has since achieved considerable distinction both by its lead in the affairs of the whole Territory, and by its loyalty to the government during the late war.

BRIDGE ACROSS THE SOUTH CANADIAN, M., K. AND T. RAILWAY.

BRIDGE ACROSS ARKANSAS RIVER—M., K. AND T. RAILWAY.

At the beginning of the war, the Indians of the various tribes in the Territory were naturally in closer relations with the South than with the North. Their agents had mainly been Southern men, and the annuities by which they had become rich and independent, had been derived from the South, and paid promptly. Most of the Indians knew nothing whatever concerning Northern people or politics. They had been residents of a slaveholding section all their lives. Many of the Cherokees had two and three hundred slaves each, and negroes who had settled among the Indians also held slaves. In May of 1862, when the great struggle was gravely accentuated, the Indians took sides with the South, a regiment being formed among the Cherokees, and commanded by Gen. Stand Weatie, a full-blooded Indian. The principal chief, John Ross, used his utmost endeavors to prevent any of the tribes from further engaging in the struggle. There was presently an engagement between the United States troops and the Cherokee regiment, at Pea Ridge, in Arkansas. A portion of the Cherokees at that time threw down their arms, and returned to their allegiance to the general government. William P. Ross, the present chief, was among them, and his father, continuing his loyal efforts, went to Washington, and gave a true statement of the situation. He remained loyal until his death, which occurred in Philadelphia, in 1864.

To Gen. Albert Pike was due the efficient conversion of most of the Indians in the Territory to Southern sentiment. The Confederates made better treaties with the Indians than ever the United States had made, and even paid them one annuity in Confederate money. Meantime the fair lands underwent all the ghastly and appalling disasters which follow in the train of war. They were alternately occupied by the soldiers of either army, and were plundered by both. The Indian adherents of the Southern cause moved their families into Texas, and those who had cast their fortunes with the government stampeded into Kansas. The departure of the loyal Indians for the loyal States was the signal for a determined attack upon them, and was the cause of almost unparalleled suffering among the women and children. At one time there were fifteen thousand refugees in Kansas, all supported by the general government, while hundreds were daily arriving in a starving condition. The story of Opothlehola, chief of the Creeks, furnishes one of the most striking instances of loyalty. The Creeks had long been beset by Gen. Pike, who had finally succeeded in inducing a certain number of them to go South. But the Chief Opothlehola, who was then nearly one hundred years old, and who was reverenced with almost superstitious awe by the masses of his people, rejected all Pike's advances and, after a long and stormy council, called on all who wished to seek the Great Father's hand, to go Northward with him. He hastily gathered such of his young men and warriors as would join him, with their wives and children, and in midwinter, with but few provisions, and dragging all their

AN INDIAN TERRITORIAL MANSION.

BRIDGE ACROSS NORTH FORK, CANADIAN RIVER—M., K. AND T. RAILWAY.

household goods, the loyal refugees set forth for Kansas. They were followed by Pike and regiments from Texas, and a bloody battle ensued at Honey Springs, in which, as in a succeeding fight, Opothlehola's little band was routed with much slaughter. But they continued on until January, 1863, when those who remained alive reached Kansas in an almost famished condition. On the dread march more than a thousand men, women and children sickened, died, and were left by the wayside. When the old chieftain reached Kansas, his first act was to enroll his warriors as soldiers of the United States, and every able-bodied man enlisted in the service! Opothlehola died shortly afterwards, at Fort Leavenworth, where he was buried with military honors. The various regiments from the territorial tribes on both sides in the war were good soldiers. When they were led well, they fought well. They waged relentless war on one another. The feud is still nourished to some extent, and will be until this generation has gone its way.

Before the war the Indians were rich in stock, and it was not uncommon for a well-to-do stock-raiser to possess fifteen thousand head of cattle; while it was a very poor and woe-begone Indian, indeed, who did not possess at least twenty. All the labor necessary then, as now, was the branding of the beasts; and they grazed unharmed over the unbounded lands. But when the war came, the total destruction of this stock ensued! Hundreds of thousands of the beasts were stolen, and run into the neighboring States: both armies fed off the herds; and so great was the consequent decline of prosperity, and the distress, that government appropriated money for the purchase of new stock; and now the tribes have nearly as much as before the war. The only present subject of disagreement among any of the tribes is the land question; the various propositions tending to an opening up of the land to white settlement, which have been made by one party, all having been received with disdainful threats by the other. Death is the speedy fate of any Indian of any tribe who dares to accede to approaches on the part of the white man tending towards the sale of lands; and the white man who attempts to ingratiate himself too freely among the Indians, runs great risk of a sudden and mysterious disappearance from the world.

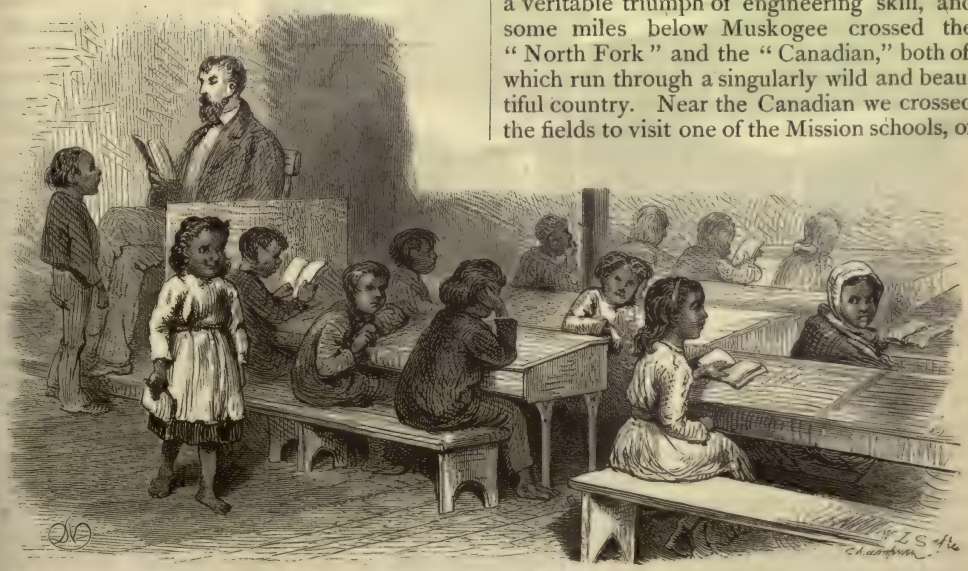
From Fort Gibson, where Lt.-Col. Lawson, the amiable officer commanding, and his associates had made our stay a very pleasant one, we rode back along the spine-annihilating roadways until we came to Gibson Station. The station-agent came to see us, and announced that some of the "Indians had been having a circus" during our absence. "Came in here," he said, "an old woman did, with a butcher-knife, and took a piece out of my chair, and a man with her fired half a dozen shots from his revolver through the roof. But I finally quieted 'em." Liquor, or possibly pain-killer, was the cause of this sudden outburst of ferocity.

So we journeyed slowly on through the great Territory, coming now into the shadows of the pre-historic mounds, and now into delightful valleys, which needed only the presence and the taste of man to be transformed into veritable Elysian Fields. At night the

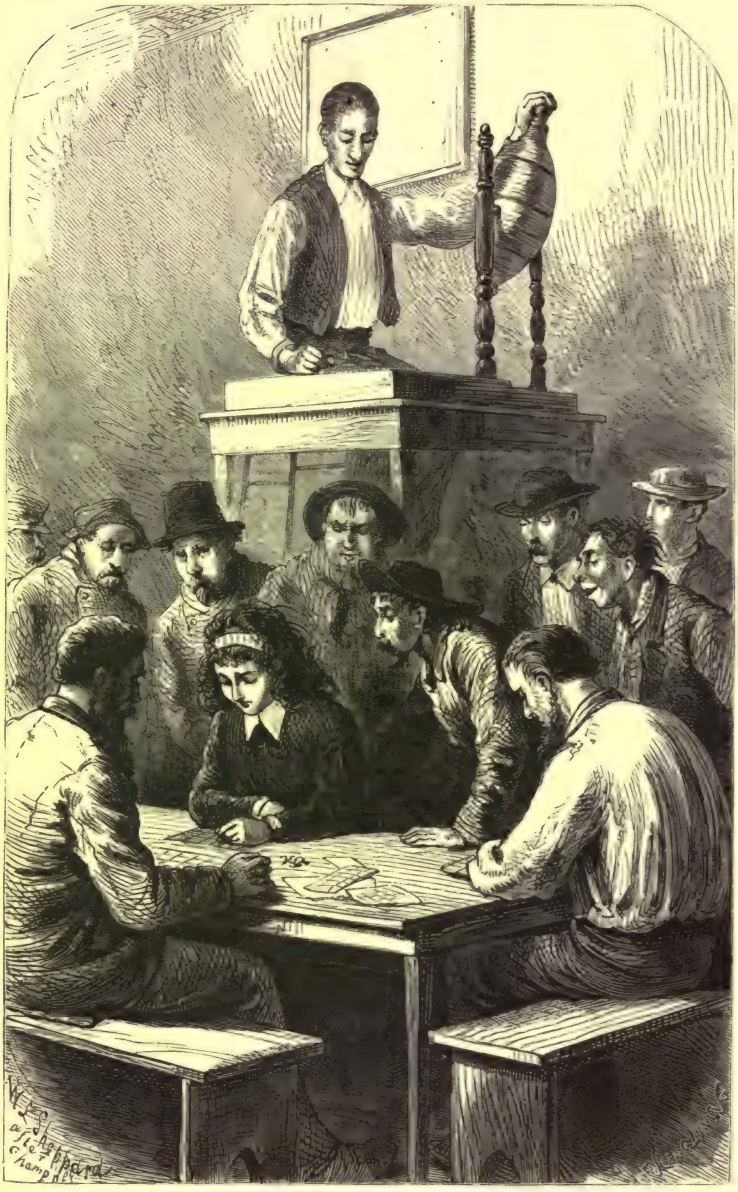
SCRIBNER TRAIN was switched off at some lonely siding, and the baggage-car was transformed into a kitchen. Then rose the aroma of broiled venison, of savory coffee, and of fried potatoes and muffins, or delicate toast, the work of the dusky Charles, who fiercely growled whenever any profane eyes attempted to peer into the arcana of his kitchen. Agent Reynolds, now one of the leading citizens of Parsons, Kansas, presided over the venison; half a dozen eager hands conducted the coffee from the mill in which it was ground into the cup in which it was poured; and the "pet conductor" watched over the comfort of all, generously forgetting his own. Late o' nights a thunderous roll and a line of light saluted our ears and eyes, and sometimes a bundle of letters and home papers, fresh from St. Louis and the East, were handed us out of the darkness by the conductor of the "down express." When we awoke mornings, we were journeying. It reminded us more of life on an ocean steamer than on the "rattling rail-car." We spent some time at Muskogee, the railway station communicating most directly with Fort Gibson, and a town which owes all its present prosperity to the M., K. and T. Railway. Huge stock-yards have been built there, and the arrival and departure of goods and mails for Ocmulgee, the capital of the Creek nation, forty-five miles to the westward, and We-wo-ka, the capital of the Seminoles, one hundred miles west, gives employment to large numbers of men. Here, too, is a point of debarkation for travel to Armstrong's Academy, the Choctaw seat of government; and to Tish-o-mingo, the principal town in the Chickasaw nation. One of the present curiosities of Mus-ko-gee is the little yard before mentioned, containing eleven graves; each one is a monument to murder. Stage-routes branch out in all directions from Mus-ko-gee, and weekly mails are forwarded thence to the interior.

INDIAN BALL-PLAYER.

Between Gibson and Muskogee we had crossed the Arkansas River on one of the immense bridges of the M., K. and T. Railway, a veritable triumph of engineering skill, and some miles below Muskogee crossed the "North Fork" and the "Canadian," both of which run through a singularly wild and beautiful country. Near the Canadian we crossed the fields to visit one of the Mission schools, of



A SCHOOL AMONG THE CREEKS.



THE KENO TABLE—DENISON, TEXAS.

which there are numbers in the territory. It is in Creekland, and is known as the "Asbury Manual Labor School," being supported by the Methodist Church South. About eighty Indian children of both sexes were boarded, lodged, and taught at this institution, and the school-rooms which we entered were models of order and comfort. The wildness of the Indian was beginning to tame down in the faces of these children; civilization had taken a good hold of them. The native Creek schools, of which there are twenty or twenty-five, are not very useful; even the examining-boards are deficient, and the native teachers are only able to give ordinary elementary instruction. The Mission schools throughout the Territory have been of great service. The Presbyterians support a mission among the Creeks, called the "Tallahassee Manual Labor School," and in both institutions work a field and in the house is expected from the scholars. The pupils of the Asbury School in one season produced two thousand bushels of corn from about fifty acres. In the Cherokee Nation much attention is paid to the thirty "neighborhood schools," as they are called, and all the missionaries who, of course, were compelled to retire during the war, were invited to return to their posts, and received cordial welcomes when peace was re-established. The common schools among the Cherokees were established by the legislature in 1867. There are schools set apart for colored children, but no spirit of exclusion is now manifested; for the Indians, when the war closed, and they emancipated all their slaves, frankly placed them on the same basis with themselves. Five orphans are boarded, clothed and instructed in each of the public schools. Once in two years a superintendent of schools is chosen, and he appoints a board of directors for each school. The district schools are mainly taught by women, and those scholars who desire to go beyond elementary education are sent to universities in the

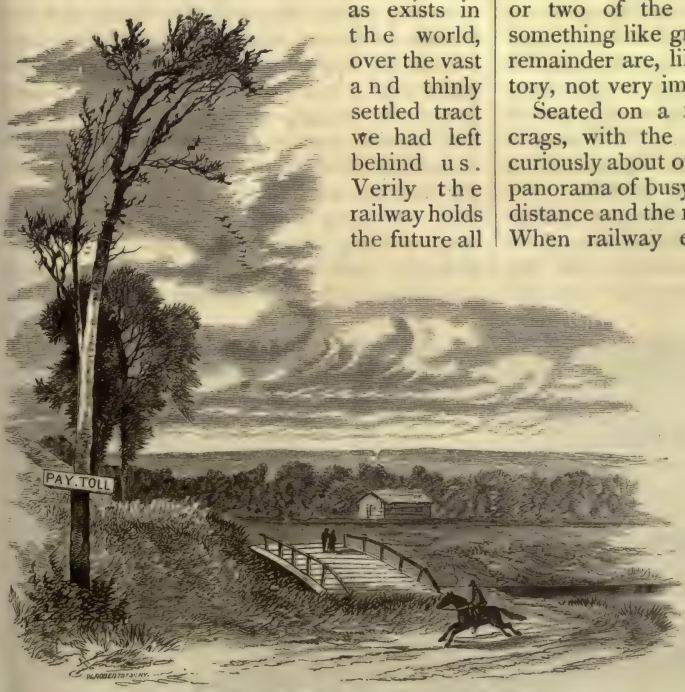
Southern and Western States. Intermarriage is gradually doing away with the desire to retain the Indian language in the schools; and the Choctaws support forty youths and twenty maidens in school at Louisville, Ky., and other Southern cities. The Seminoles have thus far established five common schools, and a missionary boarding-school, under the charge of the Presbyterian Church. This little tribe is improving more rapidly in material wealth and in education than any other in the Territory.

On the Canadian River is a town which has at various times possessed the euphonious appellations of "Sandtown" and "Buzzard's Roost." It is now merely a collection of roofless cabins, but was long the rendezvous of all the ruffians infesting the Territory. Perched on a waste near the river's side, it was a convenient location for murder and plunder, and travelers learned to give it a wide berth. Passing Perryville, an old trading post of the Choctaws, and now a station of some promise; then along the picturesque and fertile line of Ream's Valley, a magnificent region; dashing through the wonderful coal region near McAllister, we came to Limestone Gap, not without some faint appreciation of the tremendous energy and pluck which caused the laying of as fine a line of rail as exists in the world, over the vast and thinly settled tract we had left behind us. Verily the railway holds the future all within its grasp; it is the good genius of our time; the locomotive head-light reveals to us more wonders—more kaleidoscopic change and creation than Aladdin could call into being with his enchanted lamp.

A TERMINUS TYPE.

Looking far and wide from Limestone Gap we could see only one or two humble cabins. The Indians purposely remain miles from the line of travel, and the majority of them have never seen a locomotive. The Gap is in a range of mountains, which run in rugged and uneven layers for many miles towards the west and south-west. One or two of the rock-ribbed hills rise into something like grandeur of elevation, but the remainder are, like most ranges in the Territory, not very imposing.

Seated on a rocky stool on one of the crags, with the hawks and crows swooping curiously about our heads, we could image the panorama of busy life hidden away from us by distance and the retiring habits of the Indians. When railway enterprise shall spread that panorama before the wondering eyes of the citizens of the United States, they will be astonished at its variety and beauty. They will find the Indian not very far behind his white brother in many things, and infinitely his superior in some. Religion is creeping into the simple, yet logical minds of the various tribes. There are no previous impressions to correct, for these tribes have no mythology, save the gracious and beautiful embodying of some of



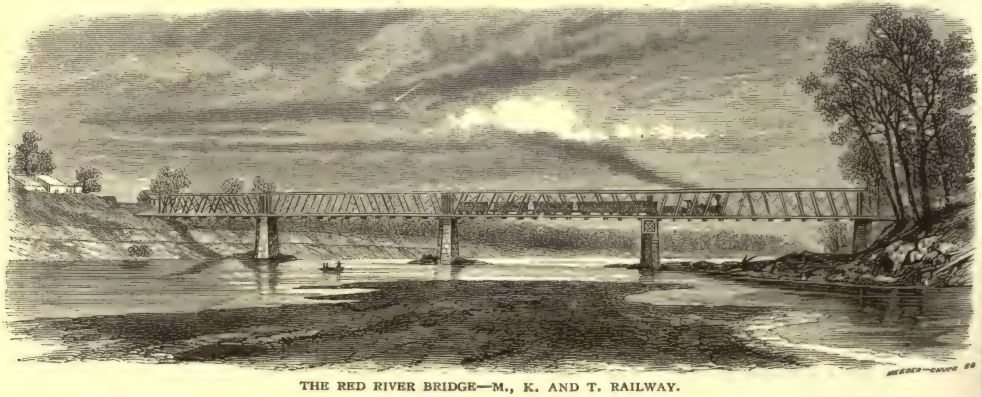
TOLL BRIDGE—LIMESTONE GAP, INDIAN TERRITORY.

nature's loveliest forms. After the war, the Cherokees invited the missions and their schools to return to the Territory, and the other tribes followed their example. There are few, if any, church edifices among the tribes, and the meetings are now held in schoolhouses. Church expenses are borne by voluntary gifts. Many of the tribes seem to have a dim idea that they are fragments of one of the "lost tribes of Israel," and the Choctaws have a fund of curious legends concerning the wanderings of their forefathers which tend to that belief.

Manners and superstitions are, of course, in many respects still thoroughly Indian. Hospitality is unbounded, and as soon as an Indian of wealth and station takes a wife, all her relatives, even the most distant, come to live on his estate, and remain forever, or until they have impoverished him. The tyranny of mothers-in-law in the Territory is something frightful to contemplate. One Indian gave as his reason for not wishing to get rich, the torments which his relatives, in case he married, would cause him. Food is simple throughout all the nations. Corn, ground with mortar and pestle, furnishes the material for bread; a few vegetables are grown; and game, hogs and cattle are abundant. The hog of the Indian Territory is a singular animal. Having run wild all his life, he is as distinguished for thinness as are his brethren of civilization for corpulence, and his back well merits the epithet of razor-edge applied to it. Stock feeds itself, winter and summer, and there is rarely a season when it is necessary to put up any hay. In the winter of 1871 grass was green up to the middle of December along the Arkansas bottom.

Marriage is gradually becoming an institution among all the tribes, the efforts of the missionaries tending to encourage it; but heretofore men and women have simply chosen each other as companions, and have lived together and reared families. Usually a young man who has become enamored of a maiden, ingratiates himself with her brother, or with a near male relative, and the latter intercedes with the father. If the father considers the suitor favorably, he puts him on probation, and at the end of a certain term receives him, and presents him to the daughter as her future husband. The family relation seems much respected, and is guarded against disorganization by many excellent laws.

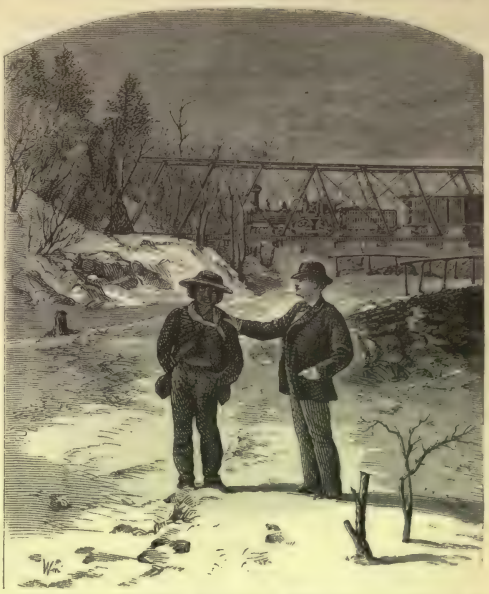
From Limestone Gap to the Red River the country is wonderfully fertile, and in summer beautiful beyond description. Towns of more or less promise are interspersed with solitudes which are very impressive. Stringtown is to be one of the lumber markets of the future; and at Caddo, one of the curious new towns which are plenty in the vicinity of the Texan frontier, the Fort Sill trade debouches, and the cotton from Paris and other points in Northern Texas will come in with the building of a branch railway to Paris. The railroad runs over trestle-work of the most difficult character between A-to-ka and South Boggy, which latter town was once the capital of the Choctaw Nation. Not far from the banks of the Red River, on the Indian side, a small town has grown up, and the Texas Central Railroad will soon cause the growth of a hamlet on the opposite side. The river, at the point where it is crossed by the railroad, on a superb bridge, is not grand, although the banks are high and stony. There is usually but a small volume of water in the stream, and the sands show on either side. Not far from the railway bridge we saw a long line of cattle fording the channel; and the answer to our inquiry as to the reason why no bridge had been con-



THE RED RIVER BRIDGE—M., K. AND T. RAILWAY.

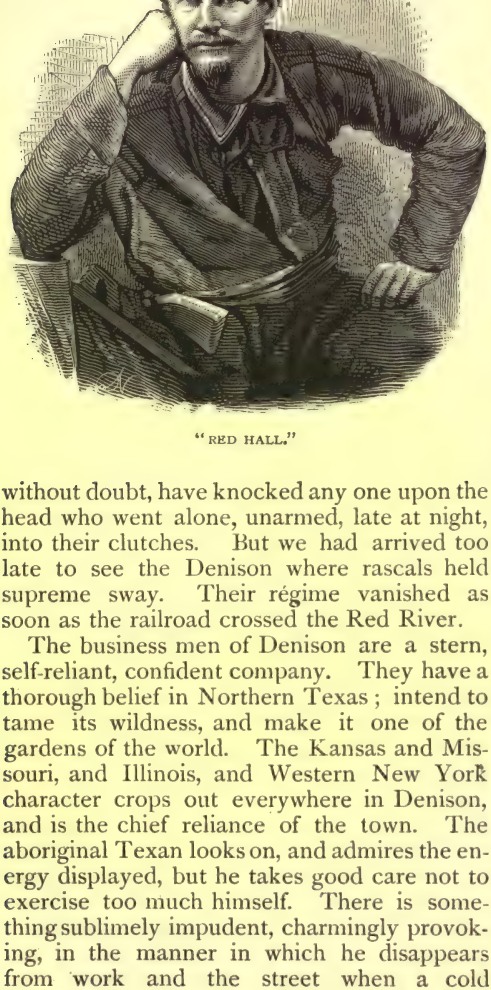
structed by the Texas and Indian governments at those points was that a Chickasaw Indian had long ago secured legislative privilege to charge one dollar for each person crossing the river from either direction, at the very point most available for bridge-building. The income of this Indian has, for some years, been one hundred dollars per day, while the working expenses of the ford are not more than twenty dollars weekly.

Standing in the main street of Denison, the new town named after the Vice-President of the M., K. and T. railway, six hundred and twenty-one miles south-west of St. Louis, it was hard to realize that only four months before our visit the site of the thriving town was almost a wilderness, and that not a building of any kind had ever been erected there. For all around us was Babel —a wild rush of business, a glory in affairs, an unbounded delight in mere labor, which at once oppressed and appalled us. The slightest indication of progress was pointed out as a gigantic foreshadowing of the future pre-eminence of Denison over the other cities of the universe. "There are from 2,500 to 3,000 people here now," said one gentleman to us; "how's that for four months? That'll make some of the incredulous folks take their frame-houses off from the rollers!" —an expression intended to open up a startling prospect for the future solidity of Denison. And, indeed, all these enthusiastic pioneers of a new civilization were justified in their seemingly wild prophecies of greatness. Northern Texas, under the beneficent influences of railroad pioneering, is assuming a prominence which had never been imagined for it until within the last five years. As soon as the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway had crossed the Red River, a stream of immigration, which the most sanguine had not hoped for, set in. The North-west seemed to have moved *en masse*. The tracts of fertile, black-wax land, which literally needed but to be tickled with the plow to smile a harvest, were rapidly taken up, and Denison sprang into existence as the chief town of the newly developed region. Four months before our visit the town was organized, and since that time the Denison Town Company had sold $90,000 worth of building lots. The town began its future with two railroads, which had not cost it a dollar, coming to it at either extremity in a county which does not owe a cent, and at the outlet of one of the most fertile farming regions in the world. It was indeed like magic, the building of Denison. All the lumber for the houses was brought



"THE INDIAN CONSENTS."

hundreds of miles, there being none suitable in the vicinity; and car-loads of timber were changed into rough but commodious business establishments in a twinkling. It was exceedingly remarkable, also, that in a community one-half of which was undoubtedly made up of professional ruffians, "terminus" gamblers, and the offscourings of society, and where there was not yet a regularly organized government, there was not more of terrorism. Every third building in the place was a drinking saloon with gambling appurtenances, filled after nightfall with a depraved, adventurous crowd, whose profanity was appalling, whose aspect was hideous. In vulgar bestiality of language, in the pure delight of parading the incarnate word under the mask of profane indecency, the ruffian as there manifest had no equal. The carrying of firearms concealed is so expressly forbidden by the laws of Texas at present, that shooting rarely occurs, and there is no more danger to the life or limb of the traveler than there may be incurred on Broadway. Robberies were, of course, of frequent occurrence in the gambling hells, and doubtless are still; but in the primitive hotels, where the luckless passengers from the M., K. and T. Railway awaited a transfer by stage to Sherman, and where they were packed three or four together in beds in a thinly boarded room, through whose cracks rain might fall and dust blow, they were as safe from robbery or outrage as in any first-class hotel. Rough men abounded, and would,



"RED HALL."

without doubt, have knocked any one upon the head who went alone, unarmed, late at night, into their clutches. But we had arrived too late to see the Denison where rascals held supreme sway. Their régime vanished as soon as the railroad crossed the Red River.

The business men of Denison are a stern, self-reliant, confident company. They have a thorough belief in Northern Texas; intend to tame its wildness, and make it one of the gardens of the world. The Kansas and Missouri, and Illinois, and Western New York character crops out everywhere in Denison, and is the chief reliance of the town. The aboriginal Texan looks on, and admires the energy displayed, but he takes good care not to exercise too much himself. There is something sublimely impudent, charmingly provoking, in the manner in which he disappears from work and the street when a cold "Norther" comes on; in the cool defiant way in which he forces others to work for him, and the utter surprise he manifests when he is accused of droning. He is a child of the sun; he dislikes effort; it gives him no gratification to labor in the rough ways of a new town like Denison. Yet this same man can leap to the level of a hero when his rights are assailed; can bathe a San Jacinto plain with his best blood; can stand at an Alamo's breastworks until pierced by an hundred wounds, and can ride at the head of a brigade into the very gates of death without losing one iota of his magnificent firmness.

But the Northern Texan population is rapidly assimilating in many respects with the new-comers, and there is no longer any vestige of the antique ostracism which made a Texan regard a stranger as an inferior being. Neither is it safe in a new town like Denison to judge a man, as we are forced to do in large cities, by his outer garb and manners. The huge hulking fellow with one cheek distended with tobacco, and with his clothes all so disposed that they seem to have been thrown upon him, will answer you with all the courtesy and grace of a high-bred gentleman, and will show a consideration for your opinions and your remarks which you do not always receive from the citizens of cities. The roughness is of the exterior only, and he who contents himself with a passing glance will not penetrate the shell.

The earnestness of the new town, the almost religious quality of its ambition, was amusing as well as inspiring. Every one talked in exaggerated figures; the rise in land was fictitious; the estimates of immigration were overdrawn; the "probabilities" were certainly elastic; but there was such hope! Many men who had only been in Texas a year or two had already enriched themselves, at the same time enhancing the values of the localities in which they had settled, and instances without number of great chances, ruined by the stupidity of the possessor of said chances, were constantly mentioned. In the little board newspaper office, it was the same spirit of dauntless ambition; in the saloon, again the same. "Sherman aint nothin' to this yer," said one man to me; "we've got the riffle on her on saloons." He could not even allow a neighbor town a pre-eminence in vice. "Gen. Sheridan's going to build a supply depot here, 'n' then you'll see!" was the final annihilating rejoinder administered to a carping Shermanite in our hearing. All the inhabitants were determined to make out of this irregular group of one-story wooden buildings, sitting confusedly on the high rolling land four miles south of the Red River, one of the principal capitals of the universe; and their zeal was as reviving as new wine.

It would be a brave man indeed who would prophesy at this writing that the great new route to the Gulf will redeem the Indian Territory from its present isolation, and bring it into the Union first as on probation, and finally as a State. The people of the South-west are firmly convinced that such will be the case, nevertheless, and the inhabitants of Northern Texas earnestly desire it for various important reasons. The existence of such an immense frontier, so near to the

newly settled districts of Texas, enables rogues of all grades to commit many crimes with impunity, for, once over the border, a murderer or a horse-thief can hide in the hills or in some secluded valley until his pursuers are fatigued, and can then make his way out in another direction. So frequent had this method of escape become, at the time of the founding of Denison, that the law-abiding citizens were enraged; and the famous deputy-sheriff, "Red Hall," a young man of great courage and unflinching "nerve," determined to attempt the capture of some of the desperadoes. Arming himself with a Winchester rifle, and with his belt garnished with navy revolvers, he kept watch on certain professional criminals; and one day, soon after a horse-thief had been heard from, in a brilliant dash of grand larceny, he repaired to the banks of the Red River, confident that the thief would flee from justice. In due time the fugitive, accompanied by two friends, appeared at the river, all armed to the teeth, and while awaiting the ferry-boat, were visited by Hall, who drew a bead upon them, and ordered them to throw down their arms. They refused, and a deadly encounter was imminent, but he finally awed them into submission, threatening to have the thief's comrades arrested for carrying concealed weapons. They delivered up their revolvers and even their rifles, and fled, and the horse-thief, rather than risk a passage-at-arms with the redoubtable Hall, returned to Denison with his captor, after contenting himself with giving the valiant young constable some ugly wounds on the head with his fist. The passage of the river having thus been successfully disputed by the law, the rogues became somewhat more wary in future.

"Red Hall" seemed to bear a charmed life. He moved about tranquilly every day in a community where there were doubtless an hundred men who would have delighted to shed his blood; was often called to interfere in broils at all hours of the night; yet his life went on. He had been ambushed and shot at, and threatened times innumerable, yet had always shown a proper scorn of his enemies, which finally ended in forcing them to admire him. When he visited us on our arrival in Denison, he remarked, "I shall see you in Sherman Monday, as I have some prisoners to take to court there;" but Monday morning, as we were starting for Sherman, he informed us that when he awoke

THE DANCE HALL—DENISON, TEXAS.

in the morning, he was surrounded by armed men; a pistol was held under his nose; and he was told that he was arrested at the instance of the U. S. Marshal, to whom some one had retailed slanders concerning him. Even as he spoke to us, he was vigilantly guarded by armed men. But in the afternoon he was free again—once more in authority, and awing the ruffians into a proper respect.

The tracks of the M., K. and T. Railway had but just been completed to Denison when we visited the town; but the huge freight-house was already filled with merchandise awaiting transportation to the interior. The Overland Transportation Company was even then closing its books, for the Texas Central Railway line was expected in a few weeks to reach the Red River, and the great Gulf Route would be complete.

At Denison we left the SCRIBNER TRAIN, and embarked in the perilous ways of staging. The palatial car which had been our home for a happy fortnight was closed and desolate; our party separated, the gentleman from Kansas hastening homeward. "Look out for de bars," was the parting injunction of the dusky Charles; "dey say dar's bars in dem woods what you go froo in Texas." So we were whirled away in an El Paso stage-coach to Sherman.

For miles and miles around Denison, the woods and plains were dotted with white canvas tents—temporary homes of emigrants from the Western and South-western States beyond the Indian Territory. Here and there we noticed an old weather-stained wagon, with its framework, over which a canvas had once been stretched, now going to decay. It had started with its freight from Missouri or Kansas months ago, and was deserted because the railroad had caught up with it. Here was rough life, indeed! The tents looked gloomy and comfortless; the men who were plowing a field looked sullen and determined; the women cooking or washing by little fires at the road-side, looked worn and fever-stricken; the children seemed woe-

ON THE SQUARE—SHERMAN, TEXAS.

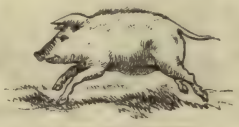
begone ; yet all were really happy and reasonably comfortable. The roughness of wandering had only left its mark outside, and these progressive families were happy in the prospect of future prosperity. In some places the tent had been supplanted by a substantial log-cabin, whose chinks were plastered with earth, and around whose door paraded a dozen pigs, and half as many hounds ; this was the second grade of prosperity.

We passed immense wagon-trains of merchandise, creaking forward through the wax-like soil, which so burdened the wheels that the toiling teams stopped, discouraged, from time to time ; gangs of stout youths from Illinois and Missouri were marching along the highways, *en route* for the railroad lines which they were to aid in constructing ; mule teams, drawing loads of lumber, each team driven by a six-foot Texan with a patriarchal beard, passed us ; wild-looking men mounted on horses or mules, with rifles slung over shoulders, and saddle-bags stuffed with game, cantered by ; sometimes we met a discouraged company, painfully forcing its way towards sunrise, the paterfamilias driving a span of sorry mules which dragged a dreary wagon-load of grumbling and disheartened family. So, faring forward through forest and brake, over creeks and under hills, beside smiling fields and along mournful wastes, into primitive clearings and out of forsaken nooks, and crannies where civilization had only made the wilderness look worse, we reached Sherman, the forty-years-old shire-town of Grayson county.

Glorious sunlight enlivened the town as we entered it, and intensest activity prevailed, for the county court was in session. The town is built around a square, in the center of which stands a low, unpainted wooden building, known as the court-house. The "grand jury" was not far from the aforesaid building, as we drew up at the hotel opposite it, and was to outward appearance a collection of rough, sensible farmers, impressed with a full sense of their duty. The horses on which half-a-hundred of the neighboring farmers had ridden in to attend to their marketing and upon the sessions of the court, were hitched at a common hitching-post not far from the court-house ; and in the center of the square a noisy auctioneer was bawling out his wares, and the Texans were regarding him with admiring eyes. The plank side-walks were crammed with tall youths clad in homespun, interspersed with patches ; with negroes, whose clothing was a splendid epitome of the chrome of color ; with

A SOUTH-WESTERN LANDOWNER.

spruce speculative Northerners and Westerners dressed in the latest styles ; with dubious looking characters, who shrank a little apart from the common gaze, and seemed somewhat afraid of the day-light ; and with the hook-nosed, loud-voiced, impudent Israelites, who are found in every city and hamlet throughout the South. Large numbers of people seemed diligently engaged in doing nothing whatever, or in frankly enjoying the fragrant delicious sunlight, which gave new glory and picturesqueness to everything upon which it rested. Now and then a soft breeze came gently from the uplands, and softened the effect of the generous sun. The gambler came out to bathe his excited livid face in the zephyr and the light ; the negro crawled to the side-walk's edge, and with his feet in the adhesive mud, blinked owlishly in the great sun's glare ; the stage-drivers swore round jocund oaths at the rearing and plunging mules drawing the coaches for Denison, McKinney, and other little towns ; and the huge negro who guarded the court-house door, twirled the great key majestically, and looked as ferocious as a Venetian spire. Weather as rich and perfect as that of June in the North saluted our senses, a languor which was not of our own temperate clime stole over us. We could imagine ourselves Southrons by nature and breeding, dreaming away the afternoon in lazy abandon of duty and irresolute comfort, spiced with the de-



A SOVEREIGN ROOTER.

licate charm born of observing new and peculiar types of our common nationality. Towards evening absolute tranquillity prevailed; there was not even a loud word spoken; the dusky figures who sat crouched in the porch of our hotel mutely regarding the glories of the setting sun, seemed almost in the act of worship.

LOW LIFE IN BERLIN.

THE Imperial city of the new German Empire is rich in the manifold phases of low life peculiar to great centers of population; and as we have lately rambled with our readers over some of the by-ways of the Fatherland, we now propose to investigate a few of the local peculiarities of one of its most noted highways.

The traveler scarcely emerges from any of the splendid and spacious depots which welcome him on arriving in Berlin, before his attention is attracted by the peculiar and ubiquitous cab of the capital, known as the drosky. Wherever he may be, night or day, in any populous or wealthy portion of the city, the drosky is ever at his hand or call. Nearly every corner seems to be a drosky-stand, and every place of public amusement, far and near, is sure to be surrounded by its swarm of droskies. They are met in large numbers for miles away from the city, on their way to or fro, seeking some of the numerous places of amusement in the suburbs which owe their existence and attendance to the fact that the drosky is everywhere, ready to convey the pleasure-loving Berliners to their favorite haunts.

We need scarcely add that the drosky is a very democratic institution, and therefore always found where the people crowd for business or pleasure. And the secret of its success is, its wise adaptation to the pockets of the masses. For five groschen—about twelve and a half cents—the drosky will rattle away with you over the magnificent distances of Berlin, and set you down before your lodging or any desired retreat, and the obliging driver will thank you for the shilling which you hand him, instead of charging dollars and abusing you in the bargain.

For such democratic charges one must of course expect a democratic turnout, and therefore these droskies are nothing to boast of in the line of luxury. They are low one-horse four-wheeled carriages with two seats, accommodating two persons comfortably, and four rather scantily; and it is doing them no injustice to say that their appearance is at times rather shabby, especially when they are in the season of the sere and yellow leaf, a favorite and lengthy period with them all. But they do not suffer much in comparison with the most of the private turnouts that drive aristocratically by them, for of all the capitals of Europe, none shows so little splendor in equipages or luxury of horseflesh as Berlin. From artisan to Emperor, they all ride in a way so plain as to

THE MELANCHOLY DROSKY-DRIVER.

be the butt of all visitors from other German cities.

The drosky and its driver are household gods to the average Berliners, who nearly always address their favorite Jehu by the endearing title of "Brother-in-law,"—"*Schwager*,"—a term in their idiom a little more shapely and manageable than in ours. Their omnipresence is quite a constituent of their convenience, and it is seldom necessary to do more than open door or window and utter a shrill whistle or the well-known call of "*Schwager*" to have one at your command in a moment.

STEED AND DRIVER TIRED OF LIFE.

As the institution enters so intimately into the necessities and pleasures of all social life, the individuals concerned, both bipeds and quadrupeds, have been made the subject of philosophical study and scientific classification. Certain savans of the German school have found in the physiognomy of the drosky-horse as great a variety of features as Lavater attributes to the human family, and have carefully studied his melancholy and dejection, his disgust with the world and weariness of life. And the drivers themselves have been carefully classified and studied according to their nature and proclivities. The most numerous class is that of the melancholy drosky-driver, whose fac-simile we present in our first illustration. As he sits wondering when a customer will turn up, he is apt to fall into a sober and reflective mood, and then generally assumes the posture thus delineated on his box.

Another is most often found inside of his vehicle, endeavoring to repair the damages of time and wear and tear, busily brushing the threadbare plush of the cushions, and, by removing the dust, making their bareness still more visible. A third, of a more misanthropic order, spends his leisure time in busily rolling from one side of his mouth to the other and diligently chewing a black caustic tobacco, that but few of his countrymen enjoy. Another, of a more inquiring turn of mind, will spend hours in reading over for the dozenth time an old copy of the *Berlin Tribune* that some indifferent passenger has left in the vehicle, and thus, freighted with the important news of the week past, he is ready to retail it to the loungers around his stand, in return for a generous swallow from an ominous-looking flask of greenish hue. All parties here are fairly disgusted with the vanity of human things, and the steed is quite ready to shuffle off this mortal coil.

The fate of the drosky-horse is well calculated to excite our liveliest sympathies. By the time he has entered this stage of his transitory existence he has generally enjoyed a ripe experience of the ups and downs of life, and while standing long weary hours in the shafts that form his prison, chewing betimes the cut straw sweetened by an occasional grain of oats, he has ample opportunity to dream of the happy days when, young and mettlesome, he bore some proud Uhlan to victory. He has now passed pretty low down in his social scale, and is perhaps partially blind or deaf, ringboned or spavined. The steady work of the drosky is too much for him, and he is soon sold to a livery-man, who by nursing and drugging will again for a season restore to him a certain plumpness and smoothness that will make him a very acceptable charger for some young clerk on a Sunday ride to the great park. The mania of the average clerk in Berlin is to astonish the general and very promiscuous assembly gathered in this immense rendezvous on his only free day in the week, and his beau-idéal of the right thing to do it is a wild gallop, to the terror of women and children.

A RIDE IN THE PARK.

Sometimes a party of three or four will hire some sleekly doctored steed for the afternoon, and, taking him to the Park, have their grand race in turn, each going the round of the main drive. It not unfrequently happens that some of these imitative sprigs come to grief on a blind or spavined animal which they are abusing, and run with their charger's blind side on against a tree, to the great discomfiture of horse and rider, and manifest injury to beaver and eye-glass.

We are glad, however, to be able to affirm that many a drosky-horse has a more humane fate in store for him. When he has served plebeian bodies to the extent of his endurance, he is quite likely to step aside from the active duties of life and pass through a generous course of treatment and feeding to prepare him to be acceptable to plebeian stomachs. When he is not seriously diseased, a few months of rest and appropriate diet will bring him up to a condition to make a very fair display in the butcher's stall. For in nearly every quarter in Berlin where the curious visitor would seek for the various phases of low life in the capital he is as sure to meet the quartered charger as the quartered ox. Horse-flesh is a very common article of diet with the lower classes, and many a beast which with us is allowed to linger out a neglected life, is with them taken before all its worth is gone, fattened and sent to the shambles.

The effect of this consumption of horseflesh is to keep down the price of other meat, and to permit the poor man to have a meal of strong and nourishing meat which he could obtain in no other way. The prejudice against its use has so far died away among the poor that it is now very largely consumed, and the government statistics stating the number of horses which thus usefully close their career are in some months almost incredible. One wonders what would be the fate of all these horses, if the strong stomach of the sturdy laborer did not digest them.

But with all the philosophical deductions of the social philosophers of the age regarding the nourishing character of this article of food, we confess to having found an invincible prejudice against it whenever the funds of the individual would permit him to indulge in solid beef. Horse-flesh is the bugaboo of the students' restaurants in the vicinity of the University, where meals are furnished at the comparatively moderate rates which are indispensable to the pockets of most German students. Cheap meats of doubtful aspect are always suspected, and we confess to having changed our quarters more than once, from the mere suspicion that our host was not true to the modest sons of the muses who patronized him.

The drosky is the stranger's means of visiting a score of popular places of resort in the environs of the city, and more especially so from the fact that the driver is more thoroughly acquainted with the low life of the capital as it appears openly and aboveboard than any other guide to be obtained, and a simple hint to him that you wish to examine any special phase of society or sphere of amusement will suffice to transport you in a short time to any of the public gardens, or the music parks, where at times tens of thousands of men, women and children are enjoying themselves in a comparatively innocent and harmless way.

But we will now turn to a phase of low life that is less familiar to the ordinary tour-

ist, and which in Berlin is almost without exception below ground. The cellars of this famous city shelter a teeming population mostly driven thither by poverty; but the security and retirement thus afforded have caused thousands of them to become the resort of the dissipated or the vicious. If the school of social philosophers who argue so pleasantly about the influence of beer and wine in making a people temperate, will visit a few of the most notorious of the beer and wine cellars of the German metropolis, we will guarantee a change of front in their position in regard to this momentous question. The curse of Berlin is its ten thousand beer and wine cellars, hidden away in subterranean retreats where security from the public gaze is an inducement to a visit on the part of those who would hesitate to enter them if open to general view. Many of these are the retreats of the lowest species of vice and degradation, and the resorts of criminals in all stages of depravity.

The uninitiated would neither find nor suspect the existence of half of them, and he who would study the subject worthily needs a trusty policeman as guide and protector. We will endeavor to describe a night ramble in such company through some of the most famous of these dens.

The clock strikes ten as the party pass out of the Police Headquarters into streets already quite deserted on account of a cold, unfriendly drizzle that drives honest men to their firesides, and the criminal and dissipated to the shelter of their favorite haunts. It is a favorable night for such a purpose, from the fact that the inclement weather will fill the cellars with many that would find a lounging place or an occupation in the open air, were the streets more busy and inviting. The officer soon stops and eyes a window half hidden below the pavement, which would scarcely attract the attention of the unschooled observer. His sharp glance, however, peers through a thick red muslin curtain that would be impervious to ordinary sight. A little hole, a thread-bare spot, or a trifling rent is sufficient for his observation; or even the thickest curtain, on a windy night, may for a moment flap aside, and in an instant reveal to him all he needs to know in order to judge who are the guests within. And thus he scents a counterfeiter or spies a burglar for whom he has been for days on the watch.

But our policeman is not on a raid to-night, and therefore rather seeks the resorts than the retreats of the city. The party crosses the street and descends into a well-known cellar, that to a stranger would seem empty of guests. A few steps further on, however, an arch opens to the left, which exposes to view sundry groups sitting around tables engaged in various games, with occasional draughts of beer or wine supplied by female waiters. Others are talking, drinking and smoking, while a few, having indulged too much, are leaning their heads heavily on the tables, or gazing around with a stupid stare. The entrance of the party seems not to cause the least excitement, not even a whisper or a nudge. It is clear to them that the policeman is simply accompanying strangers on a tour, and that for to-night nothing is to be feared from him. But though in civilian's garb, in order to cause less sensation, he is doubtless recognized, for without awaiting his orders the host sends him a glass of wine through the waitress, with his compliments, knowing that it is best thus to invite a truce and conciliate one who may be a most unwelcome visitor if he so desires.

A ROGUE'S RETREAT.

As the party sit down for a moment's observation, the policeman whispers that there is scarcely a man in the room that does not know him by a sort of instinct, and then proceeds to describe the company. "Do you see that fat fellow in front of us, at the end of the table, with mouth open in noisy palaver?"—"Yes; and he seems

to have taken a glass too much; what about him?"—"He is one of our most skillful pickpockets; he is just now as wide-awake as a rat at bay, though he seems half drunk; he does not fear recognition, for he knows that he is recognized; but he fears arrest, for he has already been in prison, and is now under police surveillance, and has no right at this hour to be in a drinking-cellar; there is, however, nothing new against him, and I do not propose to trouble him to-night, as he has already atoned for some of his sins by his years in the House of Correction."

To the question how a man with such fat and clumsy fingers could be a skillful pickpocket, the policeman learnedly replies that it is a popular mistake that light fingers are necessarily long and bony. "You can easily imagine," replies he, "that such fingers make themselves felt more readily than soft round cushions, if these are only properly schooled in the delicate art of picking pockets; a pickpocket whose hand and fingers are too bony and harsh, often wraps them in soft silk in lieu of flesh."

Out again into the black, forbidding night, the party crosses the street, trudges over rough pavements, stumbles over gutters, and finally turns into a little narrow street, and halts before an old and very gloomy-looking house. "This is a very productive though pretty harshly treated old mouse-trap," whispers the policeman, pointing to the rickety old building. "The people call it the 'Barracks.' It has vent-holes in all directions, but if we stop them up we catch no mice. Go on, and be careful not to stumble—one, two, three, there you are—no more steps."

All around was as black as night, but the officer in the midst of the darkness seized the door-latch with a sure and steady grip. As it opened into the same thick gloom, he cried out, without either hearing or seeing any one—"Light the gas!" and in a moment the gas-jet burst forth and discovered a lean, timid man, with forehead cov ered with hair almost to the eyes. "Is any one here?'—"Only one," was the reply. "Where is he?"—"He is sleeping yonder."—"Is it empty above?"—"All empty." In the meanwhile the officer seized a shaving and lighted it at the gas; he then hastened with the flame across the low room with smoked ceiling. On the side of a miserable music-stand was leaning a dilapidated bass viol, and down in the corner lay a solitary wretch on a little straw. The flickering light held over the unconscious sleeper disclosed to the company a sorry-looking subject, and still more miserable surroundings.

To his honor be it said, the officer at least recognized no rogue, and used the rest of the lighted shaving to give the party a chance to inspect the dark corners of the forlorn lodging-house. It proved to be everywhere a miserable, worm-eaten old hole, with doors and windows leading in every direction, and through which the wind could whistle out and in. It seemed constructed for the convenience of rogues when surprised. At every turn was something which could assist them in escaping an officer—here a beam, there a ladder, and on the outside of the roof a balustrade, or an eaves-trough. "And why so empty to night?" said one of the party to the guide, it being then almost twelve o'clock. "It is yet a little too early for the night-birds that prowl about here; they will begin to come about one or two o'clock; then the poor wretch lying there in the corner, with his head on an inverted chair, and an old blanket over him, will be as sensitive as quicksilver to any one who would try to share his couch or appropriate his covering, though he now sleeps ever so soundly." It was in short a species of lodging-house for thieves and outcasts, and had been the scene of many a police raid.

The party now again emerge into the cheerless and gloomy night, and as they pass

A NIGHT IN THE "BARRACKS."

one cellar after another the officer has his story and oft-repeated adventures regarding each one. Suddenly he stops before what was at one time the most notorious den of the city—a sort of thieves' coffee-house. The steps that lead to it are so steep and rickety that one can scarcely descend without danger to limb, and the majority of the guests announce their coming by a stumble against the glass door which guards the entrance. Many a shoal of pickpockets and burglars has been taken there. These coffee-cellars were once the resort of the most abandoned criminals who had spent the midnight hours in some kind of robbery—then a drunken carouse with torrents of beer and rum, after which they resort to the coffee-cellar towards morning to try and reduce their exaltation by a cup of coffee as black and strong as lye, and to dispose of their booty by a sort of exchange, that each man may take what he best understands, and finally lay new plans for the coming night. A few years ago these resorts had become so numerous and dangerous that the police made a fearful raid on them, and finally put an end to them by closing every one which was open after a certain hour. This measure rendered them useless to their frequenters, and they are now mostly turned into what are called cheese-cellars, where miserable outcasts can obtain a piece of cheese, a chunk of rye-bread, and a glass of watery beer for a few cents.

"THE LITTLE ORPHEUM."

In the meanwhile they arrive at the "Little Orpheum," a famous resort for the better class of criminals, where they indulge in billiards, cards and dominoes, and imbibe generous draughts of all sorts of potations under the influence of music and the solicitations of poor girls, who are dressed in fancy costume to attract still more the lecherous gaze of the carousers. The officer informs the party that they will need be careful here, and pass quickly through to the end. In the first open hall stands a billiard-table, and in a corner a dilapidated piano is sending forth its shrill notes in unison with the tones of a tuneless harp. The bar is but a small square table and the gas is but sparely turned on, except over the billiards. The officer was recognized, and one after another the company whisked away like specters. Two of these pseudo-gentlemen were at their game of billiards; the one scarcely knew whether to strike the ball again or to use his rod to aid in his escape. A magic wand could not have produced a more sudden change. Seats which were one moment occupied were empty the next; their occupants had vanished without being seen.

"Verily these are all rogues," said the policeman; "I should have brought a posse with me to arrest the crowd, and this is what they suspected."—"We would have caught some fish among them; our way is often to take the whole gang and then sift them out at the headquarters; it is rare that we find an innocent bird among them—pity that we have missed such a haul."

The attractions of the empty Orpheum were soon exhausted, and the party now enter a "night-drosky" at the door of this place of resort, for the drosky is found at certain stands all night long. The driver was fast asleep on his box, and awaked in answer to a shaking which he declared in grumbling tones was only fit for a beast. He was ordered to the "Linden," in the suburbs, near one of the city gates. For a moment or two his horse, like himself, staggered first to the right and then to the left before getting under way for so long a drive, while the policeman again resumes his story: "There on that corner by the gas-lamp is the cellar in which Professor Gregy was murdered;" and in the next moment, as the drosky crossed a bridge over a canal on whose surface were reflected the gaslights along the border, there passed a bent figure with an old basket suspended

THE THIEVES' DEN.

from his shoulder, and a hook in his hand. He had spent the night in searching for old rags, old iron, and whatever trash might be made to turn a penny: "These are the most inquisitive gentlemen of the capital; they are recorded in our books as the investigators of nature, and seldom give us any trouble in their profession, except sometimes to compel them to disgorge some treasure which they may have found, and which is too valuable to leave in their hands."

At last the drosky halted before the "Linden," which proved to be a large dancing-hall for the most abandoned portion of the community. As the door opens the wild shouts of the dancers are heard, and the gas is seen to gleam through a thick sort of mist which proves to be clouds of tobacco-smoke. The crazy dancers whirl by in pairs, while the music of shrill violins seems to challenge them to still wilder efforts and more bacchanalian cries. "Here," said the officer, "a most dangerous element of our society finds vent for its passions and celebrates its nightly orgies; but we hardly reckon these among dangerous criminals, and they demand and receive the attention of the police of public morals. The authorities, as well as the public, regret the existence of these plague-spots, which are at continual war with society, but find it difficult to do more than control and keep them within certain bounds." Suddenly one long shrill scrape of the instrument puts a stop to the revels for a season, that the jaded, miserable company may have an opportunity to rest, when the dancing couples generally hasten to the galleries to renew their strength for another onset by copious draughts of beer or rum, the purchase of which is one means of remunerating the owner of the hell.

"And now," said the officer, "brace up your nerves for the worst place of all, but where you will be safe if you will simply look and suffer and say nothing." And presently the party entered the "Thieves' Den," in a side street, whose existence would scarcely be suspected by an indifferent observer. The various apartments of the cellar were crowded with vile characters so closely propped together that it was not easy to move among them. They were indeed fellows of the basest sort, with wild and reckless countenances, who with their last penny in their pockets knew no care for the morrow. Here was indeed a life so free and unrestrained that no excuses were demanded for treading on each other's corns; or if a smoker in lighting his pipe should bring his burning paper too near to his neighbor's hair, it was the hair and not the pipe that would move out of the way. The

BEFORE THE BAR AT NIGHT.

officer tried to elbow a passage for his party through the crowd, but was glad to protect his own body from the crush. The artist in the midst of the throng found it impossible to exercise his office, and could make a passage neither backwards nor forwards for a while, on account of the long skirts of his overcoat, which ever became entangled in the legs of those crowding past him, and he was exhausting himself in pulling and tugging, when at last the officer succeeded in conducting him to a more open spot, and giving him a seat long enough to sketch that portion of the scene which we present in illustration.

"IN CARE OF THE POLICE."

It was for some reason a gala night in the "thieves' den," and there was on hand a large force of one branch of the police to interfere in case of an outbreak, which on such occasions rarely ends without the use of knives. The real controller of the situation was the keeper of the place, who seemed to possess a rare skill of appearing whenever a tumult was threatened, and of appeasing the anger of the crowd by making each one believe that he was his best friend, and asking as a special favor that there might be no violence. As the host was a general favorite, he mostly succeeded in restoring order, or, if not, he was at least sustained in turning the violent ones into the street. This he had just done with some noisy subjects who had been pounding their tables as if these were anvils, and making glasses clatter and bottles fall to the floor. He made himself a way through the crowd where no one else could move, and when the party desired to leave he offered his services to make their exit safe. This he did by planting his brawny arms akimbo, and with elbows and shoulders waging first to the right and then to the left such well-directed lurches that the wildest fellows were glad to make room for him, or if by chance some bulldog growled at him, a sharply uttered sentence soon silenced him.

Having escaped from this pandemonium, the party declared themselves satisfied at the sights of the town, but were again induced by the officer to jump into a night-drosky and follow him to police headquarters, to see what the force might have brought there during the night. When the driver heard the orders of his company to proceed to the head police-station he knew his guests, and soon urged his horse out of the accustomed Berlin trot. When half-way to quarters a shrill cry was heard proceeding from the precincts of a notorious drinking-cellar, out of which the keeper rushed, calling with shrill voice for the police. The drosky stopped, the officer sprang out, and in a few minutes returned with a prisoner, who asserted again and again his innocence, and declared that he had never before been under arrest. The officer, however, held on to him, and on arrival at headquarters delivered him over to the criminal justice, who is in waiting all night to enroll his prisoners and give them a safe retreat until morning. When placed at the bar for a nightly hearing, the justice soon recognized him as an old offender, and with a short record consigned him to other hands.

The artist had hardly time to sketch the outlines of this scene before the party were hurried into the dismal apartments of the main station, where quarters are assigned to those who are brought in for the night. It is a sorry-looking cage, which is entered by a heavy door of oaken poles through which one can look into the main passages of this veritable den. Here in one corner lay curled up a poor drunken wretch who had not the power to go any further than the nearest resting-place, and who was allowed to sleep off his rum right there without further molestation. In technical parlance, he was said to be in the "care of the police," and to his discomfort, no doubt, he was to find in the morning that their care of him was to extend through quite a series of days.

The inner rooms were filled with candidates

for protection for the night, some voluntary, in default of other quarters for a stormy night, when an empty box or hogshead, or a covered area, was hardly sufficient for comfort; but the most under arrest for petty misdemeanors or disturbance of the peace in the numerous haunts of vice and intemperance. On the benches and under them, as well as in numerous bunks arranged along the wall, scores of poor wretches were snoring away in their rags and filth. A few were sitting up in a state of hopeless and sleepless despair, subjected to this fearful degradation perhaps for the first time. The unusual appearance of a party of strangers under the guidance of a policeman caused quite an excitement in the miserable retreat, and roused up many of the sleepers, and among these one of a rare species in Berlin. As he stuck his crispy head and black face out of the folds of a hammock, the first inquiry was to know whether the authorities there permitted chimney-sweeps to go unwashed to their sorry beds.

"He is no chimney-sweep," said the officer, "but a genuine negro." And sure enough, at these words a very swarthy son of Africa straightened himself up and looked at his visitors with a decided grin, and a generous display of teeth. "If I were a chimney-sweep I would long ago have made my way out of this through the chimney," said he, in a tone of disgust, and in the best of German. "What are you in here for?" was the question immediately addressed to him. "Because I have lost my identification papers; but I should think my face were identification enough, without a passport."

"What are you?"

"Nothing just now, but I have been a little of everything in my time: a teacher of languages, the servant of a prince, and a compositor in a printing-office." "In what office?" "In *The London Times*."—"He lies like a book," said the policeman. "Lies like a book!" repeated the negro, contemptuously. "If everything here is not down in black and white, you say a fellow lies like a book!—You can telegraph to London and inquire whether a negro did not work in the composing-room of the *Times*."—"And then," interrupted the officer, "comes the question whether you are that negro."

"And there it is again," replied the black, angrily, "as if niggers ran about here like chimney-sweeps. You may thank your stars that this is not the case, for you would then soon be high and dry with your detestable passport system, which is only invented to annoy honest men. To you I'm nothing but a darkey, and that settles the question."

Herein however we beg leave to differ from our colored subject, who does the Germans rank injustice in accusing them of prejudice against him on account of color. Negroes are a novelty in Germany, except perhaps in the few seaports, and as such they are treated with great respect. We once saw a gentleman of that color lolling in his luxurious carriage in the streets of Berlin, with a white driver on the box, and a white liveried servant posted conspicuously up behind. The Germans who saw the sight thought it all right, taking the sable gentleman to be some African prince, but the few Americans who enjoyed the spectacle stood still on the promenade for a hearty laugh at the thought of the excitement which such a scene would cause on Broadway or in Central Park. Indeed, the few negroes in Berlin do not often figure in the haunts of low life, and this unfortunate fellow was an exception to his race. He had evidently been a little careless in his morals, and was so reduced in pocket that he was obliged to ignore his pride of caste, and hint to his visitors that a little attention in this regard would be quite acceptable. His modest allusion to the low state of his finances brought him quite a little god-send in the

COMPOSITOR ON THE LONDON TIMES.

line of cash, and his new-found friends left him amidst a profusion of thanks.

Another portion of this establishment is devoted to the purposes of a woman's lock-up, and here the air is denser and even more foul, while the misery is more patent and revolting, as the sex always seems to sink when it falls to lower depths of disgust and degradation than is generally reached by man.

One may begin the study of low life in the capitals of Germany, or indeed in any part of Europe, in a philosophical mood and with the intent of making it thorough and profitable as a life experience, but the task is by no means a pleasant one, and unless the investigator happens to find a special pleasure in that kind of research it soon cloys, if it does not disgust. It is well, however, to make a more familiar acquaintance with some phases of it, to gain a juster appreciation of its true character.

Most of the places of popular resort in these cities succeed in assuming an air of innocent amusement which is not unfrequently quite deceptive. The uninitiated visitor may feel that he is at times in very pleasant and desirable surroundings, when he has in very truth fallen among thieves and harlots of whose presence he would have no suspicion from their surroundings and their amusements. The most depraved succeed in presenting an appearance of external propriety, or, if not, they are kept within bounds by a watchful police, so that a rosy surface too often conceals a rotten core. The police form a part of every gathering, and their silent influence is always felt, though their presence may not be patent. For weeks the gardens and concert halls and public dancing and drinking halls may go on so orderly that no one suspects the presence of other than guests in quest of the peculiar enjoyment offered by the locality. But let a disturbance of any kind demand police interference, and the officers seem to spring out of the ground. This the people well know, and are thus schooled to a species of restraint which becomes a second nature, and gives a subdued character to public gatherings of all kinds that prevents them from being the scene of violence and disorder.

And this is, we opine, the case with the much discussed question of intemperance abroad. The surface tourists tell us that drunken men are never met with on public occasions in the popular life of Europe, and to a certain extent it is true. But this is partly the case from the fact that the police would instantly remove a drunken man from public view, and partly from the fact that alcoholic drinks are less indulged in than with us. Men become stupid with beer, and seldom devilish on wine, though they drink it to excess. And as nearly everybody drinks moderately without apparent detriment to health, manners or good morals, the conclusion drawn from the surface is that countries in which beer and wine are usual beverages are therefore temperate countries in the popular acceptation of the term.

But a night among the low haunts of any city will show how deceptive is this opinion, and prove to the sorrow of the philanthropist that it is a delusion. Indeed we need little more to convince us of this fact than the wail which is arising in various parts of Europe as to the fearful ravages now being made on society by the excessive use of beer, wine and alcoholic liquors.

THE LIBERTY OF PROTESTANTISM.

BY AN ORTHODOX MINISTER.

PROTESTANTISM arose not only in protest against the papal corruptions, but also against the papal tyranny over the minds and consciences of men. But in this last respect there is also need of protest against Protestantism; for there is neither liberty of thought nor of conscience allowed those within the pale of orthodox Protestantism.

If left to adult years to choose for themselves, they have the liberty to adopt one of many different creeds. But, having once done so, their liberty of private judgment ceases; for henceforth the judgment of their creed-framer becomes the limit and measure of their own. They may not transcend the limits of thought fixed by their creed, except at risks which few will dare to take. The conscience, too, is bound, for it demands an utterance for profound convictions which they dare not give.

The liberty of Protestantism is, therefore, simply the privilege of choosing a sect. It is said, the communicant has the liberty to leave the church. But that is not liberty, for he is compelled to do so if he differs from its creed. It is said, also, that he joins the church on confession of faith, thereby agreeing to adhere to its creed while he remains in it. Is not that a fair compact? And what infringement of his liberty is there in requiring him to take himself off when he can no longer adhere to it? If he was capable when he espoused the creed of examining and understanding it; if he knew the nature of the compact he was entering; and if, in dismissing him, the church imposes no disabilities, then there is no wrong done him. But there is rarely a case where all these conditions are fulfilled. If the point in which he differs from the chosen sect be one merely of difference between orthodox sects, he may be dismissed from one to the other without serious disadvantage to himself. But if his doubts concern a point in which all the orthodox sects agree, then he must leave orthodoxy entirely, and incur the odium of heterodoxy, which involves always the suspicion of moral delinquency. Doubt is considered a sign of depravity; and orthodoxy treats the doubter as though he were immoral, not only by the withdrawal of confidence, but by visiting upon him the same penalties as are executed against gross immorality, viz., arraignment and expulsion if he does not recant.

If this mode of treatment is unjust toward those who have entered the church intelligently and responsibly, it becomes a gross abuse of liberty in the case of a large majority of doubters who join the church in early youth, before they are capable either of investigating or understanding its creed. Probably ninety-nine out of every hundred doubters are of this last class. While too young to doubt, they accept, and profess honestly to believe the creed of their fathers, because they have been taught to do so from their infancy. They grow up in the church, and learn to love it as the mother that has watched over and reared them. They are loyal to it, and make sacrifices for its maintenance. More than that, they are loyal to Christ, devout and faithful Christians. But with growth and culture they come to the ability to think and investigate for themselves, and so to doubt the creed they accepted unquestioningly and blindly at first. For them there are two courses possible. One is, to give an outward adherence to doctrines they disbelieve; and the other, to separate from the church they love, and around which are entwined the fondest memories of their childhood and youth. It is not strange that the majority prefer the former course, and consent to suppress their convictions, and maintain an outward allegiance to a creed which in their heart they repudiate, rather than leave the church.

There can be no doubt that there are thousands in the Protestant churches to-day, who, if required publicly to renew the same confession of faith which they made when they first entered the church, could not do it conscientiously. But the church accepts their external adherence, though cognizant of their heart-defection, and thus becomes a *particeps criminis* to a system of deceit which effectually undermines all integrity of character, sacrificing that for which alone the church was established, for the sake of an appearance of doctrinal soundness; preserving the shell, but destroying the kernel; debauching the conscience for the sake of preserving the creed intact.

But if the doubter will not suppress his convictions, and maintain an outward adherence to the creed he blindly accepted when he was too young to investigate it, he meets the same fate as if he had been a knowing, responsible party to the compact; that is, he is excluded from the communion he has loved and supported from his childhood. Surely, that is not liberty which hedges the thinker about with disabilities, which, though not so malignantly cruel, are yet just as effectual in repressing liberty of thought and conscience as were the fagot, the thumb-screw, and other tortures of the Inquisition.

Orthodox Protestantism is avowedly opposed to all theologic thought that does not harmonize with the creeds. It says to its adherents, "You may think, but within the limits prescribed by the creed. You may investigate, but you must always come to the same conclusion."

This is not liberty, but bondage.

And this bondage is felt more or less by every private member who thinks; but to the ministry it becomes a grievous burden and hindrance to efficiency. For while they are held to a stricter account for their opinions, they also suffer greater loss in case their orthodoxy is impugned. A slight suspicion of heterodoxy is usually sufficient to hedge up the way of a minister in any of the orthodox churches.

Any serious divergence from the prescribed and beaten track of theologic thought, is sure to provoke grave discussion and threats of

dismission on the part of his church, or his conference hastens to test his soundness, and if he is found to hold any obnoxious opinion he must renounce it, or he is declared a dangerous innovator; the pulpit and "official organs" of his church are closed against him, and he is relegated to silence and obscurity.

Few ministers are willing to incur such penalties, even for the precious boon of liberty. Hence the majority suppress their best convictions, trim down their sermons and other productions to a rigid conformity with the creed.

The hope of preferment is also a powerful motive to conformity. In all orthodox churches, soundness in the faith is a *sine qua non* to preferment. The great temptation of every minister is to barter his liberty for success. Many do this, and having paid the price, get the leading positions. These, with the always large number seeking preferment and anxious to prove their fitness for it by a cheap zeal for orthodoxy, are able to greatly embarrass or wholly repress the few who prize their liberty more than preferment. "This is precisely as it ought not to be. It is of the old Adam as distinctly, not to say as disgracefully, as possible, and not at all of Christ. If brethren cannot dwell together in unity, hoping all things, believing all things, and bearing all things, it is because they are not yet fairly converted to Christ, and need the lesson which was given to the disciples about becoming the least of all and the servant of all. When shall we hear the leaders of a sect say to each other, 'Go not away from us to find freedom for your conscience, but let us serve even you in forbearance and charity, until we all come unto seeing no more darkly?'" *

But as things commonly stand, if a brother is providentially betrayed into stepping heavenward ahead of his sect, he is compelled to take himself off directly, lest his divergence stir up an evil spirit of difference, and make trouble to the communion. The Bampton lecturer for 1871 says truly of a leading denomination: "Any serious deviation from the common faith, on the part of any one of these thousands (of ministers), is sure to lead to his separation from the teaching ministry." And the editor of an official paper of this denomination says: "We are not a free-thinking church, and if ministers will persist in putting on their thinking-caps, they must be deprived of the ministerial office."

Thus the genius of orthodoxy and the interests of its adherents conspire to hold it in an attitude of opposition to liberty of thought and conscience. The result is a narrowness of the average theologic mind which makes orthodoxy the gibe of scientists and all other progressive thinkers.

In other departments of thought the freest discussion is allowed. Agitation is considered the surest method of exposing error, and arriving at the truth. Political reformers are permitted liberty of thought and of the press. In science, he is hailed a benefactor who explodes old error and discovers new truth. But in theology, the broadest and most progressive of all sciences, he who denies the infallibility of the creed, or advances a new doctrine, receives only objurgation and anathemas for his pains.

In all this orthodoxy assumes that its creeds are perfect, entirely free from error, and containing the whole of theological truth; and therefore that there can be no such thing as progress in the science of theology. But wherefore? Has wisdom died with the creed-framers? Were men wiser five hundred and a thousand years ago, when the creeds were built, than they are now, or than they ever will be? Is age in a creed any conclusive evidence of accuracy? Must science and all other departments of thought go on progressing, and theology remain forever in its swaddling garments? Shall the Protestant conscience and thought be forever limited and bound by the dicta of Augustine and Calvin; while the opinions of their contemporaries in other departments of thought have been long since discarded and forgotten? And yet each sect thinks its creed contains the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. But how many such creeds can there be? It is very unfortunate for this assumption of orthodoxy, that there are so many different creeds directly opposed in many points.

The fact is, that while orthodoxy contains much truth, it also contains much error. Most of its creeds are very old, and contain many articles of belief which are bequests of the ages of ignorance that God winked at. There is room, therefore, for progress and improvement in the orthodox theology. There is also great need of change in the creeds in order that the essence of truth may be preserved. And theologic science cannot be perfected by one change nor by many; but will need frequent renewals of its creed-statements as the human race advances.

But believing its creeds to be infallible, and that everything contrary thereto is dangerous error, orthodoxy conceives it to be its high

* Lord Salisbury.

calling to guard its creeds with a flaming sword, and suppress every other form of doctrine, lest the truth committed to its keeping should suffer thereby. Accordingly its constant effort is to prevent freedom of thought, of investigation, and of discussion among its adherents. It prescribes for them all, young and old, what they shall read, what they shall think and believe, and proscribes everything else. The aim of all its theological teaching is to indoctrinate the pupil, and "fortify him in a particular mode of belief; rather than to make him a student and a lover of the truth wherever it exists. What would be thought of a school of medicine in which the professors aimed to convince the student that the existing modes of treatment admitted of no improvement, or a school of natural science which treated the discovery of new facts as a fault? But theology,—in its proper nature the noblest and most universal of the sciences, the child of liberty, the lover of all truth, the leader of the human race—theology has been manacled and guarded, and the first and last injunction to its votaries has been to stand still." *

One reason for the opposition of orthodoxy to liberty is the danger of its abuse. This danger equally besets all liberty. The right use of personal freedom is probably the most difficult of all things to learn. It is not merely that men are liable to abuse it, but that multitudes are certain to do so. But we do not therefore oppose civil liberty and advocate despotism, as the only means of preventing abuse. We believe it is better to have liberty notwithstanding the great perils attending it.

So, in religious matters, there is great danger of an extreme use of the right of private judgment. But it does not follow that men should be deprived of religious liberty for fear they will abuse it. They must rather be taught that it is theirs of right, as a gift of God; that they are accountable to him for the use they make of it, and may not therefore abuse it with impunity. Admitted that many will ruin themselves by abusing their liberty, yet there can be no doubt that more would be ruined by an intolerance that drives them out of the church into a hatred of all religious truth.

Orthodoxy cannot keep men from thinking, nor can it keep the thinker within the prescribed limits. Mind is inherently free. It cannot be chained, nor kept in ignorance of its liberty. Sooner or later men will find out that they have an inalienable right to freedom. The question is, shall orthodoxy recognize their freedom and encourage it by making them feel that Christianity, the great liberator of mankind, is not the enemy, but the friend and foster-mother of freedom, and thereby hold them under its influence, where it can teach them how to use their liberty temperately, reverently, in the fear and service of God?

Or shall orthodoxy continue to teach men that free thought and investigation are wicked and lead to hell, and that if they persist in the exercise of their liberty they must be turned out of the church, and deprived of its sympathy and help; and thus force them into opposition to Christianity, and a hatred of the very name of orthodoxy as a synonym for bondage? If so, the result will be impious defiance instead of reverence, contempt instead of investigation, license instead of liberty, and utter recklessness instead of the fruits of a holy life.

The church has no right to drive men from its altars by intolerance, for in so doing it loses its power to benefit them. The church was not established to deprive men of their liberty, but to teach them how to use it. But in order that men may know how to use it rightly, they must have it. It is only by the possession and exercise of liberty that men can learn its proper use. It is therefore the duty of Protestantism to win men to its altars and keep them there, by guaranteeing perfect freedom of thought and conscience, that it may be able to benefit them, and guide them out of their doubts into a higher faith beyond.

* *The Christian Union.*

WHAT HAS AMERICA DONE FOR WOMAN?

It has been said by a clever Frenchwoman, who has brought to her adopted country all the perspicacity of her race, that the American woman cannot be described as a *class*. She is so individual, that she must, each and every one, be described as an individual.

She says—this clever Frenchwoman—that each American woman is a book by herself; that they are, in their follies and their faults, their independence, diversity, and wealth of

gifts, their virtue and their vice, unlike the rest of the world and unlike each other.

To have produced such variety is certainly a successful result, even if some of the specimens are failures, but it renders classification and description almost impossible. To us who have had the subject always before us, the American woman can be divided into grand general types.

We of the North see great differences between the women of the South, West, and our own section; and could detect by accent, and certain perhaps indescribable characteristics, the exact meridian of one of our countrywomen, should we meet her abroad. These minor traits are lost on foreigners. All American women are problems to them. They always admire the Southern women, their sweet voices, soft manners and delicious languor, but they speak of a "contradiction," and why should there not have been contradiction? The Southern woman's business was a contradiction. She reared her son to believe in the "Declaration of Independence," while she reared the slave boy to believe that there was no such thing as freedom. What a confusion of right and wrong this brought about in the naturally upright and compassionate! Yet what wonderful, what striking women have come out of the South, with beautiful manners, soft voices, and invincible wills!

Look then at the North,—what a contradiction to all that was natural, free, gay, and easy, was that Puritan education, that early repressing of the natural joyousness of the youthful heart. This was not discipline, it was tyranny.

Much of the mistaken fanaticism, the absurdity, and the severity attributed to the Northern women has come from this false passion of a gloomy faith, this blighting east wind which blasted the buds.

But what intellectual activity, what heroism, what virtue, what genius, what warmth have these Northern women! What pictures could we all paint, what books could we write, of those women of the North! And again, what aristocratic hands and feet, what cultivated and vigorous minds, what brilliant and peculiar faces, come, like Lord Lochinvar, out of the West! Here alone are three different types, and we only throw one light on the picture by all this circumlocution, and find that there is absolutely no standard to which we can look up.

There are so many false growths, so many "isms," so much disregard of propriety, so much carelessness of manner, so much, in short, to condemn in the belonging and accompaniment of the American woman according to the critics, that some action would seem to be necessary to improve them. If we can first know and classify these prominent defects, it will then be time to try and correct them.

Woman, thank God! brought two flowers with her out of Paradise, which have never left her—compassion and religion. She is rarely ever, even in her worst strait, wrecked on the miserably arid shore of unbelief. She is not afraid or ashamed to pray; thus she has ever two lodestars to light her in the darkest night. So long as she can love and can pray, can help the unfortunate and can look upward, she has a chance against the powers of darkness. But when we remember her facility, her impressionable nature, particularly when we remember youth, and its mistakes and half-perceptions, we tremble when the good old garden wall of tradition and precedent, precaution and prudence, watchful guardianship and monitory voice is removed, and the fair flower left to grow up—as in America it too often is—at the mercy of wind and weather. Yet with her two "blossoms of Paradise" in her hand, the American woman has generally walked safely, securely, and even sublimely, through this new and dangerous atmosphere. In no land is she held in such romantic esteem. In other countries a woman alone, especially if young, is a target for insult; in America she is an object of reverence, and her presence in a crowded car or theater clears the air; seldom does an oath or a ribald word fall from the lips of the coarsest man in her presence. This is a tribute to her dignity, offered with hats off, by a nation not distinguished for reverence, but by a nation who dares to say what it thinks, and says it loudly.

So universal has become this chivalrous respect for American women that they are accused of receiving it ungraciously, and with indifference, as one drinks in the summer air, not remembering to be grateful for it. This is sadly true, and we must acknowledge that American women are not, as a class, gracious. They have not that delightful French ease and power of making every one else at ease; they do not "study to please." They have not the refined voices, the elegant manners of the best English women. There *are* American women with perfect manners, and there are those so genial, so cordial, that we say, "she reminds one of a Frenchwoman;" but we must not be angry with

foreigners if they say that they observe a certain bluntness, and even a certain boldness, in the manners of many American women. Here it is that she suffers for the lack of that tradition and precedent which, in the old world, makes an external "lady," even though it be of very poor material. One cannot help wishing for the stately old grandmother, the formal English governess, the duenna even, when one meets in a street-car a group of lawless American girls, with their loud laughter, untutored voices, ungloved hands, and bold defiant faces; it is as if the flower had dropped a perfume, or a moss, or some sweet unmentioned grace. The lily of the valley is becoming a peony, and we do not relish the transformation.

And the so-called fashionable society of our large towns, where wealth and social aristocracy have come suddenly, betrays this want of precedent. Pope said there was an aristocracy everywhere even in Bridewell; and we know that there is no town so small in the whole length and breadth of our land but has its local aristocracy and its laws of society, with the minor morals and the minor miseries of a larger one. Who shall be greatest and who shall be least; who taken in to dinner first, and who last? There are some who shall be invited, and there are some who must be left out—a social system, ours, full of heart-burnings and jealousies. Far less easy than that social organization where one can consult "Debrett," or "Webster's Roll of the Aristocracy," to learn who shall go into dinner first; it is all left to the instinct of women who have had no training in this matter. What wonder that they make mistakes, and that the failures and the stupidities which are perpetrated under the name of society are as innumerable as the sands of the sea!

It is certain that men, mature and thinking men, such as are the very essence and core of European society, have retired almost wholly from American society. It is the rarest thing in the world to find such a man at a ball or a reception; and why? Because American women have failed to make such social gatherings attractive; they have failed to master the social subject. A French woman of sixty can crowd her unpretending salon every week during the winter with the best thought, wit, and knowledge of the French capital. Lady Holland could draw men to Holland House at any time, no matter what were their other avocations and excitements. What American woman can do, or has done as much? The Premier of England, Mr. Gladstone, apologized for his absence on an important evening in the House of Commons by saying that he was at a ball at Buckingham Palace. It was as much a duty for him to wait on his royal mistress "at home" as to do his work in her faithful Commons. What American gentleman would, under such circumstances, obey a command from a Queen of Society?

No doubt a society which is governed by a positive etiquette is a very much easier society than ours; but as we have discarded all that, and also that attitude of "looking up," which is said to be the most becoming to the human figure, we must commit the business of society to every woman's personal talents. Some have very great gifts in this direction, are hostesses in their own right, can make a room full of guests happy;—commit no social solecisms, and offend nobody; but such gifts are very rare. It is a thousand pities that our American education does not supplement them. Here we miss the tradition, the precedent, the tyranny (if you please) of etiquette.

In certain exceptional positions American women often appear to the very greatest advantage. In any position of trust, they are almost universally admirable. As nurses during the war, heads of charitable institutions, and as teachers in the public schools, they are a wonder and a study. These latter are often very beautiful young women; often neatly, appropriately, and fashionably dressed; so dignified, so cultivated, and so pleasing, that the American citizen says proudly, "This is the result of free institutions." So with pride will he survey the young artists at the Cooper Institute School of Design; but he must also get into a street-car and meet a group of respectable women with absurd head-gear and outrageous manners. He must here also say, "This is the result of free institutions," and he must visit the fashionable drawing-room, and witness the free entrance of the drunkard, the gambler, and the dishonest speculator.

That absurd idol which we have carved out of wood, and which we alternately worship and objurgate, and which we call Fashion, induces many women in this country, as in all others, to depart from the standard that is within them, and to court the celebrity and to pander to the false taste of the hour. We have imitated the follies of the French Court as we do their fashions, with a tasteless exaggeration, and it is as true as it is terrible,

that the conduct of certain American women in Paris has lowered that name all over the world. English women who outrage *conveyances* are not received at the Legation, nor at the best English houses. American women who outrage anything are received at the Legation and in the houses of their own country people. What can be the result on the minds of foreigners, but that we are a less moral people than any other?

This indifference to external good behavior, which is carelessness rather than guilt, has of course a very bad effect on the young. The celebrity of such much-talked-of women, and the indulgence of society toward them, offers a premium on bad behavior. When a woman, to advance her social position, consents to toady the reigning fashionable expert, who for an hour may be seated on our changeful throne; when she submits to be insulted, scorned, patronized, that she may appear to the outside world as belonging to a certain clique; when she feeds the flame of impertinence by flinging in her adherence, she commits a wrong against society. Such a woman must eventually find that she has lost the respect of her old friends, while she has not gained that of her new associates.

If a woman wishes to improve her social position let her despise all such false concessions, and remember what the poet says of "Popularity:"

> "I will applaud her when she's kind,
> But when she dances on the wind
> And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
> I puff the runagate away!"

Thackeray said of American women that they were "handsome, discontented creatures." Truly, there is much discontent among them; a country in which no one is so well off but he may be better, must be full of discontent. There are not prizes enough for all, but competition is open; therefore women, proverbially ambitious, are often striving for some pre-eminence which is never won, or if won, but reveals a glittering bauble still further on.

The well-to-do suffer from monotony in America, for there is as yet very little provision made for a class at leisure. The pleasure and excitement of America is in the struggle. To be "well off" in America is to have finished business; you are through work, and the rest are not; no one is ready to stop and play with the unfortunate scholar who has finished his lessons first. Of course there is no discontent like that which comes of unused talents, and American women have very clever, active and brilliant minds, minds that require definite, vigorous and important pursuits; therefore it is always with pleasure that the friends of American women hear of something good and useful in which they can be employed. The Sanitary Commission was an inestimable blessing in this way; the sisterhoods, the charities, the art schools are great boons to otherwise unoccupied women.

It is not necessary for a nation to take care of its happy; they can take care of themselves. But it must take care of its unhappy, who are ever a dangerous class, both to themselves and to the State. We would save those women from themselves, who, having no definite business in life, go off into queer and unfit occupations; and particularly would we save them from that dreadful abyss where struggle the unhappy women who are trying to be men.

There would seem to be under our broad free sky no limit to the opportunity offered to woman to become all for which her nature and instincts fit her. She has no limitations but her own, and no doubt a more generous cultivation, a greater real independence, and not so much fictitious assumption of it, will soften the asperities and weed out the faults in the American Woman.

We have not spoken of those homes scattered through the length and breadth of our land wherein the gentle mother rears her gentle and refined daughters; we have not dared to paint the lily or add a perfume to the violet, or a blush to the daisy. They must be sought; the ripest peaches hang the highest, and, judging from those which come to market, must be in the minority, but they exist, they are here; such women are "the rose and the expectancy of the fair State."

The beauty of American women is indisputable. Let their manners, cultivation and good-breeding equal their beauty, and nothing can compare with them.

We must try to perfect our system of culture; we must be patient of criticism, and tolerant of advice. To do this we must listen to what other nations say of us, and we must listen to the "still small voice."

Can we eradicate that offensive weed known as woman's rights in this garden where she has no wrongs, except those common to our common humanity?

ARTHUR BONNICASTLE.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

"MRS. BELDEN KNELT AT HENRY'S BED, WITH HER ARMS AROUND HIS NECK."

CHAPTER XVI.

It was natural that the first business which presented itself to be done, after the departure of Mrs. Sanderson, should be the reinstatement of my social relations with the Bradfords, yet how it could be effected without an invitation from them I could not imagine. I knew that they were all at home, and that Henry and Claire had called upon them. Day after day passed, however, and I heard nothing from them. The time began to drag heavily upon my idle hands, when, one pleasant evening, Mr. Bradford made his appearance at The Mansion. I had determined upon the course to be pursued whenever I should meet him, and, after some common-place conversation, I said to him, with all my old frankness, that I wished to open my heart to him.

"I cannot hide from myself the fact," I said, "that I am in disgrace with you and your family. Please tell me what I can do to atone for a past for which I can make no apology. Do you wish to see me at your house again? Am I to be shut out from your family, and shut up here in a palace which your proscription will make a prison? If I cannot have the respect of those whom I love best, I may as well die."

The tears filled my eyes, and he could have had no doubt as to the genuineness of my emotion, though he made no immediate reply. He looked at me gravely, and hesitated as if he were puzzled as to the best way to treat me.

At length he said: "Well, Arthur, I am glad you have got as far as this—that you have discovered that money cannot buy everything, and that there are things in the world so much more precious than money, that money itself is good for nothing without them. It is well, at least, to have learned so much, but the question with me is how far this conviction will be permitted to take practical hold of your life. What are your plans? What do you propose to do to redeem yourself?"

"I will do anything," I answered warmly and impulsively.

"That is very indefinite," he responded, "and if you have no plans, there is no use of our talking further upon the subject."

"What would you have me do?" I inquired, with a feeling that he was wronging me.

"Nothing—certainly nothing that is not born of a principle. If there is no higher purpose in you than that of regaining the good opinion of your friends and neighbors, you will do nothing. When you wish to become a man for manhood's sake, your purpose of life and work will come, and it will be a worthy one. When your life proceeds from a right principle, you will secure the respect of everybody, though you will care very little about it —certainly much less than you care now. My approval will avail little: you have always had my love and my faith in your ability to redeem yourself. As for my home it is always open to you, and there is no event that would make it brighter for you or for me than to see you making a man's use of your splendid opportunities."

We had further talk, but it was not of a character to reassure me, for I was conscious that I lacked the one thing which he deemed essential to my improvement. Wealth, with its immunities and delights, had debauched me, and though I craved the good opinion of the Bradfords, it was largely because I had associated Millie with my future. It was my selfishness and my natural love of approbation that lay at the bottom of it all; and as soon as I comprehended myself I saw that Mr. Bradford understood me. He had studied me through and through, and had ceased to entertain any hope of improvement except through a change of circumstances.

As I went to the door with him, and looked out into the night, two dark figures were visible in the middle of the road. They were standing entirely still when the door was opened, for the light from the hall revealed them. They immediately moved on, but the sight of them arrested Mr. Bradford on the step. When they had passed beyond hearing, he turned to me and, in a low voice, said: "Look to all your fastenings to-night. There is a gang of suspicious fellows about town, and already two or three burglaries have been committed. There may be no danger, but it is well to be on your guard."

Though I was naturally nervous and easily excited in my imagination, I was by no means deficient in physical courage, and no child in physical prowess. I was not afraid of anything I could see; but the thought of a night-visitation from ruffians was quite enough to keep me awake, particularly as I could not but be aware that The Mansion held much that was valuable and portable, and that I was practically alone. Mr. Bradford's caution was quite enough to put all my senses on tension and destroy my power to sleep. That there were men about the house in the night I had evidence enough, both while I lay listening, and, on the next morning, when I went into the garden, where they had walked across the flower-beds.

I called at the Bradfords' the next day, meeting no one, however, but Mr. Bradford, and reported what I had heard and seen. He looked grave, and while we were speaking a neighbor entered who reported two burglaries which had occurred on the previous night, one of them at a house beyond The Mansion.

"I shall spend the night in the streets," said Mr. Bradford decidedly.

"Who will guard your own house?" I inquired.

"I shall depend upon Aunt Flick's ears and Dennis's hands," he replied.

Our little city had greatly changed in ten years. The first railroad had been built, manufactures had sprung up, business and population had increased, and the whole social aspect of the place had been revolutionized. It had entirely outgrown its unchanged police machinery and appointments, and now, when there was a call for efficient surveillance, the authorities were entirely inadequate to the occasion. Under Mr. Bradford's lead, a volunteer corps of constables was organized and sworn into office, and a patrol established which promised protection to the persons and property of the citizens.

The following night was undisturbed. No

suspicious men were encountered in the street; and the second night passed away in the same peaceable manner. Several of the constables, supposing that the danger was past, declined to watch longer, though Mr. Bradford and a faithful and spirited few still held on. The burglars were believed by him to be still in the city, under cover, and waiting either for an opportunity to get away, or to add to their depredations. I do not think that Mr. Bradford expected his own house to be attacked, but, from the location of The Mansion, and Mrs. Sanderson's reputation for wealth, I know that he thought it more than likely that I should have a visit from the marauders. During these two nights of watching, I slept hardly more than on the night when I discovered the loiterers before the house. It began to be painful, for I had no solid sleep until after the day had dawned. The suspense wore upon me, and I dreaded the night as much as if I had been condemned to pass it alone in a forest. I had said nothing to Jenks or the cook about the matter, and was all alone in my consciousness of danger, as I was alone in the power to meet it. Under these circumstances, I called upon Henry, and asked as a personal favor that he would come and pass at least one night with me. He seemed but little inclined to favor my request, and probably would not have done so had not a refusal seemed like cowardice. At nine o'clock, however, he made his appearance, and we went immediately to bed.

Fortified by a sense of protection and companionship, I sank at once into a slumber so profound that a dozen men might have ransacked the house without waking me. Though Henry went to sleep, as he afterwards told me, at his usual hour, he slept lightly, for his own fears had been awakened by the circumstances into which I had brought him. We both slept until about one o'clock in the morning, when there came to me in the middle of a dream a crash which was incorporated into my dream as the discharge of a cannon and the rattle of musketry, followed by the groans of the dying. I woke bewildered, and impulsively threw my hand over to learn whether Henry was at my side. I found the clothes swept from the bed as if they had been thrown off in a sudden waking and flight, and his place empty. I sprang to my feet, conscious at the same time that a struggle was in progress near me, but in the dark. I struck a light, and, all unclad as I was, ran into the hall. As I passed the door, I heard a heavy fall, and caught a confused glimpse of two figures embracing and rolling heavily down the broad stairway. In my haste, I almost tumbled over a man lying upon the floor.

"Hold on to him—here's Arthur," the man shouted, and I recognized the voice of old Jenks.

"What are you here for, Jenks?" I shouted.

"I'm hurt," said Jenks, "but don't mind me. Hold on to him! hold on to him!"

Passing Jenks, I rushed down the staircase, and found Henry kneeling upon the prostrate figure of a ruffian, and holding his hands with a grip of iron. My light had already been seen in the street and I heard shouts without, and a hurried tramping of men. I set my candle down, and was at Henry's side in an instant, asking him what to do.

"Open the door, and call for help," he answered between his teeth. "I am faint and cannot hold on much longer."

I sprang to the door, and while I was pushing back the bolt was startled by a rap upon the outside, and a call which I recognized at once as that of Mr. Bradford. Throwing the door open, he, with two others, leaped in, and comprehended the situation of affairs. Closing it behind him, Mr. Bradford told Henry to let the fellow rise. Henry did not stir. The ruffian lay helplessly rolling up his eyes, while Henry's head dropped upon his prisoner's breast. The brave fellow was badly hurt, and had fainted. Mr. Bradford stooped and lifted his helpless form, as if he had been a child, and bore him up stairs, while his companions pinioned his antagonist, and dragged him out of the door, where his associate stood under guard. The latter had been arrested while running away, on the approach of Mr. Bradford and his posse.

Depositing his burden upon a bed, Mr. Bradford found another candle and came down to light it. Giving hurried directions to his men as to the disposition of the arrested burglars, he told one of them to bring Aunt Flick at once from his house, and another to summon a surgeon. In five minutes the house would have been silent save for the groanings of poor old Jenks, who still lay where he fell, and the screams of the cook who had, at last, been wakened by the din and commotion.

As soon as Henry began to show signs of recovery from his fainting fit we turned our attention to Jenks, who lay patiently upon

he floor, disabled partly by his fall, and partly by his rheumatism. Lifting him carefully, we carried him to his bed, and he was left in my care while Mr. Bradford went back to Henry.

Old Jenks, who had had a genuine encounter with ruffians in the dark, seemed to be compensated for all his hurts and dangers by having a marvelous story to tell, and this he told to me in detail. He had been wakened in the night by a noise. It seemed to him that somebody was trying to get into the house. He lay until he felt his bed jarred by some one walking in the room below. Then he heard a little cup rattle on his table—a little cup with a teaspoon in it. Satisfied that there was some one in the house who did not belong in it, he rose, and undertook to make his way to my room for the purpose of giving me information. He was obliged to reach me through a passage that led from the back part of the house. This he undertook to do in the stealthy and silent fashion of which he was an accomplished master, and had reached the staircase that led from the grand hall, when he encountered the intruder who, taking him at once for an antagonist, knocked him down. The noise of this encounter woke Henry, who sprang from his bed, and, in a fierce grapple with the rascal, threw him and rolled with him to the bottom of the staircase.

I could not learn that the old man had any bones broken, or that he had suffered much except by the shock upon his nervous system and the cruel jar he had received in his rheumatic joints. After a while, having administered a cordial, I left him with the assurance that I should be up for the remainder of the night and that he could sleep in perfect safety. Returning to my room I found Aunt Flick already arrived, and busy with service at Henry's side. The surgeon came soon afterwards, and, having made a careful examination, declared that Henry had suffered a bad fracture of the thigh, and that he must on no account be moved from the house.

At this announcement, Mr. Bradford, Henry and I looked at one another with a pained and puzzled expression. We said nothing, but the same thought was running through our minds. Mrs. Sanderson must know of it, and how would she receive and treat it? She had a strong prejudice against Henry, of which we were all aware. Would she blame me for the invitation that had brought him there? would she treat him well, and make him comfortable while there?

"I know what you are thinking of," said Aunt Flick sharply, "and if the old lady makes a fuss about it I shall give her a piece of my mind."

"Let it be small," said Henry, smiling through his pain.

The adjustment of the fracture was a painful and tedious process, which the dear fellow bore with the fortitude that was his characteristic. It was hard for me to think that he had passed through his great danger and was suffering this pain for me, though, to tell the truth, I half envied him the good fortune that had demonstrated his prowess and had made him for the time the hero of the town. These unworthy thoughts I thrust from my mind, and determined on thorough devotion to the companion who had risked so much for me, and who had possibly been the means of saving my life.

It seemed, in the occupation and absorption of the occasion, but an hour after my waking, before the day began to dawn; and leaving Aunt Flick with Henry, Mr. Bradford and I retired for consultation.

It was decided at once that Mrs. Sanderson would be offended should we withhold from her, for any reason, the news of what had happened in her house. The question was whether she should be informed of it by letter, or whether Mr. Bradford or I should go to her on the morning boat, and tell her the whole story, insisting that she should remain where she was until Henry could be moved. Mr. Bradford had reasons of his own for believing that it was best that she should get her intelligence from me, and it was decided that while he remained in or near the house, I should be the messenger to my aunt, and ascertain her plans and wishes.

Accordingly, bidding Henry a hasty good morning, and declining a breakfast for which I had no appetite, I walked down to the steamer, and paced her decks during all her brief passage, in the endeavor to dissipate the excitement of which I had not been conscious until after my departure from the house. I found my aunt and Mrs. Belden enjoying the morning breeze on the shady piazza of their hotel. Mrs. Sanderson rose with excitement as I approached her, while her companion became as pale as death. Both saw something in my face that betokened trouble, and neither seemed able to do more than to utter an exclamation of surprise. Several guests of the house were near us, and, offering my arm to Mrs. Sanderson, I said:

"Let us go to your parlor: I have something to tell you."

We went up-stairs, Mrs. Belden following us. When we reached the door, the latter said: "Shall I come in too?"

"Certainly," I responded. "You will learn all I have to tell, and you may as well learn it from me."

We sat down and looked at one another. Then I said: "We have had a burglary."

Both ladies uttered an exclamation of terror.

"What was carried away?" said Mrs. Sanderson sharply.

"The burglars themselves," I answered.

"And nothing lost?"

"Nothing."

"And no one hurt?"

"I cannot say that," I answered. "That is the saddest part of it. Old Jenks was knocked down, and the man who saved the house came out of his struggle with a badly broken limb."

"Who was he? How came he in the house?"

"Henry Hulm; I invited him. I was worn out with three nights of watching."

Mrs. Sanderson sat like one struck dumb, while Mrs. Belden, growing paler, fell in a swoon upon the floor. I lifted her to a sofa, and calling a servant to care for her, after she began to show signs of returning consciousness, took my aunt into her bed-room, closed the door, and told her the whole story in detail. I cannot say that I was surprised with the result. She always had the readiest way of submitting to the inevitable of any person I ever saw. She knew at once that it was best for her to go home, to take charge of her own house, to superintend the recovery of Henry, and to treat him so well that no burden of obligation should rest upon her. She knew at once that any coldness or lack of attention on her part would be condemned by all her neighbors. She knew that she must put out of sight all her prejudice against the young man, and so load him with attentions and benefactions that he could never again look upon her with indifference, or treat her with even constructive discourtesy.

While we sat talking, Mrs. Belden rapped at the door, and entered.

"I am sure we had better go home," she said, tremblingly.

"That is already determined," responded my aunt.

With my assistance, the trunks were packed long before the boat returned, the bills at the hotel were settled, and the ladies were ready for the little journey.

I had never seen Mrs. Belden so thoroughly deposed from her self-possession as she seemed all the way home. Her agitation, which had the air of impatience, increased as we came in sight of Bradford, and when we arrived at the door of The Mansion, and alighted, she could hardly stand, but staggered up the walk like one thoroughly ill. I was equally distressed and perplexed by the impression which the news had made upon her, for she had always been a marvel of equanimity and self-control.

We met the surgeon and Mr. Bradford at the door. They had good news to tell of Henry, who had passed a quiet day; but poor old Jenks had shown signs of feverish reaction, and had been anxiously inquiring when I should return. Aunt Flick was busy in Henry's room. My aunt mounted at once to the young man's chamber with the surgeon and myself.

Aunt Flick paused in her work as we entered, made a distant bow to Mrs. Sanderson, and waited to see what turn affairs would take, while she held in reserve that "piece of her mind" which contingently she had determined to hurl at the little mistress of the establishment.

It was with a feeling of triumph over both Henry and his spirited guardian, that I witnessed Mrs. Sanderson's meeting with my friend. She sat down by his bedside, and took his pale hand in both her own little hands, saying, almost tenderly: "I have heard all the story, so that there is nothing to say, except for me to thank you for protecting my house, and to assure you that while you remain here you will be a thousand times welcome, and have every service and attention you need. Give yourself no anxiety about anything, but get well as soon as you can. There are three of us who have nothing in the world to do but to attend you and help you."

A tear stole down Henry's cheek as she said this, and she reached over with her dainty handkerchief, and wiped it away as tenderly as if he had been a child.

I looked at Aunt Flick, and found her face curiously puckered in the attempt to keep back the tears. Then my aunt addressed her, thanking her for her service, and telling her that she could go home and rest, as the family would be quite sufficient for the nursing of the invalids. The woman could not say a word. She was prepared for any emergency but this, and so, bidding Henry good-night, she retired from the room and the house.

When supper was announced, Mrs. Sander-

son and I went down stairs. We met Mrs. Belden at the foot, who declared that she was not in a condition to eat anything, and would go up and sit with Henry. We tried to dissuade her, but she was decided, and my aunt and I passed on into the dining-room. Remembering when I arrived there that I had not seen Jenks, I excused myself for a moment, and as silently as possible remounted the stairs. As I passed Henry's door, I impulsively pushed it open. It made no noise, and there, before me, Mrs. Belden knelt at Henry's bed, with her arms around his neck and her cheek lying against his own. I pulled back the door as noiselessly as I had opened it, and, half stunned by what I had seen, passed on through the passage that led to the room of the old servant. The poor man looked haggard and wretched, while his eyes shone strangely above cheeks that burned with the flush of fever. I had been so astonished by what I had seen that I could hardly give rational replies to his inquiries.

"I doubt if I weather it, Mr. Arthur; what do you think?" said he, fairly looking me through to get at my opinion.

"I hope you will be all right in a few days," I responded. "Don't give yourself any care. I'll see that you are attended to."

"Thank you. Give us your hand."

I pressed his hand, attended to some trifling service that he required of me, and went down stairs with a sickening misgiving concerning my old friend. He was shattered and worn, and, though I was but little conversant with disease, there was something in his appearance that alarmed me, and made me feel that he had reached his death-bed.

With the memory of the scene which I had witnessed in Henry's room fresh in my mind, with all its strange suggestions, and with the wild, inquiring look of Jenks still before me, I had little disposition to make conversation. Yet I looked up occasionally at my aunt's face, to give her the privilege of speaking, if she were disposed to talk. She, however, was quite as much absorbed as myself. She did not look sad. There played around her mouth a quiet smile, while her eyes shone with determination and enterprise. Was it possible that she was rejoiced that she had Henry just where she wanted him? Was she glad that she had in her house and hands another spirit to mould and conquer? Was she delighted that something had come for her to do, and thus to add variety to a life which had become tame with routine? I do not know, but it seemed as if this were the case.

At the close of the meal, I told her of the impression I had received from Jenks's appearance, and begged her to go to his room with me, but she declined. There was one presence into which this brave woman did not wish to pass—the presence of death. Like many another strongly vitalized nature hers revolted at dissolution. She could rise to the opposition of anything which she could meet and master, but the dread power which she knew would in a few short years, at most, unlock the clasp by which she held to life and her possessions filled her with horror. She would do anything for her old servant at a distance, but she could not, and would not, witness the process through which she knew her own frame and spirit must pass in the transition to her final rest.

That night I spent mainly with Jenks, while Mrs. Belden attended Henry. This was according to her own wish; and Mrs. Sanderson was sent to bed at her usual hour. Whenever I was wanted for anything in Henry's room, she called me; and, as Jenks needed frequent attention, I got very little sleep during the night.

Mrs. Sanderson was alarmed at my haggard looks in the morning, and immediately sent for a professional nurse to attend to her servant, and declared that my watching must be stopped.

Tired with staying in-doors, and wishing for a while to separate myself from the scenes that had so absorbed me, and the events that had broken so violently in upon my life, I took a long stroll in the fields and woods. Sitting down at length in the shade, with birds singing above my head and insects humming around me, I passed these events rapidly in review, and there came to me the sense that Providence had begun to deal with me in earnest. Since the day of my entrance upon my new life at The Mansion, I had met with no trials that I had not consciously brought upon myself. Hardship I had not known. Sickness and death I had not seen. In the deep sorrows of the world, in its struggles and pains and self-denials, I had had no part. Now, change had come, and further change seemed imminent. How should I meet it? What would be its effect upon me? For the present my selfish plans and pleasures must be laid aside, and my life be devoted to others. The strong hand of necessity was upon me, and there sprang up within me, responsive to its touch, a manly determination to do my whole duty. Then the strange

scene I had witnessed in Henry's room came back to me. What relations could exist between this pair, so widely separated by age, that warranted the intimacy I had witnessed? Was this woman who had seemed to me so nearly perfect a base woman? Had she woven her toils about Henry? Was he a hypocrite? Every event of a suspicious nature which had occurred was passed rapidly in review. I remembered his presence at the wharf when she first debarked in the city, his strange appearance when he met her at the Bradfords' for the first time, the letter I had carried to him written by her hand, the terrible effect upon her of the news of his struggle and injury, and many other incidents which I have not recorded. There was some sympathy between them which I did not understand, and which filled me with a strange misgiving, both on account of my sister and myself; yet I knew that she and Claire were the closest friends, and I had never received from her anything but the friendliest treatment. Since she had returned, she had clung to his room and his side as if he were her special charge, by duty and by right. One thing I was sure of: she would never have treated me in the way she had treated him.

Then there came to me, with a multitude of thoughts and events connected with my past history, Mrs. Sanderson's singular actions regarding the picture that had formed with me the subject of so many speculations and surmises. Who was the boy? What connection had he with her life and history? Was she tired of me? Was she repentant for some great injustice rendered to one she had loved? Was she sorrowing over some buried hope? Did I stand in the way of the realization of some desire that, in her rapidly declining years, had sprung to life within her?

I do not know why it was, but there came to me the consciousness that events were before me ready to disclose themselves—shut from me by a thin veil—which would change the current of my life; and the purpose I had already formed of seeking an interview with Mr. Bradford and asking him the questions I had long desired to ask, was confirmed. I would do it at once. I would learn my aunt's history, and know the ground on which I stood. I would pierce the mysteries that had puzzled me and were still gathering around me, and front whatever menace they might bear.

CHAPTER XVII.

On returning to the house I found myself delayed in the execution of my determination by the increasing and alarming sickness of the old servant Jenks, and by his desire that I should be near him. The physician, who was called at once, gave us no hope of his recovery. He was breaking down rapidly, and seemed to be conscious of the fact.

On the following morning, after I had spent the most of the night in his room, he requested the nurse to retire, and calling me to his bedside said he wished to say a few words to me. I administered a cordial, which he swallowed with pain, and after a fit of difficult breathing caused by the effort, he said feebly: "It's no use, Mr. Arthur; I can't hold on, and I don't think I want to. It's a mere matter of staying. I should never work any more, even if I should weather this."

I tried to say some comforting words, but he shook his head feebly, and simply repeated: "It's no use."

"What can I do for you, Jenks?" I said.

"Do you know Jim Taylor's wife?" he inquired.

"I've seen her," I replied.

"She's a hard-working woman."

"Yes, with a great many children."

"And Jim don't treat her very well," he muttered.

"So I've heard."

He shook his head slowly, and whispered: "It's too bad; it's too bad."

"Don't worry yourself about Jim Taylor's wife: she's nothing to you," I said.

"Do you think so?—nothing to me? Don't say that; I can't bear it."

"You don't mean to tell me that Jim Taylor's wife is —?"

He nodded his head; and I saw that he had not yet finished what he had to say about her.

"Have you any message for her?" I inquired.

"Well, you know, Mr. Arthur, that she's been everything to me, and I'd like to do a little something for her. You don't think she'd take it amiss if I should leave her some money, do you?"

"Oh, no, she's very poor," I said. "I think she would be very grateful for anything you can do to help her along."

His eye lighted, and a feeble smile spread over his wizen features.

"Pull out that little box under the bed," he said. "The key is under my pillow."

I placed the box on the bed, and, after fumbling under his pillow, found the key and opened the humble coffer.

"There's a hundred clean silver dollars in that bag, that I've been saving up for her for

thirty years. I hope they'll do her good. Give them to her, and don't tell Jim. Tell her Jenks never forgot her, and that she's been everything to him. Tell her I was sorry she had trouble, and don't forget to say that I never blamed *her*."

I assured him that I would give her the money and the message faithfully, and he sank back into his pillow with a satisfied look upon his face that I had not seen there since his sickness. The long contemplated act was finished, and the work of his life was done.

After lying awhile with his eyes closed, he opened them and said: "Do you s'pose we shall know one another over yonder?"

"I hope so; I think so," I responded.

"If she comes before Jim, I shall look after her. Do you dare to tell her that?" and he fixed his glazing eyes upon me with a wild, strained look that thrilled me.

"I think it would scare her," I answered. "Perhaps you had better not send her such a message."

"Well, I shall look after her, any way, if I get a chance, and perhaps both of 'em won't go to one place—and—"

What further possibilities ran through the old man's imagination I do not know, for he seemed exhausted, and ceased to speak. I sat for an hour beside his bed, while he sank into a lethargic slumber. At last he woke and stared wildly about him. Then, fixing his eyes on me, he said: "Now's my time! If I'm ever going to get away from this place I must go to-night!"

There was a pathetic and poetic appositeness in these words to the facts of his expiring life that touched me to tears, and I wiped my eyes. Then listening to some strange singing in his ears, he said: "Doesn't it rain? Doesn't it pour? You'll take cold, my boy, and so shall I."

The thought carried him back over the years to the scene in the stable, where in agony I knelt with the elements in tumult above me and prayed, his arm around my neck.

"Pray again, Arthur. I want to hear you pray."

I could not refuse him, but knelt at once by his bed, and buried my face in the clothes by his side. He tried to lift his hand, but the power to do so was gone. I recognized his wish, and lifted his arm and placed it around my neck. It was several minutes before I could command my voice, and then, choking as on the evening which he had recalled, I tried to commend his departing spirit to the mercy and fatherly care of Him who was so soon to receive it. Having prayed for him it was easier to pray for myself; and I did pray, fervently and long. As I closed, a whispered "Amen" came from his dying lips. "There," he said; "let's go into the house: it's warm there." There was something in these words that started my tears again.

After this his mind wandered, and in his delirium the old passion of his life took full possession of him.

"To-morrow I shall be far, far away on the billow. . . . . The old woman will call Jenks, but Jenks won't be here. Jenks will be gone! . . . . This is the craft: up with her sails: down with the compasses: my! how she slides! Run her straight for the moon. . . . . Doesn't she cut the water beautiful! . . . . The sea rolls and swings, and rolls and swings, and there are the islands! I see 'em! I see 'em! . . . . It's just like a cradle, and I can't keep awake. . . . . Oh, I'm going to sleep! I'm—going—to—sleep. . . . . Tell the old woman I bore her no ill will, but I had to go. . . . . I was obliged to go. . . . . Straight along in the track of the moon."

He said all this brokenly, with his eyes closed; and then he opened them wide, and looked around as if suddenly startled out of sleep. Then life went out of them, and there came on that quick, short breathing, unmistakable in its character, even to a novice, and I rose and called the nurse and Mrs. Belden to witness the closing scene.

So, sailing out upon that unknown sea made bright by a hovering glory, with green islands in view and the soft waves lapping his little vessel, escaping from all his labors and pains, and realizing all his dreams and aspirations, the old man passed away. There was a smile upon his face, left by some sweet emotion. If he was hailed by other barks sailing upon the same sea, if he touched at the islands and plucked their golden fruit, if there opened to his expanding vision broader waters beyond the light of the moon, and bathing the feet of the Eternal City, we could not know. We only knew that his closing thought was a blessed thought, and that it glorified the features which, in a few short days, would turn to dust. It was delightful to think that the harmless, simple, ignorant, dear old boy had passed into the hands of his Father. There I left him without a care—in the hands of One whose justice only is tenderer than His mercy, and whose love only is stronger than His justice.

The superintendence of all the affairs connected with his funeral was devolved upon me; and his burial was like the burial of an old playfellow. I could not have believed that his death would grieve me so. It was the destruction of a part of my home. Now nothing was left but a single frail woman, whose years were almost told, and when her time should be spent, the house would be empty of all but myself, and those whom I might choose to retain or procure.

His remains were followed to the grave by Mrs. Sanderson and myself in the family carriage, and by the Bradfords, with some humble acquaintances. His relations were all at a distance, if he had any living, or they had left the world before him. The house seemed more lonely after his death than I had ever felt it to be before, and poor Mrs. Sanderson was quite broken down by the event. The presence of death in the house was so sad a remembrance of previous occurrences of which I had had no knowledge, and was such a suggestion to herself of the brevity of her remaining years, that she was wonderfully softened.

She had, ever since her return, lived apparently in a kind of dream. There was something in Henry's presence and voice that had the power to produce this tender, silent mood, and Jenks's death only deepened and intensified it.

When all was over, and the house had resumed its every-day aspects and employments, I took the little sum that Jenks had saved with such tender care, and bore it to the woman who had so inspired his affection and sweetened his life. I found her a hard-faced, weary old woman, whose life of toil and trouble had wiped out entirely every grace and charm of womanhood that she had ever possessed. She regarded my call with evident curiosity; and when I asked her if she had ever known Jenks, and whether anything had occurred between them in their early life that would make him remember her with particular regard, she smiled a grim, hard smile and said: "Not much."

"What was it? I have good reasons for inquiring."

"Well," said she, "he wanted me to marry him, and I wouldn't. That's about all. You see he was a kind of an innocent, and I s'pose I made fun of him. Perhaps I've had my pay for't."

"Do you know that he has loved you dearly all his life; that he has pricked your name into his arm, and that it was the tenderest and sweetest word that ever passed his lips; that the thought of you comforted him at his work and mingled with all his dreams; that he would have gone through fire and water to serve you; that he saved up money all his life to give you, and that he hopes you will die before your husband, so that he may have the chance to care for you in the other country to which he has gone?"

As I uttered those words slowly, and with much emotion, her dull eyes opened wider and wider, and filled with tears which dropped unregarded from her cheeks. I suppose these were the first words of affection that had been spoken to her for twenty years. Her heart had been utterly starved, and my words were like manna to her taste. She could not speak at first, and then with much difficulty she said: "Are you telling me the truth?"

"I am not telling you half of the truth. He loved you a thousand times more devotedly than I can tell you. He would have worshiped a ribbon that you had worn. He would have kissed the ground on which you stepped. He would have been your slave. He would have done anything, or been anything, that would have given you pleasure, even though he had never won a smile in return."

Then I untied the handkerchief in which I had brought the old man's savings, and poured the heavy silver into her lap. She did not look at it. She only looked into my face with a sad gaze, while the tears filled her eyes anew.

"I don't deserve it: I don't deserve it," she repeated in a hopeless way, "but I thank you. I've got something to think of besides kicks and cuffs and curses. No—they won't hurt me any more."

Her eyes brightened then so that she looked almost beautiful to me. The assurance that one man, even though she had regarded him as a simpleton, had persistently loved her, had passed into her soul, so that she was strengthened for a lifetime. Her little hoard and the love that came with it was a mighty re-enforcement against all the trials which a brutal husband and forgetful children brought upon her.

I left her sitting with her treasure still in her lap, dreaming over the old days, looking forward to those that remained, and thinking of the man who would have asked for no sweeter heaven than to look in and see her thus employed. Afterwards I saw her often. She attended the church which she had long forsaken, with clothes so neat and comfortable that her neighbors wondered where and how she had managed to procure them, and

took up the burden of her life again with courage and patience.

She went before Jim.

Whom she found waiting on the other side of that moonlit sea over which my old friend had sailed homeward, I shall know some time; but I cannot turn my eyes from a picture which my fancy sketches, of a sweet old man, grown wise and strong, standing upon a sunny beach, with arms outstretched, to greet an in-going shallop that bears still the name of all the vessels he had ever owned—"the Jane Whittlesey!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

I HAVE already alluded to the effect which Henry's presence produced upon Mrs. Sanderson. For a few days after her return, I watched with covert but most intense interest the development of her acquaintance with him. Mrs. Belden had been for so long a time her companion, and was so constantly at Henry's bedside, that my aunt quickly took on the habit of going in to sit for an hour with the lady and her charge. I was frequently in and out, doing what I could for my friend's amusement, and often found both the ladies in attendance. Mrs. Sanderson always sat at the window in an old-fashioned rocking-chair, listening to the conversation between Mrs. Belden and Henry. Whenever Henry laughed, or uttered an exclamation, she started and looked over to his bed, as if the sounds were familiar, or as if they had a strange power of suggestion. There was some charm in his voice and look to which she submitted herself more and more as the days went by—a charm so subtle that I doubt whether she understood it or was conscious of its power.

Two or three days passed after I had executed Jenks's will, with relation to his savings, when my old resolution to visit Mr. Bradford recurred. In the meantime, I felt that I had won strength from my troubles and cares, and was better able to bear trial than I had ever been before. I was little needed in the house, now that Jenks was gone, so, one morning after breakfast, I started to execute my purpose. As I was taking my hat in the hall, there came a rap upon the door, and as I stood near it I opened it and encountered Millie Bradford. She met me with a cordiality that spoke her friendship, but with a reserve which declared that the old relations between us had ceased. I know that I blushed painfully, for she had been much in my thoughts, and it seemed, somehow, that she must have been conscious of the fact. I knew, too, that I had disappointed and shamed her.

"My father is busy this morning, Mr. Bonnicastle," she said, "and I have been sent up to inquire after the invalid."

Ah, how her "Mr. Bonnicastle" removed me from her! And how much more lovely she seemed to me than she had ever seemed before! Dressed in a snowy morning wrapper, with a red rose at her throat, and only her parasol to shade her black hair and her luminously tender eyes, and with all the shapely beauty in her figure that the ministry of seventeen gracious years could bestow, she seemed to me almost a goddess.

I invited her in, and called my aunt. Mrs. Belden heard her voice soon afterwards and came down, and we had a pleasant chat. As soon as Mrs. Belden appeared I noticed that Millie addressed all her inquiries concerning Henry to her, and that there seemed to be a very friendly intimacy between them.

When, at last, the girl rose to go, I passed into the hall with her, and taking my hat, said: "Miss Bradford, I was about to go to your house for a business call upon your father, when you came in. May I have the pleasure of walking home with you?"

"Oh certainly," she replied, though with a shadow of reluctance in her look, "but I fear your walk will be fruitless. My father has gentlemen with him, and perhaps will not be at liberty to see you."

"Still, with your leave, I will go. I shall win a walk at least," I responded.

The moment I was alone with her, I found myself laboring under an embarrassment that silenced me. It was easy to talk in the presence of others, but it was "Arthur" and "Millie" no more between us.

She noticed my silence, and uttered some common-place remark about the changes that had taken place in the city.

"Yes," I said, "I see they have the cathedral finished yonder."

"Entirely," she responded, "and the little chapel inside has been torn down."

How much she meant by this, or whether she intended any allusion to the old conversation, every word of which I recollected so vividly, I could not tell, but I gave her the credit of possessing as good a memory as myself, and so concluded that she considered Arthur Bonnicastle the boy as a person dead and gone, and Mr. Bonnicastle the young man as one whom she did not know.

As we came in sight of her house, we saw three gentlemen at the door. Two of them

soon left, and the third, who was Mr. Bradford, went back into the house.

"I believe those two men are my father and Mr. Bird," I said. "I don't think I can be mistaken."

"You are not mistaken," she responded, looking flushed and troubled.

"What can they want of your father at this time of the morning?" I said.

She made no reply, but quickened her steps, as if she wished to shorten the interview. Whatever their business was, I felt sure that she understood its nature, and almost equally sure that it related to myself. I knew that the three had met at New Haven; and I had no doubt that they had the same business on hand now that they had then. I determined to learn it before I left the house.

As we approached the gate, she suddenly turned to me in her impulsive way, and said:

"Arthur Bonnicastle, are you strong this morning?"

"Yes," I replied, "I can meet anything."

"I am glad; I believe you."

That was all. As we mounted the steps we found Mr. Bradford sitting before the open door reading, or pretending to read, a newspaper.

"Here's Mr. Bonnicastle, father," Millie said, and passed through the hall and out of sight.

Mr. Bradford rose and gave me his hand. My coming had evidently agitated him, though he endeavored to bear himself calmly.

"I wish to ask you some questions, and to talk with you," I said.

"Let us go where we can be alone," he responded, leading the way into a little library or office which I had never seen before. Throwing open the shutters, and seating himself by the window, at the same time pointing me to a chair opposite to him, he said: "Now for the questions."

"I want you to tell me what person is represented by the picture of a boy in Mrs. Sanderson's dining-room."

"Her own son, and her only child," he replied.

"Is he living or dead?"

"He is dead."

"Will you tell me his history?" I said.

He hesitated a moment, looking out of the window, and then replied slowly: "Yes I will. It is time you should know it, and everything connected with it. Have you leisure to hear it now?"

"Yes. That is my business here this morning."

"Then I must begin at the beginning," he replied. "I suppose you may have learned before this time that Mrs. Sanderson was a Bonnicastle."

"I know it," I said.

"You have learned, too, that she is a willful woman. In her youth, at least, she was unreasonably so. She was an heiress, and, in her young days, was pretty. For fifty miles around she was regarded as the finest "catch" within the reach of any ambitious young man. Her suitors were numerous, and among them was the one to whom, against the wishes of her parents, she at last gave her hand. He was handsome, bright, gallant, bold and vicious. It was enough for her that her parents opposed his attentions and designs to secure for him her sympathy. It was enough for her that careful friends warned her against him. She turned a deaf ear to them all, and became fixed in her choice by the opposition she encountered. To the sorrow of those who loved her and wished her well, she was married to him. Her parents, living where she lives now, did the best they could to secure her happiness, and opened their home to their new son-in-law, but witnessing his careless treatment of their daughter, and his dissipations, died soon afterwards, of disappointed hopes and ruined peace.

"The death of her parents removed all the restraint which had thitherto influenced him, and he plunged into a course of dissipation and debauchery which made the life of his wife an unceasing torment and sorrow. He gambled, he kept the grossest companions around him, he committed a thousand excesses, and as he had to do with a will as strong as his own, the domestic life of The Mansion was notoriously inharmonious.

"In the meantime, a child was born. The baby was a boy, and over this event the father indulged in a debauch from which he never recovered. Paralysis and a softened brain reduced him in a few months to essential idiocy, and when he died the whole town gave a sigh of relief. Self-sufficient in her nature, your aunt was self-contained in her mortification and sorrow. No one ever heard a complaint from her lips, and no one ever dared to mention the name of her husband to her in any terms but those of respect. His debts were paid, and as his time of indulgence had been comparatively short, her large fortune was not seriously impaired.

"Then she gave herself up to the training of her boy. I think she saw in him something of the nature of his father, and set herself to

the task of curbing and killing it. No boy in Bradford ever had so rigid a training as Henry Sanderson. She did not permit him to leave her sight. All his early education was received at her hands. Every wish, every impulse, even every aspiration of the child, was subjected to the iron rule of her will. No slave that ever lived was more absorbed, directed and controlled by his master than this unfortunate child was by his mother. Not one taste of liberty did he ever know, until she was compelled to send him away from her to complete his education. The portrait of him which has excited your curiosity for so many years was painted when he was less than twelve years old, though he was not permitted to leave his home until some years later.

"I was young at that time myself, though I was older than Henry—young enough, at least, to sympathize with him, and to wish, with other boys, that we could get him away from her and give him one taste of social freedom and fellowship. When she rode he was with her, looking wistfully and smilingly out upon the boys wherever he saw them playing, and when she walked she held his hand until he was quite as large as herself. Every act of his life was regulated by a rule which consulted neither his wish nor his reason. He had absolutely no training of his own will—no development within his own heart of the principles of right conduct, no exercise of liberty under those wise counsels and restraints which would lead him safely up to the liberty of manhood. He was simply her creature, her tool, her puppet, slavishly obedient to her every wish and word. He was treated as if he were a wild animal, whom she wished to tame—an animal without affection, without reason, without any rights except those which she might give him. She was determined that he should not be like his father.

"I have no doubt that she loved this child with all the strength of her strong nature, for she sacrificed society and a thousand pleasures for the purpose of carrying out her plans concerning him. She would not leave him at home with servants any more than she would give him the liberty of intercourse with other children, and thus she shut herself away from the world, and lived wholly with and for him.

"He was fitted for college in her own house, by the tuition of a learned clergyman of the town, who was glad to eke out a scanty professional maintenance by attending her son, though she was present at every recitation, and never left him for a moment in the tutor's company.

"When the work of preparation was completed, she went through the terrible struggle of parting with her charge, and sending him away from her for the first time. He went from her as dependent and self-distrustful as a child of three—a trembling, bashful, wretched boy, and came back in less than a year just what any wise man would have anticipated—a rough, roystering, ungovernable fellow, who laughed at his mother, turned her orderly home into a pandemonium, flouted her authority, and made her glad before his vacation ended to send him back again, out of her sight. Untrained in self-control and the use of liberty, he went into all excesses, and became the one notorious rowdy of the college. He was rusticated more than once, and would have been expelled but for the strong influence which his mother brought to bear upon the government of the college.

"After his graduation, he was for a time at home, but Bradford was too small to cover up his debaucheries and immoralities. He had all the beauty and boldness of his father, and inherited his dominant animal nature. After a long quarrel with his mother, he made an arrangement with her by which he was allowed a generous annuity, and with this he went away, drifting at last to New Orleans. There he found college classmates who knew of his mother's wealth, and as he had money enough to dress like a gentleman, he was admitted at once into society, and came to be regarded as a desirable match for any one of the many young women he met. He lived a life of gayety, gambled with the fast men into whose society he was thrown, and at last incurred debts which, in desperation, he begged his mother to pay, promising in return immediate and thorough reform. After long delay his request was granted; and I have no doubt that he honestly undertook the reform he had promised, for, at this time, he became acquainted with a woman whose influence over him was purifying and ennobling, and well calculated to inspire and fortify all his good resolutions. She was not rich, but she belonged to a good family, and was well educated.

"Of course he showed her only his amiable side; and the ardent love she inspired in him won her heart, and she married him. At this time he was but twenty-five years old. His mother had been looking forward wearily to the hour when he would see the folly of his course, would complete the sowing of his wild oats, and be glad to return to his home.

She had her own ambitious projects concerning a matrimonial alliance for him; and when he married without consulting her, and married one who was poor, her anger was without bounds. Impulsively she sat down and wrote him the cruelest letter that it was in her power to write, telling him that the allowance which she had thitherto sent him would be sent to him no longer, and that her property would be left to others.

"The blow was one from which he never recovered. He was prostrated at once upon a bed of sickness, which, acting upon a system that had been grossly abused, at last carried him to his grave. Once during this sickness his wife wrote to his mother a note of entreaty, so full of tender love for her sick and dying husband, and so appealing in its Christian womanliness, that it might well have moved a heart of stone; but it found no entrance at a door which disappointed pride had closed. The note was never answered, and was undoubtedly tossed into the fire, that the receiver might never be reminded of it again.

"The son and husband died, and was buried by alien hands, and his mother never saw his face again."

Here Mr. Bradford paused, as if his story was finished.

"Is this all?" I asked.

"It is, in brief, the history of the boy whose portrait you have inquired about," he replied.

"What became of his widow?" I inquired.

"She returned to her parents, and never wrote a word to Mrs. Sanderson. She had been treated by her in so cruel a manner that she could not. Afterwards she married again, and removed, I have since learned, to one of the Northern States."

I sat in silence for some moments, a terrible question burning in my throat, which I dared not utter. I felt myself trembling in every nerve. I tried to thrust the question from me, but it would not go.

Then Mr. Bradford, who, I doubt not, read my thoughts, and did not feel ready to answer my question, said: "You see how differently Mrs. Sanderson has treated you. I have no doubt that she reasoned the matter all out, and came to the conclusion that she had acted unwisely. I have no doubt, though she never acknowledged it to any one, that she saw the reason of the failure of the plan of training which she adopted in the case of her son, and determined upon another one for you."

"And that has failed too," I said, sadly.

"Yes: I mean no reproach and no unkindness when I frankly say that I think it has. Both plans ignored certain principles in human nature, which must be recognized in all sound training. No true man was ever made either by absorbing or repressing his will, or by removing from him all stimulus to manly endeavor."

"Do you think my aunt cares much for these things that happened so long ago?" I inquired.

"Yes, I think she cares for them more and more as the days go by, and bring her nearer to her grave. She has softened wonderfully within a few years, and I have no doubt that they form the one dark, ever-present shadow upon her life. As she feels the days of helplessness coming, she clings more to companions, and misses the hand that, for sixteen long and laborious years, she tried to teach obedience, and train into helpfulness against the emergency that is almost upon her. She mourns for her child. She bewails in secret her mistakes; and, while she is true to you to-day, I have no doubt that if the son of her youth could come to her in rags and wretchedness, with all his sins upon him, and with the record of his ingratitude unwashed of its stains, she would receive him with open arms, and be almost content to die at once in his embrace."

The tears filled my eyes, and I said: "Poor woman! I wish he could come."

Mr. Bradford's observations and conclusions with regard to her coincided with my own. I had noticed this change coming over her. I had seen her repeatedly standing before the picture. I had witnessed her absorption in revery. Even from the first day of my acquaintance with her I saw the change had been in progress. Her heart had been unfed so long that it had begun to starve. She had clung more and more to me; she had lived more and more in the society of Mrs. Belden; and now that Henry had become an inmate of her house, she evidently delighted to be in his presence. Her strong characteristics often betrayed themselves in her conduct, but they were revealed through a tenderer atmosphere. I pitied her profoundly, and I saw how impossible it was for me, under any circumstances, to fill the place in her heart of one who had been nursed upon it.

We went on talking upon various unimportant matters, both of us fighting away from the question which each felt was uppermost in the other's mind. At last, summoning all my resolution and courage, I said: "Was there any child?"

"Yes."

"Is that child living?"

"Yes; I think so—yes."

I knew that at this reply to my question the blood wholly forsook my face, my head swam wildly, and I reeled heavily upon my feet, and came close to the window for air. Mr. Bradford sprang up, and drew my chair close to where I stood, and bade me be seated. I felt like a man drifting resistlessly toward a precipice. The rocks and breakers had been around me for days, and I had heard indistinctly and afar the roar of tumbling waters; but now the sound stunned my ears, and I knew that my hurrying bark would soon shoot into the air, and pitch into the abyss.

"Does Mrs. Sanderson know of this child?"

"I do not think she does. There has been no one to tell her. She communicates with no one, and neither child nor mother would ever make an approach to her in any assertion of their relations, even if it were to save them from starving. But the man undoubtedly lives to-day to whom Mrs. Sanderson's wealth will belong by every moral and natural right, when she shall have passed away."

The truth had come at last, and although I had anticipated it, it was a plunge into warring waters that impelled, and held, and whelmed, and tossed me like some poor weed they had torn from sunny banks far away and above. Would they play with me for an hour, and then carry me with other refuse out to the sea, or would they leave me upon the shore, to take root again in humbler soil and less dangerous surroundings? I did not know. For the moment I hardly cared.

Nothing was said for a long time. I looked with compressed lips and dry eyes out of the window, but I knew that Mr. Bradford's eyes were upon me. I could not but conclude that it was the intention of my friends that Mrs. Sanderson should be informed that her grandson was living, else Mr. Bradford would not have told me. I knew that Mrs. Sanderson had arrived at that point in life when such information would come to her like a voice from heaven. I knew that the fortune I had anticipated was gone; that my whole scheme of life was a shattered dream; that I was to be subjected to the task of taking up and bearing unassisted the burden of my destiny; that everybody must know my humiliation, and that in my altered lot and social position I could not aspire to the hand of the one girl of all the world whose love I coveted. The whole dainty fabric of my life, which my imagination had reared, was carried away as with the sweep of a whirlwind, and the fragments filled the air as far as I could see.

When reaction came, it was at first weak and pitiful. It made me angry and petulant. To think that my own father and my old teacher should have been plotting for months with my best friend to bring me into this strait, and that all should not only have consented to this catastrophe, but have sought it, and laid their plans for it, made me angry.

"Mr. Bradford," I said, suddenly and fiercely, rising to my feet, "I have been abused. You led me into a trap, and now my own father and Mr. Bird join with you to spring it upon me. You have wheedled them into it; you have determined to ruin me, and all my hopes and prospects for life, because I do not choose to model my life on your stingy little pattern. Who knows anything about this fellow whom you propose to put in my place? A pretty story to be trumped up at this late day, and palmed off upon an old woman made weak by remorse, and anxious to right herself before she goes to her grave! I will fight this thing to the death for her and for myself. I will not be imposed upon; nor will I permit her to be imposed upon. Thank you for nothing. You have treated me brutally, and I take your grand ways for just what they are worth."

I whirled upon my feet, and, without bidding him good morning, attempted to leave the room. His hand was on my shoulder in an instant, and I turned upon him savagely, and yelled: "Well, what more do you want? Isn't it enough that you ruin me? Have you any new torture?"

He lifted his free hand to my other shoulder, and looked me calmly and with a sad smile in the face.

"I forgive it all, Arthur," he said, "even before you repent of it. The devil has been speaking to me, and not Arthur Bonnicastle. I expected just this, and now that it is come, let us forget it. This is not the mood in which a wise man encounters the world, and it is not the mood of a man at all, but of a child."

At this, I burst into tears, and he drew me to his breast, where I wept with painful convulsions. Then he led me back to my seat.

"When you have had time to think it all over," he said calmly and kindly, "you will find before you the most beautiful opportunity to begin a true career that man ever had. It would be cruel to deprive you of it

Your aunt will never know of this heir by your father's lips, or Mr. Bird's, or my own. Neither the heir nor his mother will ever report themselves to her. Everything is to be done by you, of your own free will. You have it in your power to make three persons superlatively happy, and, at the same time, to make a man of yourself. If you cannot appropriate such an opportunity as this, then your manhood is more thoroughly debased, or lost, than I supposed."

I saw how kindly and strongly they had prepared it all for me, and how all had been adjusted to a practical appeal to my manhood, to my sense of justice, and to my gratitude.

"I must have time," I said at last; "but where is this man?"

"In his grandmother's house, with a broken leg, suffered in the service of his friendship for you, and his mother is nursing him!"

"Grandmother's house? . . . . Henry Hulm? . . . Mrs. Belden?"

I was so stunned by the information that I uttered the words in gasps, with long pauses between.

"Yes, the Providence that has cared for you and me has brought them there, and fastened them in the home where they belong. There has been no conspiracy, no intrigue, no scheme. It has all been a happening, but a happening after a plan that your father learned long before I did to recognize as divine."

"Do they know where they are?"

I asked the question blindly, because it seemed so strange that they should know anything about it.

"Certainly," Mr. Bradford said, "and Henry has always known his relations to Mrs. Sanderson, from the first day on which you told him of your own. When you first went to her, I knew just where both mother and son were, and was in communication with them; but I knew quite as well then that any attempt to reconcile Mrs. Sanderson to the thought of adopting them would have been futile. Things have changed with her and with you."

"Why are they here under false names? Why have they kept up this deception, and carried on this strange masquerade?" I asked.

"Henry very naturally took his stepfather's name, because he was but a child at his mother's second marriage; and Mrs. Belden Hulm chose to be known by a part of her name only, for the purpose of hiding her personality from Mrs. Sanderson, whom she first met entirely by accident."

"Do they know that you have intended to make this disclosure?" I inquired.

"No, they know nothing of it. It was once proposed to them, but they declared that if such a thing were done they would fly the city. Under Mr. Bird's and your father's advice, I have taken the matter into my own hands, and now I leave it entirely in yours. This is the end of my responsibility, and here yours begins."

"Will you be kind enough to send a messenger to Mrs. Sanderson, to tell her that I shall be absent during the day?" I said. "I cannot go home now."

"Yes."

I shook his hand, and went out into the sunlight, with a crushed, bruised feeling, as if I had passed through a great catastrophe. My first impulse was to go directly to my father, but the impulse was hardly born before I said aloud, as if moved by some sudden inspiration: "No; this thing shall be settled between God and myself." The utterance of the words seemed to give me new strength. I avoided the street that led by my father's door, and walked directly through the town. I met sun-browned men at work earning their daily bread. On every side I heard the din of industry. There were shouts and calls, and snatches of song, and rolling of wheels, and laughter of boys. There was no sympathy for me there, and no touch of comfort or healing.

Then I sought the solitude of the woods, and the silence of nature. Far away from every sight and sound of man I sat down, but even there went on the ceaseless industries of life. The bees were plundering the flowers with not a thought of me or of play. A humming-bird probed a honeysuckle at my side, and darted away like a sunbeam. A foraging squirrel picked up his dinner almost at my feet, and ran up a tree, where he sat to eat it, and scold at me for my idleness. A spring of water, twinkling in the light, gushed from under a rock, and went singing down the valley on its mission of service. Back and forth a robin flew carrying food to her young. The air was loaded with the breath of flowers and the scent of balsams, beauty appealed to my eyes wherever I turned them, and the summer breezes fanned my feverish cheeks. Industry and ministry—these were the words of the world, and God had uttered them.

I looked up through the trees into the deep blue heaven, and thought of the Being of

whom that sky was but an emanation with its life-giving sun and its wilderness of unseen stars wheeling in infinite cycles of silence, and there came unbidden to my lips those words —a thousand times divine—"My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." I realized that to live outside of work was to live outside of the universal plan, that there could be no true godliness without work, and that manliness was simply godliness made human.

I thought I knew from the first what I should do in the end; but I felt the necessity of being led to my act by deliberation. I need not tell how many aspirations went up from my heart that day. I threw my soul wide open to every heavenly influence, and returned at night strong.

On the way, I thought over all that had occurred in my intercourse with Henry, and wondered why I had not apprehended the facts which now seemed so plain to me. I thought of his reticence, his reluctance to enter the door of his friend and companion, his likeness to his father's portrait, his intimacy with Mrs. Belden, of a thousand incidents that pointed to this one conclusion, and could never have led to anything else. It is more than likely that the reader of this history anticipated all that I have recorded, but to me it was a staggering surprise that would have been incredible, save for the conspiring testimony of every event and fact in our intercourse and history.

I entered the house with a new glow upon my face, and a new light in my eyes. Mrs. Sanderson noticed my altered look, and said she was glad I had spent the day away.

In the evening, I went out upon the broad acres that lay around me, looked up at the grand old house and the splendid elms that stood around, and said: "I can do it, and I will."

Then I went to bed, and with that sweet and strong determination locked in my breast, I slept, brooded over and wrapt around by a peace that held every nerve and muscle of my body and every faculty of my soul in downy bonds until morning.

(To be continued.)

SPIRITUAL SONG.—VI.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

He lives! he's risen from the dead!
To every man I shout;
His presence over us is spread,
Goes with us in and out!

To each I say it; each apace
His comrades telleth too—
That straight will dawn in every place
The heavenly kingdom new.

Now to the newborn sense appears
The world a fatherland;
A new life men receive with tears
Of rapture from his hand.

Deep into soundless gulfs of sea
Death's horror sinks away;
And every man with holy glee
Can face his coming day.

The darksome road that he hath gone
Leads out on heaven's floor;
Who heeds the counsel of the Son,
He finds the Father's door.

Weeping no longer shall endure
For them that close their eyes;
For, soon or late, a meeting sure
Shall make the loss a prize.

And now to every noble deed
Each heart can fresher glow;
For many a fold the scattered seed
In lovelier fields will blow.

He lives, he sits beside our hearths,
Though all friends else had ceased;
Therefore this day shall be the earth's
Rejuvenescence-feast.

ELINOR DANE.

I.

A COUNTRY church, low, and of simplest architecture, set amid fields almost heavenly in their greenness; a scant congregation straggling out at the gaping door, the young men lingering to watch the maidens descending; their elders, having done with such vexations of the spirit, straggling off towards the weather-beaten horse-sheds, gossiping among themselves—of the sermon, perhaps; last of all Elinor Dane, tall, slight, graceful and shy, withal—city-bred though she was—of the stares and whispered words which followed her.

Her dress rustled softly over the grass as she crossed the open space before the church, and brushed the petals from the sweet-brier tangled over the wall along the road as she went on alone. Suddenly the faint, subtle odor of cigar-smoke rose to meet her, as though the wild roses were giving out a new, strange fragrance. Some one sprang up from lying beyond the wall in its shadow, and, throwing away his cigar, stood beside her. A young man, with a boyish, handsome face, crisp chestnut curls about his forehead, as he raised his hat now, a lithe, supple figure, which would have been muscular, had use perfected what nature planned, but which, instead, was only graceful and indolent.

"Mr. Lisle!" A faint ring of color rose in Elinor's cheeks as he joined her.

The young man shrugged his shoulders, elevating his eyebrows without speaking.

"I beg your pardon," Elinor said; "I forgot that we had returned to primitive ways. Diedrich, then:" and the ring of color deepened and spread.

He made a mocking bow. "My respected grandfather would be grateful to you without doubt for using his name; but, as the grave-digger would have it 'rest his soul, he's dead.'"

"Deck!" And this time the name was an exclamation of reproach.

"Ah, that is better. The tone might be improved perhaps, but—"

"You should have been at church."

"Don't ask too much of a man at once."

"I don't ask anything," she said gravely.

"I know;" then his voice fell. "But I wish you did, Elinor."

"It is Sunday. Don't talk nonsense.'

"Is it nonsense?"

"Of course it is; and repetition is tiresome, or I should remind you again that we are here for the summer, you and I, and that—that we are to be the best of friends, in the little time left to us. Do you see," she added, pointing across the way, "the sumach is crimson already!" and she gave a little sigh.

"The *best* of friends?" he repeated inquiringly.

"And then,"—she went on hurriedly, without heeding the interruption,—"we shall go away, remembering our meeting here as we remember many other pleasant events in our lives."

A scowl contracted his handsome forehead. He walked by her side in silence. They were nearing the turn in the road. Mrs. Esterly's pretty cottage, where Elinor was spending a part of the summer, rose before them, the sloping lawn bright with flower-beds; beyond, at a little distance, was the country inn,

where Diedrich Lisle had lingered week after week with no acknowledged purpose.

"Deck," Elinor began again hurriedly. "There is something I want very much to say to you,"—she hesitated, but he made no reply. "It is about Harry Esterly."

"Well!" and with the sharply uttered word he turned his face towards her.

"You know how fond the boy is of you; he follows you as a dog does his master, he believes in you implicitly—"

"A misfortune rare enough, Elinor," he said bitterly.

Still she went on: "You have gained a wonderful power over him. Do you realize it?"—and her voice was very gentle.

"Why don't you tell the truth?" he broke out angrily. "Why don't you say at once that you are afraid to trust the boy with me? Keep him out of my way, then."

"But I could not do that, if I would," she replied frankly. Then she added, more slowly, "And I am not sure that I would if I could." She smiled a rare, beautiful smile as she spoke, like the sudden shining out of the sun. The clouds broke and vanished from his face.

They had reached the gate. Elinor paused, her hand upon it. "I tell you the truth, Deck," she said, "you can lead that boy in any way you choose; but—I trust you."

Trust him! She might have placed her immortal soul in his keeping at that moment, as without another word she left him, and passed slowly up the garden-path to where Mrs. Esterly sat upon the veranda—a pretty picture in her white dress, with a spray of salvia at her belt.

"Deck, was it not?" she said, laying down her book.

"Yes."

"But why did he not come in?"

"I don't know. I believe I did not ask him;" and Elinor unfastened her hat, and seated herself at the feet of her friend. She rested her head upon her hand and fell to dreaming, a dream in which many doubts and fears mingled—and they were not for Harry. She was awakened by Mrs. Esterly's voice. "After all," she was saying, "there is much of good in him."

"There is indeed," Elinor responded warmly. It was Deck, of course, of whom she spoke, reckoning the amount of good in him, as people do when they are tolerably fearful that the bad predominates. "And if he has been a little wild and reckless and all that, he will get over it, I am sure. If he only had something to strive for!"

"I suppose every one has that," Elinor said quickly.

"Or if he had not fallen into such company!" Mrs. Esterly went on. "Poor Deck! at least *I* cannot give him up. I loved his mother, and he seems very near to me." She bent towards the girl at her feet. "Be pitiful of him, Elinor," she said.

"You guard the wolf against the sheep," was the reply, while a flame shot up in the face of the girl.

"O! no, no; it is you who are the wolf, clad though you are in softest wool. O! Elinor, I wish—"

"Don't wish anything," Elinor said, hastily rising. "It is only a summer: we shall go away and forget it all." She stooped suddenly and left a kiss upon her friend's forehead, then she ran away into the house.

"Come down," called Mrs. Esterly under her window the next afternoon. "Come and go berrying with us."

Radiant and rosy in the sunshine, Elinor leaned out. "But I never went berrying in my life; what is it like?"

"Come and see," Deck threw back with a flash of his eyes.

She remembered her doubts and fears of the day before; she remembered Mrs. Esterly's words, her warning; she was minded not to go, to offer some excuse, to say *no* outright, boldly. It would be wiser, more kind perhaps, safer surely. But—she tied her hat-ribbons under her hair, and joined them a moment later. They went on up the road, Elinor silent, thoughtful. They climbed the low stone wall which held the great straggling pasture within bounds; they crossed the cleared wood-lot sweet with odor of fir and spruce, they plunged into the wood where the tree-tops met and joined hands over the grass-grown road, where the rank-grown ferns dipped into the brook writhing with faint sobs into the darkness; then out into the sunshine, out into the open fields, where scarred and broken rocks rose in odd suggestive forms on every hand, while close against them grew clumps of queer ungainly trees—wild-apple and scrub-oak casting crooked moving shadows. God's land, as he made it; not smoothed and clipped and fashioned after man's design, thought Elinor, with a thrill of delight. Her feet sank in the soft earth mined by the moles, or caught in the ensnaring vines hidden in the grass. Her doubts and fears flew to the winds. She untied her hat and wreathed it with soft grasses that had died while the sun kissed them. The summer wind caught her

loosened hair. She laughed and shook it out, singing a gay little song.

Deck Lisle, upon whom Elinor's silent mood had fallen, walked apart, fancying—as lovers will—that the maple-leaves made themselves silver as they bent to touch her head, that the very grass bowed at her coming.

"Berries?" exclaimed Mrs. Esterly, pulling at the vines clinging to a bit of wall left standing midway in the field to mark some ancient boundary. "There are none. Be thankful, Elinor. To tell the truth, berrying is tiresome pastime invented by industrious people who must have an excuse for idling: we care for none, so we'll climb to some cranny among those rocks, and sit awhile." The great gray mass rose like a shattered fortress before them. The little woman mounted lightly by easy winding ways to the summit. "Shall I lower the drawbridge?" she called down gayly, as Deck and Elinor paused upon the brink of the tiny stream at the base of the mock castle.

"Don't trouble yourself," returned Deck. "The warden has been asleep for a thousand years, I'll venture to say. We'll leap the moat." And before Elinor realized what he would do she found herself swung over the brook and left alone. "I beg your pardon," he had said, as he sprang up the rocks before her.

She followed more slowly. The tender tone of his voice, the lingering touch of his hand, brought back to her mind what Mrs. Esterly had said the day before. Was she then the wolf? Certainly no wolf ever possessed so meek, so self-doubting a spirit as she had at this moment. She ended her reflections with a sigh. The summer had been strangely brief and pleasant. There had been an open friendship between this handsome young Pariah and herself. A fearless friendship on her part, at first; without a thought beyond the present hour. She knew, to be sure, that society had set its ban upon him, that he had been put one side by the world, her world, and labeled *dangerous*. But women are perverse; perhaps it would be safe to say that human nature is perverse, and that women are born champions—certainly they lead a forlorn-hope with a courage which can only be laid to ignorance—and so she was not afraid to defy society. The summer had been strangely pleasant, and yet at last there had come a time, even before the warning of her friend, when she knew it to be dangerously so—when she said to herself continually: "Take care, Elinor. Beware!" But the caution was for herself alone. As for him, he would go away and forget it all—and her—she knew. He had interested her from the first. It had been like a fascinating problem: given, so much wickedness in the form of a handsome young man—to find the good. She had undertaken to discover this unknown quantity. At times she seemed to approximate a satisfactory result. There was, she could see, much that was noble and true in him. But what if she lost her heart in the solution?

She found Mrs. Esterly enthroned among the rocks. Deck lay at her feet upon the soft grassy carpet. "Sing," she said, as Elinor drew near. He threw his head back upon his arm and sang at her bidding one gay song after another. Elinor's foot rested against the rock, her glance swept meadow and sky and dusky mountains cowering upon the edge of the horizon. The feeling akin to pain stirred in her heart. Then, at last, fixing his eyes upon her, he began a chant, low, melodious, fascinating, with an ever-recurring refrain. The liquid, musical words were in an unknown tongue; but the song held her like a spell. It ceased,—she started as though awaking from a dream. "It is an incantation," she said, rising with a little shivering laugh.

"It is nothing without the castanets and the twinkle of dancing feet," he replied; "I caught it in Cuba last year."

Mrs. Esterly rose. "But the sun is an hour high yet," protested Deck, languidly following.

"Linger if you choose," Elinor threw over her shoulder, as she ran down before them; "but I am warned to flee. I dare not look back even: there is something elfish in the place and song."

She gained the summit of the slope at the foot of which rose the rocks. She paused a moment, breathless. Deck suddenly stood beside her. She had pushed back her hat, and the summer wind upon her cheek was cool and soft as the grass beneath her feet. She felt a premonition of danger. The spell held her still. "Ah me!" she said, with a sigh for the summer sky, the soft breeze, the far-off hills growing purple in the sunset. "I am going away back to the world, next week."

"What, so soon?"

"But it is not 'so soon,'" she answered. "It will be six weeks to-morrow since I came."

"Is it?" he said dreamily: "I thought it was a day, Elinor."

"I am not to return to town at once,'

she went on hastily. "I am going first for a fortnight to B——."

"To B——?"—his face changed. "I shall be there next week;" and he made a little wistful pause between the words.

But Elinor turned her eyes, suddenly grown cold and suspicious, upon him. He would not do that? He would not follow her? How dared he! It was not Elinor at all; it was Miss Dane, haughty and proud, who stared at him now.

"I have an engagement there," he said quickly. "I am to meet some *friends*." And he smiled bitterly over the word. "There is honor among thieves, you know," he added recklessly, with a scornful laugh which rang in Elinor's ears when he had stepped back out of sight, as Mrs. Esterly came up. He still lagged behind as they emerged from the woods, an angry fire in his heart, an angry flush on his cheek. What did this girl mean by her changing moods—her gentleness that was like a temptation, keeping him ever at her side, and her sudden *hauteur*, chill as death? What if he had deceived himself from the first? Ah! what was he—he remembered with sudden remorse—that he should dare think of Elinor Dane! The road turned, hiding him from sight for the moment; he leaped the bars into the turnpike, and went on down towards the village alone.

"One of Deck's freaks, but shockingly rude," Mrs. Esterly said, looking back at last, and realizing that they were indeed deserted.

Could Elinor have sent him away? she thought. Had anything happened between them in the little time while she lingered to gather a nosegay? Certainly her manner indicated nothing.

"He found us tiresome, perhaps," she had said, in reply to Mrs. Esterly's exclamation. Then she spoke of other things quite naturally, almost gayly; her face bright and warm, and tinged with a pretty color, her eyes shining.

"How fresh you are looking, Elinor," said Mrs. Esterly, almost reproachfully, when they had reached home at last, and parted at Elinor's door.

II.

Something had gone wrong with Deck. He had not appeared to Elinor for a week, not since the fruitless berrying excursion. Mrs. Esterly did not speak his name. Elinor would not ask of him. She wondered at first. She was glad, even, with a half-hearted gladness. Better that it end here and now, she said to herself. Then she grew restless, uneasy; she wandered purposeless over the house, through the garden,—she started at every step upon the piazza in a way of which she was ashamed. The very blind, themselves, might see how silly I am, she thought, angry at herself. She recalled every word she had uttered that day when he left them so abruptly. She recalled the words, but she knew in her heart what it was that had angered and driven him away. Well, it was better so, and yet she would like him to remember her kindly; not with that cold, hard stare in her eyes. Finally, she was miserable. She took herself into confidence one day, and cried heartily.

He had not gone away. She had caught a glimpse of his figure passing the house upon the other side of the road more than once. She had heard the report of his gun in the woods, and, hidden behind the curtains, had watched him cross the fields, his rifle over his shoulder and Harry following, like a faithful dog, at his heels.

She sat down now by the window to think it out. She had been so sure of herself, ever since she was conscious of the danger, until now. Her hands had held the reins. She had felt more than once the steady pull; but the road had been long and straight before her, and there had been little swerving to the right or left. Now, all in a moment her strength was gone. She leaned her head upon the window-sill and closed her eyes. Suddenly something flew in, brushed her cheek and fell at her feet. It was the wing of a white pigeon plumed and dressed. She started up, no one was in sight, but she knew whose hand had sent it. She stroked the soft feathers gently, the tears falling into her lap. He had not forgotten her after all! Ah! but he *would;* not only her, but all his good resolves, she knew. She had felt from the first that she could not trust him beyond the present hour. It was for this reason that she had held so steadily to the reins. It was for this reason that she had taken his homage as only a part of the pleasant summer, with the odor of the honeysuckles under the window, with the whirr of the locusts in the elms—knowing that she was to go away and leave it all before the coming of the frost. The drone of the honey-bees filled her ears. The scent of the tuberoses came up from the lawn, the land stretched away from her eyes—hill and meadow and homestead. O, if it could be always so! The trees ever green, the flowers always in bloom. If they could go on down through

the summer fields forever, Deck and she. If life were only to live!

She was going away the next day. She must spend these last hours with Mrs. Esterly, who had been so kind, who would come to seek her soon if she lingered here. Deck must know of her departure. Harry would tell him, surely. There were voices below. Perhaps he had come now to bid her adieu. She should see him again, then. O, if she could trust him! If she dared. She ran hastily down, excited, aglow with expectation, but only to find that some of Mrs. Esterly's friends had driven out from town, and that she had gone with them into the garden. So she hid herself in a corner of the piazza, screened by a clump of firs, and pulled a bit of embroidery from her pocket. The stitches all went wrong, the needle pierced her finger, and everything blurred before her eyes. She was folding it up in despair when her ear caught a sound, she leaned forward to listen, a step had left the piazza upon the other side, —it ground upon the gravel now;—no woman's dainty tread. It must be Deck! He had come to seek her, then, at last! In a moment he would be gone. She forgot her caution, the warning that had rung in her ears. The work fell from her hands. O, only this once! she begged of her conscience, as she sprang from her seat, crossed the piazza, and ran with a light, swift step over the lawn, screened by the shrubbery. Yes, it was Deck. She was very near him now as he swung slowly down towards the low wall at the side, where a well-worn path made a short-cut across the fields. He did not see her, the smoke-trees would screen her if he turned, and her step upon the grass made no sound. It was not yet too late, she might go back, and he would never know how close to him she had been. She would go away the next day, and he would believe, perhaps, that she had avoided him at the last, and that would end it all.

For one instant she stood irresolute, holding her hands over her beating heart, the smoke-bloom with its sickening odor drifting against her cheek. *O, only this once!* she begged of her conscience, and stepped out from her hiding place. He turned suddenly, astonished, confused by the vision. "They said you were in the garden, but I could not find you there," he began, stammering and blushing, and appearing for all the world like an awkward boy, instead of the handsome young man he was. "You are going—"

"To-morrow," she said, when he paused inquiringly. "And *you* go to B—— next week," she added. He had seated himself upon the wall between them. He raised his head to stare at her with a puzzled, uncertain face. What did she mean? In truth she hardly knew herself. A spasm of contrition, the softening of near separation, some faint idea of reparation, remembering her manner the other day, pushed her on. "Then I shall see you," she said.

"Will you? may I call upon you there?" His face gleamed and glowed to his hair. "No one need know," he added, eagerly.

Elinor drew back, struck with a sudden chill. He laughed bitterly. "It was only a compliment, then? I was such a fool as to believe you for a moment. I'm a graceless dog, that's the truth of it." His eyes filled with angry tears. "You're all alike; it's one thing to know me here, and quite another—"

"Stop, you do not understand. You *will* come to see me there. It was only"—and her grave eyes grew sad—"that I never did anything before in my life which all the world might not know."

"Don't, then, for me." Every spark of manliness and generosity was quickened within him. "Sooner or later I shall go to the dogs, I suppose. What does it matter?" He rose and moved away.

But Elinor called him back. "Don't speak so; and you will come: I wish it. Only it must not be a secret; it would weigh upon me like a sin. I can receive whom I choose; and—good-bye."

She gave him her hand across the wall. He held it a moment. "My acquaintance will bring you no honor, Elinor," he said gloomily.

"But, O! it might," she answered. All that she had desired, yet had not dared to say, was in that brief sentence.

He only shrugged his shoulders as he released her hand, and, turning abruptly, swung off down through the fields, until a leap over the wall brought him to the road and hid him from her sight.

III.

They were upon the fashionable promenade at B——, Elinor and her friend, Miss Dilworthy, whom she was visiting, when Elinor summoned courage to announce Deck's visit. She had heard from him through Mrs. Esterly, and he was coming this day. It had been upon her mind all the morning; indeed he had never been far from her thoughts since she left him, but something had held back the words so that she had never spoken his name. She would not own to herself that it would

be a different matter to acknowledge his acquaintance here from what it had been to know him at Mrs. Esterly's cottage, but it was so nevertheless, she knew. There had been an enervation in the summer air, against which no prejudice could stand. She had met him under circumstances and with a familiarity impossible in town. They had dwelt in Arcadia for a time. But from this abode of peace and quiet she found herself all at once plunged into a world where each one judged his neighbor, and from which many were shut out, of whom, alas! Deck Lisle was one.

"Maude," she said at last, abruptly, as they neared home, and her announcement was still unmade. "Diedrich Lisle is coming to call upon me to-night."

Miss Dilworthy stared as though Elinor had suddenly lost her senses. "What do you mean?" and then, going on down the street, nodding occasionally to an acquaintance, Elinor told the story of the summer, —the outward story, at least. There is an inner experience running beneath the other which can never be told, which is hardly recognized until some particularly strong emotion breaks through upon the surface into words or deeds.

"I could not but meet him there often and familiarly," she said at its close; "and so"—as though she were stating a mathematical truth from which there was no appeal—"I shall not deny him elsewhere."

But everything is not an axiom which seems so to our one-sided judgments. "So you intend to defy society?" Miss Dilworthy said, gravely. "You are too young and too pretty for that, dear," she added affectionately.

"I don't intend anything," Elinor answered. "Only I can't be a friend at one time and not at another, and as I met him there I certainly shall not put myself out of the way of meeting him elsewhere."

"But what does Mr. Diedrich Lisle think of all this? what motive would almost any man assign for such conduct?" Miss Dilworthy went on.

"You are unkind, Maude—and you are mistaken," Elinor said quickly, turning her face away to hide the fierce color which had sprung to it.

"Perhaps I am, dear, but why need you have been so intimate with him there? To my mind Mrs. Esterly is to blame in this affair. I am surprised at her—and, to tell the truth, at you, Elinor."

They reached the door as she spoke. "There's a gentleman to see you, Miss," said the servant who opened it, addressing Elinor. "He did not give any name, he said as you were expecting him."

So he had come! Elinor caught Miss Dilworthy's dress as the servant turned away. She looked frightened and ready to cry. "Are you angry with me?" she began hurriedly, "because I asked him to come here —to your house?"

"I am not angry at all, only astonished at the whole affair." But Miss Dilworthy's voice fell cold and hard as she drew her dress away and swept towards the stairs. Then she relented. "O, Elinor, how could you!" she said. "What will people say?"

"Why should I care, if I do nothing wrong!" Elinor answered. "I might be ashamed if I deserted my friends," she added warmly. Then she wavered. "But I am sorry he came here—on your account."

"*Only* on my account? Confess that you wish yourself well out of it all."

Elinor shook her head. "He has hardly a friend in the world—in our world, at least," she said.

"There is something radically wrong in him, then, you may be sure," was Maude Dilworthy's final judgment, as she turned away. But a new horror seized her. "Elinor!" she exclaimed in an alarmed whisper, as this idea took possession of her mind. "You have not given any promise to this man?"

"O, no, no!" Elinor answered. She did not tell her how tight she had held the reins, how she had wished she might trust him. But Maude read something in her face—some of the unspoken words which fairly shout aloud at times even though our lips are closed. "And you will not now?" she had thrown her arms around her as she asked the question. She tightened her clasp now. "I will not let you go to him unless you promise," she said.

"No, O, no!" Elinor answered again; then she broke away and opened the drawing-room door. Some one moved out from the shadow of the heavy draperies before one of the windows as she stepped into the soft dusk of the great dimly-lighted room. It was Deck, pale, nervous in manner, who started at some far-off sound, then shrank away as she offered her hand. "I feel like a thief, Elinor," he said, glancing fearfully over his shoulder as the slide and rustle of a gown outside the door caught his ear. "Let me look at you and go again. I ought never to have come." His eyes, strangely wistful and

tender, were fixed upon her face as she stood before him. The light words she had essayed to speak as she entered the room fled from her lips—a sudden pain stabbed her heart. She had not realized that she hoped until she felt this, that was like despair. It was only *adieu* after all. She should never see him again. Then all at once the stir outside broke into the sound of voices, the door was opened, there was the soft rustle of sweeping gowns as her hostess, followed by a party of friends, entered the room. They passed on with a glance, only Mrs. Dilworthy lingered. Elinor, surprised, startled, with a tear still wet on her cheek, turned to her, uttering her name. What did it matter? as she presented Deck in a voice that was strange in her own ears. What did anything matter any more, since he was going away—she should never see him again?

"———Summer acquaintances," he was saying; "and so I ventured to call."

Summer acquaintances! her own words; but how cold they sounded to her now.

"Very glad, I am sure," Mrs. Dilworthy murmured, pleasantly. "She will urge you to dine with us, I hope. We have a few friends to-night." Then she passed on to join the others.

Deck was already moving towards the door.

"Dine with you!" he said bitterly. "O what a fool I was to come! Who was that man, the last,—he bowed to you?"

"One of Miss Dilworthy's friends, Jack Jocelyn," she answered.

"He knew me, Elinor; I saw it in his face. If I have made trouble for you I shall never forgive myself."

"Don't; don't say that." It touched her with pain and something like remorse that his fears were all for her. She had not always remembered him.

"Elinor! Elinor!" He caught her hands in his as they stood in the open door, the soft twilight stealing in upon them, with the drowsy hum of the city dying away upon their ears; with the rasp of the katydids from the elms along the quiet, shadowy street; with the faint, shrill tones of a child's voice, following the twang of a harp over the way: then he was gone—and one spot upon her cheek burned like fire as she shrank back into the doorway.

"Where is your friend?" Mrs. Dilworthy leaned across the table to ask at dinner. "Could you not persuade him to stay?"

Elinor, feeling as though called upon to defend him before all the world, made some low reply, she hardly knew what, for as she raised her eyes she had met Jack Jocelyn's puzzled stare, confusing and confounding her. What did he know of Deck? Something, she was sure.

"Lisle?—Lisle?"— Mrs. Dilworthy was repeating thoughtfully, filled with the desire so strong in some people to classify and arrange individuals, as botanists do plants. "Not one of the Stanwood Lisles?"

Maude came to Elinor's rescue: "You forget, mamma," she said, "we know them all."

"Yes, but"—poor Mrs. Dilworthy who was always slow to gather her thoughts, struggled ineffectually with an idea for a moment, and then gave herself up to the care of her guests, forgetting Elinor and her visitor.

Some one else, however, took up the name. "The Stanwood Lisles?" said a voice at Elinor's elbow. "Let me see, there was a son, was there not, who died or something?"

"Disgraceful college scrape," corrected another.

O! would they never stop? she thought, her head bent over her plate; a flame lit in her face.

"Did I see you last night at the Opera, Mrs. Chauncy?" It was kind-hearted Jack Jocelyn who addressed the speaker, who knew nothing whatever of music, but proceeded to comment upon the rendering of Fra Diavolo in so surprising a manner as to draw the attention of the whole company to himself, and turn the stream of conversation. He joined good-naturedly in the tinkle of laughter that ran down the table. "At least I have saved that pretty girl," he thought, stealing a glance across the table to Elinor, who had quite recovered herself. "But good Heavens!" as he marked the proudly set head and aristocratic profile, "where did she meet Deck Lisle?"

IV.

THE summer and the autumn were over, and Elinor had returned to town. Mrs. Esterly had given up her cottage in the country. They met often, but no word was ever spoken of Deck. Mrs. Esterly felt that there had been one act at least to the play of which she knew nothing. Since no confidence had been offered her, she was silent. Elinor longed to ask of him; but her heart failed her always at the moment. For a time after meeting him at B—— she waited and listened; she almost hoped. Then she strove to forget it all. She had played with edge-tools,

that was all; there would always remain a scar. But she had judged him rightly. He had forgotten her and his half-formed resolutions. She was going to a party with Mrs. Esterly one night. While she was dressing a card was brought up to her.

"I can see no one, now, of course," she said, taking it carelessly. It read "Diedrich Lisle." She sank down, faint, for a moment. "Yes, I will see him," she said. But she could hardly clasp the bracelets on her arms for the trembling of her hands. Why had he come now, when she was beginning to forget him? Had he come to claim her, having redeemed his past? or was it to be only the old temptation and torment over again? She ran down hastily, impatient to meet what was to be met, and so have it over.

He waited for her. She could see him just within the door. As her dress slid over the stairs, he turned and started to meet her. She stood a moment, perplexed with doubts of herself—of him; half faint with the rush of memories, half sick with fears, white as the lilies in her hand—from the pale, sweet face to the dainty slipper thrust out from under her dress. No wonder that he regarded her as though she had been a spirit, come at his bidding. She tried to speak lightly; she tried to smile in the old way. "I am going out, you see," she said, making a little shimmer and shine through all the place, as she came down the room.

"Then I will not keep you;" and he moved towards the door. How haggard and worn and changed he was!

"Don't go!" she said quickly; "I'm waiting for Mrs. Esterly." Her eyes sought the clock upon the mantel. "She will not come for twenty minutes yet."

"Then I may have fifteen?"

"O! yes; or more." There was a quaver in her voice, a flutter of her fingers as she shook out her dress and drew a low chair near the divan where he sat uneasy, constrained, fearful, as though he had no right to stay. Something brought back the day upon the rocks. The refrain of the song that had no words rang through her head as she bent forward, her hands crossed upon her lap, waiting for him to speak. Why had he come?

He scanned her shining dress, her shining hair, the pearls about her throat, the flowers in her hand. She grew conscious, embarrassed under his eyes. She tried to laugh lightly, but the laugh caught in her throat and sounded like a sob. He did not know, he never would, how near she had been to trusting him, how near she was even now. He touched her dress. "The rocks would have torn it." So he, too, remembered! and again the chant rang through her head, beat in her heart.

"Only ten minutes more! Don't move; don't turn away; ten minutes! such a little time out of a life, Elinor. You will not deny me that? I wanted to see you so, I wanted to know that you were happy. I will not haunt you. Don't look at me as though I were a ghost. I did not mean to frighten you, and I will never come again."

She could not bear it. She leaned forward. "Tell me the truth, Deck," she said, "tell me about all these months since I saw you last."

There was a sound of wheels—a carriage stopped before the door. He started up—a shadow crossed his face. "Tell you!" he said, "*I'd die first.*" Some one ran up the steps, a servant passed the drawing-room door. "And you might *do* anything, *be* anything, make everything noble of yourself, O Deck!"

"Why should I? What does it matter?" he answered gloomily. He shook her hand from his arm. "Hark! she is coming: let me go."

Then Elinor dared speak. "You might, *for my sake*," she said, as he vanished into the darkness, and Mrs. Esterly swept in. Did he hear? Did he care? Who could tell?

*

A year afterwards Elinor said to Mrs. Esterly, "Where is Diedrich Lisle?"

"I don't know; I don't indeed. Gone to the bad, I fear." And she sighed.

They were waiting for the carriage; Elinor stood at the window, her back turned to her friend. "It pains me," she said; "it pains me yet."

Mrs. Esterly gazed at her in surprise: and she had thought that Elinor had never cared for him! "What do you mean? *you* did nothing, child."

"No;" she said. "Nothing at all; and I blame myself so for it! There are sins of omission, you know."

"I cannot understand you, Elinor."

"I begin to think I have not understood myself," Elinor answered dreamily. Then she dismissed the subject with a little sigh, speaking hastily of other things. If Mrs. Esterly had dared, she would have ventured a word more. These half-confidences are so tantalizing! But the mystery in which the

whole matter was shrouded with the reserve into which Elinor's manner had changed so suddenly, chilled the light-minded little woman and silenced her for the time.

Returning from their drive they found themselves hemmed in upon the bridge with drays and cars, and crowded stages, from which they worked their tortuous way after a time into the lower town. It was a part of the city Elinor had seldom visited, devoted to factories and foundries and trades of which the girl's dainty lace-edged life knew nothing. Tall chimneys pouring out blackened, sooty smoke rose around them; dirty, begrimed figures peered from cobweb-draped windows; the thunder of mighty engines, the whirr and clatter of machinery filled their ears; narrow lane-like streets opened on every side, lined with rickety, smoke-stained tenement houses, from which stole odors more numerous and vile than those of Cologne.

"How stupid of John to come this way!" exclaimed Mrs. Esterly, nervously. "Do, Elinor, hold your handkerchief before your face; one never knows what contagious disease may be breathed in from such horrid places. There is a red flag now!"

"O! no," said Elinor. "It is only the flutter of some Irish mother's petticoat. "But I enjoy it," she added, eagerly. "The queer little narrow streets; the old women with great flapping caps upon their heads—O, what a pretty face!" she exclaimed suddenly; "do let us buy some chestnuts."

"Drive on, John," Mrs. Esterly called out in a sharp voice, as the man reined in his horses. "Why, Elinor, what are you thinking of?"

"But it is all so strange," she answered, wistfully, leaning back as they rolled away. "I did so want to know about that girl. She had the sweetest face! Do you suppose the painted saints down at St. Xavier's ever stray out of the church windows and take to selling chestnuts on the street? O! do look there," she added, without pausing for a reply. A pinched, blue-faced child, half-naked, with its scant thin petticoat drawn over its sharp little shoulders, sat in the door-way of an old house, eager, breathless, the glory of a great joy lighting her eyes, while another child, by means of an old newspaper rescued from the gutter, was rolling her straight yellow locks into queer little buds which would blossom by and by into curls. She had no stockings, no shoes that could answer to the name, she was hungry perhaps, certainly she was bruised blue and purple by the cold; but O! the rapture of that child's face, upon whose soul the beautiful was slowly dawning.

Another turn, and they were skirting a high brick wall, above which rose more than one ambitious chimney belching forth smoke and flame. A heavy black cloud seemed to settle over the place; the rush of steam, the thunder of iron hammers, the clang of a noon bell, reached them all at once, as the carriage-wheels grated over the bed of iron filings with which the street was strewn. "The Cordis Iron Works, I believe," Mrs. Esterly explained, with indifference, as Elinor gazed about her curiously.

"It is all so much nicer than the 'pike," Elinor answered. "A blessing on John's stupidity!" As she spoke the great gates swung slowly open and a stream of men poured out, blackened with smoke, soot-begrimed, oil-stained, shouting, sparring, bandying jests and blows. One, among the last, caught and held Elinor's gaze as he walked among, and yet apart, from his fellows—like a king, with a crowd of sooty courtiers about him, hanging upon his words. His coarse blue shirt was open at the throat, his arms bared to the elbows. A visorless cap, drawn carelessly over the close-cut hair, and the stains from smoke, and steam, and oil were like a mask for the handsome face. Something in his swinging step, unlike the slouching, shuffling tread of his companions, some trick of manner, as he tossed a word over his shoulder, had made Elinor's heart stand still—for it was Diedrich Lisle. She drew back out of sight, as he passed with a careless glance at the carriage in which was no shadow of recognition. What did it mean? What was he doing here, and in so strange a disguise? Had he fallen so low? —or risen so high? For, try as she might, she could not stifle the joy that fairly cried out within her, all against reason though it might be. Was he striving to do honest work at last? Better this, though his face were like a chimney-sweep's, than the idle purposeless life he had led so long. The whitest soul might dwell in such dingy surroundings, she knew. She pondered all these things in her heart, as we do so many unacknowledged hopes, saying nothing; but she reached home radiant.

Days and weeks went by. Every step sent the blood from her heart. She had thought of him as wandering miles away, oceans perhaps rolled between him and her, and all the time he had been so near! Surely he would come to her. And now hope, having something at last to rest upon, built a strong

tower. She had been weak and spiritless throughout the long winter; ambition, interest flagged and failed; but all at once life was beautiful and sweet again as a lost summer. The commonest things held a wonderful charm, the dullest events were full of strange, delightful possibilities. Jack Jocelyn, who was spending the winter in town, found her more charming than he had dreamed of. He remembered her as a pretty girl, conscious, confused almost to awkwardness, for whose sake he had made himself ridiculous one night; but for the latter circumstance he would have forgotten her altogether. Now, assured in manner, strangely beautiful, with a restless, feverish beauty which had in it much of intense feeling and much of breathless expectation, she was a queen in her own right and needed no one to break a lance in her behalf. He gazed upon her from a distance for a time with the curiosity which has been so fatal since the world began; then he drew nearer, and Elinor came to meet him, with frank, outspoken pleasure. Something she owed to him. She had never forgotten how he had come to her rescue. Then, too, *he* knew. He, of all the people around her, she thought, knew about Diedrich Lisle—not much, to be sure, but her confusion had told him something that day, she was confident; and daring to trust him, she leaned upon him unconsciously. He went and came at her gentle bidding; his place after a time was by her side. When others wearied her it was rest to turn to him; she could sit mute in his presence, if she chose, and that is a rare privilege. He understands it all, she said to herself, when some ill-natured word reached her ear and raised a question in her mind. For the little world about her had begun its surmises and suspicions and envious gossip. One cannot sit upon a pinnacle and be unnoticed. With only the sky for a background, who can hope the least defect to be hidden.

"Poor fellow!" they said, when Jack Jocelyn's dull face brightened into life at Elinor's coming. "And do you know she carried on a shameless flirtation with Diedrich Lisle last summer." And she thought no one knew of Diedrich!

"O! Elinor, I have the strangest news of Deck," Mrs. Esterly said, one day in early spring, as Elinor opened the door of her morning room. There was a chill in the air outside, a heavy mist fell in a fine rain, and Elinor, bending over the blaze upon the hearth, shivered as she stretched her hands out to it. What was she to hear? Surely nothing could astonish her, and yet while she waited there flashed upon her mind the childish superstition that some one walked over her grave.

"What do you think?" Mrs. Esterly went on,—"he is in the Cordis Iron Foundry! just a common apprentice!" And she delivered the sentence as though she had touched off a ten-inch columbiad.

But Elinor's face, turned upon her, only shone for a reply, while the frightened color came creeping slowly home.

"And you are not even surprised?"

"I knew it," she answered quietly. "I recognized him the day we passed there, in the winter, you remember."

"And did he see you? did he know you? How strange that you did not speak of it!"

"He did not recognize us at all, I am sure."

"But did he look like the others?" persisted Mrs. Esterly—"like those horrible creatures who swarmed out in our very faces? It is not possible."

Elinor laughed softly. "I think," she said, "his face was rather more begrimed, and I am sure no one of the others wore so shabby a cap."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Esterly, to whom the outward personated the inner, always, and who could hardly believe in virtue in tatters or with a soiled face. "But they say he has developed a wonderful mechanical genius and invented some machine—I'm sure I don't know for what—and indeed he has only been learning the business: he is to be taken into the firm next month."

Elinor gave a little start of surprise and pleasure. This, at least, she had not known. Something like thankfulness stirred in her heart, sending the tears to her eyes. It was all so much better than her fears; better than her hopes, even. She hardly realized what Mrs. Esterly was saying, as, with her hands crossed upon her knee, her head drooping low, she dreamed her dream so near fulfillment now; for surely all this was for her.

"—The Cordis girls you know, Elinor?"

"Yes," she answered absently.

"And they say he is to marry the eldest."

"Who is to marry? I do not understand," Elinor asked in a bewildered way; but her voice was hoarse and strained.

"Why Deck, of course. How listless you are." She did not care, then, after all. Mrs. Esterly's tone was impatient, almost angry. Deck had been very dear to her.

The fire still shone in Elinor's face, the drone of Mrs. Esterly's voice, querulous, complaining, went on in her ears; outside, the

rain was falling softly against the window-pane; but the dream had faded away. "I think I will go home now;" and she rose and wrapped her cloak about her. It had a little hood which she drew over her head, and when she turned her white face, framed in the dark frill, to Mrs. Esterly, her friend was smitten with remorse. "It is not true. I know it *can't* be true," the little woman said, drawing Elinor's face down and kissing her remorsefully.

"But why should it not be true?" Elinor answered coldly, putting her aside. Poor Elinor! who was trying thus to hide her hurt. "If you think he has wronged me, you are mistaken. There was never any promise between us." And then she went away, home. How could she own that she had urged him to make himself noble for her sake, when he had not cared to return and claim the reward?

V.

THE Cordises were to give a party upon the evening of the day which marked Deck's entrance into the great firm of Cordis, Cordis & Co. An additional flutter of excitement followed the invitations, since it was rumored that it was also to announce the engagement between the eldest Miss Cordis and the new junior partner. It was in truth a kind of feast of the Prodigal Son, over which Deck groaned and chafed in secret. Few of us like to confess our misdeeds to the sound of a trumpet.

"Have you accepted?" Mrs. Esterly asked Elinor. She hardly knew how to approach the subject, which had never been entered upon between them since that day when they sat together over the fire in the morning-room a month before.

"Yes," she replied. O! yes; she should go, of course, she thought, sighing. People always went; they dressed and danced, and laughed and sang, though the earth crumbled to atoms beneath their feet—as it would one day, perhaps, while the play went on.

"They are not exactly our set," Mrs. Esterly said, meditatively. "But then one should not despise the bone and muscle of society." And she patted her silken knee while an expression of benevolence crossed her face.

"Especially where it is gilded," Elinor said. Poor Elinor's voice sounded sharp and strange, even to herself. But everything had changed to her. The lights had all gone out. The beautiful world was shrunken and shriveled. There was nothing true or steadfast any more. The taste of ashes was in her mouth.

"And then," Mrs. Esterly went on, too much engrossed with her own thoughts to heed the words, "they have been kind to Deck; I could almost love them for that." And real tears shone in her eyes. There was a little stab in the words with all their feeling: for had not Elinor turned from him in that summer which seemed now so long gone by? Mrs. Esterly was not sure, she had never known the truth of it, but a little soreness had lingered in her heart towards the girl, believing this. But when one has had a heavy blow a lesser one is unheeded; and the stab was nothing to Elinor.

"Make yourself pretty to-night," was Mrs. Esterly's parting injunction. The soreness had passed away for the time, and love for Elinor predominated. It was a pity, after all, that Deck should be carried off by those Cordis girls, with their sharp black eyes and dusky faces that looked for all the world as though the smoke from the iron-works had drifted into their blood. She would make one effort at least to save him. Elinor smiled at the words a little sadly. So it had come to that! Only a few short months since the prettiness—if there had been any—had come of itself—a shining out of the inner warmth and joy. Now she was to *make* herself pretty. She remembered it again when she took up the delicate white robe laid out for her to wear. It brought back the night when she last met Diedrich Lisle—when she stood in the door, faint and frightened—then Mrs. Esterly's words came back to her: "Make yourself pretty to-night." Like a snare? Ah! no, no, she could not do that. The dress fell from her hands—a heap of soft, yellow lace, of lilies and shining silk—as the tears gathered in her eyes. God forgive her! For a moment she almost wished Diedrich Lisle were what he had been a year before, so that he still were hers! Had she urged him to a better life only to see it offered elsewhere! Would another wear her crown? And must she join in the triumphal procession and sing pæans over his return? Ah, it is like life! it is like God—she had almost said. Our desires, strong as prayers, are turned back upon us like daggers—to wound our hearts in the answering. Then she stood up frightened, aghast. What had she said? What had she thought? O! how selfish had been all her efforts after all. She had thought only of blessing her own life through his. She had urged him to be everything good and noble and true; but it was to be

for her—O, for *her*. If she could forget herself! If she could rejoice in the happiness in which she held no part! Ah, if we could all do that, heaven would have come to us here!

"At least, I can bear it," she said; and maybe if she tried to make her heart strong under the burden the rejoicing would come by and by—who knew? Even with this thought came the divine lightening of the load, as though a hand mighty but unseen had touched it.

She laid away the pretty white robe, and chose in its place something heavy and dark and crimson. "How unseasonable!" Mrs. Esterly exclaimed, when Elinor came down to her at last. "And no ornaments! Why, Elinor, you have forgotten!"

"I have forgotten nothing," she answered; "except that you were to come so early. I am afraid I have kept you waiting."

"It is very odd," Mrs. Esterly said, critically, still examining Elinor's dress, "but, after all, exceedingly becoming, and so distinguished!" and she pulled with a dissatisfied air at the countless pale green bows upon her own gown, which seemed all at once overtrimmed.

It was late when they reached Merrivale Square and the Cordis mansion, every window of which was like a flame. "But one cannot be too late at such houses," Mrs. Esterly whispered, when they had gained the dressing-room. "It is something to escape one hour at least of martyrdom, and nobody knows how many awkward introductions to people one really cannot recognize again." Then she led the way to the rooms below. "A crush of course—such people always think there is strength in numbers." But the remark was lost upon Elinor, who was making her stately courtesies and saying the words which one always says as in a dream, hardly conscious of the flaring lights and gayly-dressed throng about her, knowing only that Diedrich Lisle stood near. Her dress brushed him as she passed, but his head was bent to the dark girl whose hand he had just released from his arm—Za Cordis, it was, who shook out her scarlet and gold plumage, and flashed a smile from her dusky eyes as the crimson gown swept by. With the passionate sweet strains of the waltz dying away upon her ear came a thrill of pain to Elinor. "But I can bear it," she was saying to herself bravely. "O! I can bear it." For had she not caught a glimpse of his face—the handsome face made strong by a new purpose! The music changed into a wild clash and jangle of joy, and a sudden gladness filled her heart—almost like the rejoicing which was to have come by and by.

They passed on down the rooms—Mrs. Esterly with a graceful word for the people it was safe to know, and a polite obliviousness to every one else.

"Mr. Jocelyn! A mercy, I am sure;" as Jack Jocelyn's countenance beamed upon them. "If you could take us out of this! I suppose there must be a place somewhere for one to breathe. Horrible is it not? There, that will do, thank you," when they had gained a wide corridor, comparatively empty, which led to the ball-room. "A galop, is it? Certainly, Elinor, I see Major Spence is trying to reach us; but it seems likely to be a work of time: don't wait, I shall do nicely now, and you can find me here when you return." So Elinor, leaning upon Jack Jocelyn's arm, followed the crowd to the ball-room.

Such a wearisome dance as it was! with Jack Jocelyn radiant and happy, whispering she knew not what in her ear, while the music that tried to be gay but held ever a minor refrain, like a sad recollection, bore them on and on. "You are tired," he said at last, tenderly. "Why did you not tell me?" for Elinor's feet had suddenly lagged in the measure, while a strange faintness crept over her as, after one breathless pause, while her heart stood still and the blazing lights blurred and dimmed before her eyes, there came slowly borne to her down the length of the room the song which Deck had chanted upon the rocks—the song which needed no words. It was nothing, he had said, without the twinkle of dancing feet.

"Take me away," she whispered; "O! Jack, please take me away."

It was a pretty little nest under the winding stairs where he led her; half hidden by a curtain of trailing vines, softly lighted; a bower from an old song, all fragrant with heliotropes, all silver and pink—even to the rosebuds under the slippered feet. She lay back in one of the delicate gothic chairs, her eyes closed, her hands fallen upon her knee—like a pictured queen who had found her crown heavy for the moment and so had laid it aside; like some poor young queen who carried a queen's heart—heavy and sad—Jack Jocelyn thought, and yet never guessing the truth; thinking only of her beauty and her weariness, and reproaching himself.

Suddenly the vines swayed and parted. It was Diedrich Lisle who flung the pretty green curtain aside, tearing it in his haste. "Elinor!" he exclaimed, with a great gladness in

his voice. She started, sitting upright, unclosing her eyes, the red called back to her cheek; then he hesitated, he stood still in his place staring at Jack Jocelyn, whose hand rested upon the back of her chair. All the eagerness and joy died out of his face. "I am too late," he said, turning slowly away. But Elinor rose from her chair. No queen ever left her throne in such haste. "I think," she began, stammering and blushing, and yet drawing near, "I believe I have been waiting for you." And she laid her hand in his arm. The flowers in her lap had fallen to the floor. Her gown swept them as he led her away.

Jack Jocelyn, picking up the bruised, forgotten blossoms, gazed after her confused, stunned, a blur before his eyes. Poor Jack Jocelyn!

"I dared not come to you,—not yet at least," Deck was saying; "but I thought if you were here to-night I should *know;* I had given it up in despair, when half an hour ago some one spoke your name. I have searched everywhere for you since then. 'Proud as a queen,' they said, when they spoke your name; —and I—I am a mechanic, Elinor, while you are born to the purple. I have worked with my hands, perhaps I may again; I like it, I believe I have found my place at last. What do you say to that?" He spoke hurriedly, anxiously, but with no shame in his voice, rather with honest pride.

"What do I say?" Elinor answered with a soft little laugh,—all this seemed as nothing to her. Besides she had known it for a long time, longer than he imagined. "I will say anything you wish, Deck."

What could he desire more?

"O, you silly people!" was Mrs. Esterly's comment and congratulation when they stood hooded and cloaked under the porte-cochère at last, waiting for the carriage; "when all this might have been a year ago or more, and saved a deal of heart-ache." And she glanced at Elinor as she spoke.

Deck had taken a heavy plaid from his own shoulders and was throwing it over Elinor's white wrap to shield her from the chill night air. "Are you sorry?" she asked, anxiously searching his face, under the gas-light.

"No, a thousand times no," he answered. At which Mrs. Esterly wondered; but Elinor understood it all, and was content.

THE SONG-SPARROW.

GLIMMERS gray the leafless thicket,
  There, beside the garden gate,
Where so light from post to picket
  Hops the sparrow, blithe, sedate,
    Who, with meekly folded wing,
    Comes to sun himself and sing.

It was there, perhaps, last year,
  That his little house he built;
For he seems to perk and peer,
  And to twitter, too, and tilt
    The bare branches in between,
    With a fond, familiar mien.

Once, I know, there was a nest,
  Held there by the sideward thrust
Of those twigs that touch his breast;
  Though 'tis gone now. Some rude gust
    Caught it, over-full of snow,—
    Bent the bush;—and stole it so.

So too our own nests are tossed,
  Ruthless, by the wreaking wind,
When, with stiffening winter's frost,
  Woods we dwelt in, green, are thinn'd
    Of leafage all, and grown too cold
    For wing'd hopes purely summer-souled.

But if we, with spring-days mellow,
Wake to woful wrecks of change,
And the sparrow's ritornello
Scaling still its old sweet range;
Can we do a better thing
Than, with him, still build and sing?

O, my sparrow, thou dost breed
Thought in me beyond all telling;
Shootest through me sunlight, seed,
And fruitful blessing, with that welling
Ripple of ecstatic rest,
Gurgling ever from thy breast!

And thy breathing, breeze-like, stirs
In my veins a genial flood,
Such as through the sapwood spurs,
Swells and shapes the pointed bud
Of the lilac; and besets
The hollows thick with violets.

Yet I know not any charm
That can make the fleeting time
Of thy sylvan, faint alarm
Suit itself to this rough rhyme:
Still my ruder rhythmic word
Stifles thy rare strain, dear bird.

And, however thou hast wrought
This wild joy on heart and brain,
It is better left untaught.
Take thou up the song again:
There is nothing sad afloat
On the tide that swells thy throat.

THE LATER LIFE AND RELIGIOUS SENTIMENTS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.*

WHILE the fate and future of the Christian religion in no wise depends upon the sentiments of Abraham Lincoln, yet the life and character of this remarkable man belong to the public, to tell for evil or for good on coming generations; and as the attempt has been made to impute to him the vilest sentiments, even to his dying day, it is fitting and just that the weakness and infidelity charged upon his later life should not go down unchallenged to posterity. The latest biography of Mr. Lincoln, published under the name of Col. W. H. Lamon, but with the large co-operation of Mr. W. H. Herndon, concerns itself with the endeavor to establish certain allegations injurious to the good name of that illustrious man, whose tragic and untimely death has consecrated his memory in the hearts of a grateful nation. Two charges in this biography are worthy of especial notice and disproof,—the charge that he was born a bastard, and the charge that he died an infidel. Mr. Lamon

* The accompanying article was originally prepared by its author (the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, in Springfield, Illinois), as a lecture, and has been repeatedly given in that form to various audiences. At the request of the Editor of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, to whom it seemed that the testimony contained in the lecture was of permanent value, it is here presented with slight alterations, and with no departure from the rhetorical style which was determined by its original purpose.

begins his pleasing task by raising dark and unfounded insinuations as to the legitimacy of his hero, and then occupies from twenty-five to thirty pages with evidence to prove that Mr. Lincoln was a confirmed infidel, and died playing a "sharp game on the Christian community:" that, in his "morbid ambition for popularity," he would say good Lord or good Devil, "adjusting his religious sentiments to his political interests." In meeting these insinuations and charges I shall necessarily have recourse to political documents and papers, but it shall not be my aim to parade Mr. Lincoln's political opinions, further than to eliminate from his writings and speeches his religious sentiments.

As to the ungracious insinuation that Mr. Lincoln was not the child of lawful wedlock, I have only to say that it is an insinuation unsupported by a shadow of justifiable evidence. The only thing on which Mr. Lamon bases the insinuation is, that *he* has been unable to find any record of the marriage of Mr. Lincoln's parents. Just as if it would be any evidence against the fact of their marriage if no record could be found. If every man in this country is to be considered as illegitimate who cannot produce his parents' certificate of marriage, or find a record of it in a family Bible anywhere, there will be a good many very respectable people in the same category with Mr. Lincoln. Such an insinuation might be raised with as much plausibility in the case of multitudes of the early settlers of the country. It is a questionable act of friendship thus to rake "the short and simple annals of the poor," and upon such slender evidence raise an insinuation so unfounded. But I am prepared to show that if Mr. Lamon has found no record of the marriage of Mr. Lincoln's parents, it is simply because he has not extended his researches as faithfully in this direction as he has in some others. It appears that there is a well-authenticated record of the marriage of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, and, in the same connection, the birth of Abraham Lincoln and Sarah Lincoln. Hearing that the Hon. J. C. Black, of Champaign, Ill., a warm personal friend of Mr. Lincoln, had in his possession several papers, given to him soon after Mr. Lincoln's death by a member of the family, and among them a leaf from the family Bible containing the record of the marriage of Mr. Lincoln's parents, I at once telegraphed to him in relation to this record, and have in my possession the following letter, which will explain itself:—

CHAMPAIGN, ILL., Jan. 8th, 1873.

J. A. REED:

DEAR SIR—Your telegram of the 7th reached me this A.M. In reply permit me to say that I was in possession of the leaf of which you speak, and which contained the record of the marriage of Thos. Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, the birth of Abraham Lincoln and Sarah Lincoln. The leaf is very old, and is the last page of the Apocrypha. It was given to me, with certificate of genuineness, by Dennis F. Hanks in 1866. I have sent both record and certificate to Wm. P. Black, Att'y at law, 131 Laselle street, Chicago, Ill., and duly by him delivered to the Illinois Historical Association. Hon. I. N. Arnold called on my brother and obtained the originals for use in a revised edition of his life of Lincoln, and I understand that since then they have passed into the hands of Robt. Lincoln, Esq., where they were when I last heard from them. Hoping that what I have written may be of some use, I remain very truly yours,

J. C. BLACK.

Presuming that the first of Col. Lamon's libels upon Mr. Lincoln's memory is thus sufficiently disposed of, I proceed to consider the charges against his religious life and character. The best refutation of these charges lies on the pages of the book in which they are advanced. However skeptical Mr. Lincoln may have been in his earlier life, Mr. Lamon persists in asserting and attempting to prove that he continued a confirmed skeptic to the last: that he was an unbeliever in the truth of the Christian religion, and died an infidel; that, while "he was by no means free from a kind of belief in the supernatural, he rejected the great facts of Christianity as wanting the support of authentic evidence;" that, "during all the time of his residence at Springfield and in Washington, he never let fall from his lips an expression which remotely implied the slightest faith in Jesus Christ, as the Son of God and the Saviour of men;" that "he was at all times an infidel." From twenty-five to thirty pages of evidence is produced in proof of this allegation.

But all this positive statement as to Mr. Lincoln's persistent and final infidelity is contradicted by the admissions of the book itself. It is admitted that there did come a time in Mr. Lincoln's life at Springfield when he began to affiliate with Christian people, and to give his personal presence and support to the church. It is admitted that he did so plausibly identify himself with the Christian community that "his New Salem associates and the aggressive deists with whom he originally united at Springfield gradually dispersed and fell away from his side." Here is the fact, openly and squarely stated by Mr. Lamon, that Mr. Lincoln, even while at Springfield, did make such a change in his sentiments and bearing to-

ward the Christian community, that "the aggressive deists and infidels with whom he originally united gradually dispersed and fell away from his side." He no sooner turned away from them in sentiment than they turned away from him in fact.

But how does the biographer attempt to explain this? How does he account for this admitted and observable change in Mr. Lincoln's life, that relieved him of the presence of so much aggressive deistical company? Why, by means of an explanation that kills the accusation itself—an explanation that fastens upon Mr. Lincoln the very charge of hypocrisy against which he professes to defend him. He accounts for this admitted and observable change in the attitude of Mr. Lincoln towards the Christian community, not by supposing that there was any sincerity about it, but by affirming that he was trying "to play a sharp game on the Christians of Springfield!" It was because "he was a wily politician, and did not disdain to regulate his religious manifestations with reference to his political interests:" and because, "seeing the immense and augmenting power of the churches, he aspired to lead the religious community, foreseeing that in order to his political success he must not appear an enemy within their gates." And yet, if we are to believe Col. Lamon, he was an enemy all the while at heart; and while attending church, and supporting the Gospel, and making Sabbath-school speeches, and speeches before the Bible Society, he was at heart a disbeliever of the truth and an antagonist of the cause which he professed to be supporting. In other words, he was all these years playing the arrant hypocrite; deceiving the Christian community and wheedling it for political purposes; playing the rôle of a Gospel hearer in the sanctuary, and a hail fellow well met with profane fellows of the baser sort in the private sanctum of infidelity or "aggressive deism."

Strangely enough, however, Col. Lamon and his companion in authorship not only praise Mr. Lincoln's greatness, but laud his singular conscientiousness and integrity of motive almost to perfection. Says Mr. Herndon, "He was justly entitled to the appellation, Honest Abe;" "honesty was his pole star; conscience, the faculty that loves the just and the right, was the second great quality and *forte* of Mr. Lincoln's character." He had a deep, broad, living conscience. His great reason told him what was true and good, right and wrong, just or unjust, and his conscience echoed back the decision, and it was from this point he spoke and wove his character and fame among us. His conscience ruled his heart." (See Herndon's letter in Carpenter's *Life of Lincoln.*)

In confirmation of this, Mr. Lamon goes on to show that Mr. Lincoln scorned everything like hypocrisy or deceit. In fact he makes his hero to be such a paragon of honesty and conscious integrity of motive that he would not undertake to plead a bad cause before a jury if he could possibly shift the responsibility over on to some other lawyer, whose conscience was not quite so tender. He brings in the testimony of a most reputable lawyer of another place in confirmation of this, who states: "That for a man who was for a quarter of a century both a lawyer and a politician, Mr. Lincoln was the most honest man I ever knew. He was not only morally honest but intellectually so. He could not reason falsely; if he attempted it he failed. In politics he never would try to mislead. At the bar, when he thought he was wrong, he was the weakest lawyer I ever saw." "In a closely contested case where Mr. Lincoln had proved an account for a client, who was, though he knew it not, a very slippery fellow, the opposing attorney afterward proved a receipt clearly covering the entire case. By the time he was through Mr. Lincoln was missing. The court sent for him to the hotel. 'Tell the judge,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'that I can't come; my hands are dirty and I came over to clean them.'"

Page after page is thus taken to show Mr. Lincoln's singular conscientiousness and honesty, his incapability of hypocrisy or deceit, as a lawyer, a politician and a gentleman. And yet these consistent biographers go back on all this testimony of their own mouths when they come to explain the admitted change in his life, when he began to lean toward the church, and the "aggressive deists" parted company with him. Then they find it convenient to call him a "wily politician," who is "playing a sharp game with the Christians;" "the cautious pretender who does not disdain to regulate his religious manifestations with reference to his political interests." They saddle upon him the vilest hypocrisy and deceit, and make him "act the liar's part," in order to send him down to posterity an infidel. On one page they reason that Mr. Lincoln could not have made any such admissions of his belief in the Christian religion as have been maintained, as such admissions would be contrary to his well-known character; on the next page they affirm that Mr. Lincoln

could not act the hypocrite; and on a third they do not hesitate to attribute to him the very grossest duplicity, in their zeal to fasten on him the charge of permanent skepticism. They go back on their own logic, eat their own argument, and give the lie to the very charge they are laboring with such considerable pains to establish.

The book, therefore, I repeat, bears on its own pages the best refutation of the charge it makes against Mr. Lincoln. Surely, such serious inconsistency of statement, such illogical absurdity, even, could hardly have escaped the notice of the biographers if some preconceived opinion had not prejudiced their minds and blinded their eyes. The *animus* of the book and the purpose for which it was written are only too apparent.

Perhaps it might suffice to rest the refutation of this charge against Mr. Lincoln's religious character on the internal evidence of Col. Lamon's volume, with which I have thus far been occupied. But there is something to be said concerning the authenticity and accuracy of the testimony by which the charge seems to be supported.

I have been amazed to find that the principal persons whose testimony is given in this book to prove that their old friend lived and died an infidel, never wrote a word of it, and never gave it as their opinion or allowed it to be published as covering their estimate of Mr. Lincoln's life and religious views. They were simply familiarly interviewed, and their testimony misrepresented, abridged and distorted to suit the purpose of the interviewer, and the business he had on hand.

The two gentlemen whose names are most relied upon, and who stand first on the list of witnesses to establish the charge these biographers have made, are the Hon. John T. Stuart, and Col. Jas. H. Matheny, of Springfield, old and intimate friends of Mr. Lincoln.

Hon. John T. Stuart is an ex-member of Congress, and was Mr. Lincoln's first law partner,—a gentleman of the highest standing and ability in his profession, and of unimpeachable integrity. Mr. Lamon has attributed to Mr. Stuart testimony the most disparaging and damaging to Mr. Lincoln's character and opinions,—testimony which Mr. Stuart utterly repudiates, both as to language and sentiment, as the following letter shows :—

SPRINGFIELD, Dec. 17th, 1872.

REV. J. A. REED :

DEAR SIR—My attention has been called to a statement in relation to the religious opinions of Mr. Lincoln, purporting to have been made by me, and published in Lamon's *Life of Lincoln*. The language of that statement is not mine; it was not written by me, and I did not see it until it was in print.

I was once interviewed on the subject of Mr. Lincoln's religious opinions, and doubtless said that Mr. Lincoln was in the earlier part of his life an infidel. I could not have said that "Dr. Smith tried to convert Lincoln from infidelity so late as 1858, and couldn't do it." In relation to that point, I stated, in the same conversation, some facts which are omitted in that statement, and which I will briefly repeat. That Eddie, a child of Mr. Lincoln, died in 1848 or 1849, and that he and his wife were in deep grief on that account. That Dr. Smith, then Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Springfield, at the suggestion of a lady friend of theirs, called upon Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, and that first visit resulted in great intimacy and friendship between them, lasting till the death of Mr. Lincoln, and continuing with Mrs. Lincoln till the death of Dr. Smith. I stated that I had heard, at the time, that Dr. Smith and Mr. Lincoln had much discussion in relation to the truth of the Christian religion, and that Dr. Smith had furnished Mr. Lincoln with books to read on that subject, and among others one which had been written by himself, some time previous, on infidelity; and that Dr. Smith claimed that after this investigation Mr. Lincoln had changed his opinion, and become a believer in the truth of the Christian religion: that Mr. Lincoln and myself never conversed upon that subject, and I had no personal knowledge as to his alleged change of opinion. I stated, however, that it was certainly true, that up to that time Mr. Lincoln had never regularly attended any place of religious worship, but that after that time he rented a pew in the First Presbyterian Church, and with his family constantly attended the worship in that church until he went to Washington as President. This much I said at the time, and can now add that the Hon. Ninian W. Edwards, the brother-in-law of Mr. Lincoln, has within a few days, informed me that when Mr. Lincoln commenced attending the First Presbyterian Church he admitted to him that his views had undergone the change claimed by Dr. Smith.

I would further say that Dr. Smith was a man of very great ability, and on theological and metaphysical subjects had few superiors and not many equals.

Truthfulness was a prominent trait in Mr. Lincoln's character, and it would be impossible for any intimate friend of his to believe that he ever aimed to deceive, either by his words or his conduct.

Yours truly,

JOHN T. STUART.

Similar testimony, to the extent of a page or more of finely printed matter, Mr. Lamon attributes to Col. Jas. H. Matheny, of Springfield, Ill., an old acquaintance of Mr. Lincoln, an able lawyer and of high standing in the community. Mr. Matheny testifies that he never wrote a word of what is attributed to him; that it is not a fair representation of either his language or his opinions, and that he never would have allowed such an article to be published as covering his estimate of Mr. Lincoln's life and character. Here is what this gentleman has to say, given over his own signature :—

SPRINGFIELD, Dec. 16th, 1872.

REV. J. A. REED:

DEAR SIR—The language attributed to me in Lamon's book is not from my pen. I did not write it, and it does not express my sentiments of Mr. Lincoln's entire life and character. It is a mere collection of sayings gathered from private conversations that were only true of Mr. Lincoln's earlier life. I would not have allowed such an article to be printed over my signature as covering my opinion of Mr. Lincoln's life and religious sentiments. While I do believe Mr. Lincoln to have been an infidel in his former life, when his mind was as yet unformed, and his associations principally with rough and skeptical men, yet I believe he was a very different man in later life; and that after associating with a different class of men, and investigating the subject, he was a firm believer in the Christian religion.

Yours truly,

JAS. H. MATHENY.

It is unnecessary that I occupy more space with the rest of the testimony, as there is none of it given over the signature of anybody, save that which is given over the signature of W. H. Herndon. All aside from this bears evidence of having been manipulated to suit the purpose for which it is wanted, and is either contradictory, or fails to cover the whole of Mr. Lincoln's life. Judge Davis, for instance, is made to say: "I don't know anything about Lincoln's religion, nor do I think anybody else knows anything about it." Of what value can the testimony be that is prefaced with such declarations of knowing nothing about the matter?

John J. Nicolay is made to testify, that "to his knowledge Mr. Lincoln did not change his views after he came to Washington;" and yet he states in immediate connection that "he does not know what his views were, never having heard him explain them.'

Jesse W. Fell either testifies, or is made to testify, to Mr. Lincoln's skeptical notions. And yet Mr. Fell admits that it "was eight or ten years previous to his death" that he believed him to be entertaining the views of which he speaks, "and that he *may have changed his sentiments* after his removal from among us." All this would be strange kind of testimony on which to convict Mr. Lincoln of murder in the presence of a judge and jury. But with such evidence it is sought to convict him of infidelity.

We are enabled to see, therefore, in the light of this revelation, of what "trustworthy materials" this book is composed; how much Mr. Lamon's "names and dates and authorities, by which he strengthens his testimony," are to be depended upon; and what reason unsuspecting or sympathizing critics and journalists have for arriving at the sage conclusion that Mr. Lincoln "was, in his habit of thought, heterodox in the extreme to the close of his life, and a very different man from what he was supposed to be." The evidence of this book, so far as the prominent witnesses are concerned, and so far as it relates to the later years of Mr. Lincoln's life, is not only utterly untrustworthy, but even an ingenious and romantic invention.

Having shown what claims Mr. Lamon's book has to being the "only fair and reliable history" of Mr. Lincoln's life and views, and of what "trustworthy materials" it is composed, I shall now give the testimony I have collected to establish what has ever been the public impression, that Mr. Lincoln was in his later life, and at the time of his death, a firm believer in the truth of the Christian religion. The infidelity of his earlier life is not so much to be wondered at, when we consider the poverty of his early religious instruction and the peculiar influences by which he was surrounded. Gideon Welles, formerly Secretary of the Navy, in a recent article in the *Galaxy*, in accounting for the late and peculiar manifestation of faith which Mr. Lincoln exhibited, says: "It was doubtless to be attributed in a great measure to the absence of early religious culture—a want of educational advantages in his youthful frontier life." This, together with the fact that his youth and early manhood were spent chiefly among a rough, illiterate and skeptical class of people, is amply confirmed by Mr. Lamon's narrative.

On the same authority it appears that Mr. Lincoln had in his former life read but few books, and that everything he had read, of an intellectual character, bearing on the truth of the Bible, was of an infidel sort. It does not appear that he had ever seen, much less read, a work on the evidences of Christianity till his interview with Rev. Dr. Smith in 1848. We hear of him as reading Paine, Voltaire and Theodore Parker, but nothing on the other side. The men by whom he was surrounded in his earlier life, it seems, kept him well supplied with their kind of literature. He was familiar with some of the master spirits of infidelity and theism, but had never grappled with the evidences of Christianity as presented by the great defenders of the Christian faith.

But then Mr. Lincoln's mind was of too much greatness and intellectual candor to remain the victim of a false theory in the presence of clear and sufficient intellectual testimony. And he no sooner, in the providence of God, was placed in possession of

the truth, and led to investigate for himself, than he stood firmly and avowedly on the side of the Christian religion.

In proof of this statement, I first of all produce the testimony of Rev. Dr. Smith, Mr. Lincoln's pastor at Springfield. In relation to Mr. Lincoln's opinion of Dr. Smith, it is only necessary for me to state that he stood so high in his esteem, that he gave him the appointment of Consul to Glasgow. Dr. Smith was in Scotland at the time of Mr. Lincoln's death, and soon after this sad event, Mr. Herndon conceived the notion of collecting materials for his intended biography. He accordingly addressed a letter to Dr. Smith in Scotland, with the view of getting some information from so respectable a source to prove that Mr. Lincoln had died an infidel. In this however he was mistaken, to his evident chagrin and disappointment. I shall give some extracts from Dr. Smith's printed letter, which is to be found in the *Springfield Journal* of March, 1867, in which he gives his opinion of both Mr. Herndon and Mr. Lincoln.

EAST CAINNO, SCOTLAND, 24th Jan. 1867.

W. H. HERNDON, ESQ. :

SIR—Your letter of the 20th Dec. was duly received. In it you ask me to answer several questions in relation to the illustrious President, Abraham Lincoln. With regard to your second question, I beg leave to say it is a very easy matter to prove that while I was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Springfield, Mr. Lincoln did avow his belief in the divine authority and inspiration of the Scriptures, and I hold that it is a matter of the last importance not only to the present, but all future generations of the Great Republic, and to all advocates of civil and religious liberty throughout the world, that this avowal on his part, and the circumstances attending it, together with very interesting incidents illustrative of the excellence of his character, in my possession, should be made known to the public. I am constrained, however, most respectfully to decline choosing you as the medium through which such a communication shall be made by me. [Omitting that portion of the letter which bears on Mr. Herndon, I give what is written in vindication of Mr. Lincoln.—J. A. R.] My intercourse with Abraham Lincoln convinced me that he was not only an honest man, but preëminently an upright man—ever ready, so far as in his power, to render unto all their dues.

It was my honor to place before Mr. Lincoln arguments designed to prove the divine authority and inspiration of the Scriptures, accompanied by the arguments of infidel objectors in their own language. To the arguments on both sides Mr. Lincoln gave a most patient, impartial and searching investigation. To use his own language, he examined the arguments as a lawyer who is anxious to reach the truth investigates testimony. The result was the announcement by himself that the argument in favor of the divine authority and inspiration of the Scriptures was unanswerable. I could say much more on this subject, but as you are the person addressed, for the present I decline. The assassin Booth, by his diabolical act, unwittingly sent the illustrious martyr to glory, honor and immortality; but his false friend has attempted to send him down to posterity with infamy branded on his forehead, as a man who, notwithstanding all he suffered for his country's good, was destitute of those feelings and affections without which there can be no real excellency of character. Sir, I am with due respect your obedient servant,

JAS. SMITH.

N.B.—It will no doubt be gratifying to the friends of Christianity to learn that very shortly after Mr. Lincoln became a member of my congregation, at my request, in the presence of a large assembly at the annual meeting of the Bible Society of Springfield, he delivered an address the object of which was to inculcate the importance of having the Bible placed in possession of every family in the State. In the course of it he drew a striking contrast between the Decalogue and the moral codes of the most eminent lawgivers of antiquity, and closed (as near as I can recollect) in the following language: "It seems to me that nothing short of infinite wisdom could by any possibility have devised and given to man this excellent and perfect moral code. It is suited to men in all conditions of life, and includes all the duties they owe to their Creator, to themselves, and to their fellow-men."

J. S.

Mr. Lamon, aware of the importance of Dr. Smith's testimony, attempts to break the force of it by the *argumentum ad nauseam*. He alludes to Dr. Smith as a gentleman of "slender abilities for the conversion of so distinguished a person, and as having in his zeal composed a heavy tract out of his own head to suit the particular case, and that he afterwards *drew* the acknowledgment from Mr. Lincoln that it was unanswerable," and that he himself is the only man that can testify of such an admission on the part of Mr. Lincoln. This is all the gratuitous assertion of a man who is driven to the wall for evidence to prove his point. Now John T. Stuart has already testified to Dr. Smith's abilities as a theologian and a metaphysician having few superiors. He testifies to the fact that Dr. Smith's work was not written to suit Mr. Lincoln's case. It was written previously, before Dr. Smith ever saw Mr. Lincoln. Nor is it true that Dr. Smith is the only one who can testify to an admission on the part of Mr. Lincoln of a change of sentiments. There are many residents of Springfield, both ladies and gentlemen, who can testify to this admission. I give one or two letters as a sample.

SPRINGFIELD, Dec. 24th, 1872.

REV. JAS. A. REED :

DEAR SIR—A short time after the Rev. Dr. Smith became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in this city, Mr. Lincoln said to me, "I have been reading a work of Dr. Smith on the evidences of

Christianity, and have heard him preach and converse on the subject, and I am now convinced of the truth of the Christian religion."

Yours truly,
N. W. EDWARDS.

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 6th, 1873.

REV. J. A. REED:

DEAR SIR—Not long after Dr. Smith came to Springfield, and I think very near the time of his son's death, Mr. Lincoln said to me, that when on a visit somewhere, he had seen and partially read a work of Dr. Smith on the evidences of Christianity which had led him to change his views about the Christian religion; that he would like to get that work to finish the reading of it, and also to make the acquaintance of Dr. Smith. I was an elder in Dr. Smith's church, and took Dr. Smith to Mr. Lincoln's office and introduced him, and Dr. Smith gave Mr. Lincoln a copy of his book, as I know, at his own request.

Yours, &c.,
THOS. LEWIS.

There are many others who can testify that Mr. Lincoln, both publicly and privately while at Springfield, made the admission of his belief in the truth of the Christian religion. He did it in most unequivocal language, in addresses before the Bible Society and in Sabbath-school.

I next refer to the testimony of Rev. Dr. Gurley, Mr. Lincoln's pastor at Washington city. Even if, before his election to the presidency, Mr. Lincoln had entertained the sentiments attributed to him, after he had reached the pinnacle of political elevation, there was certainly no necessity for him any longer to be "playing a sharp game with the Christians," and destroying his peace of mind by wearing the mask of hypocrisy. He was surely free now to worship where he felt most comfortable. But we no sooner find him in Washington than we find him settling down under the ministry of Dr. Gurley, a sound and orthodox minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Dr. Gurley was his intimate friend, and spiritual counselor and adviser, during the most trying and difficult time of his life. He was with him not only in the hours of his personal family bereavement, but when his heart was heavy and perplexed with the welfare of his country. Having been associated with Dr. Gurley in the charge of his pulpit for a time previous to his death, and being intimately acquainted with him, I have had the opportunity of knowing what his views of Mr. Lincoln's sentiments were. In the funeral oration which Dr. Gurley delivered in Washington, he says:

"Probably since the days of Washington no man was ever so deeply and firmly embedded and enshrined in the hearts of the people as Abraham Lincoln. Nor was it a mistaken confidence and love. He deserved it—deserved it all. He merited it by his character, by his acts, and by the whole tone and tenor of his life . . . His integrity was thorough, all-pervading, all-controlling and incorruptible. He saw his duty as the Chief Magistrate of a great and imperiled people, and he determined to do his duty, seeking the guidance, and leaning on the arm of Him of whom it is written: 'He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength.'

"Never shall I forget the emphatic and deep emotion with which he said in this very room, to a company of clergymen who called to pay their respects to him in the darkest days of our civil conflict: 'Gentlemen, my hope of success in this struggle rests on that immutable foundation, the justness and the goodness of God; and when events are very threatening I still hope that in some way all will be well in the end, because our cause is just and God will be on our side.'"

This was uttered when Dr. Gurley was not aware, as I suppose, that Mr. Lincoln had ever been charged with entertaining infidel sentiments. While sitting in the study one day with him, conversing on Mr. Lincoln's character, I asked him about the rumor of his infidelity then being circulated by Mr. Herndon. He said, "I do not believe a word of it. It could not have been true of him while here, for I have had frequent and intimate conversations with him on the subject of the Bible and the Christian religion, when he could have had no motive to deceive me, and I considered him sound not only on the truth of the Christian religion but on all its fundamental doctrines and teaching. And more than that: in the latter days of his chastened and weary life, after the death of his son Willie, and his visit to the battle-field of Gettysburg, he said, with tears in his eyes, that he had lost confidence in everything but God, and that he now believed his heart was changed, and that he loved the Saviour, and if he was not deceived in himself, it was his intention soon to make a profession of religion." Language to this effect Mr. Lincoln, it appears, used in conversation with other persons, and I refer next to the corroborating testimony of Noah Brooks, Esq., now associated with the New York *Tribune*. This gentleman has already published most interesting testimony in relation to Mr. Lincoln's religious sentiments in *Harper's Monthly* of July, 1865. In order that his testimony may be fully appreciated, I will here state, on the authority of a mutual friend, that "Mr. Brooks is himself

an earnest Christian man, and had the appointment of private secretary to the President, to which office he would have acceded had Mr. Lincoln lived. He was so intimate with the President that he visited him socially at times when others were refused admission, took tea with the family, spending evenings with him, reading to him, and conversing with him freely on social and religious topics, and in my opinion knows more of the secret inner life and religious views of Mr. Lincoln, at least during the term of his presidency, than any man living." The following is a letter which I have received from Mr. Brooks in relation to his views of Mr. Lincoln's religious sentiments :—

NEW YORK, Dec. 31st, 1872.

REV. J. A. REED:

MY DEAR SIR—In addition to what has appeared from my pen, I will state that I have had many conversations with Mr. Lincoln, which were more or less of a religious character, and while I never tried to draw anything like a statement of his views from him, yet he freely expressed himself to me as having "a hope of blessed immortality through Jesus Christ." His views seemed to settle so naturally around that statement, that I considered no other necessary. His language seemed not that of an inquirer, but of one who had a prior settled belief in the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion. Once or twice, speaking to me of the change which had come upon him, he said, while he could not fix any definite time, yet it was after he came here, and I am very positive that in his own mind he identified it with about the time of Willie's death. He said, too, that after he went to the White House he kept up the habit of daily prayer. Sometimes he said it was only ten words, but those ten words he had. There is no possible reason to suppose that Mr. Lincoln would ever deceive me as to his religious sentiments. In many conversations with him, I absorbed the firm conviction that Mr. Lincoln was at heart a Christian man, believed in the Saviour, and was seriously considering the step which would formally connect him with the visible Church on earth. Certainly, any suggestion as to Mr. Lincoln's skepticism or infidelity, to me who knew him intimately from 1862 till the time of his death, is a monstrous fiction—a shocking perversion.

Yours truly,

NOAH BROOKS.

The following extract I add also from Mr. Brooks's article in *Harper's Monthly* of July, 1865: "There was something touching in his child-like and simple reliance on Divine aid, especially when in such extremities as he sometimes fell into; then, though prayer and reading the Scriptures was his constant habit, he more earnestly than ever sought that strength which is promised when mortal help faileth. He said once, 'I have been many times driven to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom, and that of all about me, seemed insufficient for that day.' At another time he said, 'I am very sure that if I do not go away from here a wiser man, I shall go away a better man for having learned here what a very poor sort of a man I am.'"

Mr. Carpenter, author of *Six Months in the White House*, whose intimacy with Mr. Lincoln gives importance to his testimony, says that "he believed Mr. Lincoln to be a sincere Christian," and among other proofs of it gives another well-authenticated admission (made by Mr. Lincoln to an estimable lady of Brooklyn, laboring in the Christian Commission) of a change of heart, and of his intention at some suitable opportunity to make a profession of religion.

Mr. Newton Bateman, Superintendent of Public Instruction in the State of Illinois, a gentleman of rare literary attainments, and of unquestionable veracity, has given very important testimony in relation to one particular point, more especially, Mr. Lincoln's belief in the divinity of Jesus Christ. Both Mr. Herndon and Mr. Lamon persist in asserting that Mr. Lincoln never used the name of Jesus Christ except to deny his divinity, and that Mr. Bateman is "the sole and only man who dare say that Mr. Lincoln believed Jesus Christ to be the Son of God."

Mr. Bateman testifies that in 1860, Mr. Lincoln in conversation with him used the following language : "I know that there is a God, and that He hates injustice and slavery. I see the storm coming, and I know that His hand is in it. If He has a place and a work for me, and I think He has, I believe I am ready. I am nothing, but truth is everything. I know I am right, because I know that liberty is right, for Christ teaches it and Christ is God. I have told them a house divided against itself cannot stand; and Christ and reason say the same, and they will find it so," &c. This testimony was originally given in Holland's *Life of Lincoln*. Mr. Herndon, at first unwilling to impeach Mr. Bateman's veracity, suggests a doubt "whether he is correctly reported in Holland's history;" presently, however, summoning courage, he ventures the affirmation : "On my word the world may take it for granted that Holland is wrong; that he does not state Mr. Lincoln's views correctly." He then goes on to say that "between himself and Dr. Holland, Mr. Bateman is not in a very pleasant situation." We have seen, however, that Mr. Herndon's "word," in a matter where his prejudices are so violent and his convictions so obstinate,

is hardly a sufficient denial with which to oppose the deliberate and unretracted statement of an intelligent and reputable witness. And Mr. Bateman has no need to be disturbed, so long as the "unpleasantness" of his situation is occasioned by no more serious discomfort than Mr. Herndon's unsupported contradiction. As the matter now stands, Mr. Herndon offers a denial, based on general impressions as to Mr. Lincoln's character, against the direct, specific, and detailed testimony of a careful and competent man as to what he heard with his own ears. Mr. Herndon simply did not hear what Mr. Bateman did hear; and is in the position of that Irishman on trial for his life, who, when one witness swore directly that he saw the accused commit the crime, proposed to put upon the stand a dozen witnesses who could swear they did *not* see him.

Mr. Lamon also states that Mr. Bateman is a respectable citizen, whose general reputation for truth and veracity is not to be impeached, but his story, as reported in Holland's *Life of Lincoln*, is so inconsistent with Mr. Lincoln's whole character that it must be rejected as altogether incredible. Unfortunately, however, for Mr. Lamon, he has not so impressed us with the trustworthy nature of the materials of his own book, as that we can afford to distrust the honesty and integrity of either Dr. Holland or Mr. Bateman for his sake. If anybody's story of Mr. Lincoln's life and sentiments is to be "rejected as inconsistent and altogether incredible," the testimony thus far would seem to indicate that it is Mr. Lamon's story. At least that is the "unpleasant situation" in which we shall leave the matter, so far as Mr. Bateman and Dr. Holland are concerned in it.

But Mr. Bateman is not the only one who can testify that Mr. Lincoln did use the name of the Saviour, and believed him to be the Christ of God. I have given several instances already in which he used the name of Christ as his Saviour, and avowed that he loved him. Moreover, he could not have avowed his belief in the truth of the Christian religion, as many witnesses testify, if he did not believe Jesus to be the Christ of God.

To the various testimony which we have thus far cited it only remains for me to add the testimony of his own lips. In his address to the colored people of Baltimore, on the occasion of the presentation of a copy of the Bible, Mr. Lincoln said: "In regard to this great Book, I have only to say, it is the best gift which God has ever given to man. All the good from the Saviour of the world is communicated to us through this Book."

To the Hon. H. C. Deming, of Conn., he said that "the article of his faith was contained in the Saviour's condensed statement of both law and gospel—'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself.'"

Mr. Herndon affirms that Mr. Lincoln did not believe in the "Christian dogma of the forgiveness of sin:" he believed that "God would not and could not forgive sin. He did not believe in forgiveness through Christ, nor in fact in any doctrine of forgiveness. In reading Mr. Lincoln's proclamations, however, we find that he does very distinctly recognize the doctrine of the forgiveness of sin on the part of God, and very earnestly implores the people to seek the forgiveness of their sins. In his proclamation of a fast-day, August, 1861, are these words:

"And whereas, it is fit and becoming in all people, at all times, to acknowledge and revere the supreme government of God; to bow in humble submission to his chastisements; to confess and deplore their sins and transgressions, in the full conviction that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and to pray with all fervency and contrition for the *pardon* of their past offenses, and for a blessing on their present and prospective action," etc.

Read also his proclamation enforcing the observance of the Christian Sabbath in the Army and Navy, and ask yourself, Could an infidel have done this?

The President, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, desires and enjoins the orderly observance of the Sabbath by the officers and men in the military and naval service. The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of a Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine will, demand that Sunday labor in the Army and Navy be reduced to the measure of a strict necessity. The discipline and character of the National forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperiled, by the profanation of the day and the name of the Most High. At this time of public distress, adopting the words of Washington in 1776, "Men may find enough to do in the service of God and their country without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality." The first general order issued by the Father of his Country, after the Declaration of Independence, indicates the spirit in which our institutions were founded and should ever be defended: "The General hopes and trusts that every officer and man will endeavor to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Besides all this, we find Mr. Lincoln often using the very language of the Saviour, as not only expressing but giving the sanction of Divine authority to his own views and opinions. What a remarkable instance of it in the solemn words that fell from his lips in his last inaugural, as he stood on the steps of the Capitol! Standing upon the verge of his grave, as he was that day, and addressing his last official words to his countrymen, his lips touched as with the finger of inspiration, he said :—

"'The Almighty has His own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses will come; but woe unto the man by whom the offense cometh.' If we shall suppose that American Slavery is one of these offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern any departure therein from those Divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that the mighty scourge of war may pass away. Yet if God will that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so must it still be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

Thus it appears, that whether Mr. Lincoln was ever accustomed to blaspheme the name of Jesus Christ or not, or whether he was ever accustomed to deny His divinity or not, as his defamers allege, he is willing, in the last eventful days of his life, standing at the nation's Capitol, in the hearing of the swelling multitude that hangs upon his lips, to use the language of that Saviour to adorn and give the sanction of Divine authority to one of the most remarkable sentences of his official address.

Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, of Chicago, an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Lincoln, and who is engaged in a review of his work on Mr. Lincoln's life, writes me that "from the time he left Springfield, with the touching request for the prayers of his friends and neighbors, to the day of his death, his words were the words of a Christian, revering the Bible, and obeying its precepts. A spirit of reverence and deep religious feeling pervades nearly all the public utterances and state papers of his later life."

The following interesting testimony from Rev. Dr. Byron Sunderland, of the First Presbyterian Church of Washington City, gives us a little insight into the philosophy of Mr. Lincoln's mind and religious sentiments :—

WASHINGTON CITY, Nov. 15th, 1872.

REV. JAS. A. REED :

DEAR BRO.—It was in the last days of 1862, about the time Mr. Lincoln was seriously contemplating the issuing of the Emancipation proclamation, that I, in company with some friends of the President, called upon him. After some conversation, in which he seemed disposed to have his joke and fun, he settled down to a serious consideration of the subject before his mind, and for one half-hour poured forth a volume of the deepest Christian philosophy I ever heard. He began by saying—

"The ways of God are mysterious and profound beyond all comprehension—'who by searching can find Him out?' Now, judging after the manner of men, taking counsel of our sympathies and feelings, if it had been left to us to determine it, we would have had no war. And going further back to the occasion of it, we would have had no slavery. And tracing it still further back, we would have had no evil. There is the mystery of the universe which no man can solve, and it is at that point that the human understanding utterly backs down. And then there is nothing left but for the heart of man to take up faith and believe and trust where it cannot reason. Now, I believe we are all agents and instruments of Divine providence. On both sides we are working out the will of God; yet how strange the spectacle! Here is one half the nation prostrated in prayer that God will help them to destroy the Union and build up a government upon the corner-stone of human bondage. And here is the other half equally earnest in their prayers and efforts to defeat a purpose which they regard as so repugnant to their ideas of human nature and the rights of society, as well as liberty and independence. They want slavery; we want freedom. They want a servile class; we want to make equality practical as far as possible. And they are Christians, and we are Christians. They and we are praying and fighting for results exactly the opposite. What must God think of such a posture of affairs? There is but one solution —self-deception. Somewhere there is a fearful heresy in our religion, and I cannot think it lies in the love of liberty and in the aspirations of the human soul.

"What I am to do in the present emergency time will determine. I hold myself in my present position and with the authority vested in me as an instrument of Providence. I have my own views and purposes. I have my convictions of duty, and my notions of what is right to be done. But I am conscious every moment that all I am and all I have is subject to the control of a Higher Power, and that Power can use me or not use me in any manner, and at any time, as in His wisdom and might may be pleasing to Him.

"Nevertheless, I am no fatalist. I believe in the supremacy of the human conscience, and that men are responsible beings; that God has a right to hold them, and will hold them, to a strict personal account for the deeds done in the body. But, sirs, I do not mean to give you a lecture upon the doctrines of the Christian religion. These are simply with me the convictions and realities of great and vital truths, the power and demonstration of which I see now in the light of this our national struggle as I have never seen before.

God only knows the issue of this business. He has destroyed nations from the map of history for their sins. Nevertheless my hopes prevail generally above my fears for our own Republic. The times are dark, the spirits of ruin are abroad in all their power, and the mercy of God alone can save us."

So did the President discourse until we felt we were imposing on his time, and rising we took our leave of him, confident that he would be true to those convictions of right and duty which were derived from so deep a Christian philosophy.

Yours truly, BYRON SUNDERLAND.

The Rev. Dr. Miner, Pastor of the first Baptist Church of Springfield, who was intimately acquainted with Mr. Lincoln, and visited him and his family in Washington previous to his death, has left most interesting testimony in reference to Mr. Lincoln's religious sentiments, confirmatory of what has been given, and which is preserved in the archives of the University of Chicago. Dr. Miner sums up his impressions of Mr. Lincoln as follows: "All that was said during that memorable afternoon I spent alone with that great and good man is engraven too deeply on my memory ever to be effaced. I felt certain of this fact, that if Mr. Lincoln was not really an experimental Christian, he was acting like one. He was doing his duty manfully, and looking to God for help in time of need; and, like the immortal Washington, he believed in the efficacy of prayer, and it was his custom to read the Scriptures and pray himself." And here I would relate an incident which occurred on the 4th of March, 1861, as told me by Mrs. Lincoln. Said she: "Mr. Lincoln wrote the conclusion of his inaugural address the morning it was delivered. The family being present, he read it to them. He then said he wished to be left alone for a short time. The family retired to an adjoining room, but not so far distant but that the voice of prayer could be distinctly heard. There, closeted with God alone, surrounded by the enemies who were ready to take his life, he commended his country's cause and all dear to him to God's providential care, and with a mind calmed with communion with his Father in heaven, and courage equal to the danger, he came forth from that retirement ready for duty."

With such testimony, gathered from gentlemen of the highest standing, and much more that I could add to confirm it, I leave the later life and religious sentiments of Abraham Lincoln to the dispassionate and charitable judgment of a grateful people. While it is to be regretted that Mr. Lincoln was not spared to indicate his religious sentiments by a profession of his faith in accordance with the institutions of the Christian religion, yet it is very clear that he had this step in view, and was seriously contemplating it, as a sense of its fitness and an apprehension of his duty grew upon him. He did not ignore a relation to the Christian church as an obsolete duty and an unimportant matter. How often do we hear him thanking God for the churches! And he was fast bringing his life into conformity to the Christian standard. The coarse story-telling of his early days was less indulged in in his later life. Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, and Mr. Carpenter, as well as Mr. Lincoln's physician at Washington, Dr. Stone, all testify that "while his stories and anecdotes were racy, witty and pointed beyond all comparison," yet they "never heard one of a character needing palliation or excuse." His physician, Dr. Stone, testifies that "Mr. Lincoln was the purest-hearted man he ever came in contact with."

His disposition to attend the theater in later life (if to any one it seems to need apology) was not so much a fondness for the play-house as a relief from his mental anxiety, and an escape from the incessant pressure of visitors at the White House. "It is a well-known fact," says Dr. Miner, "that he would not have been at the theater on that fatal night, but to escape the multitude who were that evening pressing into the White House to shake hands with him. It has been said that Mrs. Lincoln urged her husband to go to the theater against his will. This is not true. On the contrary, she tried to persuade him not to go, but he insisted. He said, 'I must have a little rest. A large and overjoyed, excited people will visit me to-night. My arms are lame by shaking hands with the multitude, and the people will pull me to pieces.' He went to the theater, not because he was interested in the play, but because he was care-worn and needed quiet and repose. Mrs. Lincoln informed me that he seemed to take no notice of what was going on in the theater from the time he entered it till the discharge of the fatal pistol. She said that the last day he lived was the happiest of his life. The very last moments of his conscious life were spent in conversation with her about his future plans, and what he wanted to do when his term of office expired. He said he wanted to visit the Holy Land and see the places hallowed by the footprints of the Saviour. He was saying there was no city he so much desired to see as *Jerusalem;* and with that word half spoken on his tongue, the bullet of the assassin entered his brain, and the soul of the great and good President was carried by angels to the New Jerusalem above."

THE VANE ON THE SPIRE.

DURING the bitter and death-bringing days of the winter and spring of 1872, I often watched the gilded arrow that swings upon the spire of the Methodist church. And it always had a meaning for me—sometimes sad, a few times glad, and always true. Day after day, week after week, that arrow pointed North—pointed East—*always* North, always East—like the finger of Fate. The chill winds blew; the cold storms came; there were beds of languishing; there were new-made graves. Frost, sorrow and death ruled the air in company. And all the while the arrow told the story.

At last there came some genial days, when flowers blossomed, birds sang, the weak grew strong and the graves were green.

The arrow on the spire had swung round to the South; it told the story still. It was no longer the finger of Fate, but a thing of beauty—a piece of aërial jewelry. It had eloquence enough to inspire a little song, had there been anybody to write it.

UNDER the sun and under the moon,
Silver at midnight, golden at noon,
Could Dian have lost it out of her hair?
Phœbus's quiver have shaken it there?
That wonderful arrow sweeping the air!

There's an arrow aloft with a feather'd shaft
That never has flown at the bow-string's draft,
And the goldsmith has hidden the blacksmith's craft.

For its heart is of iron, its gleam of gold,
It is pointed to pierce, and barb'd to hold,
And its wonderful story is hardly told.

It is poised on a finger from sun to sun,
And it catches the glimmer of dawn begun,
And is floating in light when the day is done.

And it turns at the touch of a viewless hand,
And it swings in the air like a wizard's wand
By the tempest whirled and the zephyr fanned.

And the sinewy finger that cannot tire
Is the lifted hush of the old church spire,
That vanishes out as Heaven is nigher;

And the arrow upon it the rusted vane,
As true to its master as faith to fane,
That is swinging forever in sun and rain.

Right about to the North! And the trumpets blow,
And the shivering air is dim with snow,
And the earth grows dumb and the brooks run slow;

And the shaggy Arctic, chilled to the bone,
Is craunching the world with a human moan,
And the clank of a chain in the frozen zone;

And the world is dead in its seamless shroud,
And the stars wink slow in the rifted cloud,
And the owl in the oak complains aloud.

And the arrow is true to the iceberg's realm
As the rudder stanch in the ghastly whelm
With a hero by to handle the helm!

Is it welded with frost as iron with fire?
Up with a blue-jacket! Clamber the spire
And swing it around to the point of desire!

It sways to the East! And the icy rain,
With the storm's "long roll" on the window-pane
And a diamond point on the crystal vane!

And the cattle stand with the wind astern,
And the routes of the rain on eave and urn,
As the drops are halted and frozen in turn,

Are such pendants of wonder as cave and mine
Never give to the gaze when the torches shine,
But right out of Heaven and half divine!

Ah, it swings due South to the zephyr's thrill!
In the yellow noon it lies as still
As a speckled trout by the drowsy mill,

While the bugle of Gabriel wakes the sod
And the beautiful life in the speechless clod,
Till the crowded June is a smile for God!

Resurrection to-day! For the roses spoke!
Resurrection to-day! For the rugged oak
In a live green billow rolled and broke!

And the spider feels for her silken strings,
And the honey-bee hums, and the world has wings,
And blent with the blue the bluebird sings.

While the cloud is ablaze with the bended bow,
And the waters white with the lilies' snow,
On the motionless arrow, all in a row,

Are four little sparrows that pipe so small
Their carol distills as the dewdrops fall,
And we only *see* they are singing at all!

Now the arrow is swung with a sweep so bold
Where the Day has been flinging its garments gold
Till they stain the sky with a glow untold.

Ah, the cardinal point of the wind is West!
And the clouds bear down in a fleet abreast,
And the world is as still as a child at rest.

There's a binnacle light like an angry star!
And the growl of a gun with its crash and jar!
And a roll of a drum where the angels are!

And it tumbles its freight on the dancing grain,
And it beats into blossom the buds again,
And it brightens a world baptized in rain.

And it gladdens the earth as it drifts along,
And the meadow is green and the corn is strong,
And the brook breaks forth in the same old song.

As I looked for the arrow it hung there yet,
With the drops of the rain its barb was wet,
And the sun shone out in a crimson set,

And behold aloft in the ruddy shine
Where the crystal water again was wine,
And it hallowed the dart like a touch divine!

Under the sun and under the moon,
Silver at midnight, golden at noon,
Could Dian have lost it out of her hair?
Phœbus's quiver have shaken it there?
That wonderful arrow sweeping the air!

A TEN DAYS' DRAMA.

THE June foliage was at its fullest above and about the little stream of the Leise: what with the leaves overhanging, and the long waving water-weeds that grew profusely in the river's bed, one was hardly conscious of a river at all; peering through the boughs, one seemed to be looking down into a green, glass-bright hollow, and a second glance was almost needed to see that that translucent luster was the slow current of the Leise, sliding noiselessly over its thick carpet.

Two young girls, walking in the little park through which the Leise flows, had stopped on the bank, where one of them was vainly catching at a twig of a tall, slender tree that leaned away over the water.

"How very provoking!" said she. "I am sure it is what Paul described—but it is just out of my reach. If I only had a boat now!"

There was a rustle at a little distance low down among the branches, something flashed up into the air and back again, and then a hand and arm and a head presented themselves above the bank, apparently rising straight out of the water like a river-god. In the hand was a green bough, a bough broken from that same tantalizing tree.

The two girls had started back a little at this sudden apparition. There was a look in the stranger's eyes as if he rather enjoyed their discomfiture, though his tone betrayed nothing of the sort.

"Down in my boat under the bank there," said he, indicating a shelving hollow, "I overheard your wish, and took the liberty of making my oar of some use."

"Thank you," said the elder of the pair, taking the branch from his extended hand. "I am afraid you have been a sufferer from your politeness," she added after a moment's hesitation, looking at the great drops with which the falling oar had spattered him.

"Not at all," he answered, speaking to her, but looking at the other. "I had almost forgotten water was not my natural element—and no bad one either in this heat. Boating is the pleasantest way, perhaps, of getting through these summer mornings: don't you think so?" now addressing himself directly to the younger lady.

She only smiled in reply: a lovely smile, breaking up the cheek into delicious curves and tints that would have enraptured a painter. But the other answered, rather distantly, that they were not particularly skilled in boating, and then, with another word of thanks, walked away, leaving the river-god once more to his green solitude.

He parted the branches to look after them with a rather ungod-like expression, something between a smile and a sneer on his face. "English frost!" he muttered, then the next moment, "But English beauty!—O that I were a glove upon that hand, to touch that cheek! When I think of some of the Juliets I have had to apostrophize—bah! But that girl needs no stretch of imagination."

Meanwhile his unknown beauty was saying in her soft voice:

"Not twenty-four hours in Grünthal, and an adventure already! I wonder who he is; he does not look like these heavy people here. At least there is so much comfort in a little place like this, one finds out directly about everybody else. What makes you so silent, Lina?" with a quick side-glance at her companion, who walked along with her eyes straight before her, not showing by so much as a word or look that she heard. "It was not my fault, you know, dear, that he spoke to me."

Lina understood the hint. A color came into her pale face. "If it were not for Paul!"—she began and stopped short. "But what nonsense to think of minding anything you can say!" she concluded with a kind of tolerant contempt.

Miss Rosa Rochester laughed a soft little good-humored laugh. In their whole acquaintance Lina had not once seen her out of temper.

"I have found out our romantic friend, Lina," said she, later in the day.

"*Our* friend!" repeated Lina Morton haughtily.

"Well, *your* friend, then, for the honor of the acquaintance does belong to you."

Lina frowned and turned the leaves of her book impatiently.

"His name is Dornvitch," continued Rosa leisurely, "he is a Hungarian actor and only here for a little while before his engagement in Berlin. I told you he was not like these stupid Grünthal people. The Lautenbergs' cousins know him; they say he is magnificent on the stage."

"Have you anything more to say?" asked Lina drily, fixing her eyes on her book.

"Only that I have promised he shall show us the ruins on the rock this afternoon."

"Rosa!" cried Lina, fairly startled out of her coolness, "you have made his acquaint-

ance? Rosa, you have not been so imprudent?"

"Don't lose your—place, dear, and I will tell you just how imprudent I have been. To begin with, everybody makes everybody else's acquaintance here, and I told you those cousins of the Lautenbergs know him already. He came to speak to them while we were all together in the garden, was introduced to me, and began talking of the scenery, of course, just as we do about the weather at home. I happened to say how curious we were about those old convent ruins, and Minna Hildebrand began joking about the danger of our getting lost in some of the underground passages where they say a nun's ghost walks, and Mr. Dornvitch said he could promise to keep us clear of the ghost, for he had spent a whole morning exploring there, underground passages and all; so then it was agreed at last that the whole party should go. And if you must lecture somebody on imprudence, Lina, there is Frau Lautenberg; her back is broad enough to bear the whole blame."

Lina was silenced, but not satisfied by Rosa's raillery; not satisfied, because she knew Rosa too well. Experience had taught her what to expect; still she could see nothing better than to do what she had done before: accept the situation and make the best of it.

What was the situation now? That Dornvitch had fallen at once and desperately in love with Rosa, and that Rosa did not discourage him. The thing was nothing new; Lina was used to seeing people so bewitched, and had often asked herself what charm was in this girl. It was as inexplicable as undeniable. It could not be her mind, for she was far from brilliant, she said little, and what she did say was little worth hearing; it was something more than her beauty, for it made itself felt in every tone and movement, in her very presence; silent or speaking, seen or out of sight, one never forgot that she was near, but had the same vaguely pleasant consciousness of her that one has of sweet spring air. Between her and Lina there was no sympathy, the bond that held them together was quite another than mutual affection; yet Lina was not insensible to this charm, and more than once, when she had, as she considered, good right to be angry, she had felt her anger melt away before it. She did not love nor even like her; she regarded her often with disapproval, sometimes with indignant scorn, yet she yielded to her fascination all the same.

Convent ruins did well enough for a beginning. In a little time Dornvitch had become as much a part of the daily routine as the morning coffee. He was not to Lina's taste, nor ever would be, still she could not but acknowledge an improvement in him since their first meeting; he was the better, as any human being must be, for the entrance of some real feeling and meaning into his life. It might not be a very lofty or enduring passion, but for the time it certainly did improve him. So thought Lina, looking at the question abstractly; but when it came to a personal point of view she was somewhat disquieted. He might probably not choose to be improved at the expense of his happiness; and besides, since there was nothing in Rosa's manner to set him right, the chances were that when he discovered how he had been played with he would be worse in the end. Did Rosa realize the seriousness of the game? Lina felt herself impelled to speak a word of warning.

"You know, Rosa," said she, "I am not in the habit of interfering with your amusements, but I think Mr. Dornvitch is too much in earnest not to deserve some consideration from you."

Rosa was leaning back in a large chair, playing, juggler-wise, with two shuttle-cocks, whose motions her eyes apparently followed with the greatest interest; the sleeves falling from her arms showed their beautiful curve; her whole attitude was the perfection of coquettish grace. She did not answer till she had finished counting the score.

"Wonders will never end," she said, then, "since you are taking up Dornvitch's cause. I thought you disliked him."

"Cannot you understand," rejoined Lina warmly, "a feeling of justice independent of personal like or dislike?"

"Do you mean I ought in justice to care as much for him as he for me?" asked Rosa, leaning forward on one hand, a look of innocent perplexity on her parted lips and in her arched blue eyes. Lina looked at her, and for the hundredth time forgot displeasure in thinking how lovely was the rose-leaf of her cheek, and the clustering chestnut hair in which the slant sunlight from the window was making spots and rings of gold.

"I wonder, Rosa," she said at last, "whether you are a careless child or a heartless woman."

"I wish I could tell you, dear," said Rosa, beginning her game again.

A considerable pause followed. "If I could think it possible you really cared for him," said Lina then, "I should not so much blame you."

"Do you speak for Paul too?" said Rosa quietly.

That stopped Lina. She knew she did not speak for Paul. Paul could and would forgive Rosa anything but the losing her. Between the fear of acting against his interest and the wonder if it were his best interest after all, she was silent, till Rosa, tossing her playthings aside, got up and came to her.

"You dear unkind Lina," said she, kneeling down by her and putting her arms around her, "you know you can't break with me for Paul's sake, and I am glad of it, for I want you to like me—I can't endure not to have people like me."

Was that the key to Rosa's character, Lina wondered. She did not more than half believe in the caress, yet it was pleasant to her. She bent her head and kissed the upraised flower-sweet face.

"Let us be friends, Rosa," said she. "You know you must always be dear to me for Paul's sake, and if I ever seem unkind it is not that I mean it, but because you make me anxious. Now give me a kiss and promise to let your Romeo see you would like him better in some other rôle."

"Very well, dear," said Rosa, readily giving the kiss.

At their next meeting, her manner toward him was very cool and distant. Of course he could not fail to perceive and be disquieted by so sudden a change. He followed her with his eyes as if beseeching an explanation, but she would not seem to notice the mute entreaty.

"What is the matter with you to-day?" he said at last. "Are you punishing me for a fault I do not know? That is very cruel."

He had spoken almost in a whisper, but Rosa raised her voice, as Lina fancied, for *her* special benefit.

"The matter? with me?" she repeated. "If anything, I suppose it is the heat; there is not a breath of air, and yet one has a right to expect a breeze by a river."

He looked at her, impatient that she should imagine him to be so easily deceived; then his eyes brightened at an idea suggested by her words:

"This river is a selfish one," said he, "and keeps all its breezes for itself. But I am in its secrets, and I will steal you one if you will let me take you just round the curve there," for the little boat he knew would hold but two. "Come! you are not afraid to trust yourself?" as she hesitated.

"I know I should be," said Gertrude Hildebrand. "I wonder you like to go there so much, Mr. Dornvitch. The Leise is the most deceitful little stream, it is full of bottomless holes under those green weeds; people go down and never come up again."

"One can die but once," said Dornvitch.

"But you have no right to die yet," said Rosa, with a kind of careless gayety, "you cannot be spared."

"I will not die so long as you want me," said he, and the look he gave her contradicted his jesting tone. "Otherwise, I don't know how I have forfeited a man's natural privilege of dying when his time comes."

"By becoming a public character," answered Rosa, laughing.

Dornvitch's face darkened. "I am not that to *you*," said he.

Rosa appeared not rightly to understand. "No, that is true, unfortunately, and my curiosity is something not to be described—does that offend you?" smiling at the impatient movement he made.

"Yes, it does offend me, your *curiosity*—I do not want it—I am not ambitious to have you think of me as a puppet set to play for your amusement!"

He was of a more sensitive nature than she had imagined, thought Lina, who, nearer than the rest, had caught the low-spoken words. She rather wondered what Rosa would answer.

"Let us change the word," said Rosa softly. "For curiosity say interest; I suppose you will allow me to be interested in your—art," with a little hesitation which implied a great deal.

"As belonging to me," he returned, with a fixed look at her from under brows still somewhat bent. She looked back at him archly.

"Come out of the tragic mood, please, or I shall never dare to tell you of our plot against you. Some of us," and she threw a laughing glance at Minna Hildebrand, "who consider our talents wasted in private life, think it would be a pity not to make hay while the sun shines—you being the sun! Will you undertake our drill and gratify my—interest?"

"I will do whatever you wish," he said, with the slightest possible stress on the pronoun.

This was the first Lina had heard of the "plot," and she heard of it now with anything but pleasure. But the others, who had been silent listening to these last words, looked delighted.

"Now, then!" exclaimed Minna, clapping her hands, "we have only to choose our piece."

"Ah!" said Gertrude, with her head sentimentally on one side, "if we could have the Lady of Lyons, with Mr. Dornvitch for Claude!"

"And you for my Pauline," said Dornvitch to Rosa, again dropping his voice and looking passionately in her half-averted face.

"I? Oh! I am no actress," said Rosa evasively. Lina's eyebrows involuntarily went up.

"As much as I actor, if we played that together," said he.

There was no absolute necessity for understanding this speech, and Rosa took no notice of it. She turned to Lina, who had risen and was putting up her sketch.

"You are not going in, Lina? Stay and hear our plan—"

"I have heard the whole," answered Lina, making her tone as meaning as she dared. "And I cannot stay, I have to write to Paul; have you any message for him, Rosa?"

"Nothing particular," answered Rosa, and the furtive defiance of her manner did not escape Dornvitch's observation any more than that latent something in Lina's voice. As soon as the latter was out of hearing—

"Who is Paul?" he asked suddenly.

The unexpectedness of the question, perhaps, too, something in the tone in which it was put, brought the blood to Rosa's cheeks and made her hesitate a moment.

"Paul is my—my friend, Miss Morton's brother," said she.

"Ah!" said Dornvitch, who was going over by a new light the morning's incidents—Rosa's varying manner and Lina's abrupt departure, coldness, confusion, severity and defiance—and putting his own interpretation on the whole.

He was roused out of his abstraction by the somewhat excited tone of the discussion which had been going on apropos of the Lady of Lyons.

"I cannot imagine," Louise Lautenberg was saying energetically, "how so much sympathy and admiration come to be wasted on Claude Melnotte. For my part, I always thought him a detestable hero—deceitful, good for nothing."

"But that was because he was in love," pleaded Gertrude, "which makes all the difference, you know."

"I know it makes it all the worse," returned her cousin indignantly.

"Do you think that?" said Dornvitch in a low voice to Rosa. "Is not something to be pardoned to love?"

"What is not to be pardoned to *real* love?" answered Rosa, looking up at him with her heavenly-blue eyes. He looked back into them as if he would see through into her secret soul, but those lovely eyes were not easy to read for all their transparent azure.

When she saw Lina again—

"Did you write to Paul?" she asked lightly.

"Not yet," said Lina. "*Shall* I write to him, Rosa?"

Rosa was arranging the flowers she had gathered, and went on with her task before replying, as if it were a matter of more moment than the question. Lina watched her anxiously.

"I do not choose to be threatened with Paul," she said at last, composedly—"you are his sister, and of course will do as you like about writing to him; you know whether he would thank you, I suppose, for what will certainly be the consequence of your bringing him here to play the tyrant."

Again Lina was silenced. Such was Paul's infatuation, as she said to herself, that she believed he would never forgive her were she to be the means of breaking off his engagement. Sooner than run that risk, she would continue still a little longer the silent witness of what seemed to her a kind of daily treachery toward him. It was but a question of a few days, after all. Very shortly he would join them, and then the burden would be lifted from her shoulders: till then she must bear it with what patience she might.

But as for this new scheme, most distasteful as she knew it would be to Paul, she was resolved at any rate to give it no active countenance. On some pretext she refused taking any part, which, however, did not prevent its prospering all the same. Claude Melnotte had been abandoned with many a regretful sigh from Gertrude, and the piece fixed upon was a pretty little trifle in which Minna had once already played. It was named *L'Amour et le Hasard*, and turned on the embarrassments besetting a pair of lovers whose union on the very eve of accomplishment is repeatedly frustrated by one chance after another. The closing scene finds them hand in hand before the priest, and this time, as the curtain falls, their troubles are at last supposed to be over.

The first rehearsal was naturally a great event to the members of the little company, wholly unprofessional with the exception of Dornvitch. Only one of their number was behind-time, that was the priest, and as he played an important part in the action of the drama, Dornvitch, after a little impatient wait-

ing, went in search of him. But he was not to be found. One of the servants remembered to have seen him leave the house an hour before, further than which nothing was known of him. Whether he had mistaken the time set, or whether his stroll had carried him too far, at any rate he was out of the way and no one had the least idea where to look for him.

Dornvitch was knitting his brows over this *contretemps* when his eyes fell on a familiar face, the face of an old stage-acquaintance, one Hopfgart, who had reached Grünthal only that morning, and was yawning away the interval before he could leave it.

"Ha, Hopfgart!" said Dornvitch, "you come just in time to help me," and taking his arm he explained the dilemma as they walked along.

The rehearsal went on now. The final scene was reached, where the lovers, standing together before the priest, are supposed to complete the often-interrupted ceremony.

"I think it would be more satisfactory," said Minna Hildebrand jestingly, "if the spectators could see them fairly married. After so many accidents, it will seem as if something must happen after the curtain falls."

"Suppose we change it to suit ourselves," suggested Gertrude, quite charmed with the idea. "Come, Miss Rochester, let the ceremony go on."

"Rosa!" said Lina Morton, in a startled whisper.

But for this warning it is probable Rosa would not have consented to the play, but the antagonistic spirit was roused now. "Very well," said she, lending herself to the joke, "if it will set your mind at rest, Minna, it would be a pity not to finish the rehearsal."

"A kind of rehearsal, besides, for Monsieur Chose," mischievously whispered Minna, who had caught up some idea about Paul. Dornvitch heard the words. Rosa felt the hand that held hers tremble and then tighten its grasp; a quick glance was exchanged between him and Hopfgart, who had been standing looking doubtful and disturbed, seeking Dornvitch's downcast eyes as if for some instruction. "Go on," said Dornvitch hurriedly. Hopfgart, who had his own reasons for wishing to keep fair with him, did not wait for a second bidding, and amid the mirth of the thoughtless party the mock ceremony proceeded.

"Why, Mr. Dornvitch," cried Minna with a laugh when it was over, "you are perfectly white! you could not look more in a panic if it were real!"

He muttered something in reply, but the words were indistinct, and the color did not come back to his face.

"Who knows if he really has not a wife hidden away somewhere, and this reminds him of her?" whispered Gertrude, always ready to run away with a wild idea, "actors are so peculiar."

Lina Morton, to whom this was addressed, made no reply, hurrying off by herself, too bitterly offended with Rosa to trust herself to speak. The others went out into the garden, dispersing here and there, till Dornvitch and Rosa were quite alone.

They walked on together awhile, but scarcely speaking until they reached the park which adjoined the garden. Dornvitch stopped short, leaning against the cliff above the river-bank, his eyes moodily following the gentle curve of the Leise.

"Indeed you are very pale, Mr. Dornvitch," said Rosa, rather wondering what might be the matter. "Come more into the shade; if you have a headache the sun will make it worse."

He lifted his eyes and saw her smiling on him. He caught her hands suddenly. "Tell me you will forgive me," he almost gasped—"you said it could be forgiven—to love—"

He broke off. His agitation was so extreme that it excited Rosa's curiosity.

"I promise to forgive you," she said, lightly, "only tell me the crime, and let my hands go," trying to draw them away. But he held them fast, looking wildly in her face.

"The temptation was so sudden," he said. "It would free you, and you cannot be blamed—"

She blamed,—for what? or freed from what? She began to wonder if a sunstroke had affected his brain, his words were so wild. But she soon enough learned that there was meaning in them.

Dornvitch had been led to fancy that the great obstacle to his love was this unknown Paul, who evidently possessed some hold over Rosa from which she seemed afraid to free herself. He thought, not unnaturally, perhaps, that she preferred himself to his rival, were she but at liberty to own it. Acting on this belief, and stung at the moment by Minna Hildebrand's insinuation, he had not been able to reject the means of cutting the knot chance threw in his way. For Hopfgart, vagrant as he had since become, had once taken holy orders, and, performed by him, that mockery had been a binding ceremony.

This was what Dornvitch had to say in

broken, breathless words, completed by the entreaty his eyes looked into hers, and the kisses his lips pressed on her hands. With love and remorse together he was completely carried out of himself, shaken to the very soul. Whatever of original good may have been in him had certainly not been increased by the unwholesome, factitious sort of life he had led. He was not much worth, perhaps, but he was better worth than she, for he had a heart and she had none.

She was not in the least moved by his agitation; she was simply angry, for once in her life thoroughly and openly angry. Her face set itself in hard lines that contrasted painfully with the soft, youthful coloring, and though she spoke quietly, he found that those sweet lips could say very cruel things.

"I do not believe it," she said, looking coldly in his face with the beautiful blue eyes which had so often held his heaven; but that time was past. "It is a stage trick, such as you are fond of naturally," and she smiled scornfully—"it is not true."

"It *is* true," he said, in a very different tone now, and dropping the hands she again tried to free. "And if you talk of trickery!—what do you call the tones and looks you have been giving me unless you cared for me? Oh, you do care for me, Rosa,—you must," his voice softening again. "You are angry with me just now, but"—

"I do not care for you," she interrupted, "nor ever shall. I have never given you any reason to suppose such a thing. You seem too well acquainted with my affairs to need any more information; but since you know so much, at least you understand that there is some one besides me with whom you will have to reckon if you dare to persist in the claim you have made."

The tone was yet more cutting than the words. As he listened he had grown paler still with passion, but he made one last effort to control himself and soften her.

"Only hear me, Rosa"—

"I will not hear you call me that," she broke in, turning to go.

He sprang after her then and crushed her hands together in his. "You prefer another name? Do not fear I will forget you have a right to *mine* now! I will not forget it, nor shall *you!* And as for your boasted champion, the sooner we settle our claims the better—with the devil judge between us!"

For one moment the passion that mastered him almost mastered her too; but directly her natural incapacity for emotion restored her self-possession, together with something like contempt for such a display of feeling. She looked at him with a kind of curiosity, her brows just a little raised. "You forget we are not on the stage," she said, coolly. With that she turned and left him, he looking after her with eyes where rage vainly strove for the first place. The battle between them was unequal, for he loved her.

Rosa carried her trouble straight to Lina, as indeed, with all her willfulness at other times, she was in the habit of doing, and Lina was too much shocked to remember anger now. How far under the circumstances such a ceremony might be binding she had no idea, but the doubt was dreadful. What would it be to Paul! And then, with a heavy heart, she remembered that it was to Paul they must look in this crisis.

"I suppose I must write to Paul at once," she said, lifting her pale face from her hands. It was odd to note the tacit understanding that the difficulties of this task were to fall on her—not on Rosa.

"Of course; Paul is our only hope now. He will be furious, I know," added Rosa, laughing, "but at least I shall not be the only victim. Mr. Dornvitch is likely to meet his match in Paul."

Paul's sister looked at her, wondering at the light tone. That anger should make her unheedful of Dornvitch's very evident suffering and her own share in it was comprehensible, but there was no anger in Rosa's manner now—nothing, as Lina fancied, but a kind of enjoyment of the "situation."

"Well, dear," she said, rising, "having made confession, I suppose I may go and get a little rest? It may be very romantic to be a heroine in this sort of thing, but it is certainly very wearing."

She did not look worn by it, not half as much as Lina did. A slight, unusual excitement, perhaps, a little more color on the soft cheek and light in the large eyes,—that was the only difference. Did she regard "this sort of thing," with the pain and shock it involved for others, merely as a drama played for her diversion? wondered Lina, as she sat about her letter.

It was no easy one to write, with the doubt of saying too much or too little, and she was still hesitating over it when the door behind her opened softly, and a hand was laid on her shoulder. She looked round; it was Paul himself.

She sprang up, pushing aside the paper lest he should catch his name there—her first instinctive thought to spare him a moment longer.

"Paul! you have got through sooner than you expected?"

"Yes, and stolen a march on you and Rosa. Where is Rosa?"

"Rosa is lying down. No, she is perfectly well," anticipating his anxious question. "But—but she is in such trouble!"

"What, again?" said he, a queer kind of smile in his frown. "Well, I am here to put an end to *that!*" he added grimly.

"Oh, Paul! if it were only that!"

He looked at her and saw her very unusual agitation. "Whatever it is, only tell me the worst at once," he said, quietly, but she saw his features contract and whiten, and dared not prolong his suspense.

He listened without comment to her rapid story, asked a few questions when it was finished, then silently rose and went to the door. She followed him. "Where are you going, Paul?" she said, beseechingly.

"To find that man," he answered, removing, though gently enough, the detaining hand on his shoulder.

Paul's sister was always a little afraid of him, and not the least in this seemingly quiet mood. She knew the uselessness of interference, much as she dreaded from this meeting. She went back to her seat and pressed her face close down on her folded arms, as if by deadening sense she might deaden thought as well during her period of suspense, while in the next room Rosa slept the sleep of the innocent.

It would be hard to say what attraction drew Rosa and Paul together, for two human beings more unlike could not well have been found; unlike, not with the variation which often blends into harmony, but with that radical difference that is apt to make discord. But there was the fact, however it might be accounted for. As much as it was in her power to care for any person Rosa cared for Paul; not exactly with her heart, for, except in a strictly physical sense, she had none—but perhaps with a kind of reflex of his own intensity of feeling, for Paul's was the stronger nature, and he loved her with all the force, all the latent fire, of a reserved and seemingly cold temperament; loved her all the more, perhaps, as against a perpetual inward protest.

He walked on now with a fury under his outward composure that might well have justified his sister's fears. Little more than she did he know how far such a claim might hold, but, beyond the doubt, the mere claim itself was torture to one of his organization. To find his rival was the one thought that now stood out clearly in the whirl of his passion: what was to be the aim, the end, of such a meeting he hardly told himself; only, to find him, to stand once face to face with him, that was all he asked.

He made his way directly to the river, where, as he had gathered, Dornvitch was likely to be found. Plunging through the first opening in the bushes to the path down by the waterside, he stood still and looked uncertainly up and down the stream. At length he saw a small boat coming round the bend above, and in it, as it approached, a man's figure lounging back.

"Are you Dornvitch?" he called out abruptly. Dornvitch, for he it was, guessed the situation at once.

"Is it Monsieur Paul?" he returned, mockingly. "Then you come too late."

"Scoundrel!" cried Paul hoarsely, his hands clenching themselves in the desire to throttle him—"we will see that."

"To our better acquaintance!" shouted back Dornvitch, springing to his feet with a mocking gesture. The boat trembled and shot out of sight.

The blood was beating too hotly across Paul's eyes for him to see clearly through the dazzle of the sun on the water. When he found that the boat had disappeared, his only thought was that Dornvitch had slipped under one of the woody overhanging banks with the intention of getting out of his way. "Coward!" he called aloud in his rage as he sprang forward, "Coward! where are you hiding?" But not a breath answered his taunts. There was neither sound nor movement, save the little fret of the water where it curled round a great stone lying in mid-current.

All at once his bewildered gaze fixed itself on some object visible a little past this rock. It was the boat bottom upwards.

Only then a suspicion of the truth flashed upon him. Looking round he saw some one busy in a neighboring field, who at his shout came running to the place. But the man shook his head as he listened.

"He went down under the boat, most likely," said he, "perhaps got a blow when she turned over. He's found a deep enough grave by this—one he won't rise out of this side of Judgment Day. Our river keeps what it gets," he added, with a kind of grim satisfaction in such a stream.

Paul turned sick, as he stood there in the warm sunlight and saw the play of colors on the green-filled water and heard the soft purr of the current over the prey it had swallowed, and remembered how his own heart had been hot with rage, but now; how he had

called out taunting words to the corpse even then sinking out of all mortal sight. The terrible perplexity hitherto wholly absorbing his mind was indeed thus terribly solved; but that Paul was incapable of making his first thought;—in the presence of this man's sudden death, he could think only how he had himself been longing for it, and for the moment he felt like a murderer.

Leaving the man to carry the news of the accident to the hotel, he staggered up the bank and mechanically made his way back to his sister. She sprang up anxiously, turning pale at the record she read in his face.

"What has happened, Paul?" she cried, catching his arm as he dropped into a seat.

Before he could answer, Rosa came hurrying in. Her face was pale and excited. She took no notice of Paul's presence.

"Lina!" she said, breathlessly, "do you know? have you heard—Dornvitch—"

"What! what!" cried Lina, with a horrible sinking of heart.

"He is drowned!"

"Paul!" gasped his sister under her breath, "it was not—" She could not go on. He shook his head silently, understanding her fear.

"Drowned in the Leise," recommenced Rosa. "How strange it seems! Do you remember Gertrude Hildebrand warning him about the bottomless holes?" The first shock was already passing with her; but as for Paul, this sort of gossiping comment jarred on him inexpressibly.

"Don't talk of it, Rosa," he said shortly.

But Rosa could not comprehend this. "Of course it is very horrible, very shocking," she began, after a pause, "but why *you*, of all people—"

Paul sprang to his feet and rushed out of the room. Rosa looked after him in astonishment. "Really, I cannot understand Paul," she said at last.

For that matter it was not the first time, and probably would not be the last. His sister comprehended better, that had he hated this man less he would have been more indifferent to his fate, but that now the catastrophe had come too much like an answer to his own revengeful desires.

Dornvitch's speech to Rosa had come strangely true: he had lived as long as she wanted him. Did those words of a man who had at least loved her in earnest come back to her with any sting, now that he had, as it were, paid his life for his love? Not at all. The first shock over, she did not hesitate to consider the convenience to herself of this man's death. Incapable of having wished for it, she was equally incapable of the remorse that would almost have bought back his life at the price of its own: both feelings were beyond her.

Paul knew this perfectly, and so he awakened from his dream, you say! But did he have to learn Rosa's character to-day? Does love always go by deserving in this world?

CHILDREN'S MAGAZINES.

Sometimes I feel like rushing through the world with two placards—one held aloft in my right hand, Beware of Children's Magazines! the other flourished in my left, Child's Magazine Wanted! A good magazine for little ones was never so much needed, and such harm is done by nearly all that are published. In England, especially, the so-called juvenile periodicals are precisely what they ought not to be. In Germany, though better, they too often distract sensitive little souls with grotesquerie. Our magazines timidly approach the proper standard in some respects, but fall far short in others. We edit for the approval of fathers and mothers, and endeavor to make the child's monthly a milk-and-water variety of the adult's periodical. But, in fact, the child's magazine needs to be stronger, truer, bolder, more uncompromising than the other. Its cheer must be the cheer of the bird-song, not of condescending editorial babble. If it *mean* freshness and heartiness, and life and joy, and its words are simply, directly, and musically put together, it will trill its own way. We must not help it overmuch. In all except skillful handling of methods, we must be as little children if we would enter this kingdom.

If now and then the situation have fun in it, if something tumble unexpectedly, if the child-mind is surprised into an electric recognition of comical incongruity, so that there is a reciprocal "ha, ha!" between the printed page and the little reader, well and good. But, for humanity's sake, let there be no editorial grimacing, no tedious vaulting back

and forth over the grim railing that incloses halt and lame old jokes long ago turned in there to die.

Let there be no sermonizing either, no wearisome spinning out of facts, no rattling of the dry bones of history. A child's magazine is its pleasure-ground. Grown people go to their periodicals for relaxation, it is true; but they also go for information, for suggestion, and for to-day's fashion in literature. Besides, they begin, now-a-days, to feel that they are behind the age if they fail to know what the April *Jig-jig* says about so and so, or if they have not read B—'s much-talked-of poem in the last *Argosy*. Moreover, it is "the thing" to have the *Jig-jig* and *Argosy* on one's drawing-room table. One must read the leading periodicals or one is nobody. But with children the case is different. They take up their monthly or weekly because they wish to, and if they don't like it they throw it down again. Most children of the present civilization attend school. Their little heads are strained and taxed with the day's lessons. They do not want to be bothered nor amused nor taught nor petted. They just want to have their own way over their own magazine. They want to enter the one place where they may come and go as they please, where they are not obliged to mind, or say "yes ma'am" and "yes sir," —where, in short, they can live a brand-new, free life of their own for a little while, accepting acquaintances as they choose and turning their backs without ceremony upon what does not concern them. Of course they expect to pick up odd bits and treasures, and to now and then "drop in" familiarly at an air castle, or step over to fairy-land. They feel their way, too, very much as we old folk do, toward sweet recognitions of familiar day-dreams, secret goodnesses, and all the glorified classics of the soul. We who have strayed farther from these, thrill even to meet a hint of them in poems and essays. But what delights *us* in Milton, Keats and Tennyson, children often find for themselves in stars, daisies, and such joys and troubles as little ones know. That this comparison holds, is the best we can say of our writers. If they make us reach forth our hands to clutch the star or the good-deed candle-blaze, what more can be done?

Literary skill in its highest is but the subtle thinning of the veil that life and time have thickened. Mrs. Browning paid her utmost tribute to Chaucer when she spoke of

> "—— his infantine
> Familiar clasp of things divine."

The *Jig-jig* and *Argosy* may deal with Darwinianism broadly and fairly as they. The upshot of it all will be something like

> "Hickory, dickery dock!
> The mouse ran up the clock.
> The clock struck one
> And down she ran—
> Hickory, dickery dock!"

And whatever Parton or Arthur Helps may say in that stirring article, "Our Country to-day," its substance is anticipated in

> "Little boy blue!
> Come, blow your horn!
> The cow's in the meadow
> Eating the corn."

So we come to the conviction that the perfect magazine for children lies folded at the heart of the ideal best magazine for grown-ups. Yet the coming periodical which is to make the heart of baby-America glad must not be a chip of the old Maga block, but an outgrowth from the old-young heart of Maga itself. Therefore, look to it that it be strong, warm, beautiful, and true. Let the little magazine-readers find what they look for and be able to pick up what they find. Boulders will not go into tiny baskets. If it so happen that the little folks know some one jolly, sympathetic, hand-to-hand personage who is sure to turn up here and there in every number of the magazine or paper, very good: that is, if they happen to like him. If not, beware! It will soon join the ghosts of dead periodicals; or, if it do not, it will live on only in that slow, dragging existence which is worse than death.

A child's periodical must be pictorially illustrated, of course, and the pictures must have the greatest variety consistent with simplicity, beauty and unity. They should be heartily conceived and well executed; and they must be suggestive, attractive and epigrammatic. If it be only the picture of a cat, it must be so like a cat that it will do its own purring, and not sit, a dead, stuffed thing, requiring the editor to purr for it. One of the sins of this age is editorial dribbling over inane pictures. The time to shake up a dull picture is when it is in the hands of the artist and engraver, and not when it lies, a fact accomplished, before the keen eyes of the little folk. Well enough for the editor to stand ready to answer questions that would naturally be put to the flesh-and-blood father, mother, or friend standing by. Well enough, too, for the picture to cause a whole tangle of interrogation-marks in the child's mind. It need not be elaborate, nor exhaust its theme,

but what it attempts to do it must do well, and the editor must not over-help nor hinder. He must give just what the child demands, and to do this successfully is a matter of instinct, without which no man should presume to be a child's editor and go unhung.

Doubtless a great deal of instruction and good moral teaching may be inculcated in the pages of a magazine; but it must be by hints dropped incidentally here and there; by a few brisk, hearty statements of the difference between right and wrong; a sharp, clean thrust at falsehood, a sunny recognition of truth, a gracious application of politeness, an unwilling glimpse of the odious doings of the uncharitable and base. In a word, pleasant, breezy things may linger and turn themselves this way and that. Harsh, cruel facts—if they must come, and sometimes it is important that they should—must march forward boldly, say what they have to say, and go. The ideal child's magazine, we must remember, is a pleasure-ground where butterflies flit gayly hither and thither; where flowers quietly spread their bloom; where wind and sunshine play freaks of light and shadow; but where toads hop quickly out of sight and snakes dare not show themselves at all. Wells and fountains there may be in the grounds, but water must be drawn from the one in right trim, bright little buckets; and there must be no artificial coloring of the other, nor great show-cards about it, saying, "Behold! a fountain." Let its own flow and sparkle proclaim it.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A RESTORED LUNATIC.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

A FEW months ago I visited one of those retreats for the insane by the establishment of which my native State has done itself honor. Large additions to the buildings had recently been made; and the original structure was then undergoing extensive changes, beautifying and modernizing it, and conforming it to the late additions, thus giving to the institution most of the elegancies and conveniences that architectural skill and enlightened philanthropy could suggest. The chapel, the place to me of pleasant and hallowed associations, was a mass of ruins, and workmen were busy in bringing order out of the confusion. The institution, when completed, will be a noble pile, an ornament to the place of its location, and an honor to the State which established it, and which will maintain it in the future with even an increasing liberality.

As I was passing through the halls of the stupendous edifice, under the guidance of its superintendent, speaking, as we passed along, a pleasant word now and then to its unfortunate inmates, I was on the *qui vive* to identify the apartment which at one time had been the place of my own abode. "Doctor," said I to the superintendent, fearful that the changes which had been made had taken away the marks by which it would be known to me, "I would be pleased to see the old third ward again." He said nothing until we had walked much farther on, and weariness had begun to creep upon me. Entering a compartment that was untenanted, and half filled with the débris of the changes which it was undergoing—"This," said he, "is the old third ward."

I entered one of its rooms alone; and then thought and memory began a busy work. This had been my home for long, long, and weary months. Here I had been the object of remark and pity to others, as others were now the objects of remark and pity to myself. I contrasted my condition and prospects and my existing feelings with what they had been when I was the hopeless tenant of this narrow room; and my sensations were embodied in the words, "What hath God wrought!"

The time of my constrained occupancy of this ward is an epoch of my life which stands out prominently from all the rest of it; a life which, upon the whole, had been a cheerful one. Sometimes, however, a gloominess would steal upon me and cast its shadow over my mind. While it continued I enjoyed no blessing in possession, and was uncheered by any hope of good to come. At the first this moodiness was of a transient kind, and I would hide it from the view of even those most familiar with my habits of mind. When the cloud was lifted from my soul, and the cheerful sun shone in again, all things bore

within me and without became more brilliantly lighted up than they had been before. But the mind grew dark again, and the cloud which shadowed it was darker, and the night was longer and gloomier than any that I yet had passed. Still the morning dawned at last; and I realized the truth of what the wise man says, "Truly the light is pleasant to the eyes;" for it seemed to come from heaven, and was sent by Him who said, at first, "Let there be light!" and light at once shone throughout the realms of "chaos and old night." Then I fancied that my days of darkness all had passed away. But it was a foolish thought; for soon another cloud, the heaviest with which I had been yet oppressed, settled upon and enveloped every faculty of my mind and soul. It floated in my mental atmosphere so long, that every hope that light would shine on me again died within my heart. The future was a blank, and more appalling than a blank to me; for I was filled with fear of greater ill to come.

I could not comprehend the causes of my deep depression. My surroundings were of a cheerful kind. My domestic ties were strong in their very tenderness. Our social position was a pleasant one; and I was gathering rapidly a competence of worldly stores. The future was full of hope; for in the race for patronage in my profession I had distanced all competitors, and my hold upon the public favor was strengthening day by day.

As I could not find the reasons of my moodiness of spirits in my outward state, I searched within to find them there. But if there are few of those afflicted with the "ills which flesh is heir to" who can diagnosticate with certainty their bodily diseases, there are fewer still whose minds are sick that can determine what are their mental ailments; and if the former class can seldom administer wisely for themselves, still less often can the other one prescribe correctly for their more hidden maladies. I was ignorant of these truths until after I had striven long to change my state, and had but wearied myself in vain endeavors to throw my burden off.

Deep as my despondency already was, it became profounder still, and it was no longer but a jaundiced feeling regarding whatever object my thoughts chanced to fix themselves upon; but it took a definite direction, and became a deep religious melancholy. This was the rod which swallowed up the other rods; for when this type of mental malady revealed itself, and I fancied that I had stepped beyond the bounds of hope and help, I could study calmly any other subject than the one which had become the absorbing topic of my thoughts. I did not think, as others have so often thought, when taking their own morbid imaginings for the teachings of a higher power, that I had done that deed of awful turpitude for which pardon has never been provided—sinned against the Holy Ghost; but I fancied that I had rejected the work of Christ as the foundation of my hope, and that consequently I was lost—hopelessly and forever lost. And yet, so inconsistent with himself is man, while I thought that I refused to tread this path of safety, it seemed to be the only one of pleasantness and peace, and that those who walked therein were the choice ones of earth, the wise and good; that light from a better world shone on their pathway, and that, as they journeyed on, it beamed more brightly still, until, before they reached its end, the sunlight of the perfect day shone on their footsteps; and I longed—oh, how ardently I longed!—to become the fellow-traveler of these favored ones.

During the period in which my mind was so strangely wrought upon, I never doubted that the Bible was the word of God. My perceptions were so much quickened that I saw the truth as I never saw it in my life before. These perceptions were not based on evidence alone. It was knowledge, clear and undoubted knowledge of the doctrine that it was the truth of God. But my intuitions failed to give me any comfort; for I imagined that a curse rested on my blessings.

My pastor and other religious people strove to give me peace. But I thought of them as the stricken man of Uz said, when harassed by the unskillful comfortings of his friends, "Ye are all physicians of no value." My hallucinations were realities to me; and I became almost impatient at any endeavor to prove them to be but morbid imaginings. But there came at length a man humble in position and modest in pretension, yet of more than common powers—a man who had made the mind a study of his life, and who understood its workings, whether healthful or diseased, and who was skillful to discriminate between the symptoms of depravity and the evidences of disease. He pronounced me to be self-deceived. I told him that my views were not belief alone, but consciousness. Mine, he said, was a mistaken consciousness. The idea of mistaken consciousness was new to me. Its effect upon my mind was that of the steel in contact with the flint. It evolved one flash of light, but which, failing to fall upon a prepared combustible, sank into gloom again. It failed to work a lasting

cure when used at first; but, in the end, it became the most effective instrument in restoring my mental equilibrium.

Although I thought my condition to be a hopeless one, yet I never had more tenderness of conscience than during the continuance of my troubles. I walked with circumspection, careful not to do the slightest wrong, and watchful lest the members of my household should transgress even in the smallest point. The veriest trifles became offenses of the hugest magnitude, and actions innocent in themselves grew to be of doubtful character, leading to the commission of undoubted wrongs. And my excited feelings were thrown backward over the whole of my almost forgotten history. Memory awoke, and my past life, even in its minutest incidents, was brought up clearly to my mind again, and each one of its acts became invested with an importance which made me tremble at the view. Nothing was trivial; and trifling was not a folly only, but a crime. There were no venial sins. Each one stood out in all its vastness. Conceit died within my soul, and I thought that I would never sin in the way of self-righteousness again.

At the time when my melancholy was so intense that my soul was ready to sink under its burden, some slight relief appeared. I found that I had made an error in some transaction which it was my official duty to perform. It was of small importance in itself, and involved no consequences worthy to be named. But my excited feelings built a mountain from the mole-hill, and I believed the results, pecuniary and penal, would whelm my family in ruin. My friends in vain made use of ridicule and argument to disabuse my mind of its foolish fear. But my apprehensions were of use to me, for they partially took the place of my greater trouble; and my poor, overwrought brain was relieved somewhat by the new difficulty dividing its attention with the old one.

Thus far there had been no hallucination with regard to anything extrinsic to myself. There was no incoherence of thought and no mental imbecility. But my perceptions of the truth were clearer, and my defense of it was abler than it had been, even when my mind was in its most healthy state. Even yet the processes of reasoning by which I reached certain conclusions are remembered, and are used in preference to those which have since been suggested to my mind.

My mental sufferings were terrible—so terrible that there were moments when the feeling was strong upon me to brave every consequence, and force my way uncalled into the presence of the Judge. But this, beside its sinfulness, I felt would be to fly from evil,—which, though awful beyond measure, I had borne thus far,—and bring that fate upon myself which human nature never can endure. While these considerations had influence on my mind, I could not be guilty of the sin of suicide. This I know; for temptations from without, stronger than those which had their origin within, were afterward plied most busily to influence me to commit the dreadful deed.

I speak not of the enemy of souls, but of my fellow-men. Death involuntary, with which there should be commingled the least ingredient of hope, would have been sweet to me. The grave would have been a welcome resting-place; and I would have received the order to lie down within the "narrow house" with as much delight as the over-labored drudge obeys the word to retire to bed after his daily duties are done.

During the period that my malady was in its forming stage, my friends left no means untried to restore me to my normal state. But they ceased their efforts when their fruitlessness was seen, and only kept a watchful eye upon my movements; and their course in this was wise. At length one of their number, and the one who had gained the firmest hold upon my confidence and esteem,—and I believe he was deputized the spokesman of all the others too,—suggested that treatment in the asylum would be efficient to restore the soundness of my mind again. But my very soul revolted at the thought of this resort. Though I was miserable, and would have clutched at this or anything beside which promised help, had I not felt an instinctive conviction that the medical adviser had mistaken my disease, and that his prescription instead of counteracting would increase the severity of my symptoms. They ceased their efforts to persuade, and proceeded without my consent or knowledge in preparing for my sequestration.

One morning, the beginning of a delightful day in early spring, and following the calmest night I had passed for weeks, and when my nervous agitation was quieted by repose, and I was in a condition which, if undisturbed, I have since believed would have been the culmination of my disease, I was awakened from a pleasant slumber and informed that a number of my friends had called to have an interview with me. I did not suspect their purpose, and met them without delay. When they told me the purpose

their call I was overwhelmed with indignation and surprise. Their purpose was to remove me, willing or unwilling, to one of our State retreats for the insane. I remonstrated, but without avail. I prayed to be left at my home, but my prayers were unheeded. Without premonition I was forced from the comforts and sympathies of home and family, to be shut up to the companionship of strangers mentally unsound, many of them unpolished and rude, and uncongenial in thought and feeling. It was done by those who thought the movement would be a salutary one. But it was a mistake, a sad and sorrowful mistake. The sudden, violent measure was a shock too terrible for my already rocking reason to withstand, and it fell prostrate at last.

As the carriage bearing my friends, my wife, and myself was driven from my door, it was a moment as full of agony as if all the ills of life had been gathered in that single point of time. I was helpless, for I was bound as truly as though my limbs were hung with chains. I was hopeless, and in that word is expressed the sum of anguish. I had no friend in heaven or earth upon whom I could lean for help. I felt as if I stood isolated in the universe of God; and I compared myself to a branch lopped from the parent stock, withered and lifeless. This seems inconsistent with what I have said of my prostrate reason, but my mind was overthrown, and not destroyed. It was like a vessel torn from its moorings and driven before the blast, uncontrolled by oar or rope or rudder, but not wrecked.

As we traveled on toward our place of destination my feelings changed, and my sensations of untold misery were mitigated somewhat, or rather were momentarily lost sight of, in a kind of belief that I was the chosen agent to perform some deed of noble heroism, ill-defined then and quite forgotten now. It was an evidence of mania, the first of a series of proofs that reason in my case sometimes left its throne. It is a merciful provision of "our Father in Heaven," that when misery reaches the verge of intolerance the mind sometimes loses its balance, sensibility, both mental and physical, becomes blunted, and suffering is mitigated.

As we went farther on I was lulled into a half carelessness of what might befall me in the time to come, and this feeling continued until we reached the asylum gate. Listless as I had become, the scene of beauty which then burst upon my view was such that I shook off my lethargy at once and forgot all things beside, and for the moment was restored to the enjoyment of those feelings which were mine before "the hand of God had touched me." The buildings, the lawn, the trees, and the flowers in the near surroundings, and then the distant prospect, the city, the fields, the wood, and the river, all together, formed a picture of most entrancing loveliness, and the soul could feast to fullness on the lovely landscape. I spoke my admiration in the exclamation, "Beautiful! beautiful! this is truly an *asylum!*" The furnishings within the house were in keeping with the scene without. All visible was seemliness itself, and indicated nothing of that which was hidden from the view. My taste for the beautiful in nature and in art was gratified; and while under the æsthetic influence of the scene, I thought that if what I had already seen was a correct index of what would be my life in the asylum my gloominess would soon be dissipated, and I submitted cheerfully to that which had seemed so forbidding in the prospect. I acquiesced in the necessity which separated me from family and home, bade a hopeful adieu to wife and friends, crossed the hall, and was ushered into the company of those who would be my close companions for a time indefinite—I could not anticipate how long.

To those who have been raised above despair, and made to glow again with hope, because their days of darkness seem to have reached a terminus at last, and then are undeceived, and the word of promise which has been spoken to the ear is broken, the disappointment is an awful one. As soon as I had gained a view of that which would be my home for a time, and realized the state of those who there would be my associates, I grew sick at heart, and it seemed that the beauties with which I had been charmed were but a whited sepulcher, concealing corruption and dead men's bones. It seemed a sepulcher not because the house itself displeased me, for that was faultless—each part nicely adapted to the end for which it was designed. Its rooms were pleasant ones, adorned with taste and kept perfectly clean. Its inmates were not harshly treated; for all, the head and helps, were kind and courteous to the civil, and patient and forbearing with the surly and the turbulent. Every appliance which could promote the good of those who were under treatment there was furnished without grudge or stint. But it was a sepulcher, because the minds of many of its inmates seemed touched by death and corruption.

As I entered the place where I was to spend so many weary and wretched days and

nights, at a single glance my eye took in its inmates and their employments. They were scattered from end to end of the hall, each one engaged as his own insane fancy dictated. The hall was a cross like the letter T, with the shorter limb at the end where I entered. Braced with his back against the wall, at the vertex of the angle formed by the crossing limbs, stood a young man of intelligent face, and who appeared as though he might once have been the favorite of a happy home ; his arms were crossed upon his breast, and his eyes immovably fixed upon a single point. There he stood, and, when addressed, made no response by look or word.

Upon the opposite side of the narrow hall, crouched into as small a space as he could pack himself, sat an old man uttering groans as despairingly doleful as those we fancy are heard in the world of woe, and seemingly drawn from him by the gnawings of remorse.

Another was laughing heartily to himself, as though highly enjoying the humorous thoughts which occupied his mind, while his insane features showed that any attempt to discover his cause of merriment would be labor lost.

One man was sweeping the hall as carefully as though his welfare depended upon his properly executing that task ; and he magnified his work, for he soon informed me that the asylum was "God's house," and that to him was confided its care and oversight. Any attempt to interfere with his employment fretted him to madness.

There was one who looked as though he might once have filled a prominent rank in society, and whose intellectual face would attract attention anywhere ; but when spoken to he would silently glare upon the one addressing him with the appearance of a beast of prey.

There was another man who paced the hall with the measured tread of a tragedian, sometimes silent and moody and melancholy, and again thundering out threats and oaths with a voice and manner as frightful as that of an enraged lion.

Some were as composed and apparently as mentally perfect as those in whose charge they were, while others appeared to be human in form alone—their intellects withered almost all away. There were those who were scarcely decent in their attire, while others were dressed with a tidy neatness equal to that of a tailor upon promenade. There were many nationalities represented there, and almost every age, and there were merry faces within the ward, but the prevailing look was that of melancholy. A heavy sorrow seemed to rest upon the souls of most, and each one thought of that which concerned himself alone. Selfishness was the trait which stood out more prominently than any other. And this I think will be found alway and everywhere to characterize the unsound in mind. For of every type of this disease except dementia, and sometimes of even that, melancholy is apt to be the great ingredient. This centers one's sympathies within himself, and puts in abeyance those benevolent motives with which he had been endowed at first. And as the insane are often selfish, so are they wretched too. There are none but those who feel remorse for crime who are so pitiable as they. The mind cannot look within and gaze long and steadily upon itself without being plunged into gloom ; and it is only when its look is turned without, and its sympathies drawn beyond itself, and it listens to complaints beside its own, that happiness returns or mental healthfulness is restored.

My first night within the asylum was a sleepless one, and this, added to the shock of the forced change, had a most unhealthful influence on my mind. I arose with the dawn of day. It was the Sabbath—a bright and pleasant morning in the econd month of spring, but my feelings were not in harmony with the quietude and holy calmness of the time. Soon after the breakfast hour had passed, most of the patients, attended by those under whose charge they were, left the house for a stroll over the asylum grounds. A few beside myself chose to remain within. Among these was an old man, frail and feeble, whose tottering form and trembling limbs told of exhausted energies, and promised an early rest where all shall have peace at last. I know not why, but he attached himself to me, and I consequently became more intimate with him than with any other inmate of our ward. He gave me the history of his disease, and I found that his condition was almost identical in its essential features with my own, and as our religious sentiments were similar, each gave his confidence to the other.

Deranged or rational, he was a remarkable man. If really insane—and I suppose he was—he had a sufficiency of mind yet unaffected to make him more than the equal of most men. He was a scholar, and his reading had embraced the circle of theology, history, and science. He had a most retentive memory, and at will called up his stores of knowledge. He was eloquent in conversation—his language precise and elegant. He illustrated his positions by history and anec-

dote. Of the latter he had an exhaustless fund, and these he applied so aptly that he never failed to point or beautify his subject. He was the superior of his fellow-patients, and he knew his standing; but, shattered as he was, he was too politic ever to show his consciousness of superiority. He was a strange being—an admixture of incongruous elements. He evinced the deepest reverence for the Divine Saviour, having, more than any man I ever knew, an *awful* respect for Him; and yet he believed that he did not have, and could not have, any part in the benefits of His salvation. When speaking of himself as one "passed by," his voice would choke, and his eyes fill with the evidence of his profound emotion; and then, in less time than it requires to write down this statement, he would be laughing as heartily as though he had never been sobered by a serious thought. He had sought for rest in a strange conclusion, and sometimes he fancied that he had found it: "If I cannot enjoy the consolations of the Christian," he said more than once to me, "I will meet my fate with the calmness of philosophy." This thought seemed sometimes to buoy him up; but, poor man, even this "refuge of lies" at length was swept away, and then his state was pitiable indeed. He often hinted to me a purpose of suicide, and tempted me to thus anticipate a doom I then believed to be inevitable.

Another of his characteristics was a most strange and unamiable one. He possessed a wonderful insight into character, and could detect with certainty the distinguishing characteristic of each of the patients. When he found the weak and sensitive points of any of his companions, he would press upon that point; and if the one possessing it winced under the pressure, it would appear to give him exquisite delight; and sometimes he would goad the sufferer almost to desperation.

I spent with this old man a large portion of the forenoon of that Sabbath day in earnest talk. He was the only man I ever met whose sentiments and state so nearly paralleled my own that we could exchange our sympathies. I was, in consequence, alive to the hope that I might find something in what he said to assist me to tread my way out of my own labyrinth of horrors; but this was not to be. Before our conversation came to an end, one of those strange and sudden changes of which I have spoken took place; and injury rather than benefit resulted from our interview, which ended as the strolling patients returned to the ward.

Then commenced a tramp, tramp in the hall, the promenading of the patients throughout its whole extent, and the sound of this was always heard except during the eating and sleeping times. I soon began the tramp, tramp like the others, but confined myself to narrower bounds. At this time I felt a peculiar burning sensation in my brain, as though a hot sirocco wind was blowing through my head; and then it seemed to me that, though sensitive as at other times, I did not belong to earth, but that I influenced, and was influenced by, intelligences different from the human race. I thought I could not shake off these influences, but yet that I was more powerful than they; that they were awed by me, and feared to approach my person nearer than a certain point. Strange as it may appear, I felt a sort of pleasure from this supposed possession of superiority and power—a feeling which, in the retrospect, makes me shudder even now. I did not realize the fact—but I was deranged again; yet memory of all these things is perfect. I have scarce forgotten an incident or sensation of that painful period of my life.

My peculiar condition lasted until the evening of that day. Then the patients, male and female, from all the asylum wards, who could be controlled at all, gathered in the chapel to participate in the evening public worship. And there I witnessed, as I never thought to see, the calming influence of the Gospel. There were those among that company as wild and fierce almost as was that Gadarene who had his dwelling in the mountains and the tombs, and who came thence to withstand the Saviour's power; but the same influence which conquered him was felt throughout that deranged assemblage; and those men and women sat through the service, a congregation of worshipers, devout and orderly, an example to many who never were so unfortunate as to compel their separation from the society of their fellow-men. The soothing influence which filled the place fell on myself, and I was calmed. That night I enjoyed the luxury of refreshing sleep.

I purposed to avoid any intimate association with the old man of whom I have spoken; but when we met again he seemed to throw a weird influence over me, and his conversation fascinated me as it had done the previous day. This continued to be the case during the greater part of my stay in the asylum. Sometimes he incensed and sometimes he disgusted me, and again and again I determined that our intimacy should cease; but again I was drawn to him, and his influence

over me was maintained until I had almost regained my mental health. Then I was emancipated from my thraldom to him. Before I close this article I will refer to the old man again.

After I had been in the asylum a few weeks, the first excitement of my dwelling there had been worn away. I was settling into a monotonous round of action, and the mind, instead of throwing off its melancholic stupor, was sinking deeper into the mire of moodiness. One morning, soon after the breakfast hour had passed, and the tramp, tramp of the day had begun again, and I was walking listlessly through the hall, the feeling of utter hopelessness pressing like an incubus upon my soul, when the superintendent, at an unwonted time, unexpectedly appeared among us, and handing me a newspaper fresh from the press—"There," said he, in a gladly excited tone of voice, "read that aloud to all who are in the hall." The tramp was stilled at once, and an anxious group gathered around me. I saw by the displayed heading what I was to read: Gen. Lee had surrendered to Gen. Grant! The long agony was over—peace would soon return—the country was saved—the Union was restored—slavery was abolished, and a condition of greatness and glory was awaiting our reunited people in the immediate future. These were the thoughts which rapidly passed through the minds of reader and auditors in that apartment of an insane asylum on that April morning of 1865. Faces in that hall, familiar for their expressionlessness alone, were lighted up with gladness and gratitude—gladness for prosperity and peace returned at last, and gratitude to Him who had begun his blessed work of bringing good out of the evil war! Could the jubilant feelings awakened by that morning reading have been perpetuated, more recoveries would have been reported from that asylum, for that year, than had ever been before for an equal length of time. I had then a striking proof of the salutary effect of pleasant emotions upon shattered intellects. There was a scintillation of healthful mind flashing forth even through an injured medium.

But a gloom proportionate to the joy which was caused by the surrender at Appomattox filled our halls when, a few days succeeding that, we knew that the "people's President" had been stricken down, a martyr to that cause which he had served so well. Abraham Lincoln was mourned as truly by the inmates of our asylum as by any others throughout the land; and the solemnly majestic march of his funeral cortége from the nation's capital was there watched as admiringly as by those along whose streets it passed upon its way to the home of his early manhood.

There were some of my fellow-patients in whose cases I was intensely interested, and who exercised an influence, healthful or otherwise, upon myself. I might fill my limits with a sketch of these; and some day I may attempt this task, but at present will content myself with one or two which may be of interest sufficient to justify their introduction here. A short time after my residence in the asylum began, a young man of about twenty-one years of age was added to our company. He had the appearance of a gentleman of education and refinement, and he did not falsify his looks. He was more than six feet in height, perfectly proportioned, straight as an arrow, and with a face radiant with intelligence and good-humor.

He had not long been in the ward before he was drawn into the moving mass, and commenced the tramp, tramp from end to end of the promenading hall; but, unlike the others, as he tramped he filled the hall with music little less enchanting than that of Orpheus himself. He had the finest male voice I remember ever to have heard, the softest and sweetest, and as he trilled the charming song, popular at that day, The Mocking-Bird, one could almost believe that the feathered songster of copied notes had found its way into our dreary dwelling-place. He was a member of a family high in social standing.

This young man was direct from the higher classes of the first university of his native State—sent thence because his mind had become sickened beyond the skill of the home profession to relieve. For a time he rapidly improved, and our skillful superintendent hoped that he could soon be sent away to gladden his home again. But there was a return of symptoms, aggravated in their character; and the sorrowful conclusion was speedily reached that his case had become a hopeless one, and that the brilliant intellect of the pleasant, handsome boy would be darkened more and more, until death should usher him into the light of another world. It was an affecting scene when the sister of this hapless youth, a beautiful and loving girl, visited him in his asylum room. The meeting was a sad and tender one, although, for the sake of the afflicted brother, she strove to wear a cheerful look; but as she turned to leave the room, after the good-bye kiss had been given, her pent-up feelings showed themselves in an outburst of tears and sobs of hopeless grief. But scenes like these were often witnessed within our

halls—the greater grief more often shown by the visitor than by the visited. The prediction of the superintendent respecting this young man's case has proven to be correct. I saw him a short time since. He was then sinking into helpless, hopeless imbecility. Verily "God moves in a mysterious way!"

Another case was that of a lady, the wife of a physician of merit and standing, and the mother of several children,—fair and accomplished, and still young,—whose mind was disordered only enough to justify her banishment from home, for treatment in that infirmary. She brought into the asylum all the nice proprieties of life which had characterized her in her home society—the same dignified demeanor, the same regard for neatness and becomingness of dress, and an attention to those courtesies and kindnesses which make the company of some so peculiarly pleasant. When my own mind was becoming intact again, I accompanied one of the officers in his rounds throughout the institution. We found this lady in that department of the house where the lady patients who were least affected made their home. It was finely, almost elegantly furnished. She was dressed in a neat white wrapper, that served to set off her graceful person to the best advantage; and the few ornaments she wore were in keeping with the modest neatness of her attire. An open piano stood in the room, with a music-book supported by its rack, as if some one had just been playing upon it. I had heard that she was a musician, and I desired her to favor me with a tune and a song. Without the hesitation of affected modesty she returned to the instrument, and asked me what was my favorite piece. I declined to make a choice, and requested her to play and sing that which pleased herself. She struck the keys and commenced at once to warble the simple words:

"Do they miss me at home?"

The place, the words, the singer, and my own condition, all together, combined to make the performance so intensely affecting that when the singing ceased, with moistened eyes, but without trusting my voice to speak, I bowed my thanks and good-bye to the sweet musician.

When I had been for several months a patient in the asylum, my state had not apparently improved. But I was changed somewhat. Heretofore my vagaries had reference to myself alone. My mind looked inward, and it was upon myself I sat in judgment; and as I looked unceasingly upon a mind diseased, and upon nothing else, I soon began to loathe the sight. The direction of my look at length was changed, and the asylum did me no greater good than by changing the object that I looked upon. How this was brought about I scarcely know myself, but believe the superintendent was the efficient cause. If this be true, it shows at once the extent of his resources and his wisdom in their application.

Having ascertained, as I believe, the inefficiency of all ordinary means to remedy my disease, he devised a bold and apparently harsh, but really benevolent means to effect the restoration of my health. This was by giving to my mind a shock so violent and rude as to throw it from the position it had occupied so long, and force it to assume another one; and by giving me a different stand-point of observation, and presenting another class of objects to my view, cause my estimate of myself and others to be changed. It mattered little what effect the new direction of my look would have upon myself. The old associations would be broken up, and my mind would then gradually return to its normal state. Physicians sometimes create a powerful impression on a portion of the body not essential to its life, that by revulsive action they may save a vital organ. When the essential part is cured, the injury induced is left to nature's powers to remedy.

Applying this principle of revulsion to my case, the physician purposed to create within my mind another feeling, if possible more painful than the original one, and thus remove that which for so long a time had made my life a burden; and then, by showing that the one induced had no true foundation to rest upon, to work a full and perfect cure.

Hints of the treachery and enmity of family and friends were whispered in my hearing—hints such as could not be understood by those who made them; but were evident to me. Of course the superintendent took no open part in making these most painful innuendoes. His was the hand which moved the springs, but hand and springs were both most carefully hidden. He had his agents, and he manipulated them at will, but they were ignorant that they were only puppets in his hand. The old man whose picture I have sketched was the most active instrument used by the Doctor. And he was a willing worker. But if he had any it was but a dim perception of the scheme in which he was engaged. The scheme worked well. I be-

gan to be less concerned about those things which were the sources of my trouble at the first. Another feeling took its place, but one no less difficult to bear. Rage, hatred, jealousy then filled my heart against those treacherous friends for whom one day I would have freely sacrificed my life. My sole desire was that I might visit on these vile destroyers of my peace the justice which was due to them. But I was powerless. Shut up where my complaints of wrong would be treated as further evidences of insanity; even if I were free I thought the home conspiracy had grown so strong as not to be overcome,—and farther still, that the conspiracy had spread so widely as to embrace those within the asylum's walls, and also those without who overlooked its interests;—a formidable conspiracy!—a great confederate force arrayed against one poor stricken wretch, and he so stripped and desolate as to be dependent on his spoilers for his daily food!

And now the work was done. I had become as much as at any time before, though from a different cause, a being hopeless and forlorn—no home, no friend. The irritant which had been applied to counteract the ailment that would yield to no other mode of cure, was quite as hard to bear as was the malady itself. Still the remedy was a potent, though a painful one, and it was not long before its effects were seen.

Up to this period my mind had been like one of our Western rivers during its "freshet" swell—the stream rising higher and higher; its current widening, and deepening, and moving resistlessly along; and its waters, filled with mire and dirt, foaming and boiling as though a furnace of fire flamed beneath them all along their course. But, like the same stream when the cause of its swell is gone, it first "comes to a stand," then slowly begins to recede, and ebbs more and more, until at length, confined within its banks, it flows calmly and placidly along toward its ocean home—so my mind, turned from the view of what had jaundiced it so long, began to be at peace. Light came, but it was feeble and uncertain for a time, and shone through a hazy medium. I was like the man in Bible times, who, when the hand of the Blessed One was laid upon his eyes, at first saw "men as trees walking;" and though I had such imperfect vision then, yet with it came a hope within my heart—a hope so small, so weak, that I was hardly conscious it was there at all. I know not when I felt it first. It was not until long after its birth was known to those who had my case in charge. When these joyfully assured me that I should go out into the world once more, they only seemed as those who mocked. The difference in my mental state was great; but even now I cannot comprehend the *modus operandi* of the change. One thing, and but one thing, I know: that "whereas I was blind, now I see." That is all; and with that knowledge I must rest content. I was the passive recipient of potent influences, the effects of which circumstances from time to time revealed to my knowledge. A few of these circumstances I will now narrate.

Upon one occasion I went to the asylum library, as much to take refuge in that place from the annoying presence of some of my fellow-patients, as for anything I thought to find that would interest me there. While listlessly casting my eye over the array of books upon its shelves, my attention was fixed and my heart was thrilled by the title printed upon the cover of one of the most modest looking books of the collection. It was an epitome of that truth which my spirit needed at the time. One of the striking aphorisms of the royal preacher reads, "As a draught of water is to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." The truth contained upon the cover of the unpretending volume was to my thirsty, dried-up soul this refreshing beverage.

The library afterward became my favorite resort. There I could, for the moment, lose myself and forget the things which were going on around me. One day I took up a volume which contained that strange poem of Coleridge, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." I had never read the piece before, and was but little taken by its title, but the jingle of the first few lines sounded pleasantly, and I still read on. As I progressed my interest increased, and I forgot myself and where I was. The Mariner's case I fancied paralleled my own, and I thought its sequel, whatever that might prove to be, would prophesy my fate. Then I became the mariner himself, sailing, with aimless purpose, upon a boundless sea. I was the slayer of the blessed bird, and I felt in consequence the ban upon my soul. I sailed on and on, and then slowly began the voyage back again. And I was wretched still. But when, at last, the curse was taken from my soul, and I believed that blessings might be mine again, it was an hour so filled with heartfelt pleasure that, like the waters from the smitten rock, following the hosts of Israel through their desert journeyings, its

blessed influences have cheered me still during all the wanderings of my after life.

About this time the old man whom I have so fully introduced to the reader, during one of his seasons of darkest moodiness, quoted, as applicable to his own condition, one of those passages of holy writ, which, read as understood by some, has proved a chain to hold in thraldom many a wretched soul; but when interpreted as intended to be by Him who wrote it, becomes the instrument of the soul's enfranchisement. I called in question the correctness of his interpretation of the words. He replied with warmth. Fearful that his awful exegesis of the text would blight my new-born hopes, I argued at length its true interpretation. The discussion became so warm that many of our fellow-patients crowded around us, and I believe that light was then received by at least one wretched mind darkened as my own had been, and which, I trust, will shine on, brighter and brighter still, even unto the perfect day. This discussion was a help to me. It was a mental stimulus which strengthened me healthily. I thought that I had been victor in the intellectual contest, and this confirmed me in my views and hopes.

The following means of cure and test of the extent of my convalescence was resorted to by the superintendent. He told me that, during the winter which was then approaching, he designed to write a treatise upon the subject of the hereditary transmission of insanity, especially bearing upon the question whether the disease followed in the line of sex: that is, whether the insanity of the father usually descended to the son or the daughter, or indiscriminately to either one, and so of the mother. He desired me to search the great library of the institution for published cases or opinions bearing upon these points, and to write out abstracts of the cases. This was an exercise to me of absorbing interest. It put in requisition all my powers, and it was efficient for the purpose for which it was devised. I finished my work with mind and spirits consciously improved.

As I became better, more liberty was granted me. I was at first permitted to wander apparently alone over a limited portion of the asylum grounds, but attended by a sure though secret surveillance. Then the freedom of the whole estate was given; and at length all restriction was removed, and it was alone required that I should appear at meals and be within my room at night.

Steadily, but slowly, my mental vision became less oblique; and as my soul was strengthened to endure the light, yet more and more was given. In the exact proportion as I had a clearer view of truth, my moodiness decreased and cheerfulness returned; and, so far as regarded my original affection, I might have been granted the enjoyments of home again, and have profitably engaged in the pursuits of active life. But the newly-induced condition still continued, and, as already stated, it was as painful to endure as was the one it was intended to remove. There was, however, this difference between the original and induced affections, that the one required unusual measures to relieve, while the other could be removed by evidence that the belief had really no foundation in truth. The proof came at length, and it was clear and convincing; and though of vital consequence to myself, its detail would be of little interest to others, for my second error was of a common kind, and yielded readily to the force of truth.

The emerging of a mind, affected as mine had been, from darkness into light—its habits all changed, and unbroken melancholy giving place to constant cheerfulness—was necessarily a gradual work. But it was a finished one. And now, the mind joying in God and confiding fully in those whose love is necessary to my happiness on earth, the way is bright before me. Life is a blessing. Its cares, its labors, disappointments, fears, these are but disciplinary means to fit it for the exercise of greater virtues, and prepare it for enjoyments higher and holier than earth can give, and more than the capacity of man can hold.

TREADING THE CIRCLE.

So far, so far gone out of sight,
My strained eyes follow thee no more;
Thou to the left, I to the right,
Never to meet as heretofore.

Yet though the distance grows so wide,
We tread Love's circle year by year;
We're nearer on the other side
The farther we are sundered here.

THE CHRIST.

FROM LEONARDO DA VINCI'S LAST SUPPER.

As twilight deepens in my silent room,
In glimmering outlines that recede in gloom
The friendly portraits on the walls appear,
But this one Face of faces grows more clear,—
A still, white shadow, taking shape in eyes
Behind whose closed lids boundless sorrow lies—
In lips that have kissed Death, and kept the print
Of all its bitterness in shape and tint,
While yet He fills with sweetness to the brim
The cup of those who sup their last with Him.

Poor wraith of woe, kinsmen in grief are we,
And through the dusk my heart yearns unto Thee,
And fain would spill, in breaking, all its balm
Of helpless love, to give Thee transient calm.

O blind! withhold thy kisses from his brow,
Until divinity is poor as thou;—
Needing no smallest voice, no lightest sign,
Self-crowned with woe, He makes the night divine;
And I, who dared to pity, fear to pray—
So great He seems, so poor all I would say.
In love with present ease, afraid of pain,
Too short of sight to see its far-off gain—
Oh, have the soft arms of thy patience room,
For such to creep within from out the gloom?

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

American Morals.

THE publication, through an argus-eyed and many-voiced press, of every event and incident relating to the private and public conduct of American life, gives the impression that we are a corrupt and immoral people, and that we have a certain eminence among the nations for immoral practices. There is no reason why we should do ourselves injustice in this matter, especially when we are proving every day that the heart of the great mass is sound. Nothing can be more hopeful and encouraging than the frank publicity given to all those practices which tend to detract from our reputation, especially when the cause of this publicity is the effort that is everywhere making to correct them. The recent scandal connected with the Vienna Commission is certainly humiliating; but it did not reach the public ear until the government put into practical form its purpose to have a pure commission. The government made a mistake in its appointments, and corrected it as soon as possible. "The back-salary grab," as the political slang of the day designates it, has everywhere been characterized, by press and people, as it deserves to be characterized; and every man whose hands have been soiled by it is under a ban much worse than that of suspicion. The way in which the *Crédit Mobilier* business was received reveals the public virtue as truly as it exposes private and corporate venality. There never was a time when a virtuous people were after sin and sinners in high places with so determined a hand as at the present.

New York city is supposed to be very wicked, yet we have seen, within the last two years, that it has not only the disposition but the power to redeem itself. With all its immoral population, gathered from the four quarters of the earth, even New York is sound at heart, and holds within its bounds a great and overmastering host of good men. An independent and fearless press, leading a band of brave and earnest citizens, has made a victorious fight with organized and instituted corruption; and the thieves who formerly plundered the city which they ruled are fugitives from justice, or are struggling with it, and on the defensive. Are we worse for the terrible exposures that have accompanied this struggle, or better? What

have they proved? Simply that New York is and intends to be a pure and well-governed city. We doubt whether there is a city in the world besides New York that could have done what she has done in two years to relieve herself from the rule of rogues, and that peaceably and under the forms of law. Rome, for a long time, has been endeavoring to get revenue from its tobacco-monopoly without avail, owing to the hopeless complicity of the police with the smuggling fraternity. The government did not and could not reform this abuse, and at last farmed out the collection of this revenue to a company, and found that this was the only way by which it could get anything. There were not honest men enough in the city to do the government work in this single branch of service. Certainly New York has not descended to any such depth of corruption as this.

The grand evils which menace the people of America now are not to be found in the corruptions of municipal or national rule. The reign of the rings is broken, or tottering to its fall, and vile men are hastening to relieve themselves of the odium which attaches to it. Even those who seek to form new combinations for personal power and profit find it uphill work, and fail to make their intrigues fruitful. The wrongs which now front us, and wait with desperation or trembling to be righted, are connected with the great railroad corporations and their combinations and monopolies. The people by whose consent, and for whose benefit, these railroads were built—railroads to which have been devoted enormous areas of public land and stupendous prerogatives and privileges—are determined to have something to say about their management, and determined that their power shall be curtailed. The corporations which have built them and are administering their affairs are manipulating or controlling legislatures, and superfluously enriching all connected with them, while the farmer cannot get a paying return for his wheat at his door, and the consumer buys his bread at an exorbitant price. The fight of the people with these monstrous powers is begun, and is to be the great fight of the next twenty years. The issue is not doubtful, though it may be long delayed. Little Vermont finds to her surprise that she has been imposed upon, and hastens to do her people justice; and it is safe to predict that in five years the railway kings, and the overbearing monopolies, and the corporations which run railroads for the benefit of their managers, will be so thoroughly "investigated" that they will find it for their interest to conduct their operations with a degree of deferential reference to the interests of the people whom they have cheated and oppressed.

It seems to us that there is at this time a very healthy public sentiment. No public iniquity lives without protest. No wrong-doer sits easy and unconcerned in his place. The old apathy under wrong and misrule is passed away. The good elements in society and politics are full of hope and courage; and we believe it to be susceptible of proof that no European country is less dominated by corrupt men than ours, or more willing and efficient in the demolition of all forms of wrong. If there is an apparent difference against us, it is simply because we advertise our sins more widely than our sister nations, in order that the people may take intelligent action against them.

Skilled Domestic Service.

THERE is no department of American life so cursed with ignorance and lack of skill as that of domestic service. There are thousands of families in this city —and the same fact obtains in other cities—who have no satisfactory service from year's end to year's end. The servants come and go, and lie and waste, and spoil and quarrel and steal. They have no loyalty, no faithfulness, no carefulness, no skill to do the duties which they undertake and which they loudly and confidently profess to understand. Their ignorance is only matched by their insolence. They have no disposition to learn, no ambition to become excellent, no desire to please, and no wish to remain for any considerable length of time in one place. The sailors' boarding-houses, from which the men are dragged and shipped for every brief voyage, do not seem to be more demoralized and hopeless places than many of those holes so strangely misnamed "intelligence offices," from which scores of girls are sent into families every day—girls who are known to be inefficient, and who are expected back in search of another place before the first month is out. The waste of fuel in rich men's kitchens would keep all the poor people warm. The food thrown away, or ruined by recklessness and ignorance, would feed tens of thousands. Foreigners wonder that the American family takes to the boarding-house and the hotel, but the secret of this strange liking for hotel life is in the wretched service of domestic life. Women get tired and discouraged with housekeeping, and give it up.

If we could see any tendency to improvement in domestic service, we should not trouble ourselves to write this article; but there is no such tendency apparent. We are every year more thoroughly satisfied that there must be some concert of action among the ladies of the city, on various points, before there can be any improvement. These points are, *first*, that no lady shall give a servant a certificate of character or skill that overstates the facts in the slightest degree; *second*, that no servant shall be engaged who cannot bring a satisfactory certificate from her last place, or give competent references; *third*, that when a mistress finds herself imposed upon by false representations, she immediately dismiss her servant, so that, at last, all incompetent servants be driven into places where their wages shall bear some proper relation to the value of their work.

So long as poor and dishonest servants are tolerated, and find no motive to make themselves better, they will not become better. The experience of our

housekeepers has proved this. A poor servant who knows that she can walk out of one good house direcly into another will not try to become excellent. She gets used to floating, and does not object to it. There is a pleasant excitement in it, to which she becomes accustomed. There are hundreds, if not thousands, of servants in New York who never stay three months in a place, and are in no way unhappy about it; and the good housekeepers of the city are responsible for their existence. If their credentials were properly looked into, they would find themselves driven into inferior places, or made humble and willing to learn.

We do not know why it is that it is supposed that cooking, as an art, needs never to be learned. Good cooking is among the best and most useful of all the arts. We are more dependent upon it for health, comfort and the economical administration of home life than upon any other art whatever; yet not one in one hundred of our cooks ever learns her business, or ever thinks of learning it. We are driven to professional bakers for our bread and to the confectioners for our pastry, cake, puddings and creams. Our lady of the kitchen calls herself a cook if she can roast a joint so that it can be eaten, or broil a steak so that it cannot be eaten. If a dinner-party is to be given, a professional cook must be called in to save the lady of the house from torment or disgrace. We pay for good service, and get that which is wretchedly incompetent.

There are two possible measures which might relieve us. If the city authorities would establish and maintain a bureau of registry which would receive no names but those of men and women who can establish, by the most reliable testimony, their competency in the different departments of domestic service, and so make it a prime object with all servants to get their names upon it, they would open a way out of our difficulties. The trouble is that no one is responsible now for anything. A good-natured mistress gives her good-natured servant a "character" which does not belong to her, and on this she trades. A bureau like the one we propose could be made self-supporting, and do incalculable good. It should be made so high an honor to get a place upon this registry, and so sure a guaranty of good wages and permanent service, that a motive for excellence is held constantly before those who expect to rely upon service for a livelihood. Then those who are willing to pay good wages for good service should never resort to any other source for it. If a servant applies for a first-class place who cannot get her name upon the register, she should not obtain it.

The second measure to which we allude is the establishment of a school of domestic service, so that any servant who really wishes to improve herself can be fitted for her work, whatever it may be, whether cooking, or waiting, or laundry-work, or the care of chambers. Our city is full of rich men—men with superfluous wealth. They will leave this wealth to charities and museums, and various objects more or less practicable and praiseworthy. What greater favor can these men do the city in which they have accumulated their money than by founding a school of domestic service, where men and women who have failed to learn their business, or who wish to enter upon service, can acquire a practical knowledge of their work?

Surely there must be, in a nation like ours, some way out of our present troubles. We have put nearly everything in a way of mending but this, and before it we seem to stand helpless. Are not the remedies we propose practicable? If they are, then they should be applied. The first measure we propose would not be complete without the other, and the latter, established in some way, would not work well without the former. We want not only the instruction, but the public, authoritative recognition of it. We want a standard that shall establish and maintain a distinction—honorable on one side and dishonorable on the other—between good servants and bad servants. Such a standard would, while increasing the comfort and economy of home-life, make service an intelligent and respectable art, and elevate the *morale* of all engaged in it.

Summer Play.

THERE are few sadder things in life than the dying out of the impulse and disposition to play. A man begins life with an overflow of vitality and animal spirits which makes him bright, genial and playful. He sympathizes with children, and even with the brutes, in their playful moods, enjoys society, and engages on all favorable occasions in recreative exercise of the body and amusements of the mind. Then comes the struggle for competency or wealth, and for twenty years, while his children are young, he works, settling more and more hopelessly into routine, until his competency or wealth is won, when he wakes to the fact that his impulse to play and his power to enjoy it are gone. He finds that he has lost his sympathy with youth, that he regards their pursuits as frivolous and tiresome, and that there is no interest in life to him except in daily toil, and in the quiet fireside rest which follows it, uninterrupted by social intrusions from without, or social duties that call him forth from his retirement.

What New York would become without its summer recreations we cannot imagine. The heat of the summer months, which not only dries up trade, but drives every man, woman and child beyond its limits who has the means to leave them, is the one saving power of city life. It is the play of the summer, the enforced idleness, the necessity of filling with amusement the lingering days, which keep the whole city from going on to perfect wreck. The steady strain of nine months' business, the feverish anxieties of trade, the overtaxation of mind and

body, the wearying round of social assemblies, if kept up through the whole year, would drive men mad or crush them into the grave. We have no doubt that people in the country wonder why New Yorkers are willing to leave their splendid and commodious houses, and submit to the numberless inconveniences and inferior fare of way-side places. They would have but to spend one active winter in the city to understand it all. They would then know how precious the privilege would be to flee from hot sidewalks and burning walls, and the ceaseless din of wheels, and lie down, care-free, in the country silence, beneath an apple-tree or a maple, with the fresh green earth around and the wide blue heaven above them.

It is of the greatest importance to those who have the privilege of leaving the city in the summer that they go where they may be free, and where real play may be unrestricted by any of the conventionalities of society. There is no objection to the filling up of the fashionable watering-places by fashionable people who have nothing to do the whole year round but to play. There are enough of these to populate Newport and Saratoga and Long Branch, and there will be enough of those who are amused for a little time by looking at them to keep the hotels full; but the well-to-do working men and women can do infinitely better for themselves and their children than to seek dwellings in such places for the summer. What they want is liberty, away from the centers of observation, where they can dress as they choose and do what they like. The very soul of play is liberty, and there can be no true recreation without it.

Nothing can be more cruel and nothing more foolish than to place children where they must be dressed every day in fresh and fashionable clothes, and their freedom to play curtailed for the sake of appearances. What childhood needs is perfect freedom among the things of nature—freedom to romp, to make mud-pies, to leap fences, to row, to fish, to climb trees, to chase butterflies, to gather wild-flowers, to live out of doors from morning until night, and to do all those things that innocent and healthy childhood delights in, in cheap, strong clothes provided for the purpose. Exactly that which childhood needs, manhood and womanhood need—perfect liberty and perfect carelessness. So, whether the dweller by the sea go inland for his summer play, or the resident of the inland city go to the sea, he should seek some spot unvisited by those devoted to fashionable display, and pass his time in unrestricted communion with nature, and in those pursuits and amusements which, without let or hindrance, perform the office of recreation.

It is pleasant to think of these hundreds of thousands who scatter out into the country like spray beaten off from the city walls by the waves of summer. The weary men of study or of business, the tired women, the pale children—how they will dream and wander and rest! Thousands of greedy eyes will drink in the freshness and beauty of the sea by day, and sleep through its nightly lullaby. They will bathe in its waters, and sail upon its bosom, and live and grow strong upon its treasured life. Other thousands will take themselves to some quiet country village, with pleasant social surroundings, and with village bells to make Sunday-morning music for them. Still other thousands will climb the hills, or roam through the woods. There will be fishing by day and floating for deer at night among the Adirondacks, or among the forests of Maine. Every inland and ocean steamer will bear some of them. Every railroad-train will be used in their service. It is the great play-time of city life. The farmer has his rest and recreation in winter; the citizen, only in the summer.

While it is pleasant to think of all this prospective play—play not all prospective now, for many have already entered upon it—it is sad to think of those who are by necessity kept at home. For those there is the park, the most beautiful pleasure-ground in the world—if they will but use it—and the bay, over which the boats are pushing all the time. An excursion is an every-day affair, and the country and the sea are at the very doors of us all. And for the poor children—we have seen what a single newspaper has done and can do for them. The provision for them made last summer should be made again this summer on an enlarged scale, so that no poor, tired dweller on Manhattan Island may be compelled to pass the summer without one day of freedom and privilege on the fresh sea or the green and odor-breathing shore.

THE OLD CABINET.

When you stand on the crowded wharf, and throw passionate kisses of farewell to a red silk handkerchief surmounted by a dear familiar black-felt hat; when you fall into an ecstasy of weeping at the parting, which is ocean-wide—your tears may not be all tears of sorrow. If the farewell is not spoken between soul and soul; if the one who goes cannot take himself from your heart and life; if in your friendship there is nothing that is not lovely; if it is a true and right parting and not a terrible mistake—if, above all, there is a sure hope of beholding again, even in this world, the face of the beloved, then the pang has in it nothing of bitterness. In the near future lies at least a fragrant and ennobling memory,—and beyond that beam the returning eyes of your friend, unhidden by red-silk handkerchief, veiled only by tears of perfect happiness.

These were my reflections this fine evening, when I

sat by yonder mosquito-net in the summer twilight, and listened to the pleasant patter of the sprinkler in the dusty street. The stove that made its own twilight had been taken down. The sense of coziness caused by its presence had given way to a sense of airiness imparted by its absence. It was a good and faithful friend. I should hate to draw a lesson from it of the benefits that even the best of friendships may derive from temporary absence. No, I will only think of it to-night to mourn for it, and to cast forward a welcoming thought of its return.

It was a stove without guile. If it had a fault, it was no fault of its own, but the sense of irritation in the human mind which arises from the contemplation of a dead-level of virtue. It was, if anything, too docile. It would not clog, nor crack, nor go out. It kept up a steady glow, from cool autumn to hectic summer; taking its coal, at any time that suited you, into a capacious reservoir, and from this helping itself, as its need was, without trouble or question. The proof of the perfect health of any organ of the body is in its owner's unconsciousness of its existence; so it may be said that, except in the case of him whose easy task it was to meet its slight claims upon attention, the whole family passed through the entire season with hardly a thought of the existence of what was really the center of our social system.

The stove that made its own twilight, I have said. Let the phrase suffice. I cannot trust myself to paint the scene, when, tea over, the gas was turned down, and the little company gathered into the lovely twilight diffused through the isinglass windows that encircled that flaming bed of coals. I cannot tell you of the voices that have sounded through that glowing gloom; of the ———

There is one thing, though, that I can tell you. And that is, that this stove of mine has strengthened in me one of the strongest beliefs of my nature,—which is the belief in personality.

Whenever I see any kind of success, any kind of perfection, any strong forth-showing of any kind,—a great newspaper, the most popular patent shoe-fastening (even if it is, even *more* if it is in itself a miserable fraud), a notorious name or book,—I say to myself, Behind that is an intense personality. If any great good or great bad thing is going on anywhere,—a mighty rattling of factory wheels, a pestilent reform, or what not,—I say to myself, Somewhere there is a heart of fire.

Possessed as I was of this conviction, imagine my pleasure in suddenly realizing that this royal stove itself was no fortuitous affair; that somewhere on this planet, I knew not where, lived and labored its inventor! and that this inventor included a personality—strong, self-reliant, so at one with its mission as to lose itself in a fine self-forgetfulness only to be recognized as vanity by the ordinary mind. For who else would not have shrunk from punctuating the periphery of his own invention by no less than thirteen identical, cast-iron portraits, in bass-relief, of his own profile! It is in keeping with my theory that an extraordinary mind like this could not be dismayed by the consideration that his face would hardly be called beautiful—would not be likely to "add a classic grace to the garland of the lives" of his patrons—and that a whole portrait gallery entirely made up of pictures of the same countenance, viewed at precisely the same angle, could not in any case be confidently defended from the charge of monotony.

BUT just that you may have some idea of our companionship with the stove that makes its own twilight, I think I will let you overhear some floating bits of the winter's hitherto unrecorded talk around it. Never mind who said the things: that is all one to you and the stove, and I do not care to hold any one in particular responsible, either for the thought or for the present form.

. . . I think half the trouble in this world comes of doing things from without instead of from within. Imitation seems to be one of the necessary experiences of youth. Indeed, one may say that measles are a sort of imitation. It is pitiful to see a person of so-called maturity lingering in this grade of culture. Yet how many artists do you find far beyond it? When I say artists I imply all men—for everybody is using some sort of artifice; if in no other way, then in the structure of his life. The fault with this vast raft of inedited writing—the great army of stories, for instance, that marches up yearly to be slaughtered without ruth at editorial batteries—is that it is not sincere. A girl has been reading conventional novels all her little life, and a yearning grows in her consciousness—not to *say* something, but to write a story. She catches the poorest part—the trick of form—and wonders that the editor or publisher does not see that this is the thing the world wants.

It is a body without a soul, and by no means a perfect body either; as if one's advertisement for a traveling companion should be answered by the talking automaton; or as if a man, longing for the Bard of Abbotsford himself, should be confronted by that imbecile effigy on the Mall in the Central Park, popularly known as the Scott Statue.

It cannot be denied that a large part of what is supposed to be the real literature of our day is as false in quality as the crude stuff that never sees the light. Yet I think we need not be greatly troubled by the easy acceptance granted to persuasive affectation. It holds in its heart the seeds of its own dissolution, which time never fails to ripen. Nothing insincere can live—in art, love, life. If there had not been an element of sincerity in the Devil himself, he would have been dead long ago.

The best stylist (a word I can hardly bring myself to utter) is the writer who, in the fret and fervor of expression, utterly forgets his phrases. The meaner and more inadequate seem to him the words that are

flung from his mind in the agony to press somehow near —to give forth with some degree of certainty an outline of—the mighty, unsubstantial thought, the fitter and finer will be the style. The greatest discourses I ever heard, the most towering in thought and argument, the most tremendous as exhibiting the possibilities of anointed human genius; in delivery so far surpassing any ideal I had formed of human eloquence, that the very word seems by comparison tame and insipid,—these discourses, I say, were in all subtile shadings of expression, in all mere refinements of phrase, most exquisite and complete.

When I say that the education of many persons seems to serve merely as a lacquer, I do not mean that it was given them or that they took it for simple show. But either it was of the kind that had no power to enter the blood, or the blood had no power to absorb it. When you find a man whose education has permeated his life—well, then you find a man of "culture," I suppose. It would be well if you could find more of them.

I become so tired of all this veneering in art, education, conversation, morals and the rest, that I confess to a transient sympathy for certain sincere forms of wickedness. No one can doubt that sin is a permitted evil—and I can readily imagine that a soul may come out quite as vigorous from a swoon of undeceiving, passionate crime, as from a life constrained by an ill-fitting, hard-jointed, artificial shell of any kind—even though you call the shell morality, even though you call it, falsely, religion.

The living—the doing—from within, are the only true. I want no man's code, no man's doctrine; I respect the codes of all men, the doctrines of all; I am eager to search and know; but I must know of myself, and not of another. I am talking now only for myself—and for my "doubles," wherever they may be. Some people seem to know things by the knowledge. I never knew anything until I felt it. I have thought that I knew it—but I did not. The tritest proverb—the thing that I supposed went without the saying—has leaped, with an experience, into a meaning that had been, till that moment, utterly hidden from me.

All hail, slow-souled brothers of mine! So that we get the thing at last, let us be glad and mourn not. There is a recompense. He, the Maker of Time, wastes none of it.

. . . The mention of ideal eloquence started a talk about ideals in general, when one said: If I had never found anything better in this world than the realization of my own ideals, I should be in sorry case to-day. If the things that have blessed my life had not been ten thousand times better than anything I could possibly have imagined, or sanely hoped for, I should be willing to cut my throat. That is, I should be willing and anxious to cut it, if the real could be placed beside the ideal, and I be told that the ideal was for me, and the real not. My own experience with ideals and realities makes me quite able to understand that wonderful thought in the Bible about the things prepared that had not entered into the heart of man. It may be considered sublime conceit, but it is not, when I say with perfect consciousness of my own shortcomings, and a meaner opinion of myself than any one else can entertain of me; that if I had not already, in a certain sense, surpassed my own ideal, and did I not hope, almost believingly, that I should still further surpass it—I would, in this case also, willingly accept the knife's release into some unknown and possibly more propitious field of experiment. But you say that, of course, I build up new ideals, which in time may be outworn, and give place to still maturer. No! I am done forever with that shadowy tribe, my friend,—I am enamored of the real!

The Song of a Heathen.

Sojourning in Galilee, A. D. 32.

If Jesus Christ is a man,—
And only a man,—I say
That of all mankind I cleave to him,
And to him I will cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ is a God,—
And the only God,—I swear
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air!

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Summer Raiment.

Here is summer full upon us, and many of us not only have not our warm-weather wardrobes ready for wear, but have scarcely decided what to buy. The long, cold, wet spring made it so doubtful if we should be likely to wear anything but waterproof and flannel for the rest of the year, that it seemed hardly worth while to invest in linen and lawn till the weather should become thoroughly settled.

Our climate has such violent and rapid changes, even in July and August, that we have to prepare for all degrees of the thermometer from 50° to 100°; and so we cannot dispense with some sort of woolen dresses. For this class of semi-cool garments, come

first, the soft summer cashmeres, twilled on one side, more than three-quarters wide (thereby cutting to excellent advantage), and in all the delicate hues of the season. This is the most durable of all the light fabrics; for, after the hardest wear, it can be satisfactorily dyed, if economy render it desirable. Then follows the pongee serge, a silk and wool material, nearly as wide as cashmere, with the great superiority of being alike on both sides. It is beautiful in texture as well as in its variety of tints, and so soft that it will not easily look tumbled. The old-fashioned delaines, revived this year, are always pretty, except when they appear "mussed," as they are very apt to do. De baize, a well-tried stuff, holds its old colors of soft browns and grays, and is the favorite material for traveling suits. It comes sometimes with broad satin stripes, and this kind is made into polonaises over plain skirts of the same cloth or silk.

So many materials come in stripes and figures, especially for polonaises, as to fix the fact that those invaluable garments will remain in vogue another year. Among the best of these are the satin striped batistes, of which there are so many styles as to seem like different material. The goods is silk and wool with silk stripes, wide and narrow, plain and brocaded. It is extremely pretty for polonaises over plain skirts of black and brown silk, and one of the few really useful kinds of thin goods. But the best of all the batistes is one of which the thread, entirely linen, has narrow satin stripes, also of linen that give more "body" to it than it would otherwise have. This is alike on both sides, and washes admirably; so that, with its good width and reasonable price, it is one of the most economical of purchases.

Foulards, unusually pretty now, are better adapted to cool, summer days than to any other time. Those of American make are frequently twilled, and have the most charming designs in colors on plain grounds. Foulard has had a bad reputation for pulling apart between the threads, but the new, twilled kind wears well.

Grenadine is so thoroughly a matter of course for July and August and September, that it seems like an old story to rehearse its virtues. In black it plays the same part as the black silk walking-costume of winter, and is perfectly proper for all occasions, being, if gracefully made, dressy enough for evening, and quiet enough for morning. It is the one thing we cannot go without, however limited our wardrobes and our means. The heavier and stronger qualities, called Hernani, are the best for all ordinary suits; but the finer grades, which now come with satin stripes, satin dots, and brocaded flowers, are elegant enough for party robes. Then there are tender grays, and browns, delicate blues and greens and pinks, and finally creamy whites so soft and beautiful that one sighs to be perpetually robed in the snowy folds. There is a style of white grenadine with fine, bright-hued, satin stripes, remarkably pretty for young girls. And there is another style, with a superb brocaded satin stripe, just fit for their mothers, only that is as dear as the other is cheap.

In washable stuffs, calicoes, percales, batistes (still another variety of this protean goods is all cotton), linens, organdies, piqués, the designs seem to agree in being stripes and dots, instead of the flower-patterns of last year. Poor Dolly Varden is responsible for this, and had not her coquettish name so taken the popular fancy that it was applied to every possible and impossible thing, we should not now be deprived of the really more artistic and appropriate devices. It is a true satisfaction to be able to say that the prettiest goods in the market are of American make (we always like to patronize domestic manufactures if possible), and the prices so low that anybody can have as many as she wants for a few dollars.

A last word of silks. The summer silks, proper, are rather lower this year than last, and come in the regulation stripes. Every woman knows their value so well, there is no need of praise. In buying, however, care should be taken not to select a dazzling stripe. Serious consequences have befallen the eyes of certain ladies of our acquaintance from wearing fine black and white stripes that constantly changed and shimmered in the light. It is safer also to choose a pattern having clear white in it, because for it the weavers are obliged to use a purer and better quality of silk.

Styles.

WE are so glad to be the first—we think—to announce the new era of good taste and simplicity. The hideous and inartistic fashion of trimming the front of dress skirts after a different model from the back has had its day, and with the last of early summer will flee away, never more, we trust, to be seen on the gowns of sensible and tasteful women. The very latest modes from Paris—we speak by the card, for we have seen them ourselves—show that dresses are to be ornamented with great simplicity, and that the lines will be, as they ought to be, straight round the skirt. The vast entanglement of ruffles and puffs and plaitings and flounces, is gradually to resolve itself into simple folds and bands and other flat designs. We know every woman will be glad of this, because it will save her many weary hours over something which, when finished, gives her but a modicum of satisfaction. And we are even surer that all men will rejoice, since in footing the bills, which every one of them does for some present or prospective she there will be about a third less to pay for.

Femininely considered, the most stylish trimming on all heavy goods is flat overlapping folds, with a fringe to edge them; and on all thin goods, not subjected to the wash-tub, bias ruffles, rolled on the edge and placed with spaces between. Very pretty polonaises of piqué and kindred stuffs are simply hemmed to the width of two inches, and have three rows of machine stitching near together as a finish. The most

elaborate ones are ornamented by a single row of Hamburg work, which is durable and not very expensive. Whole suits of white lawn are not so much used as formerly; the cheaper way of wearing a light over-dress and waist, or polonaise, above a dark skirt having replaced them.

It is always wiser and more tasteful to have washable garments as plainly trimmed as possible. Not one of us can be regardless of damp and dust, if our gown be so covered with ruffles and tucks that we know its "doing up" will cost us at a laundry the price of the whole dress; or, if done in our own kitchen, a day's ill-temper from the handmaid. And yet clothes should pass so thoroughly from the mind of the wearer, from the moment the toilette is complete, that nothing but the instinctive and unnoticed care to preserve them from unseemly contact should concern him or her until their removal.

It is quite remarkable that the Parisians have to teach us not only taste, but neatness. No imported street-dress trails on the ground. A French lady would scorn to sweep the sidewalk with her gown, and could not be made to believe that a lady of any nationality would do aught so untidy. But with shame let us admit that Americans, some of them genuine ladies, do this disgusting thing.

Many of the French suits have no over-skirts; but the skirt is trimmed nearly to the belt in a simple fashion, and the waist is a jaunty basque, generally having a simulated vest. Others have a plain long polonaise and perfectly plain skirt, and yet others an apron with long sashes behind.

All summer clothing should be simple because it should be abundant, and also because, with our brief warm term, it should serve two seasons, and the simpler in form, the less likely to appear out of date the second year.

Traveling Dresses.

For midsummer journeyings, a dress which separates at the waist, thereby permitting the use of linen blouses, is on every account most desirable. For cooler wear, one of the new redingote polonaises of gray de baize, with a black skirt, is the most serviceable suit. The redingote is a very long garment, fitting the figure behind, and being double-breasted and loose, or half-fitting in front, as choice or necessity dictates. It is closed in front by a double row of large buttons—moulds covered with he material or silk—and has large square pockets, square cuffs, and coat-collar either of the same, black silk, or silk the color of the polonaise. A plain two-inch hem edges it, and it is looped behind, and left open half-way down the front. It covers the skirt so much that an old one will answer excellently, thereby saving a good one for a more important occasion.

Linen dusters are not only convenient but necessary to comfort in a journey of more than a few hours. They are made either with a skirt and half-fitting sacque, which can be slipped over the dress (and we think this the most convenient form), or in a loose, gown-like garment, covering the dress to within a few inches of the bottom, and provided with sleeves that draw round the hand with an elastic.

Buff linen collars and cuffs are used especially for car-wear, and do not show soil so soon as white; but for long trips we recommend paper cuffs and collars, which are now made in pretty shapes for ladies, and can be so readily renewed that the wearer need never look otherwise than fresh and neat.

Silk Sacques.

The making of an outer wrap of the stuff of the dress almost superseded, for a time, the use of silk; but since that convenient fashion has followed in the wake of others, silk comes back to claim its own. The black garments now are a cross between a sacque and a polonaise, being half or wholly fitting to the figure, long and much bepuffed in the back—so much, in fact, as generally to obviate the necessity for an over-skirt. They are heavily trimmed with silk, satin, fringe and lace; the quantity of decoration being in inverse ratio to the quality of the material. Why manufacturers seem to believe that a great many ruffles will answer as a substitute for a good fabric, is a mystery; but it is apparently one of their canons.

It is rarely an economy to buy a silk (especially black) garment ready made. Those really wearing well are too costly, and the low-priced ones are dear at any money, for they will crack, look rusty and shiny after very little use. It is better and cheaper to buy a nice quality of the goods, and have it made at a dressmaker's, in plain and simple fashion, not likely to change. (A fine silk ought to last two seasons at least.) Or, if more economically disposed, order a stylish pattern from one of the numerous pattern shops in the city, and put it together yourself. It is so much the custom now for ladies to make their own clothes that really good models are provided at small expense.

If one can afford two wraps, a lace shawl or sacque is very elegant, and a shawl can be made to perform other service too, in the way of draping for an upper-skirt, over silk evening-dresses. Of lace, there is Chantilly or black thread, and guipure and llama, all of which are desirable. But—always a but in the way of what you want—thread shawls are very frail and costly, the best qualities, and a poor one is not worth the buying. Llama, in its fineness, sometimes almost equals thread, is in the same patterns, will endure rougher usage, and is very much cheaper. Therefore, it is better to buy a nice llama than a poor Chantilly, though we know the latter to be silk and the former wool. Guipure is a strong, thick, silk lace, which is serviceable, but has none of the delicate attributes that of right belong to lace. It has been so much imitated of late, in a heavy wool-thread, that one is heartily tired of it from its com-

monness. Its price is about the same as llama, while it is not so remunerative a purchase.

Bonnets and Hats.

ALL head-gear, in its original state, appears much alike, though so fearfully and wonderfully different in result. There seem to be but two shapes in hats, and two or three in bonnets, and these so nearly allied as to be difficult of significant description. In hats one style has a half-high crown and rolling brim, which, on the left side, widens into a point turned up and fastened against the crown. The other style is also rather lower than formerly; turns up in front and on the sides, like a turban, and turns down behind in a flat, rounding rim. The bonnets all have rolling coronet fronts and flat semi-high crowns, and differ from each other only in trifling degree. Straw (chip, English and Belgian braids) wholly takes the place of made hats, of which scarcely half-a-dozen have been shown. French chip resembles Dunstable somewhat, and is more durable than Italian chip, though the latter is more fashionable. Chip, however, is expensive in the first place; soils easily, suffers from dampness, and can never be repressed; so that an English straw of fine quality, which is strong, wears well, and can be readily made over, is the wiser as well as the cheaper choice. The odd Palmetto braids, sewed on various shaped frames, and decked with bunches of dried grass, moss and grain, are specially intended for every-day country use, and have appealed largely to urban ladies thither bound.

The trimming on all head-coverings still centers on the left side or behind, and is composed mainly of ribbon of two or more shades (as many as the dress has with which the hat is worn), and beautiful wreaths of leaves and flowers that have never been so natural and so charming as now. Turquoise silk, often spoken of as used on hats, is simply a soft corded silk, in all prevailing tints; though from the name it would naturally be supposed of a most cerulean hue. A very beautiful ribbon is now imported, which is one color on one side, and a totally different, though blending one on the other. It is quite new and remarkably handsome, and saves the cost of two separate ribbons, although the price is rather more than for a plain ribbon.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Music in New York.

WE have had an unusually musical spring; and indeed, certain entertainments given at Steinway Hall, at the very close of the season, when audiences were supposed to be pining for the green fields and fresh air, and the atmosphere of a concert-room was an epitome of discomfort, have given our city a new standing in the world of art. For they have developed in our people an unexpected appreciation of the very highest forms of music, and have proved that much nobler things than managers have generally thought it wise to give us, will here be eagerly received. Mr. Theodore Thomas's Festival has done more for true musical culture than twenty opera seasons. It has opened to the multitude a treasury which was closed before to all except a few highly educated connoisseurs. It has taught us what good chorus singing is, what the neglected oratorio is, what good orchestras are, and, above all, it has taught us a keen relish for compositions which only a year or so ago were supposed to be above the popular comprehension. That the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven should have been so gloriously performed in this city—in this city which has always refused to support a chorus, and has taken symphonies of all kinds under a sort of tacit protest—is undoubtedly a matter of general gratification; but a still more cheering evidence of progress, is the fact that two or three thousand people, representing all classes, the accomplished musician, and the tyro who has hardly got beyond the scales, listened to it with a delight that was almost rapturous. After this we shall feel that nothing in music is beyond the appreciation of New York; and we may safely count upon getting all that we can appreciate and pay for.

The visit of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society was not only the most important, but also one of the pleasantest features of the Festival. It called forth some gracious hospitality, and aroused, we hope, much friendly emulation. We have no large musical organization that rivals it; but the success of Mr. Thomas in creating a new chorus in Cincinnati, shows that we might soon have one, with a little well-directed effort. Perhaps the Church Music Association may grow into what we want. It certainly exhibits more vitality than any of the older choral societies, and under its new conductor it has done some good work, which encourages us to expect from it a constant and rapid improvement.

Soon after the Festival came Rubinstein, with the most astonishing series of piano-forte concerts ever undertaken in New York. There were seven of these recitals, as he calls them, and in the course of them he presented a complete history of piano-forte playing, from the time of the clavecin and the harpsichord to the present day. His one hundred and fifty selections gave us specimens of every school, and the characteristics of every great style, from Bach and Handel to Thalberg, Liszt and Rubinstein. The first concert, devoted to the fathers of the art and their immediate disciples, attracted much less interest than the others, though it was to our taste one of the most delightful of the series. The second presented six sonatas of Beethoven, and at that also there were many vacant seats. But afterwards the hall was crowded, and a

more critical and cultivated assemblage than gathered there in the afternoon it would be hard to find in any city. Naturally, there is a great diversity of opinion as to which composers Rubinstein interprets most faithfully. We are inclined to give the preference to his playing of Handel, Mozart and Schumann,—and of his own music, of course, first of all. Yet remembering Beethoven's great sonata in C minor, and some of Mendelssohn's Songs without Words, and the sonata in A flat of Weber, it seems invidious to single out anything for especial commendation. How Beethoven, and Schubert, and Chopin ought to be played is in a great measure a matter of judgment, and Rubinstein is much more likely to be right than his critics. Nobody can dispute, however, that he gave in the whole series of concerts the most brilliant and amazing exhibitions of skill, and the most unmistakable evidences of deep artistic feeling that he has shown in his American tour. The gossips tell us that his earlier impressions of this country were not favorable; but he saw some reason to revise them before he went away.

Browning's New Poem. *

IT is a pity that neither of the two greatest living English poets has been able to keep himself free from mannerism—that the elegance of verse not polished away into trim prettiness is a thing to be remembered for Tennyson, and that Browning's old vigor has roughened into puzzling uncouthness. One refines expression to the weakening of thought, and the other subtilizes thought till expression grows provokingly obscure.

A singular lawsuit was decided last year at Vire, in Normandy; and Browning, being in the neighborhood, seized on its revelations of life as the hint for his present poem. Courts of justice force facts out into light, and therefore their proceedings always have the intensest interest of reality. Very likely there is more fable than truth in the record of Solomon's judgment between the two mothers, and the official reporter would have left a dryly strict account of the case won by Portia against the Jew, enlivened by none of the poet's charming fancies. But a modern tribunal, with its cruelly logical rules of evidence, and the hold upon conscience of the oath, lays bare the course of human action as exactly as any mortal agency can; and modern poetry finds in the mass of facts so dragged forth ample materials for hunting after truth through the study of human motives, to the full satisfaction of its introspective and philosophic bent. Besides, the balancings of a litigation, its doubts within doubts and conflicting presentment of two sides, have a fascination for Browning's refining and abstracting faculty. The subject being at hand, some extravagance must of course be fetched from afar for its name and setting—something at once outré and trivial, by way of title, that might be strained, through vague associations of thought, into faint connection with the theme. Miss Thackeray by a pretty stroke of wit had described Normandy as the white cotton-nightcap land; her friend shall prove to her, by this story of wrong and misery enacted there, its better title to be called red cotton-nightcap country. And since one riddle at once to be solved is too simple for his power of perplexing, the second title, Turf and Towers, gives him scope for tracing through forced and fantastic analogies a contrast between the sinfully easy life his hero led and the height of self-denying austerity he should have aimed at. We spare the reader's patience any instance of the quibbling conceits that piece the story and its names together—they can be understood with labor, but are not worth the labor of understanding.

To describe the theme briefly, it is the picture of a life spent in the struggle between a weak head and a warm heart to reconcile religion with lust. The Church—the church of Lourdes and La Sallette, of course—stands by, forbidding the sin in theory and conniving at its practice so long as penance takes the shape of tribute to its coffers. The sharer in the guilt, really the most finished character in the poem, living simply for the sake of consuming the life she attaches herself to, is drawn with a careful tempering of contempt for her nature with admiration for its completeness. No one need be reminded that the energy and distinctness with which Browning throws himself into the life and condition of another being is almost like a transmigration of souls. The masks of this story move and speak as if by some inner force, not like puppets. Only he does not choose to inform the poor Church so understandingly, refusing to explain her share in the drama by identifying himself with her. The moral of the poem is—for the poet never wants a purpose, in whatever involutions and enigmas he may wrap it—that life is full of contrarieties; that much which seems evil in it is relatively good, but that there is pure good and definite truth which we may attain, and ought at least always to aspire towards. All this is declared less equivocally, if less directly, than in his last poem, the justification of the sphinx Napoleon. But the baffling and doubling chase is pursued through so many frivolous quirks and false starts of suggestion before coming at a statement which, after all, seems willingly to stop short of proof, that even Browning's blindest admirers must be disappointed at finding so small and tasteless a kernel within this prickly burr.

The Mater Dolorosa of Poetry.

A DELICATELY written preface by the translator prepares us for the sympathetic rendering in which Miss Harriet W. Preston presents the memoir, composed with all Sainte-Beuve's subtle insight and exquisite finish, of the life of Madame Desbordes-Valmore, whom he calls the most courageous, tender and compassionate of feminine souls, the Mater Dolorosa

* *The Red Cotton-Nightcap Country; or, Turf and Towers.* By Robert Browning. James R. Osgood & Co.

of Poetry. Another of the literary circle that knew her best, the writers of a fashion then still classic though passing away, styled her "the sweet spirit with the golden voice," poetizing the praise which Lamartine sought her out to bestow, and which Hugo compressed in one of his strong sayings, "You are womanhood itself—you are poetry itself; yours is a charming talent, the most moving I know in a woman." M'lle Desbordes was a native of Douai, and, pursued from the first by the poverty and misfortune that haunted her life, she performed in the early days of the First Empire as a comedian, distinguished for the pathos and simple naturalness of her acting. Physical feebleness prevented the full development of her extraordinary gift of dramatic expression, and after twenty years of labors more satisfactory to the critics than profitable to herself, she left the stage, not before the publication of her first verses had fixed her place in the very front rank of female poets. Her long life afterwards was one of privation borne without complaint, of modest constant charity, helping out of her own need the miserable who were only just more needy, and finding in suffering and patient effort the stimulus to the free unfolding of the warm sympathetic qualities pervading her later poems. The salient points in Madame Valmore's career are touched with the mingled lightness and firmness of which Sainte-Beuve is a master, for, in his words, "one does not write the formal biography of a woman." With extracts from her letters and the slightest thread of narrative, he weaves a touching story of sensibility and courage, romance and energy, and heightens it with one of those quick, graceful turns always facile and natural in his writings, by contrast with the serene, refined rural poverty of another poetess, Eugénie de Guérin. There are anecdotes of her early life and associates veiled in infinite delicacy, and glimpses of later hardships borne bravely and even graciously. She shrank from patronage, and was too modest to believe she deserved fame. Her active pity for all whom she could aid or console seemed a special gift from heaven—no one ever applied to her in vain, for sympathy at least; and a natural retinue of courageous, intelligent women similarly situated flocked around her. The task of introducing to the public the unfamiliar story of such a life is well performed, and made complete by the generous tribute the translator pays to the perfect justice with which Sainte-Beuve's refined spirit always dealt with women. The volume ends with selections from the poems, rendered closely and melodiously enough to recall much of the characteristic elegiac quality of the original; and the elegant form in which it is issued by Roberts Brothers is well suited to its subject.

The German Minnesingers.

MR. KROEGER, in the *Minnesinger of Germany* (Hurd & Houghton), tells us how at the heart of the Middle Ages, while learning was imprisoned among priests in monasteries and universities, poetry led the joyous life of knight-errantry, and made itself a home in courts. The violence and tumult of the time were relieved by the primal simple art of song. The twelfth century, which produced the Courts of Love in France, with their frivolous questions and fantastic decrees, was the era in Germany of the bards of love, for that is the literal meaning of Minnesinger. Devotion to woman pushed to extravagance, and enthusiasm for what they meant by religion, were the gentlest traits in the men of those more than half-barbarous days. Or rather they were twin expressions of one fancy—the passionate worship of the Virgin, merely substituting her name in the phrases that exalted subjection to the mistress. Most of the Minnesingers were of knightly birth, with no other riches than their harp and sword, wandering among the villages and from one castle to another, and living by the liberality that rewarded their songs. These were scanty enough in material, twisting into all imaginable conceits the praises of the lady-love whose name it was a point of honor to conceal, varied now and then with a stroke of homely wisdom, or a half-line given to flowers and meadows. But their construction was a studied and elaborate art. The minstrels thoroughly understood all the resources and devices of meter and rhythm, and adapted them to strict form in each production while connecting every poem with its special musical accompaniment. When we add that these poems were often improvised, and the melody originated at the same time, the control of the Minnesingers over the formal machinery of their art appears really wonderful. Of course in their narrow range of ideas a thousand commonplaces grew familiar, and the mere turn of words and of tones might be endlessly varied without much effort, while the uncultivated ear of the audience was still pleased with the expected refrain of fancy and melody. Still, the songs that are preserved, of more than a hundred and sixty bards, display such variety of thought and such flexibility and precision of language as denote an extraordinary development of poetical art. This collection of early German literature exists in five volumes, published in 1838, by Von der Hagen, under the auspices of the King of Prussia.

The Minnesingers were knights as well as minstrels, and eagerly sought the most romantic adventures of chivalry in honor of their mistresses. Don Quixote scarcely caricatures their extravagances. One of the most conspicuous, Ulrich von Lichtenstein, chose a princess for his lady-love, and devoted himself to her, with harp and hand, for more than twenty years, through a career of colossal follies. As specimens of these, he drank with rapture the water she had washed her hands in, had a surgical operation performed on his lip because it displeased her, cut off a finger and inclosed it to her address with an exquisite poem in a green velvet case, and executed a traveling tournament through Lombardy and Bohemia, richly dressed as Venus, breaking three hundred and seven lances in her honor. Yet this moon-struck knight was of noble

descent and great wealth, the father of a family and the husband of a woman whom he really loved. Another accomplished Minnesinger of the early part of the twelfth century, and one in every way a contrast to Ulrich, was Walther von der Vogelweide, distinguished for his strong and elegant verse, and even more for his thoughtfulness as a student and teacher, and the frankness and wisdom of his intimate intercourse with the German princes of his day. He devoted his arms and his genius to no fantastic escapades, but fought as a crusader, and rhymed and sang for German independence against the Pope. The translations from his verses given by the author show the grace of the poet and the foresight of the statesman, and justify the esteem he won among contemporaries and the renewed popularity he now enjoys in Germany. The passionate admiration that rewarded these minstrels is indicated by the ceremonies at the death of Heinrich Frauenlob, "the author of a magnificent version of 'Solomon's Song,' whose body was borne by ladies with much weeping, and so great a quantity of wine poured on his grave that it ran all around the church."

From the descriptions and the illustrative extracts given by the author, it is plain that the form of these songs was artificial to a wearisome degree of refined complexity. Many later poets, and Goethe in particular, have availed themselves skillfully of the capacities of their language thus developed; and Mr. Taylor's recent translations show our own tongue to be rich and flexible enough for the production of closely similar effects. But it must be owned that Mr. Kroeger's renderings of his chosen extracts very faintly represent the metrical merits of their labored structure. His English is needlessly bald and commonplace, and the attempt to preserve grace of form even at the sacrifice of spirit is eminently unsuccessful. On the other hand, he gives us in compensation some very acute and just criticism upon Tennyson's circle of Legends of the King, pointing out the artistic blunder which neglects dignity and nobleness of character in choosing Arthur and his unfaithful queen for the central figures of the story. He fairly awards praise for finer conception and more exalted treatment of the same legends to Wolfram von Eschenbach, another of the Minnesingers, who selected the mystery of St. Graal as his main subject. The volume is curious and interesting, and ends appropriately with careful criticism upon long passages taken from the version of "Tristan and Isolde," by Gottfried von Strassburg, the greatest of all the poets of the period.

Bulwer's "Kenelm Chillingly."

THIS posthumous novel of Bulwer's (Harper & Brothers) abounds with instances of the experience in life he gained and traces of the faults he almost outgrew during his long career. It illustrates worldly shrewdness mellowed from selfishness into sagacity, maintaining the sense of honor as a principle instead of a fantasy, and refusing in speech the point of epigram for the sounder wisdom of aphorism. Yet his theory of the true presentation of life is the old one with which he began, resulting in a piece of brilliant literary workmanship, full of flaws. In this respect it wants the finish and genuineness so satisfactory in some of the latest of his novels published while he lived. In those he acknowledged the modern standard of excellence in fiction, which demands that the possible and the practical shall be idealized, and half abandoned the task he had so long sustained, of adapting the pure ideal to the limits and conditions of prosaic existence. In a word, he seemed to be at length beginning his work at the right end, and aiming to poetize the material, rather than to draw down angels from the skies. But the clinging habit of a lifetime is not so easily cast off. In the present story he wavers between the two systems of treatment, whether in dealing with personal character or with social problems. His man of action is a nobler sort of Lumley Ferrars, etched with the sharpest, neatest touches of acid. His man of dreams is a more unselfish conscientious Godolphin, really looking for a place to do fit work in. But when these two have converged to a collision, and the truth of either's plan of life is about to be put to the test, the author deserts the task, and the half-lifted curtain of the promised play drops just as it was expected to rise.

A few more instances of the trick of introduction he so much affected would have gained for Bulwer's two pedestrians marching into his first chapters as jeering a welcome as used to salute James's twin initial horsemen. True, he finds high authority, in Gil Blas and Goldsmith, for thus putting various conditions of life on a friendly footing at the outset, and contrasting the youthful pilgrim's freshness with experience in the worn and knowing wayfarer. The effect reconciles us to this simple and rather clumsy device which solves the difficulty of bringing the better-class Englishman into striking relations with his inferiors, by walking him into them under a disguise. Our knight—ambulant in the present case—strides swiftly into adventure. Within a fortnight after dropping his gentle name and usual dress to see the plain world for himself, he rescues a runaway beauty from a too seductive actor, earns two shillings in the hayfield, snubs a young radical and settles him at a retail-shop desk, pounds a village farrier to a jelly, trains a crippled basket-maker in æsthetics, marries him to his rustic mistress and sets them up in business, while enlightening by the way a wandering minstrel's notions of Art and Nature, and puzzling a clergyman's theories of reform, and confuting a great landholder's system of economics, and yet does not permit himself to get at all out of breath or out of whimsies before he quietly resumes decent name and attire and ways, and consents to learn the world by travel, after the usual fashion of his class. It is a rough and ready style of bringing him acquainted

with many of the people who are to influence his life —for he lifts the farrier into his manly "cultured" friend, finds in the minstrel, also a disguised genius, his future rival in a love-passage, and inspires the landholder's exquisite daughter with a passion which would probably have met its reward if the book had been continued.

In names, Bulwer plays with suggestion, as Dickens did, though less grotesquely. Ex-mund-ham, the place out of the world, is the seat of the hero's race, those thin-blooded Chillinglys, whose crest was three small fishes, and who for centuries had contrived to swim with the stream, not too conspicuously near the top of it. A fortunate cross bestows on Kenelm, together with the stern honor and crotchety spirit of a scholarly father, the dreamy mood and melancholy insight of some remote maternal ancestor. The influence of heredity is asserted throughout the story. And it is a curious mark of the belated condition of Bulwer's mind, that while he adopts the inherited transmission of qualities, good and evil, what the ancients called *ingenium*, almost as the groundwork of the graver passages in his novel, he is so far from conceding it as a fit foundation for any scientific system, that he invents occasion for a contemptuous outburst against Darwin. He pursues this principle into a contrast between the quiet obscurity through which the Chillinglys had lapsed, and the hardy manliness of the race of Travers, all full of the spirit of their time in by-gone centuries, giving a ship to the Armada, fighting with Cromwell at Marston Moor, thriving as lawyers, ruling as colonial governors; in brief, always up with the best life of the best English commoners, till the line culminates in the Travers Kenelm meets, a baronet with acres scientifically tilled and votes dexterously managed. In like manner the hereditary intensifying of the Chillingly traits is skillfully traced, until they reach perfection in the hero's cousin, the consummate politician, who thinks capital and religion names to conjure with, either backwards or forwards, calmly saying he intends to be premier, and credited by the world with enough of ability and flexibility to carry out his intention. And the reason why he will succeed, as the author strongly puts it, is that he is the incarnation of talent, and that the average world which now-a-days rules cares for and comprehends nothing of genius. The English spirit has declined to a level of toleration, expediency, indifferentism on which it meets and yields to the lead of the intensest Chillingly practical mind. The serious interest of the book lies in this strong contrast of persons between the cousins, of races between the Chillingly and Travers families, and of national spirit between the old heroic British tone symbolized by one, and the modern craven passion for success and wealth and ease embodied in the other. It is easy to see that the fulfilment of such a beginning, if the author had not faltered in carrying it out, would have been found in bringing Kenelm and Cecilia Travers together, and evolving from the fusion of the two lines a type of the statesman fitted to rule the coming time in England.

While keenly realizing and sharply illustrating this decline in national spirit, perhaps Bulwer was too old to do more than deplore it, and dream without defining the course of restoration. At least he gives no shape to the fruit of his hero's dreams, when reality at length dissipates them. Represented at first as possessed by a conviction of the vanity of all human wishes, so unnatural in its precocious sadness that only some wayward blending at his birth of contradictory natures can account for it, he is startled out of contempt for ambition and distrust of love by finding the last only too real, and the first a possible satisfaction for earlier misfortune. He sets out with a scorn for ogling and pairing humanity that would delight Hartmann, and meets the revenge of fate, as that pessimist philosopher is said to have lately met it, in a bewildering passion. This is drawn with a mingling of warmth and purity very unusual for Bulwer, and disappointment in it tempers the hero for that part in serious life to which ambition will open his way, as we gather from the hints with which the story abruptly closes.

Though he mounts his pedestrians on many a metaphysical hobby, and seasons their discourse plentifully with the old melodramatic scraps, there is abundance of wit and pungent observation sprinkled over the pages. Scientific extravagance gains a thrust or two, and Tennyson a sharp skit, and clique criticism a caustic rebuke. The rules for lengthening life laid down in the manuscript of Hawthorne's Septimius are cleverly parodied by a set of maxims, not at all unlike them, for winning social success. Bulwer himself hardly lived up to either course of prescriptions, nor would he seem to advise his readers to adopt them. And on the whole, although the novel returns to his earlier manner more than it improves on his maturer one, it deserves to be classed rather with the best than with the worst of that long and varied series of romances from which his diligent pen so lately rested.

Mrs. Whitney's New Story.*

We have happened to read recently, and in accidental connection with each other, two books which, both coming from persons of genius, contain each much worth considering, but which are curiously contrasted; we refer to Mrs. Whitney's *The Other Girls* and the *Coming Race*. Lord Lytton, in the *Coming Race*, in a most ingenious and fanciful story, which no man could have better conceived or treated more skillfully, satirizes without bitterness, and not without many expressions of sympathy with the ideas he seems only half in earnest in refuting, the hopes

* *The Other Girls*. By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. James R. Osgood & Co.

of a coming society out of which most of the present evils of life, inequality, disorder, ambition and brute force, shall have disappeared. The present hopes of women—of becoming in all respects the equals of men, in education, statesmanship, civil rights—are reduced to absurdity by depicting an imaginary underground world, lighted by an artificial sun (much less incredible than "Our Brick Moon"), in which women are the natural superiors of men in all respects. They are larger, stronger, wiser, more scholarly, apter at public affairs, than men, and have all the inventive, scientific and philosophic functions of the race in their hands. They, too, have the initiative in all love affairs, and men are represented as having the diffidence, coyness and sensibility which have hitherto adorned women. But perhaps a more interesting suggestion of the discoverer of this inside world—in which he finds the prophecy of our own social state some generations hence—is the fact that the servants are all automata—machines in human form so ingeniously constructed and so wound up to their respective duties, that they perform with admirable accuracy and efficiency all the work for which we now so unhappily depend upon fellow-creatures,—subject to fatigue, often reluctant and usually incompetent—capricious, envious, jealous—rarely contented in their situation, and all desirous of places like Thackeray's Jeames, "with little to do and a great deal to get for it." This solution of the domestic service question—vastly more puzzling and pressing than the civil service question, unprogressive and unpromising as its solution is—is a way out of the scrape by no means wholly absurd—since the talking-machine, the sewing-machine, the type-setter, the coal-excavator, the fire-alarm, the hotel-annunciator, the self-feeding press, and a hundred agricultural economizers of human labor, have hinted what the possibilities of mechanical invention are. But, however conceivable the abolishment of domestic service may be—by the substitution of machine labor in household work—the desirableness of the change, all its conditions being considered, is somewhat more than doubtful! It is a good deal of the nature of the correction of women's disabilities, by transferring them to men; or, protecting women from cruelty by making them too strong in muscle, for their present tyrants to dare lay a hand upon them! Make the world go by machinery, and men and women will soon become machines themselves. Abolish the necessity of any labor not in itself wholly agreeable, and we should have a sybaritic world, in which such absolute independence one of another would be achieved, that the membership which now educates and disciplines humanity through the relationship of its inter-dependent parts would be wholly lost in a selfish disintegration, of which the purity, the brilliancy, the freedom, but also the barrenness and incoherency of a blowing cloud of sand, would be the proper image.

Mrs. Whitney, in *The Other Girls*, takes up the domestic service question—indirectly, but none the less of set purpose—from a wholly different, and an infinitely more helpful, point of view. Believing, as she evidently does, in the divine order which governs the world, and in human society as a part of that order, she is, among the earnest writers of her own sex, one of the few who is not restless and dissatisfied with the place which woman has in the world. Active in her desire for elevating her own sex, she evidently has no disposition to bring it in conflict with the other, or to lead it into the publicity which marks masculine life. She does not consider woman's sphere, as experience and history have defined it, due mainly to man's selfishness, brutality or jealousy. She seems to believe that woman has taken and is taking the place God gave her—the one to which her faculties and sex gravitated—and that there is no more dispute called for about her sphere than about man's sphere. Her sphere changes, enlarges, adapts itself, has exceptional cases, suffers from ignorance, encounters evils and trials from the passions of the other sex, as well as from its own. But so does man's. And although these spheres impinge and cover sometimes segments of a common territory, yet they are characteristically distinct, and there seems little prospect that they will ever coalesce and become lost in each other. If they should do so—if man's and woman's occupations, education, professional and physical labors become, as many seem to think they may and will, identical—we can only rejoice that we have lived in a stage when the separation favored a class of virtues and graces, on both sides, that will then be extinct!

But Mrs. Whitney, in all her works, clearly regards the unlikeness of man and woman as the chief cause of their mutual dependence. Instead of an evil, she thinks the dissimilarity of faculties, tastes and proclivities, a special and unspeakable good; the present disposition to make woman less domestic and more public, a degradation, and not an elevation, of her place. And in her present work—if there is anything which rules the sentiment—it is the unfavorableness of the exchange now so dangerously stimulated—of domestic lives and home occupations and home service for those more public and congregate occupations which so many women are flocking into—as shop-tenders and saloon-girls, and workers for wholesale establishments. Of course, Mrs. Whitney does not deny the right, nor even wholly the necessity, of these occupations for women. She contents herself with depicting the advantages and the happiness of domestic service. She knows that homes are everywhere suffering for the service of womanly work and sympathy; mothers worn out with cares they cannot buy the aid of competent women-helpers to abate; children running loose for want of womanly guardianship; men getting to think clubs pleasanter than homes that are so ill-managed, where their wives are in a chronic irritation with poor servants—their domestics eye-servants, and ignorant and stupid and exacting and capricious at that,—and their meals rarely ready and well served, and their wives seldom

smiling and fresh enough to be agreeable companions after the toils of the day.

On the other hand, Mrs. Whitney has seen that American girls have fallen into the natural but unhappy error that domestic service is degrading, unprofitable, undemocratic and humbling to self-respect; that this drives them to factories and clerkships and machine-labor in great establishments; empties the smaller towns and villages and rural districts of their young women (their young men had already gone West), and accumulates in cities an overplus of American female labor, where, away from natural protectors, the young women must live in tenement-apartments, be exposed to fearful temptations, and gradually lose all sense of home privacy and simplicity and womanliness of life.

To help bring these two suffering classes together—homes wanting womanly helpers, and young American women wanting homes—is the main object of *The Other Girls*. The author does not lay the blame of the present *strike* among American girls, or even of any domestic servants, exclusively to the folly or ignorance of the girls, any more than to the folly and ignorance and defective sense of the true relation between employers and employed, among housekeepers. And therefore her book is not occupied exclusively with the working-class or the servant-class. It runs up and down the whole gamut, from Mr. Sherrett and Mr. Argenter to Bel Bree and Mary Moxall, from Mr. Kirkbright and Desire to Frank Sunderline and Marion Kent and Ray Ingraham. She divides the responsibility between housekeepers who are not *home-makers*, and domestic servants who are not *helpers*. And her remedies are not one-sided. She describes the residences or abodes where the proprietors seem to think themselves and their servants are of a different flesh and blood and a different heart and soul, and all their relationship one of dollars and cents. She evidently does not wonder that such homes have constant difficulty with their servants; steady dissatisfaction on both sides, frequent changes, and no peace, because no sympathy and no affection. She describes other homes where the mistress, amazed to find reasonableness, self-respect, refinement in the domestics, begins to study their comfort, ministers to their taste, allows them to feel *at home*, and to enjoy the liberty of home; to see their friends, to make the kitchen and their bedrooms pleasant places to live in. The better treated, the more unexacting, friendly, and like real members of the family become the servants, and the less disposed to break the barriers essential to the privacy of their employers.

We have long been satisfied that the hitch in our domestic service in America was quite as much due to the upstart pretentiousness of newly-rich employers—the absence of any cultivated sense of what constitutes "real folks," or any Christian discipline of character and temper—as to the crudity or untrained character or exactingness of the servant-class. We go so far as to set it down against any family, that they cannot *keep* their servants; and assume that the people always complaining of their domestics are people seriously undisciplined themselves, and justly open to the dissatisfaction of their domestics.

But deeper than any question of servants and masters in this book is the pervading sentiment of the dignity and glory of work in any sphere we find at our hand. Mrs. Whitney has too profound a faith in the guiding hand of Providence to think it wise to spend life in looking out or ahead for a sphere, instead of occupying the sphere next at hand, and pointed out by evident signs—sure that it will open wide enough in God's time, if only faithfully filled. She has an amazing sense of the way all things work together for good to them that love God, and perform their next duty and stand in their lot bravely and helpfully. She leaves us in doubt whether Laclarion Grupp is not quite as useful and grand in her way as Mr. Christopher Kirkbright in his.

Clearly those who think the difficulties in our human life things to be evaded or removed, instead of being met and *transformed*, are not competent to deal with the world they live in, or the souls they find about them. Men and women are not to make their differences grounds of quarrel, but conditions of a nobler harmony. Labor is not to be done away with, but to be made dignified and accepted gratefully. Servants are not all to become masters, but service is to become just as interesting and self-respecting a place as command and employers' stations. It *is* so in hundreds of cases. Many a merchant knows and feels that his head-clerk is more of a man than he himself, and respects himself and commands respect to a degree that the employer does not and cannot. We have known hundreds of serving-girls who could have taught their mistresses morals and religion, and who were nobler and higher beings than themselves in every true scale of merit here or hereafter. We have got to work out this problem, without breaking through the laws of nature or the experience of the past. Neither social distinctions, rights of capital, nor habits of sex are going to move an inch from their ancient foundations to facilitate our solution. There is no patent way of removing the evils of society which grow out of the selfish, crude and passionate, or lazy and pleasure-seeking propensities of our race. It is only intelligence controlled by religious principle that can help us. Intelligence does little except when converted into character, and character has little social beneficence unless founded in piety. Mrs. Whitney feels this in every fiber of her nature. She is therefore a preacher of righteousness. Deborah herself could not have had more of the prophetess than our author veils under her story-telling talent. The profound, prayerful, yearning spirit of helpfulness, by calling on the deepest fountains of help, which animates this book, is perhaps one of the chief criticisms which mere novel-readers and self-amusers will make of its pages. But Mrs. Whitney, working in the iron of stern prin-

ciple, knows how to wreathe flowers and vines about her unbending columns. She has a world of wit and fun, and is sometimes *too* ingenious in her choice or fabrication of names. We have been too deeply interested in the inner substance of her book to pay much attention to its external merits as a story. These, we know, are what it must stand or fall by, as an artistic work. We should like to read it again and criticise it wholly without reference to its principles. But we have left ourselves no room to say one word about *The Other Girls*. We only earnestly recommend it, as better than preaching, for those who are seeking divine guidance out of their personal trials or their domestic grievances, and specially those who are tried with either the bad-mistress or the poor-servant question. There are two classes of sufferers here, and Mrs. Whitney is the friend and teacher of both.

Jean Ingelow as a Novelist.

ALL the incidental wit and casual wisdom of Jean Ingelow's novel are needed to make amends for its artistic unshapeliness, for surely no story half so clever ever hobbled upon a plot as disconnected and a narrative as rambling as this is supported by. *The Skelligs*—twin gigantic needles of rock off the north coast of Scotland—loom out of the mist to give its title and a vivid bit of description to the book, and are seen no more. Off these granite columns the yacht cruises which bears the heroine, her brother Tom, and her uncle into the opening situation of the story, and introduces its hero Brandon, rescued from a raft loaded by his courage with the passengers and piloted by his skill away from the wreck of a burning ship. This rescue accomplished, the yacht and uncle sail out of view, and carry with them almost all the sea-element there is about the novel. The manner of the brother and sister's thus getting afloat upon the world is described with elaboration in an account of their lonely romantic education, brought to an abrupt close by sending their mother into a decline, and despatching their father, a bankrupt, to Australia. This prefatory part, containing material enough for a novel by itself, and seemingly intended to develop the brother into the hero, under the minutely-shaded influences of strange early training, suddenly passes over a gap of several years, into which Tom is unceremoniously dropped, only reappearing with regrets for evil courses that no adequate cause explains. Dorothea, the sister, and Brandon are thrown together again in the family of the latter, where her uncle lets her fall as abruptly as he had picked her up, and the orderly progress of the novel promises at last to begin. Only to be interrupted, however, by another completely detached passage, leading Dorothea through a life of struggle and good work among the poor in London, which again is rich in pictures and lessons enough to furnish forth an independent romance, but does not at all help the course of the one it is interjected into. She rather passively lets herself be loved quietly by Brandon, and more openly and successfully by his half-brother Valentine. These three engross all the interest of character, and a faint suggestion of Jane Eyre and Rochester hangs about them. Dorothea's spell is that of the usual sincere quaintness and wonderful eyes redeeming a plain face. Brandon's vigor and enthusiastic impatience of commonplace, and self-curbing, are associated with finer culture and softer traits than those of that strong earlier portrait. Valentine, from being ineffably weak and unworthy of the heroine who yields only to his persistence and her own loneliness, sinks into becoming needlessly contemptible, for the sake of bringing out certain jealous blemishes in Brandon's character, otherwise too faultless. When he has served long enough as a foil to his half-brother's nobler nature, the latter of course succeeds in his long-repressed love. But his success is delayed by so awkward a device in the outset, and brought about at last in so indistinct and hurried a manner, that the story leaves in closing a sense of utter want of symmetry. It is thoroughly undramatic, except in adopting the worst error of current playwriting, and sacrificing all minor characters to the brilliant predominance of one or two stars. It is in the descriptions, the reflections, and the half-accidental touches having nothing to do with the story of the novel, that its very great merit and charm are found. What sharp and fresh observation these sentences reveal: "This little creature does not love Brandon any the more because he snatched her out of the fire; but twenty years hence, perhaps, she will love some other child all the better for the sake of that dimly-remembered day."—"I think we wish for more in life, rather than more of it."—"To aggravate one's self into being happy is as easy as aggravating one's self into being unhappy." The description of the effect upon different orders of mind of the cathedral at Chartres, with its mixture of the solemn and shabby, is nicely discriminated and led on into some fine thoughts on true reverence. And how neat are these little sketches of the sentimentalist: "She was a pleasant-looking person, tall, very slender, head a little on one side, drooping eyes, a long nose that projected rather too far into space, a pensive, soothing voice:"—and the practicalist: "I never saw any one so gently, peaceably, and persistently uninterested in the droll side of things as she was." The conversations sometimes overflow with wit and sharpness till the society seems invented for the sake of the talk, yet the more serious ones, if a little too long-drawn, are full of depth and fervor. Indeed, the whole book is rich with carelessly cut and roughly set gems, and in its unskillful originality far more attractive than the coherent tameness of many duller and more popular ones. (Published by Roberts Brothers.)

Mr. Trowbridge's Stories.

IN collecting a number of his clever sketches that have appeared in magazines for publication under a more permanent form, with the title of *Coupon Bonds*,

and Other Stories (J. R. Osgood & Co.), Mr. Trowbridge has added one or two that enlarge the volume more than they improve it. His sprightly faculty is too distinct to be allowed to drop into the jog-trot of temperance tales, or lose itself among the crowd of second-rate intelligences following their leaders along the broad new path of American humor. "Fessenden's fool" manages, with study of the odd traits and simian ways of the negro, to combine not a little pathos and quiet satire; and though the best part of "Stealing a Meeting-house" is its title, the sketch shows observation of rustic character which, if not novel, is close and accurate. Mr. Trowbridge, indeed, without being a humorist prepense, has a keen glance for the gnarled growths unfolding in the slow unmoving life of a New England village. There are nooks among those eastern hills unvisited and never to be visited by railways, where the strain of custom and the influences of climate, acting through two centuries, have warped the rooted old English stock into strange distortions. While the foreign grafts it has received in other parts of the country have mellowed and greatly improved its fruit, in its home it bears much that is of rough husk if sweet and sound in kernel, together with some wholly bitter and noxious. The treasures reserved for the novelist in these offshoots of native unmixed character have not begun to be exhausted. They may be idealized, as Hawthorne has treated them, or given with closer realism, like that of Mrs. Stowe's work. But between these two extremes there lies a broad field for natural description and for tracing moral effects wrought by an unchanging atmosphere of thought and habit, in which the talent of the author of these sketches, if trained to penetrate a little deeper below the surface than it has hitherto done, might produce striking results.

Tides and Tendencies.

It is a little difficult to know how to criticise a book concerning which its author frankly says, at the beginning, that it "is made up of discourses *thrown off*" (the italics are ours) "from Sabbath to Sabbath in the ordinary course of pulpit administration, and phonographically reported for the secular press." (*Tides and Tendencies of Religious Thought.* By J. L. Dudley. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.) Evidently this avowal, though perhaps intended to disarm criticism, is quite as likely to provoke it. And it is only fair to say that productions "thrown off" with such careless ease as this sentence indicates, ought to have been more carefully revised before they sought a larger audience and assumed a more permanent form. In other words, work so good as Mr. Dudley's, and which evidently produced so considerable an effect upon his Sunday audiences, ought to be better before it seeks a publisher. There is too much work, now-a-days, which, to use the author's candid phrase, is thus "thrown off." And the temptations to that habit are so many and so strong, that conscientious criticism is bound to utter its protest against the validity of an apology like that which Mr. Dudley volunteers in his preface.

Having said thus much, we make haste to recognize the readableness and suggestiveness of Mr. Dudley's sermons. There is, to be sure, a certain audacity and familiarity in his discussion of high themes which startles one. But that he thinks intensely and speaks effectively, and that his spirit is one of earnest and even vehement desire for the development of manhood after the pattern of "the man Christ Jesus," is abundantly evident. To him the drift of modern thought is full of hope and promise. The novelties which frighten timid men are only an incitement to his own faith. And the tone of courage and enthusiasm with which he welcomes the coming of brighter light, and clearer knowledge and deeper charity, is good to listen to. It is more by the unfaltering confidence of its spirit than by the guarded and studious accuracy of its thinking that the book will be useful.

Dr. Nadal's Sermons.

In the death of the Rev. Dr. B. H. Nadal, of the Methodist Theological Seminary at Madison, N. J., the denomination with which he was connected lost one of the best and ablest of its ministers. A man of great courage, breadth and devoutness, his personal influence in the Church, as a pastor and teacher, was deservedly great. And as a preacher, the sermons which have recently been published, together with a brief biographical sketch by the Rev. H. A. Buttz (Carlton & Phillips), show him to have been peculiarly gifted. While not at all deficient in true Methodist fervor, and in that style of practical and direct exhortation which is also a characteristic of the Methodist pulpit, they show, often, a subtlety and delicacy of perception, and a liberality of view which would do honor to the most cultivated and learned preachers. More than by anything else they are characterized by a distinct and constant recognition of the true purpose of all Christian preaching,—to secure the attention and assent of the hearer to the good news with which the minister is put in trust. It must have been hard work for any one to resist these honest and persuasive words.

Turning-Points in Life.

Mr. Frederick Arnold, (of Christ Church, Oxford,) is fortunate in the title of his readable and useful volume, reprinted in this country by the Messrs. Harper. There is no human life so uneventful and monotonous that there are not in it, more or less clearly discernible, moments of crisis by which the past is judged and the future is determined. It is concerning these critical moments, coming, as they do, at very diverse times and in very diverse ways, that Mr. Arnold discourses, never very profoundly, and with no affectation of philosophic wisdom; but, perhaps, all the more agreeably and usefully for that reason. He has great copiousness of illustration and anecdote, some of which, to be sure, is familiar, but all of it apt

and effective. And the volume is altogether to be commended for its manly and Christian spirit and purpose. It is an especially excellent book to put into the hands of young people.

The Historic Origin of the Bible.

A VOLUME of unusual learning and value, set forth with great modesty on the part of the author, but with hearty commendation in an introduction by Professor R. D. Hitchcock, of New York, has just been published by A. D. F. Randolph & Co. (*The Historic Origin of the Bible.* By Edwin Cone Bissell, A. M.) It supplies a want which could not otherwise be filled except by the use of several volumes, some of which are not easy of access to the general or even the professional student. And the facts collected are so admirably arranged and indexed that, as a book of reference, this manual has extraordinary excellence. It makes its appearance when it is especially needed. In the discussions and controversies which attend the present attempt to revise the English Bible, and in the criticisms by which that work is sure to be followed, the History of the Bible as we have it, with the evidence for its authenticity and the proof of its authority, are matters of great importance, not only to clergymen but to the religious public generally. Mr. Bissell's work, which is done with unusual conscientiousness and completeness, deserves the thanks of all to whom the Bible is a book of divine revelation, to be studied and obeyed.

From Judaism to Christianity.

MR. ABRAHAM JAEGER, formerly a Rabbi in the Jewish synagogue at Mobile, has published, in a little volume of three hundred pages, an account of the religious experiences which resulted in his adoption of the Christian faith. (*Mind and Heart in Religion.* By Abraham Jaeger. Goodspeed's Publishing House.) The volume is not without interest in its exposure of the rationalism now so prevalent among the Jews, and in its earnest repudiation not only of the unbelief but of the disbelief by which the ancient faith of the chosen people has been supplanted: and the author's discussion of certain characteristic doctrines, from his peculiar point of view, is valuable for its freshness and its abundant illustration from the Old Testament Scriptures.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Science in New York.

THE lack of interest in matters appertaining to science has often been urged against our city, and it must be admitted that heretofore there has been a certain amount of justice in the charge. During the last year or two, however, New York has done something towards the removal of the stigma that has been cast upon her, and the number of well-attended scientific lectures which have been given may be cited in support of this statement. But this is by no means the only evidence of improvement in this respect, and our scientific brethren who have labored to render these lectures both instructive and attractive will no doubt be gratified to learn that one important result of their labors is to be seen in the increased amount of reading of scientific works.

From the records of the Astor Library which we have just received, and in which the halls of literature and science are separated, we find that during the past year there has been a great increase in the number of books read in the department of science, both when viewed in the aggregate and in comparison with the number read in the department of literature. Extending the examination to the year 1865, we obtain the following

TABLE OF BOOKS READ:

Years.	Science.	Literature.
1865	18,896	26,070
1871	33,428	58,595
1872	55,660	55,657

Which demonstrates that while the library presents a most satisfactory extension of its usefulness during the time with which the table deals, there has been an especial increase in the department of science, the number of books read during the last year in that department being treble, while in the department of literature it was double, that read in 1865. Facts like these are very encouraging; and if the improvement of the past year continues for a few years longer, we may indulge in the hope that the study of science will be greatly extended; that laboratories and institutions for the practice and encouragement of scientific investigation will be founded which will not only be an honor to the city, but will also aid in increasing her manufacturing and industrial prosperity, by calling into existence a class of men who have been properly educated to forward these interests, and whose minds have received the training and instruction which will enable them to become investigators and discoverers in the new fields that science is ever offering to those who desire to reap therein.

Reason in Animals.

So much attention is at present directed to this and similar subjects that we may be pardoned for adding another instance of the power in question. Nellie is a Pomeranian dog, about thirteen months old. She was given to her present mistress six months ago, and the attempts that had been made to educate her had all resulted in failure. She had not even been

properly instructed in the ordinary amenities of life, as found in dogs who are inmates of our city houses. Under these circumstances her mistress took her education in hand, and by a judicious system of rewards, and rarely of punishments, soon taught her the ordinary accomplishments of sitting up, and walking on her hind-legs about the room. By degrees her attainments increased in number and perfection, and now during dinner she stays under her mistress's chair, and when the order is given to get her table-cloth she brings a newspaper which is kept in the corner of the room, spreads it out, and sits up while her mistress prepares her food in a saucer, which is then placed on the newspaper—but Nellie does not touch it until her mistress gives the signal by counting one, two, three.

From the account we have given it will be seen that Nellie is a dog of considerable intelligence, and even possesses a mathematical mind. It is possibly this latter gift that has enabled her to show the evidences of reasoning power we propose to relate. Four or five times each day, for about a week, Nellie had carried messages to her master that were written on old envelopes, and generally received something to take back in return. She had therefore learned that if she delivered an envelope she received something. Lunch being served on one occasion in the library, Nellie sat up and begged for sugar that happened to be on the table; that failing, she stood up; then she tried sitting up again, but without success. She then seemed to think for a moment, and as the result of her cogitations went straight to the waste-paper basket, picked out an old envelope, and presented it to her mistress, evidently in the hope that she would receive what she desired, and so earned her piece of sugar.

It may be said that in this instance appetite gave the stimulus, and otherwise she would not have exerted what certainly appears to be a reasoning faculty. To meet this objection we give another instance. Nellie always comes down the hall-stairway to meet her master on his return home, and after greeting him races off to the front room for his slippers, and brings them to the head of the stairway. A recent attack of illness having confined her master to the house for a couple of weeks, Nellie was in high glee until he went out for the first time after convalescing, when she was greatly distressed, and watched him from the open window as long as he was in sight; when he finally disappeared she gave a despairing yelp, and racing off to the place where the slippers were kept, snatched one in her mouth, and, leaping on a chair, held it out of the window as far as she could reach, and whined piteously, evidently hoping that if the master saw the slipper it would induce him to return. In this instance there is certainly nothing satisfactory in resorting to instinct for an explanation; the act was evidently the result of a true reasoning process, prompted not by greed but by an almost human affection and attachment.

Row-boats and Boat-racing.

In the new sliding-seats that have been devised for the boats to be used by the University crews in England, the seats work on glass in two grooves with ivory or bone runners. As the result of their manner of working, Professor Humphrey says: The length of the stroke is increased by the action of the muscles of the lower limbs, which do not hold the limbs rigidly in one position, but, by bending and straightening the knees, move the body backwards and forwards with the seat, and so share with the other muscles the work to be done in propelling the boat. He also thinks that there will be a gain in speed in the use of these seats, since the stroke is lengthened and a greater number of muscles share in its production.

As regards the effect of boat-racing on health, Dr. Morgan thus sums up the results of his investigations in his book on "University Oars":—

Benefited	by rowing	115
Uninjured	"	162
Injured	"	17

In discussing the last item of 17 injured, Archibald MacLaren says: "It is at first sight a little startling, and so it must, we think, have appeared to the author, for he very carefully and minutely examines the cases so recorded, and some, we think, successfully dismisses as unreal; while others, we fear it must be candidly avowed, must remain as *bona fide* instances of injury. But is this a matter to be wondered at when the number of men who had been so engaged is taken into consideration? Is there any other pastime or pursuit in which grown men can take part, such as draws forth at the same time their bodily power and keenest emulations, which will yield a smaller percentage of evil? Would the hunting-field, would the football-field, or even the cricket-field, if closely scrutinized?"

Electricity and Sun spots.

In a very interesting paper on the relations of the mean magnetic declinations, number of auroras, and extent of dark spots on the surface of the sun, Professor Elias Loomis says: If now we inquire as to the probable connection between these three classes of phenomena, we cannot suppose that a small black spot on the sun exerts any direct influence on the earth's magnetism or electricity; but we rather conclude that the black spot is a result of a disturbance of the sun's surface, which is accompanied by an emanation of some influence from the sun, which is almost instantly felt upon the earth in an unusual disturbance of the earth's magnetism, and a flow of electricity developing the auroral light in the upper regions of the earth's atmosphere. The appearances favor the idea that this emanation consists of a direct flow of electricity from the sun. If we maintain that light and heat are the result of vibrations of a rare ether which fills all space, the analogy between these agents and electricity would lead us to conclude that this agent also is the result of vibrations in the same medium, or at least that it is a force capable of being propagated

through the ether, with a velocity similar to that of light. While this influence is traveling through the void celestial spaces it develops no light; but as soon as it encounters the earth's atmosphere, which appears to extend to a height of about 500 miles, it develops light, and its movements are controlled by the earth's magnetic force in a manner analogous to the influence of an artificial magnet upon a current of electricity circulating around it.

Opium in Diabetes.

THE *Lancet* thus records the results of treatment of diabetes in the St. Bartholomew's Hospital. The treatment of diabetes is most unsatisfactory, and must necessarily be so till we possess a more accurate knowledge of the pathology of the disease. The fact that so many different plans of treatment have been proposed shows that none are reliable. Some have excluded all starchy and saccharine matters; some have endeavored to increase the supposed normal transformation of sugar in the system, while others attempt to stop or limit it; others, again, have tried to compensate for the excessive loss of sugar by supplying saccharine matters; but this plan has resulted in decided failure. Nor has the treatment by skimmed milk been attended by more fortunate results. Discarding theory and regarding merely the clinical aspect of the case, it would appear that opium yields the best results. But even this drug will rarely do more than relieve the symptoms and diminish for a time the quantity of sugar excreted.

The Coal Question in England.

FROM Sir W. Armstrong's discussion of the report of the commissioners appointed to investigate this subject we extract the following points of interest:—

It being well known that a great extent of our coal lies at depths greatly exceeding those of our present deepest mines, it was essential to the inquiry that the limit of possible depth of working should be approximately defined. It fortunately happens that water is never met with in large quantities at great depths, and it is easy to exclude it from the upper portion of a deep shaft, by the modern process of encasing the shaft with cast-iron segments. Nothing, therefore, is to be feared on the score of excessive pumping being required; neither would there be any practical difficulty in drawing coals from the utmost depth to which we should have to descend. Steel-wire ropes, tapering in thickness towards the downward end, would not be overstrained by their own weight added to the usual load, and even if the depths were carried to such an extreme as to render the strain on the rope due to its weight a serious difficulty, the alternative of drawing at two stages could be adopted.

With regard to the explosive gas, it might have been anticipated that the greater superincumbent weight upon deep coal would cause more gas to exude, and thereby render the working more fiery; but this does not appear to be the case: on the contrary, the evidence on this point was to the effect that the evolution of gas diminished with increase of depth. The only cause which it is necessary to consider is the increase of temperature which accompanies increase of depth. The rate of this increase is about 1° F. for every 50 feet of depth. The questions involved in this increase of temperature are, at what depth would the air become so heated as to be incompatible with human labor? and what means could be adopted to reduce the temperature of the air in contact with the heated strata? The natural temperature of the human body, or rather of the blood which circulates through it, is 98°. A higher temperature is the condition of fever, and the maximum of fever-heat appears to be about 105°. Labor appears to be impossible, except for very short intervals, when the external conditions are such as to increase materially the normal temperature of the blood. The temperature of the air may be considerably in excess of 98° without unduly heating the blood, providing the air be very dry, because the rapid evaporation which then takes place from the body keeps down the internal temperature; but if the air be humid this counteraction does not take place, or not in a sufficient degree, and then the blood absorbs heat from the surrounding medium, and the condition of fever sets in. Now, in a coal-mine the air is never dry, and is very often very moist, and therefore we must regard a temperature of 98° in a coal-mine as the extreme limit that could be endured by men performing the work of miners. The depth at which the earth would exhibit a temperature of 98° would be about 3,000 feet; but it is a different question at what depth the air circulating through the mine would acquire that temperature. The air being cold when it enters the workings at the bottom of the shaft, absorbs heat with great avidity from the surfaces of the passages through which it flows. As it travels along it continues to absorb heat, but less rapidly as its own temperature increases. This cooling action is necessarily greatest near the shaft, where the air is coldest, and diminishes by increase of distance. It follows, therefore, that the temperature of the air of a mine depends on the extent of the workings as well as on the depth of the pit. But great depth involves extensive workings, because the cost of the sinking could only be repaid by working a large area of coal. Extremely deep mines will consequently possess the conditions tending to produce a high temperature of the air, and unless those conditions can be counteracted by some artificial expedient, the air would acquire the temperature of 98°, assumed to be the limit of practicable labor, at a depth not greatly exceeding 3,000 feet.

Memoranda.

THE washing of woolen clothing with ordinary soap and water causes it not only to shrink, but to acquire a peculiar fatty odor, owing to the decomposition of the soap by the lactic and acetic acids present in the perspiration, and consequent precipitation of the

greater part of the fat on the wool. According to Professor Artus, these effects can be prevented by steeping the articles for several hours in a warm, moderately concentrated solution of washing-soda, then, after the addition of some warm water and a few drops of ammonia, washing them out and rinsing them in lukewarm water.—(*American Artisan.*)

IT was recently stated in the French Academy of Sciences, that if dilute ammonia is sprinkled about the floors of the manufactories in which mercury is used, all evil consequences to the workmen are avoided.

BLUE and violet flowers exposed to the smoke of a cigar or to ammoniacal fumes turn green, carmine-red flowers color from green to black, and white flowers yellow. (C. Puscher.)

ETCHINGS.

"TO MATE IN THREE MOVES."

CRIMSON the heart of the sea-coal fire,
Bessie and I, in the ruddy glow,
Her mother reads, and the old grandsire
Dreams of his youth, in the "long-ago."

Quiet and warmth and love in the room,
Now or never my suit to press;
Where the hyacinths shed their sweet perfume,
We play two games,—one love; one chess.

Darling, answer me, lift your eyes;
Your mother sleeps, and the time approves.
Speak, sweet mouth, with a glad surprise:
"You'll be mated, sir, in three more moves."

Then let this be one—and her dimpled hand
Looks all the fairer for plain gold ring;
In vain I rally my scattered band,
As again she checks my poor lost king.

Queen of the red, and queen of my heart,
When will you wear my golden ring?
Flushing her cheeks the roses start,
Slyly she murmurs, "Check to your King."

My pawns advance, press on and die;
The bishops battle in lines oblique;
My brave knights fall; but I can't tell why
My heart grows strong as my game grows weak.

Nearer her gold-brown curls to mine,
The chess-men seem in a dark eclipse.
Check!—Shall I die and make no sign?
And I steal a kiss from her ripe red lips.

Mate!—and her joyous eyes proclaim
Who wins by love, and who in chess;
And the pride of my life is the golden game,
That was lost, when I won my darling Bess.

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NANTUCKET.

THE ARRIVAL—NANTUCKET WHARF.

IT sometimes happens to a town built upon the banks of the Mississippi, in consequence of a sudden alteration in the course of the river, to be unexpectedly cut off from the waters upon which its prosperity depended, and to be transformed into an inland settlement with useless wharves and warehouses. What the crevasse does in the case of the unfortunate Western town has been accomplished for the renowned whaling port of Nantucket by the freaks of commerce. Let no traveler visit it with the expectation of witnessing the marks of a flourishing trade, such as its enterprising citizens pursued while the various species of whale abounded in the neighborhood of our Atlantic coasts, or even after those monsters of the deep had been driven into the distant Pacific. Of the great fleet of ships which dotted every sea, scarcely a vestige remains. Two vessels were indeed still abroad at the time of our visit, but they had met with poor success, and were more likely to be sold than to return with cargoes of the precious oil. The solitary brig "Amy" lay rotting at the wharf, waiting for some purchaser to take her away and turn her to some more profitable use.

But if Nantucket has few attractions to offer such as arise from present prosperity, there is scarcely a seaboard town in America so quaint and so interesting on account of the reminiscences of the past which one constantly meets in every ramble.

If the reader will cast his eye upon any good map of the Eastern States, he will discover a group of islands of various forms and

A NANTUCKET FROLIC.

—when about to die, allowed his three daughters to choose for themselves among his possessions. The eldest, Elizabeth, for some not very evident reason, fixed her preference upon the islands, which accordingly took her name. Sensible Martha had the next choice, and did not hesitate to appropriate the "Vineyard." Alas! for poor Nancy, the youngest, nothing remained but a desolate heap of sand scarce rising above the ocean's waves. But necessity knows no laws, and so "*Nan tuk it.*" It is a pity to spoil so good a story, in whose accuracy many an islander implicitly believes, but it is reasonably certain that Nantucket was an old Indian name, while Martha's Vineyard (called by the Indians *Capawock*) and the Elizabeth Islands, each of which still retains the aboriginal name, received their present appellations from the discoverer, Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, who, in 1602, made upon one of the latter the first attempt at colonization in New England. Good Queen Bess was certainly intended to be honored in the designation of the smaller group. What fancy led Gosnold in naming the largest island is un-

sizes lying off the southern shore of Massachusetts. First and nearest the mainland, a chain of small islands, jutting out from the south-western corner of the peninsula of Cape Cod, helps to inclose the sheet of water known by the ill-chosen name of Buzzard's Bay. These are the Elizabeth Islands. Further to the south-east, and a little more distant from the continent, is the somewhat triangularly shaped Martha's Vineyard, with its off-lying islet, No-Man's Land. Still further in the Ocean, and just south of the hooked projection of Cape Cod, lies Nantucket, with three or four smaller islands no less singular in the names they have received. Indeed, so puzzling is the origin of the appellations of the larger members of the group themselves, that the inhabitants have been driven to a fanciful derivation which can scarcely be admitted to the honors of undoubted history. A father—so the story runs

certain, and it is worthy of note that for years the name fluctuated between Martha's and *Martin's* Vineyard.

The island of Nantucket is a crescent, of which the two horns project far to the north and north-west. The town of Nantucket lies on the inner face of the crescent, protected from the violence of the ocean's waves by these two great natural breakwaters. The sole communication with the mainland is by the good steamer Island Home, in which we not long since left the little station of Hyannis, on the Cape Cod Railroad. The sail of about thirty miles consumed a little more than two hours, and a part of the time we were almost out of sight of land. At last

THE AUCTION.

the white spires of the town began to show themselves on the horizon, while the great projections on the right and left, like gigantic arms, seemed to extend to take us into the embrace of that hospitality for which the island is justly famous. Gradually the houses, rising one above another, came distinctly in view. It was, however, no easy matter to enter port; for the difficulties of the sailor increase as he approaches. A bar of sand stretches completely across the entrance, which the ingenuity of man has been taxed in vain to remove. The tides in a few days fill up any excavations which may be made, and a vessel drawing over nine feet can enter only at rare intervals. When whalers were fitted out in large numbers from this port, the custom was to relieve the heavily-laden ships on their return outside of the bar by means of lighters, or when stormy weather interfered with the operation they were compelled to take refuge in the haven of Edgartown, on Martha's Vineyard. A few years before the necessity for such a relief was obviated by the total decay of commerce, an ingenious contrivance was introduced. The *camels*, as they were called, were two immense caissons which were placed on either side of the whaler, with three great iron chains passing under its hull. From these caissons the water was then pumped until the vessel rose sufficiently out of water to escape the bottom of the bar. Nothing remained but to tow the whaler into the harbor.

Once successfully over, our steamer began slowly to thread the narrow channel, and finally, rounding the lighthouse on Brant Point, drew up at one of the four or five wharves upon which the active commerce of the place once displayed itself. A goodly part of the population was awaiting our arrival; for the advent of the steamer with the passengers and mails from the mainland is the most exciting event that disturbs the monotony of the daily routine of existence. As varied as was the assemblage about us were the carriages that stood ready for the reception of any stray passenger. There was the unavoidable hack, of course, to ac-

commodate the fashionable visitor and carry him to one or the other of the hotels; and a few carry-alls of foreign construction. But the majority of the vehicles were those peculiar wagons which the old-fashioned Nantucketer clings to with fond affection and styles his *carts*. The more modern cart has four wheels, and resembles nothing more than it does an ordinary coal-wagon. As the high sides, made to protect the feet effectually from the winter winds which sweep with terrific force across the level plains, make it difficult to clamber in between the closely-set wheels, the step is placed behind, and one must pass over the seats to his place. The genuine cart is different, for it has but two wheels, and is altogether destitute of permanent seats. If the whole family ride, each member, instead of standing, will be provided with a wooden chair taken from the kitchen. We can bear witness, after trial, that this mode of riding—"barring," that is to say, the danger of a sudden tipping back of the chair from some sudden jolt—is not unpleasant. It is in these "jaunting-cars" that the natives of Nantucket are particularly fond of indulging in their country frolics. Indeed, the young gallants are said to like nothing better than to collect in the cart a goodly number of their female acquaintance, and then, having reached some convenient spot, slyly unfasten the hooks that retain the body of the cart in its horizontal position, and suffer their screaming companions to slide out upon the soft sand.

THE TOWN-CRIER.

If the crescent-like island is unique in shape, the appearance of the town itself is not less singular. The houses, especially in the southern part, rise one above the other somewhat after the fashion of Quebec. The shingled sides and small-paned windows are sufficient marks of their age. Crowded together, with little room between and none in front, they testify to the social tastes of their original builders, and to the fact that those ancient residents cared little for the bit of green grass, or the patch of gay flowering plants, which elsewhere lend a peculiar grace even to the cottage of the lowly. Nearness to one's neighbor, far from being a drawback, was evidently regarded as an advantage. When the husbands and fathers were far off on the ocean, on cruises that occupied many months or even years, the wives and daughters were glad that their homes were huddled together in one corner of the island, instead of being scattered over its entire extent. The most palpable relic of the time of the whale-fishery, however, is found in the many "*walks*," as they are styled, which are even yet preserved. Of old no whale-fisherman thought of inhabiting a house from whose roof he could not obtain an easy and pleasant outlook upon the harbor, or at least gather some idea of the prospects of the weather, and the probable return of the sailing craft of the place. Much more than the half of the walks have been taken down as useless; but from a single point we have counted thirty in sight. The platform is small or large, built around a single chimney and barely accommodating two or three persons at a time, or running the entire length of the roof, and with room for the whole family to congregate on a pleasant evening; and the balustrade surrounding it is as plain or as ornamental as the taste or means of the occupant may have dictated.

Whatever the pretensions of the house, however, upon it or upon some adjoining barn, the seafaring taste of the former occupants is likely to be visible in a vane which, instead of taking the form of a weather-cock, is rudely shaped to represent a whale or other monster of the deep.

There are other reminders of the older time not less odd than the external appearance of the houses. We were scarcely comfortably domiciled before our ears were greeted with the jingling of a bell in the street, and the voice of the town-crier was

NANTUCKET HARBOR, FROM THE CHURCH TOWER.

eard. Nantucket can, it is true, boast of a eekly journal with its columns of advertise- ents, but these reach few persons com- ared with those intrusted to the town-crier. wo or three times a day he perambulates e streets, each time with one or more new nnouncements. It would be a vain at- mpt to represent on paper his tremulous flections of voice. For the town-crier is an institution," and whether he cries a "Con- rt in the Church" or a "meat auction," his ngularly comical tones command instant at- ntion. There are those indeed who will ave it that this notable character is not alto- ether of sound mind, alleging in proof the rcumstance that, having enlisted for a ounty during the late war, he soon reap- eared as a civilian, and could give no better ason for his speedy return than that he had een discharged "because they said that he as '*noncompous*,' or something of the kind;" an allegation in no wise credible, in view the apt retorts he has been known to make. or instance, to a somewhat forward young dy, who from the steps of a boarding-house quired of him where he had obtained the bell was ringing, he instantly rejoined: "From e same foundry, ma'am, where you got your ass."

Ascending the tower of one of the urches, we find that from this elevated situ- ion we can obtain a commanding view not ly of the town, but of nearly the entire island. Almost at our feet the harbor is stretched out, with its deserted wharves and warehouses. Directly opposite Brant Point, and leaving a gap of little over half a mile—the passage through which we entered port—we see the long and narrow peninsula that still bears its old Indian name of *Coatue*. Sheltered by this tongue of land there is a broad bay reaching five miles or more, a placid sheet of water, which is the favorite sailing-ground for pleasure-parties, and upon whose shores are held *squantums*, or picnics, that constitute the chief diversion of the islanders in the pleasant season of the year.

And here we may as well say that Nantucket, besides retaining aboriginal appellations for almost all her districts, capes and ponds, has admitted a number of words from the same source into her spoken vocabulary, of which the *squantum* may serve as the type. In fact, the inhabitants, proud of their barren island, and by no means ashamed of any dialectic peculiarities, were accustomed, a few years ago—and probably the usage is not yet quite extinct—to designate all the inhabitants of the mainland, but more particularly their dangerous rivals, the fishermen of Cape Cod, by the somewhat opprobrious name of *Coufs*, which was, we presume, a part of their inheritance from the savages who for so many years lived upon the island with them.

A short distance from the town the eye takes in the principal bathing-ground, whose

RESIDENCE AND STUDIO OF EASTMAN JOHNSON.

growing attractions draw strangers hither from all parts of the country, and contribute somewhat to replenish the scanty purses of the discouraged tradesmen. Safety, quiet and delicious temperature, such are its characteristics, and nowhere can they be found in greater perfection. Those who love the rough surf need but to drive three miles to the southern side of the island, or to take up their abode in the fishing village at its eastern end; but the majority who shun the perils of the "under-tow" can ask for nothing better than what they can find just out of town at the Cliff, whither a fast-sailing pleasure sloop is constantly in readiness to take them. In fact, the high ground just above this beach, and commanding a magnificent sweep of the ocean, is the spot which ought to be occupied by cottages and hotels. The artist, Eastman Johnson, has shown his usual fine taste in taking up his summer residence here, and has transformed two or three old houses that stood on the site into a home, a convenient studio, etc.

As we turn our eyes over the narrowest part of the island, our attention is drawn to a feature of Nantucket that gives it quite a European aspect. It is the *windmills*, which, in the total absence of water-power, have from time immemorial ground all the corn the island produces. Once there was a long line of them along the top of the rising ground; but there now remain only two of the old familiar pattern, to which must be added a mill with horizontal vanes, upon which some inventive mechanic has for some years been experimenting, but thus far with little success.

In the town, whose tortuous streets, with their old-fashioned unpainted houses, are mapped out below us, there are few buildings of special interest. The churches are modern and not essentially different from those of many other retired towns in New England with the exception of this peculiarity —that, having been built for a growing place of about 10,000 inhabitants, they are much too large for a steadily diminishing one, whose population does not exceed 4,300. The "Coffin School," a brick structure which we see in a by-street, is chiefly interesting because it is a monument to the patriotism and munificence of a native of Boston, Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, who, after attaining distinction and wealth on the other side of the Atlantic, returned to America to visit the birthplace of his ancestors, and to acquaint himself with the numerous descendants of Tristram Coffin, one of the original twenty pro-

THE OLD MILL.

prietors of Nantucket, and first magistrate of the island. The school was intended exclusively for those who could trace their origin back directly to this ancient worthy, but this in itself included no small part of the islanders, for so closely are they connected by successive intermarriages, that it was difficult to tell who was not entitled to its privileges. At present all are permitted to attend on payment of a small fee.

The active business of the place is almost confined to a single broad street, which, if it does not wear that thriving look which characterized it when Nantucket was the great whaling port of the world, still is lively enough at times even now. Near the water the fish-dealers sit at the proper hour of the day, with their article of merchandise before them upon a table—respectable and intelligent elderly persons, who to a man have "followed the sea for a living," and are full to overflowing with strange stories of outlandish places. And further up the street the auctions are held, at which a goodly portion of the population is wont to congregate for the purchase even of those articles of daily consumption which elsewhere are mostly sold over the counter.

A FRUITLESS EXPERIMENT.

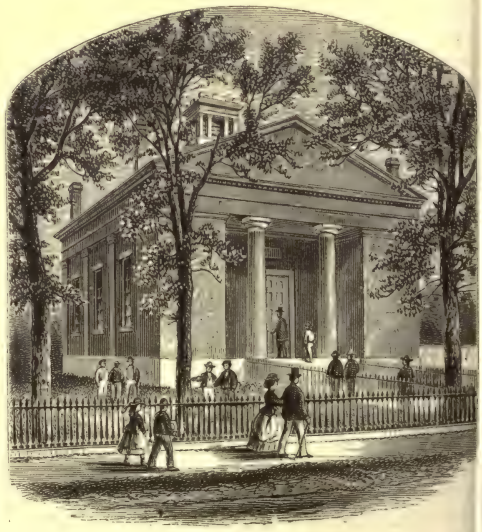
One of our first excursions was to the small village of Siasconset, commonly abbreviated into '*Sconset*. The ride thither was one of seven or eight miles. Emerging from the sinuosities of Orange street, we soon passed the few fenced fields, and came to the open country. Of roads, properly speaking, there were now none; but in every direction tracks diverged, making it difficult to take the bearings. The tracks consisted of the deep ruts, into which the wheels of our carriage plunged at times up to the hubs. Between them a single wider piece of sand, destitute of grass, marked the path of the horse. For a two-horse vehicle it is impossible to travel on the country roads, unless the horses are harnessed tandem. Once engaged upon a particular track, it was out of the question to leave it until we reached a "soft spot," without serious danger of upsetting or damaging the vehicle. And now we began to understand the traditional barrenness of Nantucket. When, just before the outbreak of the Revolution, the British Government contemplated coercing the inhabitants of New England into submission by the "Massachusetts Bay Restraining Bill," which would have excluded them from trading elsewhere than with Great Britain and Ireland and the English West Indies, or from fishing on the banks of Newfoundland, the Society of English Friends made a plea of extreme poverty for Nantucket, which we cannot but regard as sufficiently forcible. "A great number of innocent persons," they urged, "particularly in the island of Nantucket, would by the prohibitory bill be reduced to extreme distress. The inhabitants of this island amount to between five and six thousand in number; the soil of it is so barren that, though fifteen miles in length and three in breadth, *its produce is scarce sufficient for the maintenance of twenty families.*" With the customary recklessness of the first settlers in New England, the colonists of Nantucket cut away the luxuriant forests which are said to have clothed it when first discovered by the whites, and their children followed their example, until now not a single tree of the original growth remains. It was not until some twenty-five years ago that the essential step of replanting the island was begun, and now there are thousands of acres of young but thrifty pines. Meantime the severe winds that swept over the denuded island blew away much of the light soil, and the improvident farmers made no attempt to enrich the ground which they drained of its richness, until now there is scarcely a pretense of cultivating the greater part of the surface. A more unproductive tract can rare-

THE OLD FISH DEALER.

ly be met with, and the old myth does not seem so utterly absurd "that Nantucket arose from the ashes from the pipe of the Indian deity, who, when tobacco was scarce, after borrowing all he could, filled his pipe with sand, and when his smoke was ended emptied the pipe into the sea!"

The village of Siasconset has quite merged its character of a fishing village into that of a watering-place. The rude cottages have been modified as far as possible to accommodate the new visitors, and numbers of houses in the town of Nantucket have been taken down and removed to Siasconset. Rough and inconvenient as are the quarters, we were told that every room was engaged for the ensuing year.

As the name indicates, there was once an Indian village at or near this spot. All vestiges of the aborigines, however, have now disappeared. When Nantucket was first discovered, there is said to have been a considerable native population, although it was variously stated from 700 to nearly twice that number. The colonists treated the Indians with greater kindness than the savages received elsewhere. They bought their lands from each of the four sachems by whom the island was governed, giving them in the aggregate far more than they paid to the English grantees from whom they bought their claims. Not only so, but they permitted the Indians to retain for cultivation as much land as they actually needed. They also undertook in good earnest to Christianize them, and the Mayhews were especially successful in this good work. For a long time there were four meeting-houses on different parts of the island, where there were stated religious services, conducted by native preachers. Almost from the very first the colonists perceived the danger to which the impulsive and excitable Indian was subject from the introduction of ardent spirits, and among the earliest enactments made by the general court which had jurisdiction over both Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard was a law that punished any one who furnished them "wine or strong drink other than beer" by a fine of five shillings for every pint thus given. To tell the truth, the law was dictated scarcely less by prudence than by humanity; for many years the red men were far more numerous than the whites,—in 1675 not less than 500 or 600 against 30 whites capable of bearing arms. Nearly a century later, there were still 358 Indians; but a strange pestilence which visited the island, entirely confining its ravages to them, in a single year (1763) swept away all but 136 of their number. The last of the Nantucket Indians was one Abraham Api Quady, or Quary, who died in 1854, at the age of 82 years. Many of the inhabitants remember him as a venerable, inoffensive old man, living by himself in a comfortable house of his own not far from town, and supporting himself principally by selling the berries which he

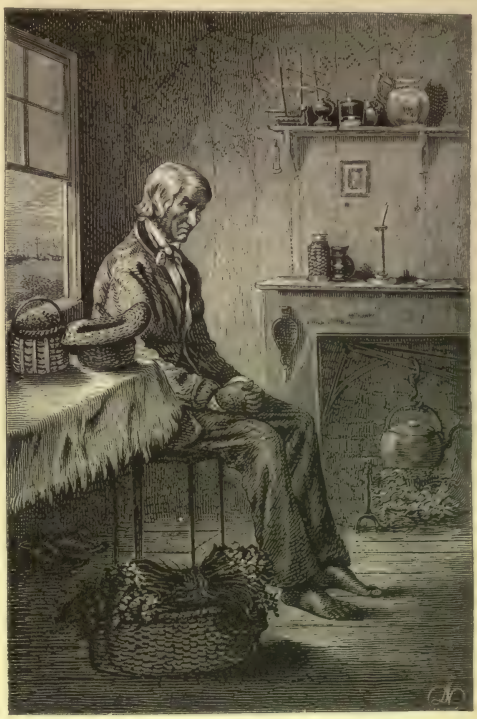


THE "COFFIN SCHOOL."

picked on the commons. He had seen his wife and all his children die before him, and for a long time appeared to be himself awaiting the tardy summons to follow them. In his youth, like most of his red brothers, he was a fisherman, and no one was a more faithful hand upon the whaling ship. Later he was the prince of Nantucket caterers, and without his assistance no evening entertainment was deemed complete. An oil painting by Madam Dassel in the Athenæum Library is said to reproduce faithfully the melancholy and somewhat severe features of this last representative of the Indian race.

Since Abraham Quady's death the excursions which used to be made to his humble cottage have taken another direction. For want of better material for romance, the lonely huts of two white men, voluntary recluses, have of late become places of resort. Old Fred Parker, as he is familiarly called, is the better known of the two "hermits." His lonely residence is in the extreme eastern part of the island, at Quidnit, near the sea, and not far north of Sankati Light. Here, dressed in the rudest of costumes, with clothes originally far too small for his great height, and now patched to such an extent as to render recognition of their pristine shape and material difficult or impossible, the solitary man lives from year to year. His sole diversion is reading; his means of subsistence the scanty product of his fishing, eked out by the few copper coins which he obtains from visitors on the plea of using the pieces of metal to nail to the floor of his cabin and form the initials of their names. His rival in the art of solitary living, David Coffin by name, lives, or lived, in the vicinity of Maddequet, in the western side of the island, an object of equal interest, according to those who have visited him.

The eastern and southern shores of Nantucket offer peculiar dangers to the foreign commerce of the country. Most of the coasting vessels cling to the mainland; passing between this island and the southern shore of Cape Cod. Vessels from abroad, however, are apt to find Nantucket directly in their way. For their protection the United States Government has built a lighthouse on Sankati Head, a mile or two north of Siasconset, the flash from whose revolving light we have been assured by careful captains they have seen when full forty miles distant upon the ocean. The French mechanism by which this result is effected is of splendid workmanship, and well deserves a visit to inspect it. About thirty miles very



ABRAHAM QUADY, THE LAST INDIAN.

nearly south, a light-ship marks the eastern extremity of the too famous Nantucket Shoals. Notwithstanding every precaution, however, the number of shipwrecks is still very great. In rare cases, a sloop or schooner getting aground in calm weather can be hauled off by the aid of a steamer. During our stay upon the island, this occurred to a small craft that allowed itself to venture too near Great Point in broad daylight. But usually the sand closes in about the keel so firmly as to defy the puny efforts of man. Such was the case of the brig Poinsett, which ran upon the South Shore, on the first of September, 1870. All Nantucket streamed across the island to see the stranded vessel, and not a device was left untried to save it. It was a magnificent sight, for the waves that dashed upon it were high and strong. One only needs to compare the two views taken by photography, of the Poinsett when she first came ashore, and again of the scanty remains of the same ship that alone were to be seen embedded in the sand two days later, to form some idea of the terrible energy of the angry sea.

The loss of life is happily far less frequent than the destruction of property,—a

circumstance that is due perhaps chiefly to the absence of rocky headlands. An incident that happened in the depth of the cold winter 1870–1, nearly proved fatal, and furnished a fine opportunity for the display of that latent heroism which is so large an ingredient in the character of all seafaring men. Just as one of the most severe storms of the season was setting in, on Sunday morning, February 5th, 1871, the announcement was made in town that a schooner was aground upon the bar outside, and indeed a strong glass revealed not only the vessel, but the sailors, some five in number. The Island Home was in port, and there was no lack of volunteers to go out with her to the rescue. Meantime the thermometer was at or below zero. Before the steamer had gone half-way, the ice had formed so strong a barrier that she could neither advance nor return. But one hope remained, and that was, that the crust of ice which had been forming out from shore to the scene of the wreck, might prove firm enough to permit the advance of a rescuing party from some point of the shore. Night had again closed in, and darkness added to the perils of the undertaking. But there were those who were willing to make the venture in order to save the lives which the sea and the cold already claimed as their own. "At about ten o'clock," writes the Nantucket *Inquirer and Mirror* of the next Saturday, "a party of eight men, provided with two dories and several long boards, pushed out from the Cliff Shore, feeling their way cautiously towards the distressed vessel. The night was beautifully clear, but the air was stinging cold, and the ice, in some places, unfit to bear the weight of the dories. At such places, the boards came into play; and in two instances they were obliged to take to the dories and pull for it. Thus, altering the different means of locomotion to suit the circumstances, the party of heroes toiled on for some two hours and a half in passing a distance estimated by them at two miles." They found the captain and crew alive but exhausted and well-nigh frozen; but the rescuers had not forgotten to bring extra clothing and such other comforts as they could carry about their persons. With but little delay both the crew and their deliverers set off on their return, which proved to be easier than the passage out, as every hour had added to the firmness of the ice. The whole party landed about three o'clock on Monday morning, we are told, safe and sound except some frostbites, but nearly worn out with

PORTRAIT OF ADMIRAL COFFIN.

cold and exhaustion. The names of the gallant men who imperiled their lives in the gallant exploit—and these include some representatives of old and honored Nantucket families — were Isaac Hamblen, George A. Veeder, Alexander Fanning, James A. Holmes, Joseph P. Gardner, William E. Bates, Stephen E. Keyes and Henry C. Coffin. They richly merited the medal which each of them received as a recognition of his bravery. The remains of the vessel from which the sailors were rescued may still be seen advancing with every storm, and gradually nearing the "Cliff" bathing-ground, where they will probably soon join the other wreck which forms so picturesque a feature of the neighborhood.

The insular character of Nantucket, and its comparative distance from the mainland, have conferred upon its natives a number of peculiarities that render society here quite different from almost anywhere else. The great majority of the islanders are descendants of the "twenty first proprietors"—of whom we shall shortly have occasion to speak—and bear their names. The Coffins, the Folgers, the Starbucks, the Macys, the Barnards, the Swains, are each to be counted by hundreds. By intermarriages almost the whole island is bound together. The interests of all are the same and their tastes similar. Much of this community of feeling

arises from the extent to which the islanders are thrown upon their own resources during the inclement portion of the year. The summer visitor has little conception of the seclusion of Nantucket in winter. Even now, it often happens that all communication with the mainland is cut off by stormy weather for a week or ten days; but before the days of steam it was common enough, a Nantucket writer says, for a month or two to pass without news from abroad. "The month of February was especially known as 'trumpery month,' for the reason that we, or our ancestors, had nothing to discourse about but such as transpired in our midst. As lately as the winter of 1856–7, a vessel approached the East end of the island, and landed *twenty-four* mails at one time!" Indeed, the story is currently reported as being the sober truth, that a few years ago, the first news received from the "States," after a considerable interval of time, reached Nantucket *via* London, having been carried across the Atlantic, printed in the English papers, and brought here by a British vessel that touched at one of the "points" for water and provisions.

The poet Whittier, who sings loud praises of the hospitality of Nantucket, has immortalized the incidents of its first colonization in "The Exiles," some of the stanzas of which deserve a place among the finest our countryman has written. The island, after its discovery by Gosnold, was granted by the crown of Great Britain to the Plymouth Company, and by them to the Earl of Stirling. In 1641, the Earl's agent for the sale of all the islands between Cape Cod and the Hudson River, James Forrett, sold Nantucket to Thomas Mayhew and his son, merchants of Watertown, Massachusetts, for £40. To fortify his title to Martha's Vineyard and the neighboring islands, Mayhew had taken the precaution to obtain deeds also from Sir Ferdinando Gorges, Proprietor of Maine, whose claim covered part of the same territory. But not only did the island remain pretty much unoccupied, but the neighboring colonies seemed in little haste to appropriate such distant and apparently worthless property. After being under the nominal jurisdiction of Massachusetts Bay for a few years, the authorities, apparently unwilling to be troubled with the outlying islands any longer, voted them to be without their limits, and the islands became for a time practically independent. It was under these circumstances that some inhabitants of the little town of Salisbury, dissatisfied with the intolerant legislation of the Bay Colony, turned their eyes towards a spot where they might be freed from the operation of the hated laws. Mayhew, who valued Martha's Vineyard more highly than the barren island east of it, was easily brought to consent to part with his exclusive right to Nantucket. The deed is yet extant, in which, in July, 1659, he sold Nantucket to Tristram Coffin, Thomas Macy, Christopher Hussey, Rich-

THE HERMIT OF QUIDNIT.—(FROM A PAINTING BY GEO. B. WOOD).

ard Swayne, Thomas Bernard, Peter Coffin, Stephen Greenleaf, John Swayne and William Pike, "for Thirty Pounds Current Pay ... *and also two Beaver Hatts, one for myselfe and one for my wife!*" Mayhew reserved himself an equal interest with each of the new proprietors. Early in the next year, each of the ten was empowered to take to himself a partner, and thus was formed the body of the "Twenty First Purchasers."

Meantime, the event occurred which induced the first actual settlement of the island. Thomas Macy and his wife had rendered themselves liable to severe penalties for harboring three or four Quakers, one of whom, at least, was afterward sent to the gallows for his faith. Excuse their fault as they might,—and Macy did apologize for his violation of the law, as his preserved letter shows, in a much humbler tone than the poet would lead us to suppose,—Massachusetts was no longer a comfortable abode. And so one autumnal day, the young couple, with but a single companion, Edward Starbuck, started in an open boat upon their dangerous trip. But the winds and the waves were propitious—

"On passed the bark in safety
Round isle and headland steep—
No tempest broke above them,
No fog-cloud veiled the deep.

"Far round the bleak and stormy Cape
The venturous Macy passed,
And on Nantucket's naked isle,
Drew up his boat at last.

* * * * * * *

WRECK OF THE POINSETT.

"And yet that isle remaineth
A refuge of the free,
As when true-hearted Macy
Beheld it from the sea.

"Free as the winds that winnow
Her shrubless hills of sand—
Free as the waves that batter
Along the yielding land.

"God bless the sea-beat island!
And grant for evermore,
That charity and freedom dwell
As now upon her shore."

The spot which Macy selected for the site of the town was on the western side, a tract now called Maddequet, and since then deserted. Here the party wintered, and then Starbuck went back to Salisbury, where his good report induced others to follow him to Nantucket. The twenty proprietors became twenty-seven, by the addition of a few others whose acquaintance with some art or trade rendered them useful acquisitions to the community. One of these was Peter Foulger or Folger, the only person among them all who had any claim to literary attainments. The principal interest attaching to his name arises from the fact that his daughter was the mother of the immortal Benjamin Franklin. So implicit was the confidence reposed in his accuracy and integrity, that his associates not only made him one of the five commissioners for laying out their respective shares, but, when making three of them a quorum, provided that Peter Folger should be one of the three. A curious poem of his is still to be found, with the characteristic title: "A Looking-glass for the Times, or the Former Spirit of New England revived in this Generation." The poetic merits of the piece, it must be confessed, are not great. It is an attempt to account for the misery of the times, resulting from war:—

"New England for these many years
Hath had both rest and peace,
But now the case is otherwise;
Our troubles *doth increase*."

The "plague of war" was now begun:

"Our women also they have took,
And children very small.
Great cruelty they have used
To some, though not to all."

From this poem we learn that the majority of the first settlers of Nantucket were Anabaptists, in whose persecution the poet finds the "crying sin" that called for the anger of Heaven:

SANKATI LIGHT-HOUSE.

"The cause of this their suffering
Was not for any sin,
But for the witness that they bare
Against babes' sprinkling."

It is interesting to notice that for a considerable part of the seventeenth century, the islands which Massachusetts Bay so cavalierly refused to recognize as dependencies formed part of the colony of New York. Martha's Vineyard and Nantucket were both incorporated in the appanage given by Charles the Second to his brother James, Duke of York. Governor Lovelace, however, did not hesitate to recognize the authority previously conferred upon Mayhew over both islands, upon due acknowledgment of the Duke's paramount jurisdiction. Accordingly we read in an old patent the somewhat amusing condition of the *quasi* independence the islanders were to enjoy, by "ye said Patentees and their Associates. . . . rendering and paying yearly and every Yeare, unto his Royall Highness ye Duke of Yorke, his Heyres and Assigns, or to such Governor or Governors as from Time to Time shall be by him constituted and appointed, as an Acknowledgment, *foure Barrells of good merchantable Codfish*, to be delivered at ye Bridge in this City" (New York).

The settlers early directed their attention to the admirable fishing in which the neighborhood of Nantucket abounded. Soon the pursuit of the whale became the favorite employment of the whites, who found able assistants in the Indians. So numerous were the whales in the neighboring ocean, that almost every storm stranded some upon the beach. In one case *eleven* were thus counted. Indeed the Indians made such account of this source of gain, that in their deeds of the land they were accustomed expressly to reserve the right to have *one-half of all the drift whales*. It was not until 1765 that the supply of whales in the immediate vicinity grew so small that the practice of going out from the shore to pursue them was entirely abandoned. Meanwhile, however, the enterprise of the islanders had been aroused, and ships were built to cruise in search of the retreating prey. By the middle of the century, the Nantucket whalemen had penetrated Davis's Straits and Baffin's Bay. Within about ten years from that time they visited the Guinea Coast, and a dozen years later they used the harpoon off Brazil.

The Revolutionary War almost annihilated the single branch of industry upon which Nantucket depended for existence. It is true that the inhabitants, being now in great part Quakers, took no active part in the hostilities; but for their known sympathy with the patriotic party they were permitted to suffer the misfortunes to which their peculiar geographical position naturally exposed them. It was not until a year or two before the return of peace that they received permits to resume the whale-fishery. Even then they had lost 134 vessels, captured by the English.

Still the indomitable perseverance of the whalemen soon restored them to comparative prosperity. It may be doubted, however, whether the enterprise has on the whole proved a remunerative one. When the disastrous results of the two wars with Great Britain are taken into account, and to these are added the losses consequent upon an extremely hazardous fishery, and an article of commerce subject to violent fluctuations in price, it may readily be comprehended that the returns have been far less than those which would have been obtained had the

Obverse.

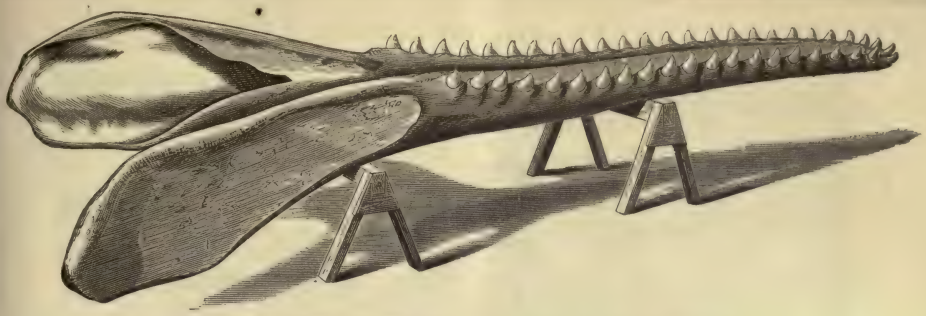
Reverse.

MEDAL OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

same capital, labor and energy been embarked in the ordinary pursuits of agriculture or trade. Not rarely a ship well equipped, and furnished with the greatest care, met with such reverses that after being absent three or four years, she returned only to exhibit a considerable positive loss of money to her owners, officers and men, each one of whom took a certain proportionate interest in the undertaking. Happily in the majority of cases it was otherwise. The largest sum we have ever heard of a single voyage netting was $108,000, of which about two-thirds went to the owners. It required but few spermaceti whales, such as that of which the jaw has recently been placed in the Nantucket Athenæum, to fill even the largest whaler. We say *the* jaw; for it is well known to naturalists that the spermaceti whale has teeth only upon the lower jaw, while the upper is provided with sockets into which these fit. The ponderous jaw we speak of weighs some 800 lbs. and is about 17 feet long, while the marine monster to which it belonged measured not less than 87 feet in length, and produced for its fortunate captors 110 barrels of oil. Some idea of its magnitude may be derived from the circumstance that a barrel of pure oil was extracted from the cavity of each half jaw which is shown in the accompanying illustration.

But the day of the whale-fishery, and with it that of the prosperity of Nantucket, have passed away, apparently forever. The first serious blow at the town's commercial importance was struck in the month of July, 1846, when a conflagration consumed most of the business portion of the place. Similar disasters, but on a smaller scale, had previously visited the place; but from one of such magnitude Nantucket could not recover. The fire was followed, two or three years later, by the discovery of gold in California, and by the consequent exodus of a very large number of the most active and promising young men, carrying with them no small part of the capital and enterprise of the town. More fatal than either of these causes was the rapid decrease in the number of whales. In vain did the fishermen explore the frozen regions of the north, or penetrate the most remote gulfs of the Pacific Ocean, directing their attention indifferently to "spermaceti," "right" or "fin-back" whales; and consenting to spend weary years in distant navigation. The number of whales captured was small, and few vessels returned with more than half their complement of oil. Unfortunately for Nantucket, though fortunately for the world at large, the diminution in the supply was not compensated by the rise in the price of the commodity. The oil-wells of Pennsylvania began to yield an oil so abundant and so well adapted for illuminating purposes, that whale oil came to be employed to a much more limited extent than previously. The few remnants of the Nantucket whale-fishery gradually drifted to the city of New Bedford, otherwise possessing many natural advantages. One of the last whales whose capture delighted the hearts of the inhabitants was a single individual of the "fin-back" species, which was killed four or five years ago at a short distance out, and was towed into port to be cut up and "tried." It was but a small fish, compared with those with which the whalemen were accustomed to do battle in the open seas.

Before leaving Nantucket, it was necessary, of course, to visit the different cemeteries, of which almost every Christian denomination has one. Except the Friends' burying-ground, with its unmarked graves, all furnish their full proportion of curious



JAW OF A SPERMACETI WHALE (IN THE MUSEUM OF THE ATHENÆUM).

pitaphs. Here are two or three. One iconic inscription reads thus :—

"Father *gorn* home!"

he grammar of the second is not perfect:

"As you pass by, pray cast an eye,
For as you *am*, so once was I.
As I am now, so you must be;
Prepare for death, and follow me."

But we doubt whether "ould Ireland" self can surpass the following blundering erses over the tomb in which one not over-right genius *intended* that his wife should est. It is to be found in the "South" bury-ng-ground. His wife's relations, thinking only right that after supporting her, and robably the husband too, during their entire arried life, they should have the choice f her last place of repose, had insisted pon laying her remains in the "North" rounds. Which state of affairs the widower us records :—

"Here lies the body of my wife.
Though very dear, *she's not laid here.*
Some private grief was her disease,
Laid to the North, her friends to please."

Our return to the mainland was relieved of monotony by a characteristic incident. Early in the morning, the captain of the Island Home was notified by the Commissioner of Wrecks, who at Nantucket holds an important position, that his steamer would be held in requisition to go to the relief of a schooner which from the South Tower had been observed to be fast upon the small sand-spit called the Handkerchief. In such cases there is no option left, for, according to law and custom, the wreck must be first attended to, irrespective of mail-connections and the convenience of passengers. In truth, the captain and sailors were nothing loath to take the wrecking crew on board, anticipating a handsome return for their additional trouble. The adventure turned out better than we feared. The schooner proved to have got aground through singular carelessness in neglecting to observe the position of the neighboring light-ship; but the tide was rising, and our steamer, having soon succeeded in drawing her into deeper water, was able to resume her course without serious delay.

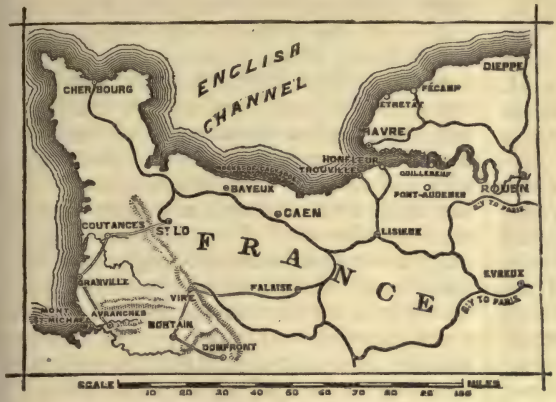
PRIMITIVE FISH-CART.

NORMANDY PICTURESQUE.*

A STREET IN ROUEN—(FAC-SIMILE OF A DRAWING BY THE LATE SAMUEL PROUT).

THERE is a spot on the north-west corner of France, most interesting to us from its historic associations, and full of artistic treasures which nearly every visitor to Europe neglects to see. It is on the great highway between London and Paris, but passengers by railway know as little of its characteristics as of th prairies on the route to California. W speak of that fruitful and beautiful land, th "Neustria" of the ancients and "La bel Normandie" of to-day. It comprises, as is we known, but a small part of France, and on occupies an area of one hundred and fif miles by seventy-five; but in that small co pass is comprehended so much that is teresting, instructive and we may add fascin

* The following description of a tour through Normandy is condensed, by the author, from Mr. Blackburn's *Normandy Picturesque*. London, published by Sampson Low & Co.



MAP OF ROUTE THROUGH NORMANDY.

ting, to all who have artistic instinct, that it will be difficult to do justice to it in this article.

If the reader will refer to the accompanying map he will see at a glance the position of the principal towns in Normandy that we suggest for a tour, making the seaports of Havre or Dieppe the starting-points, and leaving out Paris altogether. From Havre we proceed to the little unknown town of Pont-Audemer, situated about six miles from Quillebœuf and eight from Honfleur, both on the left bank of the Seine. From Havre, Pont-Audemer may be reached in a few hours by water, and from Dieppe, Rouen, and Paris there is now railway communication. From Pont-Audemer we go to Lisieux (by road or railway), from Lisieux to Caen, Bayeux and St. Lo, where the railway ends, and we take the diligence to Coutances, Granville, and Avranches. After a visit to the island of Mont St. Michael, we may return (by diligence) by way of Mortain, Vire, Falaise; thence to Rouen, and by the valley of the Seine to the sea-coast.

About one hundred and fifty miles in a direct line from the door of the Society of British Architects in Conduit Street, London, (and almost unknown, we may venture to say, to the majority of its members,) sleeps the little town of Pont-Audemer, with its quaint old gables, its tottering houses, its Gothic "bits," its projecting windows, carved-oak galleries, and streets of time-worn buildings—centuries old. Old dwellings, old customs, old caps, old tanneries set in a landscape of bright green hills; old as the hills, and almost as unchanged in aspect, are the ways of the people of Pont-Audemer, who dress and tan hides, and make merry as their fathers did before them. For several centuries they have devoted themselves to commerce and the arts of peace, and in the enthusiasm of their business have desecrated one or two churches into tanneries. But they are a conservative and primitive people; loving to do as their ancestors did, and to dwell where they dwelt; they build their houses to last, and take pride and interest in the "family mansion," a thing unknown and almost impossible amongst the middle classes of most communities. Pont-Audemer was once warlike; in feudal times it had its castle (destroyed in the fourteenth century), and the legend exists that cannon was here first used in warfare. The little river Rille winds about it, and spreads its streamlets like branches through the streets, and sparkles in the evening light. If we take up our quarters at the inn called the Pôt d'Etain, we shall find much to remind us of the fifteenth century. If we take a walk by

A STREET IN PONT-AUDEMER.

A NORMAN MAIDEN.

the beautiful banks of the Rille on a summer evening, or in the fields where the peasants are at work, we shall find the aspect curiously English, and in the intonation of the voices the resemblance is sometimes startling. That young girl with the plain white cap fitting close to her hair, who tends the flocks on the hillside, and puts all her power and energy into the little matter of knitting a stocking, is a Norman maiden, a lineal descendant, it may be, of some ancient house, whose arms we may find in our own heraldic albums. She is noble by nature, and has the advantage over her coroneted cousins in being permitted to wear a white cap out of doors, and an easy and simple costume; in the fact of her limbs being braced by a life spent in the open air, and her head not being plagued with the proprieties of cities. She is pretty; but what is of more importance, she knows how to cook, and she has a little store of money in a bank. She has been taught enough for her station, and has few wishes beyond it; and some day she will marry Jean, and happy will be Jean. That stalwart warrior (whom we see in our sketch) sunning himself outside his barrack-door, having just clapped his helmet on the head of a little boy in blouse and sabots, is surely a near relation to our guardsman; he is certainly brave, he is full of fun and intelligence, he very seldom takes more wine than is good for him, and a game at dominoes delights his soul.

But it is in the market-place of Pont-Audemer that we shall obtain the best idea of the place and of the people; on market mornings and on fête-days, when the *place* is crowded with old and young,—we have a picture the like of which we may have seen in rare paintings, but very seldom realize in life.

Here the artist will find plenty of congenial occupation, and opportunities (so difficult to meet with in these days) for sketching both architecture and people of a picturesque type—groups in the market-place, groups down by the river fishing under the trees, groups at windows of old hostelries, and seated at inn-doors; horses in clumsy wooden harness; calves and pigs, goats and sheep; women at fruit-stalls, under tents and colored umbrellas; piles upon piles of baskets, a wealth of green things, and a bright fringe of fruit and flowers. All this and much more the artist finds at hand, and what does the architect discover? First of all, that if he had only come here before, he might have saved himself much thought and trouble, for he would have found such suggestions for ornament in wood-carving, for panels, doorways, and the like, of so good a pattern, and so old, that they are new to the world of to-day; he would have found houses built out over the rivers, looking like pieces of old furniture, rich in color and wonderfully preserved, with their wooden gables carved in oak, of the fifteenth century, supported by massive timbers sound and strong, of even older date. He would see many of these houses with windows full of flowers, and creepers twining round the old eaves; and long drying-poles stretched out horizontally, with gay-colored clothes upon them, flapping in the wind—all contrasting curiously with the dark buildings. But he would also find some houses on the verge of ruin. If he explored far enough in the dark, narrow streets, where the rivers flow under the windows of empty dwellings, he might see them tottering, and threatening downfall upon each other—leaning over and casting shadows black and mysterious upon the water—no line perpendicular, no line horizontal, the very beau-ideal of picturesque

YOUNG FRANCE.

decay-buildings of which Longfellow might have sung as truly as of Nuremberg—

"Memories haunt thy pointed gables
Like the rooks which round them throng."

There are few monuments or churches to examine, and when we have seen the stained-glass windows in the fine old church of St. Ouen and walked by the banks of the Rille to the ruins of a castle (of the twelfth century) at Montfort, we shall have seen the chief objects of interest in what Murray laconically describes as "a prettily situated town of 5,400 inhabitants, famed for its tanneries."

We now pass on to Lisieux, which will be found less modernized than Pont-Audemer, and richer in examples of the domestic architecture of the middle ages. If we approach Lisieux by the road from Pont-Audemer (a distance of about twenty-six miles), we shall get a better impression of the town than if riding upon the whirlwind of an express train; and we shall pass through a prettily-wooded country, studded with villas and comfortable houses. The churches at Lisieux are scarcely as interesting to us as its domestic architecture; but we must not neglect to examine the pointed Gothic of the thirteenth century in the cathedral of St. Pierre. The door of the south transept and one of the doors under the western towers are very beautiful and quite mauresque in the delicacy of their design. Their interior is of fine proportions, but is disfigured with a coat of yellow paint; while common wooden seats and wainscoting have been built up against its pillars, the stonework having been cut away to accommodate the painted wood. Here also are some good memorial windows; one of Henry II. being married to Eleanor (1152), and another of Thomas à Becket visiting Lisieux when exiled in 1169.

To give the reader any idea of the variety of the wooden houses at Lisieux would require a series of drawings and photographs; we can little more in these pages than point out these charming corners of the world where something is still left to us of the work of the middle ages. The general character of the houses is better than at Pont-Audemer, and the rooms are more commodious and more elaborately decorated. But the exterior carving and the curious signs engraved on the time-stained wood are the most distinctive features, and give the streets their picturesque character. Here we may notice, in odd corners, names and legends carved on the panels, harmonizing perfectly with the decoration, just as the names of the owners (in German characters) are carved on divers châlets; and the words "God is great," and the like, form appropriate ornaments (in Arabic) over the door of a mosque. Upon heraldic shields, and amidst groups of clustering leaves, we may sometimes trace the names of the founders (often the architects) of the houses in which several generations have lived and died. The strange familiarity of some of these crests and devices—lions, tigers, dragons, griffins, and other emblems of ferocity—the English character of many of the names, and the Latin mottoes, identical with some in common use in England, may give us a confused and not very dignified idea respecting their almost universal use by the middle classes in England.

EXTERIOR WOOD-CARVING AT LISIEUX.

It is considered by many unmeaning and unjust to call the nineteenth century an "age of shams," but it seems appropriate enough when we read in English newspapers of "arms found" and "crests designed;" and when we consider the extent of the practice of assuming them, or rather we should say of having them "found," we cannot think much of the fashion. Without entering into a genealogical discussion, we have plenty of evidence that the Normans held their lands and titles from a very early date, and that after the Conquest their family arms were spread over England, but not in any measure to the extent to which they are used.

In these days nearly every one in England has a "crest" or a "coat of arms," and the duty upon "arms, crests and devices" is a considerable source of revenue to the government. Do the officials in that ancient institution, the Heralds' College in London (we may ask in parenthesis), believe in their craft, and

OFF DUTY.

does the tax-collector often take money for imaginary honors? It would seem reserved for the nineteenth century to create a state of society where the question "Who is he?" has to be perpetually asked and not always easily answered; in a word, to foster and increase to its present almost overwhelming dimensions a great middle-class of society without a name or a title, or even a home to call its own. It was assuredly a good time when men's lives and actions were handed down, so to speak, from father to son, and the poor man had his *locum tenens* as well as the rich; and how he decked it with ornament according to his taste or his means, how he watched over it and preserved it from decay, how, in short, his pride was in his own hearth and home, these old buildings can tell us.

Let us stay quietly at Lisieux, if we have time, and see the place, for we shall find nothing in Normandy to exceed it in interest; and the way to see it best is, undoubtedly, to sketch. Let us make out all these curious "bits," these signs and emblems in wood and stone—twigs and moss, birds with delicate wings, a spray of leaves, the serene head of a Madonna, the rampant heraldic griffin—let us copy, if we can, their color and the marks of age. We may sketch them, and we may dwell upon them, here, with the enthusiasm of an artist who returns to his favorite picture again and again.

But more interesting, perhaps, to the traveler who sees these things for the first time, more charming than the most exquisite Gothic lines, more fascinating than their quaint aspect, more attractive even than their color or their age, are associations connected with them, and the knowledge that they bear upon them the direct impress of the hands that built them centuries ago, and that every house is stamped, as it were, with the hall-mark of individuality. The historian is nowhere so eloquent as when he can point to such examples as these. We may learn from them much of the method of working in the fourteenth century, and, indeed, of the habits of the people, and the secret of their great success.

The quiet contemplation of the old buildings in such towns as Pont-Audemer, Lisieux and Bayeux, must, we should think, convince the most enthusiastic admirers of the archaic school, that the mere isolated reproduction of these houses in the midst of modern streets (such as we are accustomed to in London or Paris) is of little use, and is, in fact, beginning at the wrong end. It might occur to them when examining the details of these buildings and picturing to themselves the lives of their inhabitants, in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, that the forcing system is a mistake —that art never flourished as an exotic, and assuredly never will—that before we live again in mediæval houses and realize the true meaning of what is "Gothic" and appropriate in architecture, we must begin at the beginning, our lives must be simpler, our costume more graceful and appropriate, and the education of our children more in harmony with true feeling for art.

The next town on our route is Caen, described by Froissart in the fourteenth century as "large, strong, full of draperies and all sorts of merchandise, rich citizens, noble dames, damsels and fine churches." It is now the chief town of the Department of Calvados, with a population of nearly 50,000, the centre of the commerce of lower Normandy, and of the district for the production of black lace. It has a busy and thriving aspect, and the

river Orne, on which it is built, is laden with produce; with corn, wine, oil and cider; with timber, and with shiploads of the celebrated Caen stone. On every side we see the signs of productiveness and plenty, and consequent cheapness of many of the necessaries of life. Calvados, like the rest of lower Normandy, has earned for itself the name of the "food-producing land" of France, whence London, Paris, and all great centers are supplied. The variety and cheapness of the goods manufactured here and in the neighborhood testify to the industry and enterprise of the people, and there is probably no city in Normandy where purchases of clothing, hardware, etc., can be more advantageously made. We are treading in the "footsteps of the Conqueror" at Caen, but its busy inhabitants have little time for historic memories. A few only have eyes of love and admiration for the noble spire of the church of St. Pierre, which rises above the old houses in the market-place. Built in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, in the best period of Gothic art in Normandy, its beautiful proportions and grace of line, especially when seen from the north side, have been the admiration

A "TOILER OF THE SEA."

of ages of architects and the occasion of many a special pilgrimage in our own day. Pugin has sketched its western façade and its lancet windows, and Prout has given us drawings of the spire *percée au jour*, perforated with such mathematical accuracy that, as we approach the tower, there is always one or more opening in view—as one star disappears, another shines out, as in the cathedrals of Italy and Spain. In the interior, the nave is chiefly remarkable for its proportions; but the choir is richly ornamented in the style of the Renaissance. It has been restored at different periods, but, as usual in France, the whole interior has been colored or whitewashed, so that it is difficult to detect the old work from the new.

The most interesting and characteristic buildings in Caen are the two royal abbeys of William the Conqueror, St. Etienne, called the Abbaye aux Hommes, and la Ste. Trinité, the Abbaye aux Dames, both founded and built in the eleventh century. The first (containing the tomb of the Conqueror) has two plain, massive towers, with spires, and an interior remarkable for its strength and solidity—a perfect example of Norman-Romanesque; adorned, it must be added, with twenty-four nineteenth-century chandeliers with glass lusters suspended by cords from the roof, and with gas brackets of a modern pattern. The plain marble slab in the chancel, marking the spot where William the Conqueror was buried and disinterred (with the three mats placed in front of it for prayer), is shown with much ceremony by the custodian of the place. The Abbaye aux Dames is built on high ground at the opposite side of the town, and is surrounded by conventual buildings of modern date. It resembles the Abbaye aux Hommes in point of style, but the carving is more elaborate, and the transepts are much grander in design. At Caen we are in an atmosphere of heroes and kings; we pass from one historical site to another until the mind becomes half confused; we are shown (by the same valet-de-place) the tomb of the Conqueror, and the house where Beau Brummel died. We see the ruins of a castle on the heights where "le jeune et beau Dunois" performed historical prodigies of valor; and the chapel where he "allait prier Marie, bénir ses exploits." But the modern military aspect of things is, we are bound to confess, prosaic to a degree; we find the Dunois of the period occupied in more peaceful pursuits, mending shoes, tending little children and carrying wood for winter fires.

The approach to the town of Bayeux from the west, either by road or railway, is always striking, for it is from this side that the cathedral towers are best seen. The repose—the solemnity, we might almost call it—that pervades Bayeux even in this busy nineteenth century, is the first thing that impresses a stranger; a repose the more solemn and mysterious when we think of its rude history of wars, pillage and massacres, and of its destruction more than once by fire and sword. It is now a place of peaceful industry, with about 10,000 inhabitants, "a quiet, dull, ecclesiastical city," as the guide-books express it; with an aspect almost as undisturbed as a cathedral close. The chief object of interest is, undoubtedly, the cathedral itself. The noble west front, with its pointed Gothic towers and spires, is familiar to us in many an engraving and painting; but what these illustrations do not give us on their small scale is the beauty of the carved doorways, the clustering of the ornaments about them, and the statues of bishops, priests and kings. We see in the interior of this cathedral a confusion of styles—a conflict of grace and beauty with rude and grotesque work. The delicately traced patterns carved on the walls, the medallions and pendent ornaments, in stone, of the thirteenth century, are scarcely surpassed at Chartres; side by side with these, there are headless and armless statues of the eleventh and twelfth centuries which have been painted, and tablets to commemorate the ancient founders of the church, and underneath the choir, the crypt of Bishop Odo, the Conqueror's half-brother, with its twelve massive pillars, which formed the foundation of the original church built in 1077. In the nave we may admire the beautiful radiating chapels, with their curious frescoes (some destroyed by damp and others evidently effaced by rude hands), and examine the bronze pulpit, with a figure of the Virgin trampling on the serpent; the dark carved woodwork in the chancel; the books with antique clasps; and two quite modern stone pulpits or lecterns, with vine-leaves twining up them in the form of a cross, the carving of which is equal to any of the old work—the rugged vine-stem and the soft leaves being wonderfully rendered.

After seeing the cathedral we go naturally in pursuit of that curious relic of antiquity half satirically described by Dibdin as "an exceedingly curious document of the conjugal attachment and enthusiastic veneration of Matilda," which is now kept with the greatest care and is displayed on a stand under a glass case, in its entire length, 227 feet. It is about twenty inches wide, and is divided into seventy-two compartments. Every line is expressed by coarse stitches of colored thread or worsted, and the figures are worked in various colors, the groundwork and the flesh-tints being generally left white. The extraordinary preservation of the tapestry, when we consider not only the date of the work, but the vicissitudes to which it has been subjected, is so remarkable, that the spectator is disposed to ask to see the "original," feeling sure that this fresh, bright-looking piece of work cannot have lasted thus for eight hundred years. And when we remember that it was carried from town to town by order of Napoleon I. and also exhibited on the

CLOCK-TOWER AT VIRE.

stage on certain occasions; that it has survived the Revolution, and that the cathedral which it was originally intended to adorn has long been leveled with the ground, we cannot help approaching it with more than ordinary interest; an interest in which the inhabitants, and even the ecclesiastics of Bayeux, scarcely seem to share. It was but a few years ago that the priests of the cathedral, when asked by a traveler to be permitted to see the tapestry, were unable to point it out. The scenes, which (as is well known) represent the principal events in the Norman Conquest, are arranged in fifty-eight groups.

The design of the tapestry is very unequal, some of the latter scenes being weak in comparison, especially that of the death of Harold; the eleventh-century artist, perhaps becoming tired of the work, or having, more probably, a presentiment that this scene would be painted and exhibited annually, by English artists, to the end of time. Whether Queen Matilda ever really worked this tapestry is a question of so little importance that it is wonderful so much discussion has been raised upon it; it is enough for us to know that it was worked soon after the Conquest, and probably by some persons about the court; the most striking thing to remark is the charming freshness and *naïveté* with which the scenes and characters are depicted. The artist who designed it did not draw figures particularly well; he was ignorant of perspective, and all principles of coloring; but he gave, in his own way, expression to his faces, and attitudes which tell their story even without the help of the Latin inscriptions which accompany them. Shade is often represented by color, and that not always strictly in accordance with nature.

On our way to St. Lo, Coutances, and Granville on the western coast of Normandy, we may do well—if we are interested in the appliances of modern warfare, and would obtain any idea of the completeness and magnificence of the French marine—to see something of Cherbourg, situated near the bold headland of Cap de la Hague. If we look about us as we approach the town, we shall see that the railway is cut through an extraordinary natural fortification of rocks; and if we ascend the heights of Le Roule, we shall obtain what a Frenchman calls a *vue féerique du Cherbourg*. We shall look down upon the magnificent harbor with its breakwater and surrounding forts, and see a fleet of iron-clads at anchor, and smaller vessels of all nations; gun-boats, turret-ships, and every modern invention in the art of maritime war, but scarcely any ships of commerce. The whole energy and interest of a busy population seem concentrated at Cherbourg, either in constructing works of defense or engines of destruction. The rather slovenly-looking orderly that we have sketched, sauntering up and down upon the ramparts, is justly proud of the efficiency and completeness which everywhere surround him, and, with a twinkle in his eye, asks if "monsieur" has visited the arsenals, or has ever seen a naval review at Cherbourg. The pride and boast even of the boys that play upon these heights, with "*La Gloire*" upon their hats, is that Cherbourg is impregnable and France invincible; and, if we stay here long, we shall begin to believe both.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

In three hours after leaving Cherbourg we find ourselves settled in the little old-fashioned inn, called the Hôtel du Soleil Levant, at St. Lo, which we have entirely to ourselves. St. Lo, although the *chef lieu* of the Department of La Manche, appears to the traveler a quiet, second-rate manufacturing town, well situated and picturesquely built, but possessing no particular objects of interest excepting the cathedral; although visitors who have spent any time in this neighborhood find it rich in antiquities, and a good center from which to visit various places in the environs. St. Lo is dull, and there is a gloom about it that communicates itself insensibly to the mind, that finds expression in the worship of graven images by little children, and in the burning of innumerable candles in the churches. They do strange things at St. Lo, in their quiet, dull way; they paint the names of their streets on the cathedral walls; make a post-office of one of its buttresses; paste the trees all over with advertisements in the principal squares, and erect images of the Virgin on their warehouses. The master at our hotel calls to a neighbor across the street to come and join us at table, and the people at the

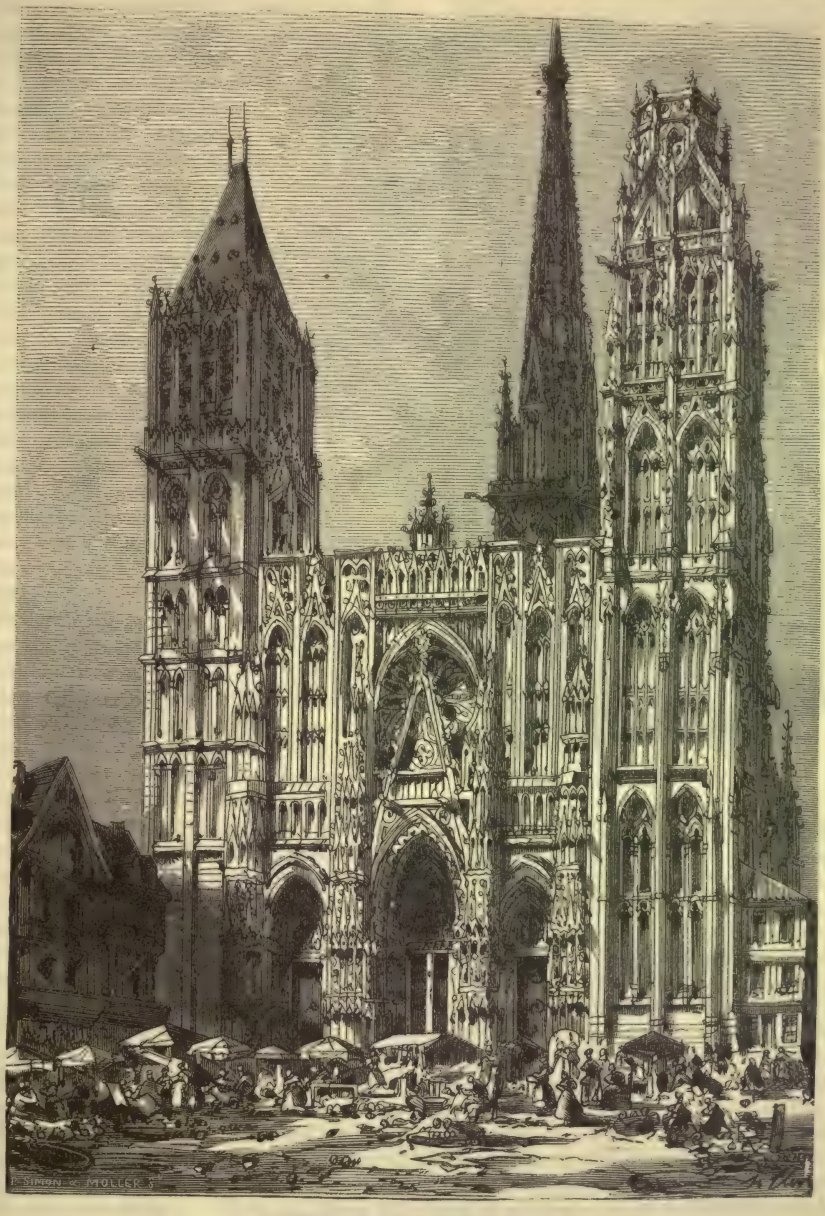
shops stand outside, listlessly contemplating their own wares. There are at least 10,000 inhabitants, but we see scarcely any one; a carriage or a cart startles us with its unusual sound, and every footstep echoes on the rough pavement. The arrival of the train from Paris, the commercial travelers whom it brings, and the red liveries of the government grooms, leading out their horses, impart the only appearance of life to the town.

We do not, however, make a long stay at St. Lo, for we are within sixteen miles of the city of Coutances, with its narrow modern-looking streets, its ecclesiastical associations, and its magnificent cathedral, which is considered one of the "most complete and beautiful in France, free from exuberant ornament, and captivating the eye by the elegance of proportion and arrangement." Coutances is built upon the sides of a lofty hill commanding views over a vast extent of country; it is approached on both sides up steep hills, by broad, smooth roads with avenues of trees and surrounding gardens, and is surmounted by its old cathedral, which is the last important building of the kind that we shall see, until we reach Rouen; and one the traveler is never likely to forget.

The town of Granville, built on a rock by the sea, with its dark granite houses, its harbor and fishing-boats, presents a scene of bustle and activity in great contrast to Coutances and St. Lo. There is an upper and lower town—a town on the rocks. with its old church with five gilt statues, built almost out to sea—and another town on the shore. The streets of the old town are narrow and badly paved, but there is great commercial activity, and a general sign of prosperity among its seafaring population. The approach to the sea (on one side of the promontory, on which the town is built) is very striking; we emerge suddenly through a fissure in the cliffs on to the seashore, into the very heart and life of the place—into the midst of a bustling community of fishermen and women. There is fish everywhere, both in the sea and on the land, and the flavor of it is in the air. Granville is the great western seaport of France; it is a favorite place of residence, and a great resort for bathing in the summer; although the "établissement" is second-rate, and the accommodation is not equal to that of many smaller watering-places of France.

The fisherwomen are famed for their beauty, industry, and courage; we, certainly, have not seen such eyes, excepting at Cadiz, and never have we seen so many active, hard-working old women. The women seem to do everything here—the "boatmen" are women, and the "fishermen" young girls.

Let us picture to the reader a bright figure that we once saw upon this shining shore, a Norman maiden, about eighteen years of age, without shoes or stockings; a picture of health and beauty bronzed by the sun. This young creature, who had spent her life by the sea and among her own people, was literally overflowing with happiness; she could not contain the half of it, she imparted it to every one about her (unconsciously, and that was its sweetness); she could not strictly be called handsome, and she might be considered very ignorant; but she bloomed with freshness, she knew neither ill-health nor *ennui*, and happiness was a part of her nature. This charming "aphrodite piscatrix" is stalwart and strong—she can swim a mile with ease; she has carried her basket and nets since sunrise, and now at 8 o'clock on this summer's morning sits down on the rocks, makes a quick breakfast, plumes herself a little, and commences knitting. She does not stay long on the beach, but, before leaving, makes slight acquaintance with the strangers, and evinces a curious desire to hear anything they may have to tell her about the great world. It is too bright a picture to last. She too, it would seem, has day-dreams of cities; she would give up her freedom, she would join the crowd and enter the "great city," she would have a stall at *les halles*, and see the world. Day-dreams, but too often fulfilled—the old story of centralization doing its work. Look at our map of Normandy, and see how the "chemin de fer de l'Ouest" is putting forth its arms, which, like the devil-fish in Victor Hugo's *Travailleurs de la Mer*, will one day draw irresistibly to itself our fair "Toiler of the Sea." "What does monsieur think?" (for we are favored with a little confidence from our young friend); and what can we say? Could we draw a tempting picture of life in cities—could we, if we had the heart, draw a favorable contrast between her life, as we see it, and the lives of girls of her own age, who live in towns, who never see the breaking of a spring morning, or know the beauty of a summer's night? Could we picture to her (if we would) the gloom that shrouds the dwellings of many of her northern sisters, and could she but see the veil that hangs over such cities as London, she might well be reconciled to her present life! "Is it nothing," we are inclined to ask her, "to feel the first rays of the sun at his rising, to be fanned with fresh breezes, to rejoice in the wind, to brave the storm; to



CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE-DAME AT ROUEN.

have learned from childhood to welcome as familiar friends the changes of the elements, and, in short, to have realized in a natural life the 'mens sana in corpore sano'? Would she be willing to repeat the follies of her ancestors in the days of the Trianon and Louis XIV.? Would she complete the fall which began when knights and nobles turned courtiers and roués?" Let us read history to her, and remind her what centralization did for old France; let us whisper to her, while there is time, what Paris is like in our own day.

From Granville we pass to Avranches, a small town built on the extreme western promontory of the long line of hills which extend from Domfront and the forest of Audaine. No place in Normandy affords a more

THE "GATHERING IN."

agreeable resting-place than Avranches, which has become quite an English colony. There are no buildings of importance, and there is nothing to attract the traveler, except that it is on the highway to the famous Mont St. Michael, the great rock-prison with its beautiful cloisters and chapel-work, and its crypt built by monks in the eleventh century. The architecture in this enormous pile of buildings is in nearly every style, from the simple Romanesque of the eleventh century to the rich flamboyant of the fifteenth, and, like many of the churches in Normandy, its history dates from the time when the Druids first took possession of the island to the days when the storm of revolution first broke upon its shores.

We now turn our faces toward the east, and starting again from Avranches on our homeward journey, go very leisurely by diligence through Mortain and Vire to Falaise. The distance from Avranches to Mortain is not more than twenty miles, and to Vire forty-three—an easy diligence journey. At the latter old-fashioned town, with 9,000 inhabitants, we make a halt to sketch the chief object of interest, a clock-tower of the thirteenth century, and so on by road to Falaise—the birthplace of the Conqueror. Both the town and castle of Falaise are built on high ground, commanding magnificent views of the country round. We ascend a tower one hundred feet, with high walls fifteen feet thick, and are shown traces of the nine sieges of Falaise, including the breach made by Henry IV. after seven days' cannonade; and of course the room where the Conqueror was born. The whole of the precincts of the castle, the walls, ramparts, and towers, are strewn with masons' work, as if a modern castle of Falaise was being built. The "restorers" are here, as everywhere in France, hard at work. The churches at Falaise should not pass unnoticed, but we are now only a few hours by railway from Rouen.

At a corner of the market-place at Rouen there stood, but a few years ago, one of the most picturesque houses in all Normandy, and with a story (if we are to believe the old chroniclers) as pathetic as any in history. It was from a door in this house that, in the year 1431, the unfortunate Joan of Arc was led out to be burned as a sorceress before the people of Rouen. We need not dwell upon the story of the "fair maid of Orleans," which every child has by heart, but (mindful of our own picturesque mission) we should like to carry the reader in imagination to the same spot just four hundred years later, when an English artist, heedless of the crowd that collects around him, sits down in the street to sketch the lines of the old building, already tottering to ruin. Faithfully and patiently does the artist draw the old gables, the unused doorway, the heavy awnings, the piles of wood, the market-women, and the gray perspective of the side-street with its pointed roofs, curious archways, and oil-lantern swinging from house to house; and as faithfully (even to the spelling of the word "liquer," on a board over the doorway), almost indeed with the touch of the artist's pencil, has the engraver reproduced, by means of photography, the late Samuel Prout's drawing. It

is pleasant to dwell for a moment on Prout's work, for he has become identified with Normandy through numerous sketches of buildings now pulled down; and they have an antiquarian as well as an artistic interest.

But we must not dream about old Rouen, we must rather tell what it is like to-day, and how modern and prosaic is its aspect; how we arrive by express train, and are rattled through wide paved streets in an omnibus, and set down at a "grand" hotel, where we find an Englishman seated in the doorway reading *Bell's Life*. Rouen is busy and thriving, and has a fixed population of not less than 150,000; situated about half-way between Paris and the port of Havre, there is a constant flow of traffic passing and repassing, and its quays are lined with goods for exportation. In front of our window at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, from which we have a view for miles on both sides of the Seine, the noise and bustle are almost as great as at Lyons or Marseilles. The Rouen of to-day is given up to commerce, to the swinging of cranes, and to the screeching of locomotives on the quays; whilst the fine, broad streets and lines of newly-erected houses shut out from our view the old city of which we have heard so much, and which many of us have come so far to see. As we approach Rouen by the river, or even by railway, it is true that we see cathedral towers, but they are interspersed with smoking factory chimneys and suspension bridges; and although on our first drive through the town we pass the magnificent portal of the cathedral and the old clock-tower in the *rue de la Grosse Horloge*, we observe that the cathedral has a cast-iron spire, and that the frescoes and carving round the clock-tower are built up against and pasted over with bills of concerts and theaters. The streets are full of busy merchants, trim shopkeepers, and the usual crowd of blouses that we see in every city in France. The people of Rouen, who have spread out into the enormous suburb of St. Sever, on the left hand of the Seine, are busy by thousands in the manufactories,—the sound of the loom and the anvil comes up to us even here; and down by the banks of the river, away westward, as far as the eye can see, spring up clean, bright houses of the wealthy manufacturers and traders of Rouen.

THE WRESTLERS—BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.

But we must examine the old buildings while there is time, for (as in other towns of Normandy) the work of demolition grows fast and furious; and the churches, the Palais de Justice, the courts of law, and the tower of the Grosse Horloge will soon be all that is left to us. The narrow winding streets of gable-ended houses, with their strange histories, will soon be forgotten by all but the antiquary; for there is a ruthless law that no more half-timbered houses shall be built, and another that everything shall be in line. We are surrounded by old houses, but cannot easily find them, and when discovered they almost crumble at the touch. Rouen is disappearing like a dissolving view; a few more slides in the magic lantern, a few more windows of plate-glass, a few more *grandes rues*, and the picture of old Rouen fades away. Let us hasten to the Place de la Pucelle, and examine the carving on the houses, and on the Hôtel Bourgthéronde, before the great Parisian conjuror waves his wand once more. But, hey presto! down they come in a street hard by—even whilst we write, a great panel totters to the ground—heraldic shields, with a border of flowers and pomegranates, carved in oak; clusters of grapes and diaper patterns of rich designs, emblems of old nobility—all in the dust; a hatchment half defaced, a dragon with the gold still about his collar, a bit of an eagle's wing, a halberd snapped in twain—all piled together in a heap of ruin! A few weeks only, and we pass the place again—all is in order, the "improvement" has taken place; there is a pleasant wide *pavé*, and a new manufactory.

The cathedral church of Notre-Dame, the west front of which we have shown in the illustration, and the church of St. Ouen, are the two most magnificent monuments in Rouen, and so familiar to most readers that we can say little that is new respecting them. But the church of St. Ouen surpasses the cathedral in size, purity of style, and splendor of decoration, and is considered one of the noblest Gothic edifices in the world. It is said that the original abbey was built in 533, and that it was not for a thousand years after its foundation that the present edifice was completed. Perhaps there is no monument that we could point to in Europe which has a more eventful history, or which, after a lapse of thirteen hundred years, presents to

the spectator a grander spectacle. If we walk in the public gardens that surround it, and see its towers, from different points, through the trees, or, better still, ascend one of the towers and look down on its pinnacles, we shall never lose the memory of St. Ouen. The beautiful proportions of its octagon tower, terminating with a crown of *fleurs de lis*, has well been called a model of grace and beauty; whilst its interior, 443 feet long and 83 feet wide, unobstructed from one end to the other, with its light, graceful pillars, and the colored light shed through the painted windows, has as fine an effect as that of any church in France; not excepting the cathedrals of Amiens and Chartres.

We have little space to say more to the reader about the churches in Normandy, and we should like best to leave him at the south-west corner of the square in front of the cathedral, close to the spot from which M. Clerget has made his drawing,—where he may take away with him an impression of the wealth and grandeur of the architecture of Normandy, pleasant to dwell upon.

On the fruitful hills that border the river Seine, and form part of the great watershed of lower Normandy, nature has poured forth her blessings; and her daughters, who are here lightly sketched, dispense her bounties. It is a pleasant thing to pass homeward through this food-producing land—to go leisurely from town to town, and see something more of country-life in Normandy—to see the laden orchards, the cattle upon the hills, and the sloping fields of corn. It is yet early in the autumn, but the variety of color spread over the landscape is delightful to the eye; the rich brown of the buckwheat, the bright yellow mustard; the green pastures by rivers, and the poppies in the golden corn; the fields, divided by high hedges, and interspersed with mellowed trees; the orchards raining fruit that glitters in the sunshine as it falls; the purple heath, the luxuriant ferns.

The country presents to us a picture—not like Watteau's *fêtes galantes*, but rather that of an English harvest-home. We are in the midst of the cornfields near Villers-sur-mer, and the hillside is glorious; it is covered to the very summit with riches; the heavily-laden corn-stems wave their crests against a blue horizon, while, in a cleft of the hill, a long line of poppies winds downward in one scarlet stream. They are set thickly in some places, and form a blaze of color, inconceivably, painfully brilliant—a concentration of light as utterly beyond our powers of imitation by the pencil as genius is removed from ordinary minds.

On these hillsides we are in sight and almost within sound of the happy hunting-grounds of Trouville and Deanville, the most fashionable watering-places in northern France; and here it may not be out of place to notice some of the modern architectural features of Normandy. In some of these seaside towns it would seem that the old feeling for form and color had at last revived. At Houlgate, near Trouville, we can see modern half-timbered houses, set in a garden of shrubs and flowers, with gables prettily fringed; graceful dormer windows, turrets and overhanging eaves; solid oak doors and carved balconies, twined about with creepers, with lawns and shady walks surrounding—as different from the ordinary type of French country-house, with its straight avenues and trimly-cut trees, as they are remote in design from any ordinary seaside residence; and (this is our point) they are not only ornamental and pleasing to the eye, but they are durable, dry, and healthy dwellings, and are not costly to build. Here are sketches of four common examples of modern work, all of which are within a few yards of our own doors.

No. 1 is a good substantial brick-built house, close to the seashore, surrounded by shrubs and a small garden. The whole building is of a rich warm brown, set off by the darker tints of the woodwork, relieved by the bright shutters, the interior fittings, the flowers in the windows, and the surrounding trees. No. 2 is a common example of square open turret of dark oak, with slated roof; the chimney is of brick and terra-cotta, the frontage of the house is of parti-colored brickwork with stone facings, etc. No. 3 is a round tower at a street-corner, the turret forming a charming boudoir, with extensive view; it is built of red and white brick, the slates on the roof are rounded, and the ornamental woodwork is of dark oak; the lower story of this house is of stone. No. 4, which forms one end of a large house, is ornamented with light-colored wooden galleries and carving under the eaves, contrasting charmingly with the blue slating of the roofs and the surface-tiling of the frontage; smooth tiles are introduced exteriorly in diaper patterns, chiefly of the majolica colors, which the wind and rain keep ever bright and fresh-looking, and which no climate seems to affect. The ornamental woodwork of this house is especially noticeable. There may be nothing architecturally

new in the modern "chateaux" and "châlets;" the carving may be machine-made and the slate and fringes to the roofs cut by steam; but we must remember that these houses are only "run up to let," as it is called, some of them costing not more than $2,500 or $3,000, or £600. It is as well to see what the French are doing, with a climate in Normandy much like our own, and with the same interest as ourselves in building commodious and durable houses. It is pleasant to see that even French people care no longer to dim their eyesight with bare white walls; that they have had enough of straight lines and shadeless windows; that, in short, they are beginning to appreciate the beauty of thirteenth-century work.

We have hitherto spoken principally of the architecture of Normandy, but we might well go further in our study of old ways, and suggest that there are other matters in which we might take a hint from the middle ages. First, with respect to DRESS, let us imagine, by way of illustration, that two gentlemen, clad in the easy and picturesque walking costume of the times of the Huguenots, "fall to a wrestling,"—they may be in fun or in earnest, it matters not—they simply divest themselves of their swords; and see, as in our illustration, with what perfect ease and liberty of limb they are able to go to work and bring every muscle of the body into play. Next, by way of contrast, let us picture to ourselves what would happen to a man under the same circumstances, in the costume of the present day. If he commenced a wrestling-match with no more preparation than above (*i.e.* by laying down his stick, or umbrella), it would befall him first to lose his hat; next, to split his coat up the back, and to break his braces; he would lose considerably in power and balance from the restraining and unnatural shape of all his clothes; he would have no firmness of foothold—his toes being useless to him in fashionable boots. Does the comparison seem far-fetched? and is it not well to make the contrast, if it may lead, however slightly, to a consideration of our own deformities?

Here our thoughts on the great question of architectural beauty and fitness turn naturally to a New World. If, as we believe, there is a life and energy in the West which must

sooner or later make its mark in the world, and perhaps take a lead, for awhile, among the nations in the practical application of science and art; may it not rest with a generation of Americans yet unborn to create—out of such elements as the fast-fading Gothic of the middle ages—a style of architecture that will equal it in beauty, and yet be more suitable to a modern era; a style that shall spring spontaneously from the wants and requirements of the age—an age that shall prize beauty of form as much as utility of design? Is it quite beyond the limits of possibility that an art, that has been repeating itself for ages in Europe—until the original designs are fading before our eyes, until the moulds have been used so often that they begin to lose their sharpness and significance—may not be succeeded by a new and living development which will be found worthy to take its place side by side with the creations of old classic time? Is the idea altogether Utopian—is there not room in the world for a new style of architecture—shall we be always copying, imitating, restoring—harping forever on old strings? It may be that we point to the wrong quarter of the globe, and we shall certainly be told in Europe that no good thing in art can come from the "great dollar cities of the west," from a people without monuments and without a history; but there are signs of intellectual energy, and a process of refinement and cultivation is going on which it will be well for us of the Old World not to ignore. Their day may be not yet; before such a change can come, the nation must find rest—the pulse of this great, restless, thriving people must beat less quickly; they must know—as the Greeks knew it—the meaning of the word "repose."

It was a good sign, we thought, when Felix Darley, an American artist on a tour through Europe, on arriving at Liverpool, was content to go quietly down the Wye, and visit our old abbeys and castles, such as Lintern and Kenilworth, instead of taking the express train for London; and it is from the many signs of culture and taste for art which we meet with daily, in intercourse with travelers from the Western continent, that we look with confidence to a great revolution in taste and manners. To these, then, whom we may be allowed to look upon as pioneers of a new and more artistic civilization, to our readers on the other side of the Atlantic, we would draw attention to the towns in Normandy, as worthy of examination, before they pass away from our eyes; towns where "art is still religion,"—towns that were built before the age of utilitarianism, and when expediency was a thing unknown.

To young America we say: "Come and see the buildings in old France;" there is nothing like them in the Western World; neither the wealth of San Francisco, nor the culture of your younger generation, can, at present, produce anything like them. They are waiting for you in the sunlight of this summer evening; the gables are leaning, the waters are sparkling, the shadows are deepening on the hills, and the colors on the banners that trail in the water are "red, white and blue."

THE CANOPUS STONE.

Before the French Expedition of 1798, Egypt was practically almost inaccessible. Though so near Europe, it was seldom visited; though one of the most fertile regions in the world, it had no commerce. Held by a ruling caste at once barbarous and bigoted; inhabited by a population that detested the very name of "Christian;" desolated every second or third year by the plague, Egypt was more difficult of access than the most distant regions of the earth in our days. It was the French Expedition, under General Bonaparte, which first revealed its wonders to Europe;—and the noble work on Egypt composed by the men of science who accompanied the French army is still one of the main authorities we possess for a knowledge of that country.

In its pages we find mention of many noble monuments of antiquity, which, unhappily, exist no longer. Arab neglect and cupidity, and the vandalism of foreign visitors, have long since destroyed much; and, although the present Government of Egypt is becoming more and more attentive to preserve what is left, still it is difficult to prevent dilapidation and pillage among a population which is singularly careless about anything except the lowest material interests.

The fine museum of Egyptian antiquities

at Boulac is due to Ismail Pasha's care. Every day adds to its treasures. One of the later acquisitions is the inscribed stone, of which America has lately received a model.* Hitherto, almost the only guide for interpreting the Hieroglyphics with which the monuments of Egypt are covered has been the Rosetta Stone, brought to England by the British army, after the expedition of 1801, and now in the British Museum.

But this is in every way inferior to the stone of Canopus. Half the lines it contains are incomplete, in consequence of the stone being broken and the fragments lost; and of the remaining lines many are defaced or illegible: whereas the stone of Canopus is almost as perfect as on the day it left the sculptor's hand. We may hope that, in course of time, other discoveries of a like nature may be made; and thus Egyptian history, hitherto almost all conjectural, may become better known!

This inscription was accidentally discovered about six years since, at the south-west corner of Lake Menzaleh, one of the lagoons on the coast of Egypt; and on the old Tanitic branch of the Nile are the ruins of "San," the Zoan of Scripture. It is a place very little visited, being remote and not easy to reach. But to judge from the numerous obelisks, statues and remains of temples still existing there—especially that of Ramses II.—"San" must once have been a place of much importance. About five years ago a portion of the west wall of the temple of Ramses fell, and exposed the corner of a stone covered with Greek characters. In this state the inscription remained some time; at length its value was perceived, and it was removed to the Viceroy's museum at Boulac. It is of fine-grained limestone, of light-gray color, about seven feet high, two and a half feet broad and the same deep, and bears three inscriptions, each on a separate side, in Hieroglyphic, in Greek, and in the Hieratic (or Egyptian) characters.

It is a copy of a decree made in the ninth year of the reign of Ptolemy III. (Ptolemy Euergetes) by the priests of Egypt, assembled in solemn conclave at the great temple of Osiris, in Canopus, which is also called, in the decree, the "Temple of the Euergetæ."

The circumstances under which the decree was passed are as follows:—

It was customary for all the priests of Egypt to visit the capital (Alexandria), in order to pay their respects to the king on his birthday, and on the day of his accession to the throne. The king's birthday was February 4th (5th Dios); his accession day, February 24th. A number of other festivals occurred at the same season of the year, such as the festival of the Kikellia (whatever that may have been); the solemn visit to the temple of Osiris, in Canopus; the solemn boat-procession, in honor of Osiris, from the Heracleion, at Alexandria, to the same temple; the Apotheosis of Zaphne, daughter of Helios (the Sun), etc. Besides these, there were three monthly festivals in honor of the reigning king and queen.

In this ninth year of King Ptolemy's reign, then (B.C. 238), the priests had assembled, as usual, to celebrate these festivals. They had, however, another matter to arrange—that was, a reform of the popular Egyptian calendar.

The common Egyptian calendar-year consisted of 365 days; *i.e.*, 12 months of 30 days each, and 5 Epagomenæ, or intercalary days. This was far superior in accuracy to the Macedonian computation of time, which was still maintained at the Court. Still it was not quite accurate, and, in course of time, must have caused much inconvenience, because the true solar year is a little longer than 365 days. Gradually, no doubt, all the relations of social life became disturbed in some degree: the cultivation of the land; the payment of the taxes; long contracts; even the religious life of the people; everything, in short, that had to do with the seasons of the year, fell into confusion. Now, the priests were aware of all this, and they remedied the defect by intercalating in their own calendar one more day every four years, and the date of their New-Year was the Heliac rising of the star "Sothis," or the "Star of Isis" (Sirius). For all material purposes, this year of Sothis sufficiently corresponded with the true solar year, and would have required no change for a very long period of time. We may observe that Julius Cæsar adopted from the priests of Egypt the calendar reform he afterwards effected; and it was exactly this Sirius year which he introduced, differing only from theirs in the date at which the extra intercalary day was inserted. But this amended year was only employed by the priests. As in all other matters, so in this, the Egyptians were eminently conserva-

* Through the kindness of the Viceroy, Ismail Pasha, three casts of the stone have been taken: one for the Royal Museum of Berlin, one for the British Museum, and one for Monmouth College, Illinois. The College has arranged to permit a model to be taken, and kept by the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C.

SEGMENT OF THE CANOPUS STONE.

tive. It is even said that their kings, at their accession to the throne, had to take an oath that they would not alter the existing calendar; and, therefore, in order to introduce their reform, the priests had to assign for it a religious motive, viz.: that 'the religious festivals had become confused; those belonging to the summer fell out in winter, and *vicè versa*.' They had then to gain the support of the king in order to maintain the alteration they proposed. We shall see from the inscription itself how they obtained their end.

In the midst of their deliberations an event happened, full of grief to the Royal Family. Some time between the 19th and 23d of February, the young princess Berenice, daughter of the Euergetæ, died. She was much beloved by her parents, and we may conclude from an expression in the decree that she had been the heir-apparent to the throne, perhaps as being at that time the only child of the king and queen.

According to the Egyptian custom, the time of mourning for the dead was seventy days; during this time the body was being embalmed, and preparations made for the funeral. But in this case, in order to soothe the parents' grief, and to testify their own respect, the priests decreed the apotheosis of the dead maiden, limiting the time of mourning for her to fourteen days only, and paying the extraordinary honors to her memory which are set forth in the inscription. On the 7th of March (17th Tybi), therefore, at the end of the fourteen days of mourning, the priests assembled in the temple of Osiris, at Canopus, to canonize the new goddess.

Of this magnificent temple not a fragment now remains; indeed, its very position can only be conjectured. As to the town of Canopus itself, the visitor may trace its site by the high mounds of rubbish which cover it. It was built on a high promontory (a little to the west of the bay of Aboukir) about fourteen miles to the east of Alexandria. For many years past, nothing of its buildings above-ground could be seen, and lately the very foundations have been dug up to provide stone for the fortresses now building on the spot, by order of the viceroy, Ismail Pasha.

The position of Canopus, on one of the large canals or mouths of the Nile, and on the highest ground to be found for many leagues along the coast, must have made it healthy and pleasant; and it was a very flourishing, but, at the same time, a most dissolute, city. The "Dromos" mentioned in the decree was doubtless an open space, planted with trees, in front of the temple. On either side of it were altars belonging to the temples of the first order. After offering sacrifice upon these, and performing the necessary ceremonies for the apotheosis of Berenice, the assembled priests made the following decree:—

"In the 9th year of the reign of Ptolemy son of Ptolemy and Arsinoe, the divine Adelphi—Apollonides, son of Moschion, being priest of Alexander and of the divine Adelphi, and of the divine Euergetæ—Menecrateia, the daughter of Philammon, being Kanephoros of Arsinoe Philadelphi—on the 7th day of the month Apellæus (Macedonian)—

and on the 17th of the Egyptian month Tybi.

DECREE.

The chief Priests, and Prophets, and they who enter into the Sanctuary to robe (the images of) the gods—and the Plume-bearers and Hierogrammates (sacred scribes) and the other priests who came together from the Temples throughout the land, for the fifth of Dios—on which day the King's birthday is kept—and for the 25th of the same month—on which he received the kingdom from his father—having assembled on this day, in the temple of the Divine Euergetæ at Canopus,

PROCLAIMED.

Seeing that King Ptolemy—(son of Ptolemy and Arsinoe, the Divine Adelphi)—and Queen Berenice (his sister and wife) the Divine Euergetæ—continue to confer many and great benefits on the Temples throughout the land—and to increase more and more the honors of the gods.—(Seeing that) with great cost and pomp, they cause Apis and Morevis, and the remaining highly-esteemed sacred animals throughout the land to be cared for, and that the King after his campaign has brought safely back to Egypt, and restored to the temples from which each had been originally taken away —the sacred images which had been carried out of the land by the Persians, and has preserved the country in peace, combating for it against many nations and their rulers—and both to all those in the land, and to the rest who are subject to their rule they afford good government—and when once the river (Nile) failed to rise sufficiently, and all the people in the land were terrified at the occurrence, and called to mind the destruction that had resulted under certain former kings in whose reign it happened that the inhabitants of the land had met with dearth of water, they (the King and Queen) carefully protected those in the temples, and the other inhabitants of the land, both making many prudent provisions, and disregarding much of the revenues (*i.e.* giving up—spending) for the safety of the people, by causing corn at high prices to be brought to the country from Syria and Phœnicia and Cyprus, and many other places—they saved the inhabitants of Egypt, leaving both to the present age and to posterity an imperishable benefit, and a mighty memorial of their own excellence—in requital of which, the gods have given them a stable dominion, and will give them all other good things for all time—(these things being so)—it has been resolved by the priests of the land—with good fortune—to increase the honors hitherto paid in the temples to King Ptolemy and Queen Berenice the Divine Euergetæ —and to their parents the Divine Adelphi—and to their grand-parents—the Divine Saviours—and that the Priests in each of the temples in the land should be called in addition priests of the Divine Euergetæ—and that the priesthood of the Divine Euergetæ should be inscribed in all public records—and be carved on the finger-rings which they (the priests) wear, and that in addition to the present four tribes of the priestly body in each temple, another should be appointed—which shall be named the 5th tribe of the Divine Euergetæ, because, with good fortune, the birth also of King Ptolemy, son of the Divine Adelphi, happened on the 5th of Dios, which was the beginning of much good to all men—and that in this tribe should be reckoned those who have become priests since the first year (of the King's reign)—and those who shall have been added, until the month "Mesore" of the 9th year, and their descendants for all time—but that those who were priests before, up to the 1st year (of the King's reign), should in like manner remain in the tribes in which they formerly were, and in like manner their descendants henceforth, should be distributed into the same tribes to which their fathers belong—and instead of the 20 sacred councilors who are chosen every year out of the 4 previously existing tribes, five of whom are chosen out of each tribe, that the sacred councilors should be 25, five additional being taken from the 5th Tribe (that) of the Divine Euergetæ, and that those of the 5th Tribe (that) of the Divine Euergetæ, should take part in the purifications and all other (sacred functions) that are (done) in the temples and that they should have a president, as is the case in the other 4 tribes.

And seeing that, according to the Decree previously passed, the 5th and the 9th and the 25th days of each month are kept in the temples as feasts of the Divine Euergetæ, and that to the other highest gods yearly feasts and public assemblies are celebrated (it is decreed) that to King Ptolemy and Queen Berenice, the Divine Euergetæ, a public assembly should be held every year, both in the temples, and throughout the whole land, on that day on which the Star of Isis rises, which in the sacred writings is reckon-

ed as New Year, but now in the 9th year (of the King's reign) is kept on the first day of the month Payni, during which (month) both the great and the small festivals of Boubastis (Diana) are kept—and the harvest and the rise of the river take place. But if it should happen that the rising of the Star should change to another day in the course of four years, that the assembly should not be altered, but should be held on the first day of Payni, on which it was at first held, in the ninth year—and that (men) should keep it for 5 days, with garlands and sacrifices and libations, and all else that is fitting.

And in order that the seasons may always perform what pertains to them (*i.e.* be exact) according to the present order of the world, and that it may not happen, that some of the public festivals which are kept in the winter should at some future time be kept in the summer, because every four years the Star removes (by the space of) one day, and that other (festivals) which are now kept in the Summer should hereafter be kept in the Winter, which have both happened before—and would have occurred now, had the arrangement of the year continued (to be) of 360 days and 5 additional days, which it is the custom to intercalate afterwards—(it is decreed) that henceforth, in addition to the 5 intercalary days before the New Year, one day shall be intercalated as a festival of the Divine Euergetæ, so that all men may know that what was before defective concerning the order of the seasons and of the year, and of the things commonly received about the entire frame of the heaven, hath been corrected and supplied by the Divine Euergetæ.

And since it has happened that the daughter born of King Ptolemy and Queen Berenice, the Divine Euergetæ, and named Berenice, and who was immediately proclaimed Queen, being yet unmarried, suddenly departed into the Eternal world, whilst the priests who come up from the country every year to the King were yet staying with him, who straightway made a great mourning for what had occurred, and requested of and persuaded the King and Queen to set up the goddess (*i.e.* Berenice) with the image of Osiris, in the temple at Canopus, which is not only one of the chief temples but is one of the most highly honored by the King and by all the people of the land; and (since) the Voyage of the Sacred Ship of Osiris takes place every year to this temple, from the temple in the Heracleium, on the 29th day of Choiach, when all the priests of the chief temples join in sacrificing on the altars they have set up for each temple of the chief order on either side of the Dromos—and after this they performed with magnificence and care the usual rites for her Apotheosis, and for a dispensation of the mourning as is usual to be done in the case of Apis and Mnevis also, and it was resolved to pay everlasting honors in all the temples in the land to Queen Berenice daughter of the Divine Euergetæ—and since she departed to the Gods in the month Tybi, in which also the daughter of Helios (the Sun) formerly departed this life, whom her father in his affection used to name sometimes his "Crown," sometimes his "eye," and men keep a festival and periplus (procession of boats) to her honor, in many temples of the chief order, in that month wherein her Apotheosis originally happened, (it was decreed) to appoint for Queen Berenice also, daughter of the Divine Euergetæ, in the month Tybi, and in all the temples of the land, a festival and periplus for 4 days, beginning from the 17th, on which the periplus and dispensation of mourning for her at first took place, and to set up a sacred image of her, made of gold and jeweled, in each of the temples of the 1st and 2d order, and to place it in the Sanctuary; but the prophet or (one) of the priests appointed for the Sanctuary to robe the gods, shall bear it in his arms when the processions and assemblies of the other gods take place, in order that being seen by all, it may be honored and worshiped under the title of Berenice, Queen of the Maidens. And that the crown placed upon her statue being different from that placed on the images of her mother Queen Berenice, should consist of two ears (of corn) between which shall be the asp-shaped crown, and behind it a papyrus-shaped scepter to match, which the goddesses usually carry in their hands, round which the tail of the crown shall be twined, so that from the arrangement of the crown the name of Berenice may be distinguished, according to the symbols of the Sacred Writing.

And that when the Kikellia are kept, in the month Choiach, before the periplus of Osiris the virgin daughters of the priests shall prepare another image of Berenice, Queen of the Maidens, to which in like manner they shall offer sacrifice, and all the other customary rites at this feast; and that in like manner the other maidens who desire, may pay the usual honors to the goddess, and that she should be hymned by the chosen sacred virgins, and those who serve the gods, wearing the crown peculiar to those gods whose priestesses the

are considered to be; and when the early sowing (time) is at hand, that the sacred virgins shall carry ears of corn to be laid upon the image of the goddess—and that both daily and on the festivals and assemblies of the rest of the gods, both the male and female singers shall sing to her, hymns which the sacred scribes shall compose and give to the Quire Master, and of which copies shall be separately inserted in the sacred books; and since their maintenance is supplied to the priests from the temples, when they have been added to the priestly body, so to the priests' daughters also, from the day of their birth, appointed maintenance shall be given, out of the sacred revenues, by the priests, who are councilors in each temple —in proportion to the sacred revenues; and that the bread which is given to the wives of the priests shall have a special mark, and be called the bread of Berenice.

And let him, who in each temple is President and chief-priest, and the temple scribes, cause this decree to be inscribed on a pillar of stone or brass, in Hieroglyphic and Egyptian (Hieratic) and Greek characters—and let them cause it to be set up in the most conspicuous spot in temples of the 1st, 2d and 3d orders; so that the priests in the land may appear men who honor the Divine Euergetæ, and their children, as is just."

One of the most remarkable points in this decree is the assigning Divine honors to a living person. Examples of men deified after their death were common enough in Greek history; but until Greece began to decline no example occurs of divine honors paid to a living man. While Greece was yet free it was unknown, and it would have seemed a monstrous thing to those high-spirited Republicans, who so nobly sustained the glory of their native country.

But when Greece sank before the half-barbarous might of Macedon, she had to undergo all kinds of degradation. Alexander the Great claimed and received Divine honors from his subjects—not without ridicule, it is true, from many of the philosophers. With the conquest of the East, Eastern usages began to prevail more and more. No wonder that flattery turned the reigning despot into a "present Deity." But nowhere was this baseness more conspicuous than in Egypt.

Ptolemy Lagi and his Queen Berenice were revered under the name of "Θεοι σωτηρες" (the name "σωτηρ" (Saviour) having been given to him by the Rhodians, whom he saved from the arms of Antigonus).

Ptolemy II. (Philadelphus) and his Queen Arsinoe (who was at the same time his sister) were styled from that circumstance "Θεοι αδελφοι."

Ptolemy III. and Berenice (also his Queen and sister) were, as we have seen, "Θεοι ευεργεται."

The custom prevailed throughout the Egyptian dynasty, and was adopted by the Emperors of Rome.

The date of this Canopic decree is B.C. 239-8, the 9th year of the reign of Ptolemy III.

As a ruler the king was not inferior to his father and grandfather, either in peace or war. He had lately returned from a campaign which almost rivaled the victorious career of Alexander the Great, but of which no record remains except the inscription of Adule, and a brief notice by St. Jerome.

The cause of this war was the murder of his own sister Berenice, who had been married by Philadelphus to Antiochus II. King of Syria. She and her husband with their infant son had been put to death by Laodice, the divorced wife of Antiochus; and in the war which ensued, the King of Egypt is said to have wrested from the Syrian monarchy Cilicia, Pamphylia, Ionia, Thrace, the Hellespont, all Asia to the west of the Euphrates, and later, Mesopotamia, Babylonia, Susiana, Persia, Media and even Bactria; but no doubt these conquests were very quickly lost again.

History is almost silent about this great campaign, but at the time of the French Expedition to Egypt, there was at Esneh a small temple in an almost perfect state; but of which, when visited by Champollion in 1829, only one column and a piece of the wall remained, and even these have now disappeared. A few inscriptions were copied by Champollion, and from them it would seem that this temple was erected in memory of Euergetes' famous campaign, and no doubt, had it survived, the history of the war would have been known to us.

To the Egyptians, not the least esteemed prizes of their King's victory were the images of their gods, which Cambyses, the Persian conqueror of Egypt, had carried off; and in gratitude for their recovery his subjects conferred upon Ptolemy the title of Euergetes (the benefactor).

The decree praises the King's great care for the sacred animals, especially for the worship of Apis and Mnevis. Enlightened rulers, such as the first three Ptolemies, could

not have been ignorant of the higher form of Greek philosophy; one of them (Philadelphus) probably knew somewhat even of the Jewish Theology. Doubtless too the Esoteric doctrines of the Egyptian priesthood were not unknown to them, and therefore we may regard their reverence for the gross superstitions of Egypt rather as a politic concession to the feelings of their subjects than as a genuine religious sentiment. Even in Egypt, the king could not afford to shock the prejudices of his people, and though an absolute monarch, the power of the priesthood almost rivaled his own.

The care the king showed for his subjects' welfare was more honorable to him. On one occasion during his reign the Nile had failed to rise sufficiently, and famine in consequence threatened the country; but by large importations of corn at the king's expense from the neighboring States, the danger was averted. It would be difficult for one who does not know Egypt, to conceive how absolutely the country depends upon the yearly inundation.

On the few other occasions recorded when the Nile failed to rise to the proper height, frightful famine and pestilence followed; for it is not often in Egyptian history we read of a ruler like Ptolemy Euergetes, or a minister like the Patriarch Joseph. The Arab physician Abd-iel-Latyf, who lived in the time of Sultan Siláh-ed-Deen, about A.D. 1170, has written the history of one of these dreadful visitations, caused by deficient inundations for several successive years. He gives a terrible account of the sufferings of the people, and the utter demoralization that ensued.

After setting forth the merits of their rulers, and proclaiming the extraordinary honors to be offered to them, the priests established a 5th priestly tribe, for no other apparent reason than because the king's birthday was the 5th day of the month Dios. And then they pass on to the real business of the meeting.

In addition to the three monthly festivals of the Euergetæ on the 5th, 9th and 25th days, "decreed in a former proclamation," they ordain that a general public festival for five days shall be held every year, in honor of the Euergetæ, commencing on the day "on which the star of Isis rises," "which in the sacred writings is considered New Year's day." Now in this 9th year of the reign of Euergetes, the rising of "Sirius" occurred on the 1st of Payni (July 19th), and they decided that this 1st Payni, reckoned according to the common computation, should be the first day of the Euergetan festival for four years. And that every fourth year, one additional day (besides the usual five intercalary days) should be kept as a public festival in honor of the rulers; thus introducing on every fourth year *six* instead of *five* intercalary days.

By the former of these two provisions, the priests introduced the Sirius year of 365¼ days, in place of the common year of 365 days; and by the latter means, placing their reform under the protection of the monarch, they provided for the surplus six hours in every year, while by making the extra intercalary day a general festival, "both in the temples and throughout the whole country," they kept it in the people's memory.

The inscription does not inform us in what year this sixth intercalary day was first to be kept, but it is natural to suppose that the new arrangement would be brought into force as soon as possible, that is, in the then existing year.

It is probable that this reform of the calendar was not effected without much opposition. It lasted through the reign of Ptolemy III. But in B.C. 222-1 he died; his son Ptolemy Philopater succeeded him, and then this sixth intercalary day was no longer kept. There seems to have been a reaction: the Sirius year was no longer observed, and the common year of 365 days only, again prevailed. The old irregularities gradually became apparent; and the reform which in consequence became necessary was effected during the reign of Augustus in the year B.C. 26.

The latter part of the inscription recounts the honors decreed to the deified Princess Berenice. Her statue is to be placed in the great temple at Canopus, near the statue of Osiris. In all temples of the first and second orders a statue of her, made of gold and adorned with jewels, is to be kept in the adytum; a four days' festival in all the temples is to be kept in memory of her, beginning on Tybi 17th (March 7th), the day on which the mourning for her ceased and her apotheosis was decreed. On the festivals of the other divinities her image is to be carried in the procession. Hymns are to be sung in her honor, and regular rations given to the maiden daughters of the priests who do service to her.

It would seem that the Egyptian Royal Family had each a distinguishing crown. The ancient kings of Egypt wore the "pshent," formed of the united crowns of Upper and

Lower Egypt. But the Macedonian dynasty in Egypt did not continue its use—at least the coins of the Ptolemies represent the king as wearing only the fillet or royal diadem bound round the head.

Perhaps the crown was only employed in religious representations of the Royal Family, as in statues, wall-paintings, etc.

The image of Berenice bore the "asp-shaped crown," that is, a crown in the form of the "aspis cerastes," or horned viper, which is constantly represented on the Egyptian monuments.

Lastly, the presiding High-Priest in each temple and the temple scribes are charged to set up in every temple of the first, second and third order, and in the most conspicuous place, a copy of the decree, carved in Hieroglyphic, Egyptian and Greek characters on a pillar of stone or brass.

Out of the many copies that must have existed, this is the only one hitherto discovered.

The late Sir G. Cornewall Lewis used to be very skeptical about the current interpretation of ancient Assyrian and Egyptian inscriptions, but a few more discoveries like that of this stone of San will enable us to decipher with tolerable accuracy the mysterious symbols that are left.

It is much to be desired that efficient protection could be extended to the monuments of Upper Egypt. The ignorant cupidity of the natives, and the equally ignorant and more barbarous "relic-hunting" of foreign visitors have caused immense damage to them; the mischief done in the Tombs of the Kings, above Thebes, is truly deplorable!

This very inscription had a narrow escape between the time of its discovery and its removal to Boulac, and was only saved by the authorities placing a guard of soldiers over it.

Certainly the Egyptian Government is now much more attentive in these matters than formerly. Unfortunately its care comes too late to save the many interesting antiquities which have been burnt to make lime, or broken up for building purposes.

THE BLUE-BIRD.

When Nature made the blue-bird she wished to propitiate both the sky and the earth, so she gave him the color of the one on his back and the hue of the other on his breast, and ordained that his appearance in spring should denote that the strife and war between these two elements was at an end. He is the peace-harbinger; in him the celestial and terrestrial strike hands and are fast friends. He means the furrow and he means the warmth; he means all the soft, wooing influences of the spring on the one hand, and the retreating footsteps of winter on the other.

After you have seen the blue-bird you will see no more cold, no more snow, no more winter. He brings soft skies and the ruddy brown of the fields.

It is sure to be a bright March morning when you first hear his note; and it is as if the milder influences up above had found a voice and let a word fall upon your ear, so tender is it and so prophetic a hope tinged with a regret.

"*Bermuda! Bermuda! Bermuda!*" he seems to say, as if both invoking and lamenting, and behold! Bermuda follows close, though the little pilgrim may be only repeating the tradition of his race, himself having come only from Florida, the Carolinas, or even from Virginia, where he has found his Bermuda on some broad sunny hill-side thickly studded with cedars and persimmon trees.

In New York and in New England the sap starts up in the sugar-maple the very day the blue-bird arrives, and sugar-making begins forthwith. The bird is generally a mere disembodied voice; a rumor in the air for two or three days before it takes visible shape before you. The males are the pioneers, and come several days in advance of the females. By the time both are here and the pair have begun to prospect for a place to nest, sugar-making is over, the last vestige of snow has disappeared, and the plough is brightening its mould-board in the new furrow.

The blue-bird enjoys the preëminence of being the first bit of color that cheers our northern landscape. The other birds that arrive about the same time—the sparrow, the robin, the phœbe-bird—are clad in neutral tints, gray, brown, or russet; but the blue-bird

brings one of the primary hues and the divinest of them all.

This bird also has the distinction of answering very nearly to the robin red-breast of English memory, and was by the early settlers of New England christened the blue-robin.

It is a size or two larger, and the ruddy hue of its breast does not verge so nearly on an orange, but the manners and habits of the two birds are very much alike. Our bird has the softest voice, but the English red-breast is much the most skilled musician. He has indeed a fine animated warble, heard nearly the year through about English gardens and along the old hedge-rows, that is quite beyond the compass of our bird's instrument. On the other hand, our bird is associated with the spring as the British species cannot be, being a winter resident also, while the brighter sun and sky of the New World has given him a coat that far surpasses that of his transatlantic cousin.

It is worthy of remark that among British birds there is no *blue*-bird. The cerulean tint seems much rarer among the feathered tribes there than here. On this continent there are at least three species of the common blue-bird, while in all our woods there is the blue-jay and the indigo-bird,—the latter so intensely blue as to fully justify its name. There is also the blue-grosbeck, not much behind the indigo-bird in intensity of color; and among our warblers the blue tint is very common.

It is interesting to know that the blue-bird is not confined to any one section of the country; and that when one goes west he will still have this favorite with him, though a little changed in voice and color, just enough to give variety without marring the identity.

The western blue-bird is considered a distinct species, and is perhaps a little more brilliant and showy than its Eastern brother; and Nuttall thinks its song is more varied, sweet, and tender. Its color approaches to ultramarine, while it has a sash of chestnut-red across its shoulders,—all the effects, I expect, of that wonderful air and sky of California, and of those great western plains; or if one goes a little higher up into the mountainous regions of the West he finds the Arctic blue-bird, the ruddy brown on the breast changed to greenish-blue, and the wings longer and more pointed; in other respects not differing much from our species.

The blue-bird usually builds its nest in a hole in a stump or stub, or in an old cavity excavated by a woodpecker, when such can be had; but its first impulse seems to be to start in the world in much more style, and the happy pair make a great show of house-hunting about the farm-buildings, peeping saucily into doors and windows and crevices and knot-holes; now half persuaded to appropriate a dove-cot, then discussing in a lively manner a last year's swallow's nest, or proclaiming with much flourish and flutter that they have taken the wren's house, or the tenement of the purple martin; till finally nature becomes too urgent, when all this pretty make-believe ceases, and most of them settle back upon the old family stumps and knot-holes in remote fields, and go to work in earnest.

In such situations the female is easily captured by approaching very stealthily and covering the entrance to the nest. The bird seldom makes any effort to escape, seeing how hopeless the case is, and keeps her place on the nest till she feels your hand closing around her. I have looked down into the cavity and seen the poor thing palpitating with fear and looking up with distended eyes, but never moving till I had withdrawn a few paces; then she rushes out with a cry that brings the male on the scene in a hurry. He warbles and lifts his wings beseechingly, but shows no anger or disposition to scold and complain like most birds. Indeed, this bird seems incapable of uttering a harsh note, or of doing a spiteful, ill-tempered thing.

The ground-builders all have some art or device to decoy one away from the nest, affecting lameness, a crippled wing, or a broken back, promising an easy capture if pursued. The tree-builders depend upon concealing the nest or placing it beyond reach. But the blue-bird has no art either way, and its nest is easily found.

About the only enemies the sitting-bird or the nest is in danger of are snakes and squirrels. I knew a farm-boy who was in the habit of putting his hand down into a blue-bird's nest and taking out the old bird whenever he came that way. One day he put his hand in, and feeling something peculiar, withdrew it hastily, when it was instantly followed by the head and neck of an enormous black snake. The boy took to his heels and the snake gave chase, pressing him close till a ploughman near by came to the rescue with his ox-whip.

There never was a happier or more devoted husband than the male blue-bird is. But among nearly all our familiar birds the serious cares of life seem to devolve almost entirely upon the female. The male is hilarious and demonstrative, the female serious and anxious about her charge. The male is the attendant of the

female, following her wherever she goes. He never leads, never directs, but only seconds and applauds. If his life is all poetry and romance, hers is all business and prose. She has no pleasure but her duty, and no duty but to look after her nest and brood. She shows no affection for the male, no pleasure in his society; she only tolerates him as a necessary evil, and, if he is killed, goes in quest of another in the most business-like manner, as you would go for the plumber or the glazier. In most cases the male is the ornamental partner in the firm, and contributes little of the working capital. There seems to be more equality of the sexes among the woodpeckers, wrens, and swallows; while the contrast is greatest perhaps in the bobolink family, where the courting is done in the Arab fashion, the female fleeing with all her speed and the male pursuing with equal precipitation; and were it not for the broods of young birds that appear, it would be hard to believe that the intercourse ever ripened into anything more intimate.

With the blue-birds, the male is useful as well as ornamental. He is the gay champion and escort of the female at all times, and while she is sitting he feeds her regularly. It is very pretty to watch them building their nest. The male is very active in hunting out a place and exploring the boxes and cavities, but seems to have no choice in the matter and is anxious only to please and encourage his mate, who has the practical turn and knows what will do and what will not. After she has suited herself he applauds her immensely, and away the two go in quest of material for the nest, the male acting as guard and flying above and in advance of the female. She brings all the material and does all the work of building, he looking on and encouraging her with gesture and song. He acts also as inspector of her work, but I fear is a very partial one. She enters the nest with her bit of dry grass or straw, and having adjusted it to her notion, withdraws and waits near by while he goes in and looks it over. On coming out he exclaims very plainly, "*Excellent! excellent!*" and away the two go again for more material.

The blue-birds, when they build about the farm-buildings, sometimes come in conflict with the swallows. The past season I knew a pair to take forcible possession of the domicile of a pair of the latter—the cliff species that now stick their nests under the eaves of the barn. The blue-birds had been broken up in a little bird-house near by, by the rats or perhaps a weasel, and being no doubt in a bad humor, and the season being well advanced, they made forcible entrance into the adobe tenement of their neighbors, and held possession of it for some days, but I believe finally withdrew, rather than live amid such a squeaky, noisy colony. I have heard that these swallows, when ejected from their homes in that way by the phœbe-bird, have been known to fall to and mason up the entrance to the nest while their enemy was inside of it, thus having a revenge as complete as anything in human annals.

The blue-birds and the house-wrens more frequently come into collision. A few years ago I put up a little bird-house in the back end of my garden for the accommodation of the wrens, and every season a pair have taken up their abode there. One spring a pair of blue-birds looked into the tenement and lingered about several days, leading me to hope that they would conclude to occupy it. But they finally went away, and later in the season the wrens appeared, and after a little coquetting, were regularly installed in their old quarters and were as happy as only wrens can be.

One of our younger poets, Myron Benton, saw a little bird—

> "—ruffled with whirlwind of his ecstasies,"

which must have been the wren, as I know of no other bird that so throbs and palpitates with music as this little vagabond. And the pair I speak of seemed exceptionally happy, and the male had a small tornado of song in his crop that kept him "ruffled" every moment in the day. But before their honeymoon was over the blue-birds returned. I knew something was wrong before I was up in the morning. Instead of that voluble and gushing song outside the window, I heard the wrens scolding and crying at a fearful rate, and on going out saw the blue-birds in possession of the box. The poor wrens were in despair; they wrung their hands and tore their hair, after the wren fashion, but chiefly did they rattle out their disgust and wrath at the intruders. I have no doubt that if it could have been interpreted it would have proven the rankest and most voluble Billingsgate ever uttered. For the wren is saucy, and he has a tongue in his head that can outwag any other tongue known to me.

The blue-birds said nothing, but the male kept an eye on Mr. Wren; and when he came too near, gave chase, driving him to cover under the fence, or under a rubbish-heap or other object, where the wren would scold and rattle away, while his pursuer sat on the fence or the pea-brush waiting for him to reappear.

Days passed, and the usurpers prospered and the outcasts were wretched; but the latter lingered about, watching and abusing their enemies, and hoping, no doubt, that things would take a turn, as they presently did. The outraged wrens were fully avenged. The mother blue-bird had lain her full complement of eggs and was beginning to set, when one day, as her mate was perched above her on the barn, along came a boy with one of those wicked elastic slings and cut him down with a pebble. There he lay like a bit of sky fallen upon the grass. The widowed bird seemed to understand what had happened, and without much ado disappeared next day in quest of another mate. How she contrived to make her wants known without trumpeting them about I am unable to say. But I presume the birds have a way of advertising that answers the purpose well. Maybe she trusted to luck to fall in with some stray bachelor or bereaved male, who would undertake to console a widow of one day's standing. I will say, in passing, that there are no bachelors from choice among the birds; they are all rejected suitors, while old maids are entirely unknown. There is a Jack to every Gill; and some to boot.

The males being more exposed by their song and plumage, and by being the pioneers in migrating, seem to be slightly in excess lest the supply fall short, and hence it sometimes happens that a few are bachelors perforce; there are not females enough to go around, but before the season is over there are sure to be some vacancies in the marital ranks, which they are called on to fill.

In the meantime the wrens were beside themselves with delight; they fairly screamed with joy. If the male was before "ruffled with whirlwind of his ecstasies," he was now in danger of being rent asunder. He inflated his throat and caroled as wren never caroled before. And the female, too, how she cackled and darted about! How busy they both were! Rushing into the nest, they hustled those eggs out in less than a minute, wren time. They carried in new material, and by the third day were fairly installed again in their old quarters; but on the third day, so rapidly are these little dramas played, the female blue-bird reappeared with another mate. Ah! how the wren stock went down then! What dismay and despair filled again those little breasts! It was pitiful. They did not scold as before, but after a day or two withdrew from the garden, dumb with grief, and gave up the struggle.

The blue-bird, finding her eggs gone and her nest changed, seemed suddenly seized with alarm and shunned the box; or else, finding she had less need for another husband than she thought, repented her rashness and wanted to dissolve the compact. But the happy bridegroom would not take the hint, and exerted all his eloquence to comfort and reassure her. He was fresh and fond, and until this bereaved female found him I am sure his suit had not prospered that season. He thought the box just the thing, and that there was no need of alarm, and spent days in trying to persuade the female back. Seeing he could not be a step-father to a family, he was quite willing to assume a nearer relation. He hovered about the box, he went in and out, he called, he warbled, he entreated; the female would respond occasionally and come and alight near, and even peep into the nest, but would not enter it, and quickly flew away again. Her mate would reluctantly follow, but he was soon back, uttering the most confident and cheering calls. If she did not come he would perch above the nest and sound his loudest notes over and over again, looking in the direction of his mate and beckoning with every motion. But she responded less and less frequently. Some days I would see him only, but finally he gave it up; the pair disappeared, and the box remained deserted the rest of the summer.

MODERN SKEPTICISM.

I.—WHAT IT IS, AND WHAT IT SIGNIFIES TO US.

By modern skepticism we mean not only that negative disbelief in Christianity, but also that positive belief in some form of religious faith or another hostile to Christianity, which is now so very widely prevalent in all the transatlantic Christian countries.

Before proceeding to inquire what practical interest we in America have in this peculiar form of skepticism, however, two or three things demand attention.

And first: Is it indeed a matter of fact that there does exist to-day any very wide-spread

disbelief in Christianity; any very wide-spread belief in some form of religious faith or another hostile to Christianity, in the Christian countries instanced? For example, how stands the case in England?

"At this moment," said Froude in 1863, "a general doubt is coming up, like a thunderstorm against the wind, and blackening the sky. Those who cling most tenaciously to the faith in which they were educated, yet confess themselves perplexed. They know what they believe, but why they believe it, or why they should require others to believe it, they cannot tell, or cannot agree."

"No one," said Liddon in 1866, "who hears what is going on in daily conversation, and who is moderately conversant with the tone of some of the leading organs of public opinion, can doubt the existence of a wide-spread unsettlement of religious belief."

In like manner, we find the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol speaking, in 1870, of "the current forms of unbelief among the educated classes;" of "the skepticism and unbelief, which for the last few years have been distinctly traceable in all classes;" and again, "of those in the lower grades of society who are exposed to the thickening dangers arising from that organized diffusion of infidel principles, which is one of the saddest and most monitory signs of the present time."

Later yet, the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Winchester says: "Doubt is everywhere. Skeptical suggestions are wrapped up in narrative; they bristle in . . . essays; they color our physical philosophy; they mingle themselves with our commonplace theology itself."

And even so recently as Dec. 21, 1872, Prime Minister Gladstone, in a speech delivered at Liverpool College, said: "On an occasion like this, I should not have desired, . . . my younger friends, to dwell in a marked manner on the trials you will have to encounter. But the incidents of the time are no common incidents; and there is one among them so obtrusive that youth cannot long enjoy its natural privilege of unacquaintance with the mischief, but at the same time so formidable that youth really requires to be forewarned against the danger. I refer to the extraordinary and boastful manifestation in this age of ours, and especially in the year which is about to close, of the extremest forms of unbelief."

Bad, therefore, as the outlook for traditional Christianity was in England in 1863, at the present instant it is even more alarming.

And what is true of England in this regard to-day, is more or less equally true of all the other transatlantic Christian countries.

And this brings us to consider another most momentous matter, namely, whether this almost universal religious unsettlement of modern times in other Christian lands, appertains to any sufficiently vital and fundamental tenets of Christianity to excite alarm throughout America, even in case it is already gaining ground among ourselves.

"We cannot foresee," says the Rev. Mr. Fowle, a recent English writer, "the exact influence of scientific discovery upon the religious faith of the future. . . . But it is clear that once more men will be brought face to face with the deepest questions of religious belief, and it is melancholy indeed to notice the absolute ignorance of popular religionism, and its popular leaders, as to the true nature of the approaching crisis. That Mr. Darwin's last book [*The Descent of Man*] should surprise the religious world in the midst of a hot fight about articles and rubrics, disestablishment and vestments, is sadly ominous of the result of the battle."

Nor does the Duke of Somerset more than indicate the real gravity of things when he declares that "the differences of Christian sects lose their significance in comparison with far deeper questions which are attracting the notice of educated society."

Take for illustration, and to begin with, the modern state of transatlantic feeling and conviction as it concerns the Bible question. "The old Reformation," says Strauss, "had an advantage in this, that what then appeared intolerable appertained wholly to the doctrines and practice of the church, while the Bible, and an ecclesiastical discipline simplified according to its dictates, provided what seemed a satisfactory substitute. The operation of sifting and separation was easy; and the Bible, continuing an unquestioned treasure of revelation and salvation to the people, the crisis, though violent, was not dangerous. Now, on the contrary, that which then remained as the stay of Protestants, the Bible itself, with its history and its teachings, is called in question; the sifting process has now to be applied to its own pages."

Nor is this all; but not very long since the friends of Christ in Bremen, Germany, felt it incumbent upon them to make a special effort, that, "by means of popular scientific lectures, a wider conviction of the truthfulness of the old faith of the Bible might be awakened, or, as the case required, more firmly established."

Moreover: "It were useless to deny," observes the able English author, the Rev. C. A. Row, "that questions of the deepest interest have been started in connection with both Testaments, . . . the ultimate refusal to entertain which is impossible, and the delay of doing so is dangerous to the faith of multitudes. . . . Many of these questions are of the most serious import, and have not yet received a full investigation, or an adequate solution. . . . Multitudes feel these difficulties, and are earnestly panting for a solution of them."

In short, says Froude: "The truth of the gospel history is now [that is, in 1863] more widely doubted in Europe than at any time since the conversion of Constantine. Every thinking person who has been brought up a Christian, and desires to remain a Christian, yet who knows anything of what is passing in the world, is looking to be told on what evidence the New Testament claims to be received. The state of opinion proves of itself that the arguments hitherto offered produce no conviction. Every other miraculous history is discredited as legend, however exalted the authority on which it seems to be rested. We crave to have good reasons shown us for maintaining still the one great exception. . . . We can but hope and pray that some one may be found to give us an edition of the gospels in which the difficulties will neither be slurred over with convenient neglect, nor noticed with affected indifference. A commentary is announced on the Old and New Testaments. . . . If these perplexities are encountered honorably and successfully, the church may recover its supremacy over the intellect of the country; if otherwise, the archbishop, who has taken the command, will have steered the vessel direct upon the rocks."

Since this was written by Froude in 1863, England has had the benefit, in part, of the Speaker's Commentary,—the announcement of which is above referred to,—and, in full, of other able works upon the modern Bible question. But, says the Duke of Somerset, so recently as 1871: "The learned endeavors to remove obscurity have increased doubt." Again: "With an earnest desire to arrive at some satisfactory result, the student examines histories of Christianity, introductions to the New Testament, harmonies of the gospels, Christian evidences, lives of Jesus, treatises on the nature and personality of Christ, and other works calculated to explain this mysterious subject. . . . . After all his labor, he perceives that the history becomes less and less distinct, as the investigation is more searching and precise. Every new publication proves that its author deems former explanations to be faulty or insufficient; and his refutation of previous solutions is usually the most conclusive portion of his work. The student is reluctantly compelled to admit that the materials for a trustworthy life of Jesus . . . do not exist."

In other words, specifically upon the question of the Scriptures, and even upon the question of the very gospels, the leading scholars of Europe are to-day, and that in constantly increasing numbers, more and more deeply plunged into hopeless doubt and skepticism year by year.

And now a single further step. "New hypotheses about the first three gospels more especially," says Strauss, . . . "follow each other so rapidly, and are asserted and attacked with such eagerness, that we almost forget there is anything else to be considered: and the controversy threatens to be so endless, that we begin to despair of ever arriving at a clear understanding as to the main problem. . . . It consists in this: that in the person and acts of Jesus no supernaturalism shall be suffered to remain; nothing which shall press upon the souls of men with the leaden weight of arbitrary inscrutable authority."

That is to say, according to this avowal of Strauss, the recent skeptical attacks upon the Scriptures look through and through the Scriptures themselves to the miracles of Christ beyond. And not only so, but these attacks upon the Bible, even in comparison with the miracles of Christ, have the still more ulterior object of divesting the Christian world of faith in Christ himself, as a superhuman person, standing in a superhuman and divinely authoritative relation to the present life and future destiny of men. And it is almost needless to say that to immense masses, especially in Europe, and at the present moment, the miracles of Christ are nothing more than either mythical additions to his real life, invented after he was dead, or else but common thaumaturgic tricks, in performing which Jesus was himself a more or less compliant and even guilty actor. Whereas it has long since passed into one of the veriest commonplaces of the new transatlantic theology that Jesus was but a purely human being.

Still further. In our article on "Christ's Miracles Scientifically Considered," * we

* See *Scribner's Monthly* for March, 1873.

pointed out at length and corrected the very common mistake of those who suppose that uch leading modern skeptics as Strauss, Rénan, Herbert Spencer, and the like, are ither pantheists, materialists or atheists. But what is the God of Strauss? "Instead of God, he offers to us," says Mr. Gladstone, what he calls the All or Universum. This All or Universum has, he tells us, neither onsciousness nor reason. But it has order nd law. He thinks it fitted, therefore, to e the object of a new and true piety, which e claims for his Universum, as the devout of he old style did for their God. If any one epudiates this doctrine, to Dr. Strauss' reason he repudiation is absurdity, and to his feelngs blasphemy."

Or let us turn to the Deity of Rénan. His God, then, he tells us, is "the Eternal Foundation;" "the Infinite;" "the Substance;" the Absolute;" "the Ideal;" "*that which ndures;*" "*that which is.*" "This is the ather," says he, "from whose bosom all hings issue, and to whose bosom all things eturn....Is this Absolute Being free? Is he onscious?.... *Yes* and *no* are equally inapplicable to these sorts of questions. They nply an absolutely incurable delusion, the endency to transport the conditions of our nite existence into the infinite."

And what, pray tell us, is the God of Herbert pencer? Why, the God of Herbert Spencer the "Unknown Cause;" the "Unconitioned Reality;" the "Persistence of orce;" the "Absolute Being;" the "Ultiate Reality;" the "Unknowable."

Thus vital and fundamental, therefore—nd without dwelling more at length just now pon the details—are the issues raised between e transatlantic skeptical schools of thought, nd the traditional Christian faith and system. ll questions concerning the merely outward rms and ceremonies, however vital, of hristianity, which can either agitate, or ever nstitute, a Christian sect or body, are comaratively insignificant. Even the most omentous doctrinal features of Christianity, hether disputed among the modern clergy, decided at the Reformation, are not to be ought of for a single instant, at such a erilous religious epoch as the present. he Christian Scriptures; the Christian mirles; the Christian Christ; the Christian od;—all these are now put upon their trial efore the bar of modern thought and culture. ell may Froude aver, in behalf of Christians erywhere, that "the very life of our souls at issue in the questions that have been ised." Well may Dr. Uhlhorn add, that "the contest is no longer upon single questions, such as whether this or that conception of Christianity is the more correct, but the very existence of Christianity is at stake." And well may Premier Gladstone go even further yet, and declare that "it is not now only the Christian Church, or only the Holy Scripture, or only Christianity which is attacked. The disposition is boldly proclaimed to deal alike with root and branch, and to snap the ties which, under the still venerable name of religion, unite man with the unseen world, and lighten the struggles and the woes of life by the hope of a better land."

The fact, and the fundamental character of the modern religious unsettlement of Europe, being thus firmly fixed in mind, let us now for a moment dwell more specifically upon its popular, and, in fact, its almost universal prevalence. Thus, Froude speaks above of "a general doubt;" and Liddon of "a widespread unsettlement;" and the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol of "the skepticism and unbelief of all classes;" while the Lord Bishop of Winchester asserts that "doubt is everywhere." And even more pertinently to our purpose still, Macpherson of Scotland adds: "This contest respecting the foundation of religious belief is not confined, as it used generally to be, within certain circles of speculative men....The press, now so powerful in its influence, has involved rich and poor, learned and unlearned, in this great conflict."

Illustrative of this remark of Macpherson, Prof. Hurst observes, concerning the original *Life of Jesus* by Dr. Strauss, that, "having been multiplied in cheap editions, it was read by students in every university and gymnasium, by passengers on the Rhine boats and in the mountain stages, and by a great number of private families. Even school-children, imitating the example of their seniors, spent their leisure hours in its perusal. The most obscure provincial papers contained copious extracts from it, and vied with each other in defending or opposing its positions. Crossing the German frontier, it was published in complete and abridged forms in all the principal languages of Europe. Even staid Scotland, unable to escape the contagion, issued a popular edition of the exciting work."

And as to the immense direct popular circulation and influence of the work of Strauss, so as to those also of Rénan's *Vie de Jésus*, Seeley's *Ecce Homo*, and the like.

Besides, says Dr. Uhlhorn: "The circle in which books are read which have undertaken to attack Christianity is comparatively

small. . . . But the circle is considerably greater in which those writings have at least an indirect influence. This influence is exerted through the periodical press. The daily and weekly newspapers, and the monthly magazines, take up the matter as one adapted to the times, and communicate, in a brief and popular way, to the greater public, the pretended results of these writings. Hence arises a kind of public opinion on the subject; and an uncertainty at least widely prevails whether the foundations of Christianity are sound."

"Thus from day to day," Pressensé says, "a form of skepticism is being developed which . . . is in the very air we breathe; it finds its way into the lightest publication; the novel and the journal vie with each other in its diffusion; short review articles, skilled in giving grace and piquancy to erudition, furnish it with arguments which appear weighty. . . . Such a condition of things is critical and calls for grave and special consideration. If those who are convinced of the divinity of Christianity slumber on in false and fatal security, they must be prepared to pay dearly for their slothfulness, and the church and mankind—which have need of each other—will pay for it dearly also. The voice of skepticism will alone be heard, and the sweeping assertions of unbelief will pass for axioms."

Nor—the time has now arrived to say—must "those who are convinced of the divinity of Christianity" on this side of the Atlantic, delude themselves as if "this critical condition of things calls for grave and special consideration" only in England, Germany and France. Conversely, already in 1865 Prof. Hurst observed: "There was a time when rationalism was a theme of interest to the Protestant church of Germany alone. But that day is now past. . . . It has assumed an importance which should not be overlooked by . . . American thinkers."

As early as 1865, also, Prof. Fisher frankly told us: "The comparative strength of the infidel party in our times is underrated by not a few even of Christian teachers. . . . They are not awake to the subtler form which skepticism has assumed. They fail to see that . . . it is diffused like an atmosphere. They are not aware how widely the seeds of unbelief are scattered through books and journals which find a hospitable reception even in Christian families. And they do not appreciate the significance of the fact that so many leaders of opinion, on matters outside of the sphere of religion, are adherents, more or less outspoken, of the skeptical school."

Since 1865 all the more thoughtful and scholarly forms of transatlantic unbelief have been crossing over to our shores through a thousand different channels,—books, periodicals, living advocates, the constant intercourse of nations, and the like—and with the arrival of almost every ship and steamer.

The proper stand-point, however, from which, first of all, to view our critical relations to this transatlantic modern skepticism is not so much as it concerns its present status here, as it is as it concerns our popular state of preparedness for its rapid future strides throughout this country.

Said Prof. Tyndall at his farewell banquet: "The interest shown in these lectures cannot have been the creation of the hour. Every such display of public sympathy must have its prelude, during which men's minds are prepared. . . . Then, in the nick of time, comes a person who, though but an accident, touches a spring which permits tendency to flow into fact, and public feeling to pass from the potential into the actual. The interest displayed has really been the work of years. . . . The soil had been prepared, and the good seed sown, long before I came among you."

It will be remembered, however, that Prof. Tyndall did not appear among us as the simple physical scientist, but, as the physical scientist who, prior to his coming, had taken a very decided antichristian stand on many vital questions in religion. Notably we were reminded by the *Popular Science Monthly* that, "just before sailing, Prof. Tyndall had exposed himself to the reprobation of a large class of the community, by consenting to introduce to the public Dr. Thompson's paper proposing the so-called prayer-gauge. He thus became an object of bitter attack from religious quarters, and so considerable was the feeling aroused that it was said by many the step he had taken would cost him his American audiences."

And not only so, but during the entire progress of his lectures here, Prof. Tyndall was by no means careful to disguise his particular antichristian tenets. Conversely, foremost in his very opening sentence, he proclaimed: "All men's notions of nature have some foundation in human experience. . . . The notion of personal volition in nature has this basis. In the fury and serenity of natural phenomena the savage saw the transcript of his own varying moods, and he accordingly ascribed these phenomena to beings

of like passions with himself, but vastly transcending him in power."

Whereat one of our leading religious journals, namely, the *Christian Intelligencer*, exclaims, in a sort of holy horror: "Here a pair of sentences, in a lecture on 'light,' quietly wipe out for us the whole biblical faith in a first holy man, in primitive monotheism, and in a primitive revelation from a personal God."

Meanwhile, and in addition to all this, the Professor permits himself to become involved in a running religious quarrel, chiefly with the Presbyterians, and personally with the Rev. Dr. Hall.* And, to cap the climax, from the advance sheets of the *Cotemporary Review*, he has his disquisition on "Science and Religion" inserted in the *Popular Science Monthly*, in which disquisition, with no little sharpness, he retorts upon those from whom there "had been brought down upon him a considerable amount of animadversion,"—"the bone of contention being the *physical value of prayer*."

Now, into the merits or demerits of the peculiar religious opinions of Prof. Tyndall, as a physical scientist, it forms no part of our present purpose to inquire. All that we wish to say is this: first, that at least certain of his religious opinions, as a physical scientist, are utterly hostile to, and subversive of, every current Christian conception of the special point in question; secondly, that when he came among us, these antichristian views of Prof. Tyndall were fairly before the world, and, in a given instance, were fairly before the world as the cause of a specific religious controversy; thirdly, that even his partisans were fearful, before his coming, that this fact just mentioned "would cost him his American audiences;" fourthly, that, while here, he yet took no pains whatever to shrink from the logical issues of his antichristian tenets, but rather kept them flaunting in our very Christian faces, like a constant battle-flag; and, fifthly, that, notwithstanding all these considerations, "no such assemblages," as the *Popular Science Monthly* very truly says, "as have greeted Prof. Tyndall, and followed him with sustained enthusiasm through his course, have ever before been gathered in New York."

Now by way of a partial explanation of this success of Prof. Tyndall's lectures, the *Galaxy* is doubtless perfectly correct in referring us, for one thing, "to the growing interest in general subjects of science," and for another thing, to the fact that "it was known that Prof. Tyndall was a man of first rank among scientific men;—a man of genius in the art of exposition, and a true poet of nature."

But after all this, and everything beside of a kindred character, has been allowed for, the religious bearing of Prof. Tyndall's triumph still remains to be considered. And looking at the matter solely from this latter stand-point, the *Popular Science Monthly* not only congratulates itself that the "feeling aroused" against Prof. Tyndall, "just before sailing," in connection with "the so-called prayer-gauge," did *not* "cost him his American audiences;" but likewise felicitates itself in saying: "Twenty-five years ago it would have been different; but such has been the conquest of prejudice, and the enlargement of ideas, that Prof. Tyndall's lecture-rooms, in all the cities where he has spoken, have been filled to overflowing with those who are prepared to accept science on its own merits, without mixing up with it questions of theology."

Taken all in all, therefore, the simple truth may as well be at once confessed, and that is this: Not only for Prof. Tyndall as the physical scientist, but also for Prof. Tyndall as the antichristian physical scientist, "the soil had been prepared, and the good seed sown, long before he came among us." In this sense, also, he, "though but an accident," only needed to appear upon the scene "in the nick of time," and "touch a spring which permits tendency to flow into fact, and public feeling to pass from the potential to the actual," and he would everywhere be received with a sort of popular ovation.

Not that all, or perhaps even a numerical majority, of those by whom he was everywhere thus received, were his religious partisans. But that those partisans were everywhere sufficiently numerous, sympathetic, and powerful to give expression and control to the throng in which they mingled, and of which Prof. Tyndall was the antichristian scientific center.

And had it been otherwise, for what pur-

* Since these remarks were in type, there has been published in the *Popular Science Monthly* a note from Prof. Tyndall, in which he indignantly repels the charge of "attacking both the Christian faith and one large class of its professors," in his recent lectures here. This is, of course, conclusive that Prof. Tyndall did not *intend* any such attack. But that he was very currently *supposed* to have made such an attack, remains the same a fact. And to the extent that he was supposed to be making such an attack, his popular ovation at so many of our leading mental centers is immensely significant in the direction which we indicate.

pose would it have been that not only Prof. Tyndall's own works, but those of Darwin, Huxley, Herbert Spencer, and the other anti-christian scientific leaders of transatlantic thought, have been now for several years past scattered broadcast among our reading, thinking masses? Are these seeds never to come to fruitage in our religious, as well as in our mental life? Let us beware of thinking so.

And since we are beginning to face the truth, we might as well advance another step, and know it first as last, that the apostles of science in question have formally taken us, the reading and thinking American masses, in hand, not only to furnish us with a higher form of religion than Christianity, but patiently to bide their time until we shall have become sufficiently and scientifically developed for its full reception. Thus, if we have come to balance a doubt between the personal God of the Christian, and the Inscrutable Power of Herbert Spencer, we are strictly cautioned by the special revelator of the latter, not to "make the erroneous assumption that the choice is between personality and something lower than personality, whereas the choice is rather between personality and something higher."

At the same time it must be conceded to us belated Christian thinkers that the old belief "is in one sense the best,—the best for those who cling to it, though not abstractly the best." "Speaking generally," continues Mr. Spencer, "the religion current in each age and among each people, has been as near an approximation to the truth as it was then and there possible to receive. . . . During each stage of evolution, men must think in such terms of thought as they possess. . . . And at the present time the refusal to abandon a relatively concrete notion [that is, the personal God of Christ and Christians] for a relatively abstract one [that is, the Unknowable God of Mr. Spencer] implies the inability to frame the abstract one; and so proves that the change would be premature and dangerous. . . . Few, if any, are as yet fitted wholly to dispense with such conceptions as are current."

Accordingly, "the relatively best God" of Christianity must, for the time being, answer for us, the many; but "the absolutely best" God of scientific speculation is nevertheless certain to have his full revenge for this hereafter,—that is, whenever, one by one, his full-fledged devotees become scientifically developed in the cycles of the future.

Bosh? By no means. Conversely, this very Herbert Spencer is not only and confessedly one of the most powerful leaders of modern scientific thought in Europe at the present moment. He is sufficiently powerful at this very instant in America not merely to command a constantly increasing circle of highly intellectual readers for his formal volumes, but also to have had a leading, and, all things considered, an eminently successful monthly issue,—at least in its original inception more specifically than for all other purposes beside,—expressly started and established to circulate and advocate his anti-christian system of philosophy at our Christian firesides.

Nor is this all; but for whole months together, Prof. Fiske, of Harvard,—at once an ardent disciple of Herbert Spencer, and at the same time one of the most accomplished and gifted and candid minds among us,—has had specifically placed at his almost unlimited disposal the columns of one of the principal New York Dailies, in order that he might therein formally present, in a series of most elaborate papers, his views in Cosmic Philosophy. But at the basis of these discussions in Cosmic Philosophy by Prof. Fiske, such views of God as these are plumply placed: "In the preceding lecture we inquired at some length," says he, "into the bearings of the doctrine of evolution upon the theistic [or, among others, the current Christian] hypothesis of a personal God, existing externally to the world of phenomena, and acting upon it by means of the quasi-human attributes of intelligence and volition. . . . . We came to the conclusion that it is by no means likely to survive the establishment of a Cosmic Philosophy based upon the law of evolution. . . . From the purely scientific point of view, . . . the hypothesis of a quasi-human [*i.e.* among others the Christian] God, appears not only unphilosophical, but also irreligious, or, at least, only crudely religious. Combining, therefore, the results, . . . we obtain the following formula: *There exists a* POWER, *to which no limit in time or space is conceivable, of which all phenomena, as presented in consciousness, are manifestations, but which we can know only through these manifestations.*"

"What is this wondrous Dynamis?" . . . Prof. Fiske continues. "Shall we call it gravitation, or heat, or light, or life, or thought, or, summing up all in one comprehensive epithet, call it Force? . . . To us, as to the Israelite of old, the name of Jehovah is unpronounceable. . . . The scientific philosopher . . . knows nothing indeed of Deity, save its om-

ipresence as the Power whereof the ever-hanging universe of phenomena is a multi-orm manifestation."

This, then, carefully distinguished "from positivism, from atheism and pantheism, from naterialism and idealism," and ably supported y a vast array of thoughtful reasoning, is hat "phase of theism so much higher than he current [Christian] phase that, for that ery reason, we cannot [as Cosmic Philoso-hers], without risk of ambiguity, call it by the ame name,"—this is that phase of radically ntichristian theism, we say, which, thanks es-ecially to Herbert Spencer, is plumply placed y Prof. Fiske at the basis of those Lectures n Cosmic Philosophy which he first delivered t Harvard University, and then published y the very broadside in the New York Daily *World*, from May 1st to Sept. 1st, 1871.

And not only were these Harvard Lectures f Prof. Fiske thus published, almost like an xtended sensational serial, in the columns nentioned. Some one read them. In fact, ome one must have almost devoured them. t least, on personal application at the *World* office very soon after their appear-nce, not a single scrap or vestige of either ecture could possibly be procured by the resent writer.

Does not this begin to look as if we were lready far beyond the mere stage of simple reparation for the popular reception among ur reading and thinking masses of the most ital and fundamental aspects of transatlantic ntichristian thought?

Or if we should for a single further moment ontemplate this very vital matter from the ar less momentous stand-point of the Chris-ian views of Scripture, we should reach pre-isely the same results as we have reached bove, when contemplating it from the stand-oint of the Christian views of God. For ex-mple: "The historic value which I attribute o the gospels," says Rénan, "is now, I think, uite understood. They are neither biogra-hies, after the manner of Suetonius, nor fic-itious legends, like those of Philostratus; hey are legendary biographies. I would com-are them with the legends of the saints, . . . nd other works of the same kind."

M. Rénan, however, does not make the slightest effort to demonstrate his right thus o treat the gospels in his *Vie de Jésus* as nothing more than legendary biographies. Conversely, he merely announces, in a gen-eral way, that he is "unaccustomed to doing over again what has been done and well done;" and that "the criticism in detail of the texts of the gospels, in particular, has been done by M. Strauss in a manner which leaves little to be desired;" and then, having given his personal opinion that the gospels are but legends, he glides away into his for-mal discussion of the life of Christ.

And yet, thus based, as it is, upon the un-argued assumption that the gospels are but legendary biographies, M. Rénan's *Life of Jesus* has found, according to Prof. Schaff, "an unparalleled circulation," not only on the Continent of Europe, and in England, "but also in America."

Ecce Homo is another work in point. In that most remarkable, but also most utterly antichristian volume, Prof. Seeley merely puts down the Evangelists among "the better class of historical witnesses, whose veracity has been strongly impeached by critics, both on the ground of internal discrepancies, and of the intrinsic improbability of their story," and, as a rule, never refers at all, he says, to "the fourth gospel," excepting merely "in confirmation of statements made in the other gospels." And still this very *Ecce Homo* has already attained a sale throughout the United States of at least not less than thirty thousand copies, through the American publishers alone.

This means that formal volumes, at the basis of which the most utter antichristian views of Scripture are almost oracularly assumed, pass as currently and as quietly into a general circulation among our reading and thinking masses, as do those other volumes which, on the other hand, in the same un-argued manner, assume that the Bible is, *verbatim et literatim*, the very word of God.

Whether looked at, therefore, from the stand-point of the very general preparation of our reading and thinking masses for the more or less entire reception of all the vital forms of transatlantic antichristian thought, or looked at from the stand-point of the popular progress which these thoughts have already made among our reading and thinking masses, every Christian who is in the least concerned that Christian views of Scripture, and Christian views of miracles, and Christian views of Christ, and Christian views of God, should survive in the future struggle for existence in the minds of all these masses,—that Christian, we say, may well be startled. For not only is the public reading and thinking mind of America on all these, and on all other cardi-nal Christian questions, in a very state of tinder; Strauss, Rénan, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, not to instance others, either in person or through their dis-ciples, and by means of the formal volume,

the lecture, the essay, the poem, and the very novel, are sweeping through and through this public mind like a constant and flaming source of conflagration. This means fire. Indeed, the flames have already and everywhere caught and kindled, and are at this moment everywhere spreading.

If American Christians,—if American Christian lawyers and statesmen and men of letters, and other secular leaders of this public mind, as well as the American Christian clergy,—do not wish ten years from now to be doing precisely what all such classes of Christians are this instant doing in Europe, that is, do not wish to be running hither and thither wringing their hands and their hearts together at the fearful extent of the already blackened desolation, and almost wildly endeavoring to save the Christian faith and system from a still further wreck and ruin; then something must be done by all these friends of Christ among us; and something must be done by them intelligently, promptly and efficiently.

Which brings us to the subject of the two succeeding papers:—the first one being more specifically devoted to the guidance of the American Christian clergy, and the second to the guidance of the American Christian laity, amid those perils to their faith to which we have above only too composedly and too inadequately directed their attention.

A SPIRITUAL SONG. VII.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

My faith to thee I break not,
If all should faithless be,
That gratitude forsake not
The world eternally.
For me sore pains did wring thee—
Thou died'st in anguish sore;
Therefore with joy I bring thee
This heart for evermore.

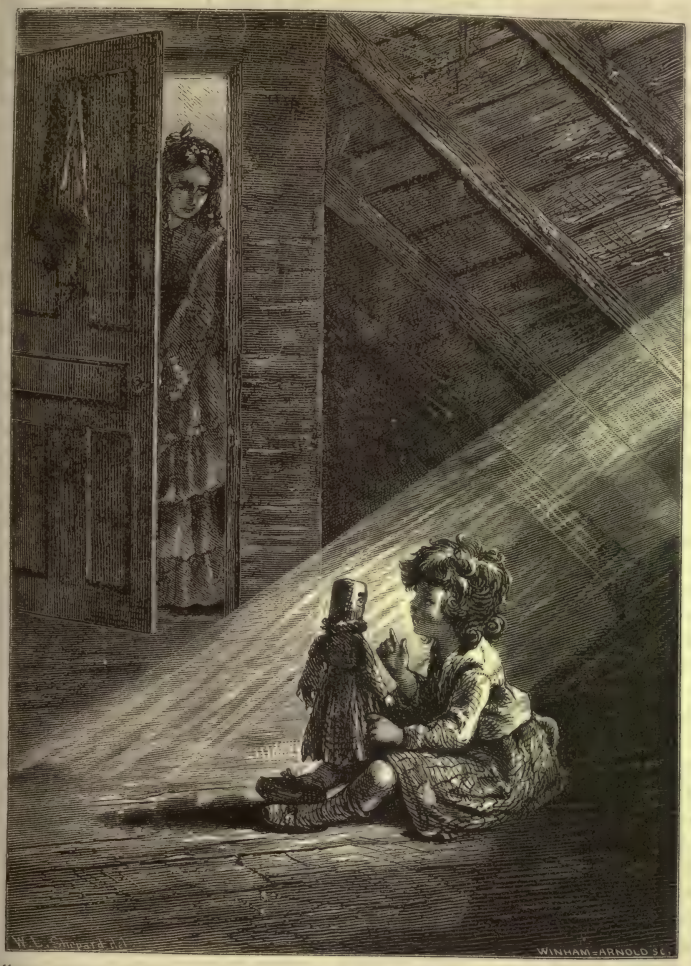
How oft mine eyes have streamed
That thou art dead, and yet
A many of thy redeemed
Thee all their life forget!
By love possessed and driven,
For us what hast thou done!
Yet is thy body riven,
And no one thinks thereon.

With love that's never shaken,
Thou stand'st by every man;
And if by all forsaken,
Art still the faithful one.
Such love must win the wrestle;
At last they feel, they see;
Bitterly weep, and nestle
Like children to thy knee.

I in my heart have known thee—
Oh do not let me go!
In my heart's heart enthrone thee,
Till one with thee I grow.
My brothers, one day, will waken,
Look heavenward with a start;
Then sinking down, love-shaken,
Will fall upon thy heart.

AN EPISODE OF FIDDLETOWN.

BY BRET HARTE.



"SHE CREPT SOFTLY UP STAIRS, AND, PUSHING THE DOOR PARTLY OPEN, LOOKED WITHIN."

In 1858, Fiddletown considered her a very pretty woman. She had a quantity of light chestnut hair, a good figure, a dazzling complexion, and a certain languid grace which passed easily for gentlewomanliness. She always dressed becomingly, and in what Fiddletown accepted as the latest fashion. She had only two blemishes: one of her velvety eyes, when examined closely, had a slight cast, and her left cheek bore a small scar left by a single drop of vitriol—happily the only drop of an entire phial thrown upon her by one of her own jealous sex that reached the pretty face it was intended to mar. But when the observer had studied the eyes sufficiently to notice this defect he was generally incapacitated for criticism, and even the scar on her cheek was thought by some to add piquancy to her smile. The youthful editor of the Fiddletown *Avalanche* had said privately that it was "an exaggerated dimple." Colonel Starbottle was instantly "reminded of the beautifying patches of the days of Queen Anne, but more particularly, sir, of the blankest beautiful woman, that, blank you, you ever laid your two blank eyes upon. A creole woman, sir, in New Orleans. And this woman had a scar—a line extending, blank me, from her eye to her blank chin. And this woman, sir, thrilled you, sir, maddened you, sir, absolutely sent your blank soul to perdition with her blank fascinations. And one day I said to her, 'Celeste, how in blank did you come by that beautiful scar, blank you?' And she said to me, 'Star, there isn't another white man that I'd confide in but you, but I made that scar myself, purposely, I did, blank me.' These were her very words, sir, and perhaps you think it a blank lie, sir, but I'll put up any blank sum you can name and prove it, blank me."

Indeed, most of the male population of Fiddletown were or had been in love with her. Of this number about one-half believed that their love was returned, with the exception, possibly, of her own husband. He alone had been known to express skepticism.

The name of the gentleman who enjoyed this infelicitous distinction was Tretherick. He had been divorced from an excellent wife to marry this Fiddletown enchantress. She also had been divorced, but it was hinted that some previous experiences of hers in that le-

gal formality had made it perhaps less novel and probably less sacrificial. I would not have it inferred from this that she was deficient in sentiment or devoid of its highest moral expression. Her intimate friend had written (on the occasion of her second divorce), "The cold world does not understand Clara yet," and Col. Starbottle had remarked, blankly, that with the exception of a single woman in Opelousas Parish, Louisiana, she had more soul than the whole caboodle of them put together. Few indeed could read those lines entitled "Infelissimus," commencing, "Why waves no cypress o'er this brow," originally published in the *Avalanche* over the signature of "The Lady Clare," without feeling the tear of sensibility tremble on his eyelids, or the glow of virtuous indignation mantle his cheek at the low brutality and pitiable jocularity of the *Dutch Flat Intelligencer*, which the next week had suggested the exotic character of the cypress and its entire absence from Fiddletown as a reasonable answer to the query.

Indeed it was this tendency to elaborate her feelings in a metrical manner and deliver them to the cold world through the medium of the newspapers that first attracted the attention of Tretherick. Several poems descriptive of the effects of California scenery upon a too sensitive soul, and of the vague yearnings for the infinite which an enforced study of the heartlessness of California society produced in the poetic breast, impressed Mr. Tretherick, who was then driving a six-mule freight wagon between Knight's Ferry and Stockton, to seek out the unknown poetess. Mr. Tretherick was himself dimly conscious of a certain hidden sentiment in his own nature, and it is possible that some reflections on the vanity of his pursuit—he supplied several mining camps with whisky and tobacco—in conjunction with the dreariness of the dusty plain on which he habitually drove, may have touched some chord in sympathy with this sensitive woman. Howbeit, after a brief courtship—as brief as was consistent with some previous legal formalities—they were married, and Mr. Tretherick brought his blushing bride to Fiddletown, or "Fidéletown," as Mrs. T. preferred to call it in her poems.

The union was not a felicitous one. It was not long before Mr. Tretherick discovered that the sentiment he had fostered while freighting between Stockton and Knight's Ferry was different from that which his wife had evolved from the contemplation of California scenery and her own soul. Being a man of imperfect logic, this caused him to beat her, and she, being equally faulty in deduction, was impelled to a certain degree of unfaithfulness on the same premise. Then Mr. Tretherick began to drink, and Mrs. T. to contribute regularly to the columns of the *Avalanche*. It was at this time that Col. Starbottle discovered a similarity in Mrs. T.'s verse to the genius of Sappho, and pointed it out to the citizens of Fiddletown in a two-columned criticism, signed "A. S.," also published in the *Avalanche* and supported by extensive quotation. As the *Avalanche* did not possess a font of Greek type, the editor was obliged to reproduce the Leucadian numbers in the ordinary Roman letter, to the intense disgust of Col. Starbottle, and the vast delight of Fiddletown, who saw fit to accept the text as an excellent imitation of Choctaw—a language with which the Colonel, as a whilom resident of the Indian territories, was supposed to be familiar. Indeed, the next week's *Intelligencer* contained some vile doggerel, supposed to be an answer to Mrs. T.'s poem, ostensibly written by the wife of a Digger Indian chief, accompanied by a glowing eulogium signed "A. S. S."

The result of this jocularity was briefly given in a later copy of the *Avalanche*. "An unfortunate rencontre took place on Monday last between the Hon. Jackson Flash, of the *Dutch Flat Intelligencer* and the well-known Col. Starbottle of this place, in front of the Eureka Saloon. Two shots were fired by the parties without injury to either, although it is said that a passing Chinaman received fifteen buckshot in the calves of his legs from the Colonel's double-barreled shot-gun which were not intended for him. John will learn to keep out of the way of Melican man's fire-arms hereafter. The cause of the affray is not known, although it is hinted that there is a lady in the case. The rumor that points to a well-known and beautiful poetess whose lucubrations have often graced our columns, seems to gain credence from those that are posted."

Meanwhile the passiveness displayed by Tretherick under these trying circumstances was fully appreciated in the gulches. "The old man's head is level," said one long-booted philosopher. "Ef the Colonel kills Flash, Mrs. Tretherick is avenged; if Flash drops the Colonel, Tretherick is all right. Either way he's got a sure thing." During this delicate condition of affairs Mrs. Tretherick one day left her husband's home and took refuge at the Fiddletown Hotel, with only the clothes she had on her back. Here she stayed for several weeks, during which period it is only justice to say that she bore herself with the strictest propriety.

It was a clear morning in early spring that Mrs. Tretherick, unattended, left the hotel and walked down the narrow street toward the fringe of dark pines which indicated the extreme limits of Fiddletown. The few loungers at that early hour were preoccupied with the departure of the Wingdown coach at the other extremity of the street, and Mrs. Tretherick reached the suburbs of the settlement without discomposing observation. Here she took a cross street or road running at right angles with the main thoroughfare of Fiddletown, and passing through a belt of woodland. It was evidently the exclusive and aristocratic avenue of the town; the dwellings were few, ambitious, and uninterrupted by shops. And here she was joined by Col. Starbottle.

The gallant Colonel, notwithstanding that he bore the swelling port which usually distinguished him—that his coat was tightly buttoned and his boots tightly fitting, and that his cane, hooked over his arm, swung jauntily—was not entirely at his ease. Mrs. Tretherick, however, vouchsafed him a gracious smile and a glance of her dangerous eyes, and the Colonel, with an embarrassed cough and a slight strut, took his place at her side.

"The coast is clear," said the Colonel, "and Tretherick is over at Dutch Flat on a spree; there is no one in the house but a Chinaman, and you need fear no trouble from him. *I*," he continued, with a slight inflation of the chest that imperiled the security of his button, "I will see that you are protected in the removal of your property."

"I'm sure it's very kind of you, and so disinterested," simpered the lady as they walked along. "It's so pleasant to meet some one who has soul—some one to sympathize with in a community so hardened and heartless as this." And Mrs. Tretherick cast down her eyes, but not until they had wrought their perfect and accepted work upon her companion.

"Yes, certainly, of course," said the Colonel, glancing nervously up and down the street; "yes, certainly." Perceiving, however, that there was no one in sight or hearing, he proceeded at once to inform Mrs. Tretherick that the great trouble of his life, in fact, had been the possession of too much soul. That many women—as a gentleman she would excuse him, of course, from mentioning names—but many beautiful women had often sought his society, but, being deficient, madam, absolutely deficient in this quality, he could not reciprocate. But when two natures thoroughly in sympathy—despising alike the sordid trammels of a low and vulgar community and the conventional restraints of a hypocritical society—when two souls in perfect accord met and mingled in poetical union, then—but here the Colonel's speech, which had been remarkable for a certain whisky-and-watery fluency, grew husky, almost inaudible, and decidedly incoherent. Possibly Mrs. Tretherick may have heard something like it before, and was enabled to fill the hiatus. Nevertheless, the cheek that was on the side of the Colonel was quite virginal and bashfully conscious until they reached their destination.

It was a pretty little cottage, quite fresh and warm with paint, very pleasantly relieved against a platoon of pines, some of whose foremost files had been displaced to give freedom to the fenced inclosure in which it sat. In the vivid sunlight and perfect silence it had a new, uninhabited look—as if the carpenters and painters had just left it. At the further end of the lot a Chinaman was stolidly digging, but there was no other sign of occupancy. "The coast," as the Colonel had said, was indeed "clear." Mrs. Tretherick paused at the gate. The Colonel would have entered with her, but was stopped by a gesture. "Come for me in a couple of hours, and I shall have everything packed," she said, as she smiled and extended her hand. The Colonel seized and pressed it with great fervor. Perhaps the pressure was slightly returned, for the gallant Colonel was impelled to inflate his chest and trip away as smartly as his stubby-toed high-heeled boots would permit. When he had gone, Mrs. Tretherick opened the door, listened a moment in the deserted hall, and then ran quickly up-stairs to what had been her bed-room.

Everything there was unchanged as on the night she left it. On the dressing-table stood her band-box, as she remembered to have left it when she took out her bonnet. On the mantel lay the other glove she had forgotten in her flight. The two lower drawers of the bureau were half open—she had forgotten to shut them—and on its marble top lay her shawl-pin and a soiled cuff. What other recollections came upon her I know not, but she suddenly grew quite white, shivered, and listened with a beating heart and her hand upon the door. Then she stepped to the mirror and half fearfully, half curiously, parted with her fingers the braids of her blonde hair above her little pink ear, until she came upon an ugly, half-healed scar. She gazed at this, moving her pretty head up and down to get a better light upon it, until the slight cast in her velvety eyes became very strongly marked indeed. Then she

turned away with a light, reckless, foolish laugh, and ran to the closet where hung her precious dresses. These she inspected nervously, and missing suddenly a favorite black silk from its accustomed peg for a moment, thought she should have fainted. But discovering it the next instant, lying upon a trunk where she had thrown it, a feeling of thankfulness to a Superior Being who protects the friendless, for the first time sincerely thrilled her. Then, albeit she was hurried for time, she could not resist trying the effect of a certain lavender neck-ribbon upon the dress she was then wearing before the mirror. And then suddenly she became aware of a child's voice close beside her and she stopped. And then the child's voice repeated, "Is it mamma?"

Mrs. Tretherick faced quickly about. Standing in the doorway was a little girl of six or seven. Her dress had been originally fine, but was torn and dirty, and her hair, which was a very violent red, was tumbled serio-comically about her forehead. For all this she was a picturesque little thing, even through whose childish timidity there was a certain self-sustained air which is apt to come upon children who are left much to themselves. She was holding under her arm a rag doll, apparently of her own workmanship and nearly as large as herself—a doll with a cylindrical head and features roughly indicated with charcoal. A long shawl, evidently belonging to a grown person, dropped from her shoulders and swept the floor.

The spectacle did not excite Mrs. Tretherick's delight. Perhaps she had but a small sense of humor. Certainly, when the child, still standing in the doorway, again asked "Is it mamma?" she answered sharply, "No, it isn't," and turned a severe look upon the intruder.

The child retreated a step, and then, gaining courage with the distance, said, in deliciously imperfect speech.

"Dow 'way then—why don't you dow away!"

But Mrs. Tretherick was eying the shawl. Suddenly she whipped it off the child's shoulders and said angrily:

"How dared you take my things—you bad child?"

"Is it yours? Then you are my mamma! aint you? You are mamma!" she continued gleefully, and before Mrs. Tretherick could avoid her she had dropped her doll, and, catching the woman's skirts with both hands, was dancing up and down before her.

"What's your name, child?" said Mrs. Tretherick, coldly, removing the small and not very white hands from her garments.

"Tarry."

"Tarry?"

"Yeth. Tarry. Tarowline."

"Caroline?"

"Yeth. Tarowline Tretherick."

"Whose child *are* you?" demanded Mrs. Tretherick still more coldly, to keep down a rising fear.

"Why, yours," said the little creature with a laugh. "I'm your little durl. You're my mamma—my new mamma—don't you know my ole mamma's dorn away, never to tum back any more. I don't live wid my ol' mamma now. I live wid you and papa."

"How long have you been here?" asked Mrs. Tretherick, snappishly.

"I fink its free days," said Carry, reflectively.

"You think!—don't you know?"—sneered Mrs. Tretherick. "Then where did you come from?"

Carry's lip began to work under this sharp cross-examination. With a great effort and a small gulp she got the better of it and answered:

"Papa—papa fetched me—from Miss Simmons—from Sacramento, last week."

"Last week! you said three days just now," returned Mrs. Tretherick with severe deliberation.

"I mean a monf," said Carry, now utterly adrift in sheer helplessness and confusion.

"Do you know what you are talking about?" demanded Mrs. T. shrilly, restraining an impulse to shake the little figure before her and precipitate the truth by specific gravity.

But the flaming red head here suddenly disappeared in the folds of Mrs. Tretherick's dress, as if it were trying to extinguish itself forever.

"There now—stop that sniffling," said Mrs. Tretherick, extricating her dress from the moist embraces of the child, and feeling exceedingly uncomfortable. "Wipe your face now and run away and don't bother. Stop," she continued, as Carry moved away, "where's your papa!"

"He's dorn away too. He's sick. He been dorn"—she hesitated,—"two—free—days."

"Who takes care of you, child?" said Mrs. T., eying her curiously.

"John—the Chinaman. I tresses myself. John tooks and makes the beds."

"Well, now, run away and behave yourself and don't bother me any more," said Mrs.

Tretherick, remembering the object of her visit. "Stop—where are you going?" she added, as the child began to ascend the stairs, dragging the long doll after her by one helpless leg.

"Doin up stairs to play and be dood, and not bother mamma."

"I ain't your mamma," shouted Mrs. Tretherick, and then she swiftly re-entered her bedroom and slammed the door.

Once inside, she drew forth a large trunk from the closet and set to work with querulous and fretful haste to pack her wardrobe. She tore her best dress in taking it from the hook on which it hung; she scratched her soft hands twice with an ambushed pin. All the while she kept up an indignant commentary on the events of the past few moments. She said to herself she saw it all. Tretherick had sent for this child of his first wife—this child of whose existence he had never seemed to care—just to insult her—to fill her place. Doubtless the first wife herself would follow soon, or perhaps there would be a third. Red hair—not auburn, but *red*—of course the child—this Caroline—looked like its mother, and if so she was anything but pretty. Or the whole thing had been prepared—this red-haired child—the image of its mother—had been kept at a convenient distance at Sacramento, ready to be sent for when needed. She remembered his occasional visits there—on business, as he said. Perhaps the mother already was there—but no—she had gone East. Nevertheless Mrs. Tretherick in her then state of mind preferred to dwell upon the fact that she might be there. She was dimly conscious also of a certain satisfaction in exaggerating her feelings. Surely no woman had ever been so shamefully treated. In fancy she sketched a picture of herself sitting alone and deserted, at sunset, among the fallen columns of a ruined temple,—in a melancholy yet graceful attitude, while her husband drove rapidly away in a luxurious coach and four with a red-haired woman at his side. Sitting upon the trunk she had just packed, she partly composed a lugubrious poem, describing her sufferings, as, wandering alone and poorly clad, she came upon her husband and "another," flaunting in silks and diamonds. She pictured herself dying of consumption, brought on by sorrow—a beautiful wreck, yet still fascinating, gazed upon adoringly by the editor of the *Avalanche* and Col. Starbottle. And where was Colonel Starbottle all this while,—why didn't he come? He at least understood her. He—she laughed the reckless, light laugh of a few moments before, and then her face suddenly grew grave, as it had not a few moments before.

What was that little red-haired imp doing all this time? Why was she so quiet? She opened the door noiselessly and listened. She fancied that she heard, above the multitudinous small noises, and creakings, and warpings of the vacant house, a smaller voice singing on the floor above. This, as she remembered, was only an open attic that had been used as a store-room. With a half-guilty consciousness, she crept softly upstairs, and, pushing the door partly open, looked within.

Athwart the long, low-studded attic, a slant sunbeam from a single small window lay, filled with dancing motes and only half illuminating the barren, dreary apartment. In the ray of this sunbeam she saw the child's glowing hair, as if crowned by a red aureole, as she sat upon the floor with her exaggerated doll between her knees. She appeared to be talking to it, and it was not long before Mrs. Tretherick observed that she was rehearsing the interview of a half-hour before. She catechised the doll severely—cross-examining it in regard to the duration of its stay there, and generally on the measure of time. The imitation of Mrs. T.'s manner was exceedingly successful, and the conversation almost a literal reproduction, with a single exception. After she had informed the doll that she was not her mother, at the close of the interview, she added pathetically "that if she was dood—very dood—she might be her mamma and love her very much."

I have already hinted that Mrs. Tretherick was deficient in a sense of humor. Perhaps it was for this reason that this whole scene affected her most unpleasantly, and the conclusion sent the blood tingling to her cheek. There was something too inconceivably lonely in the situation; the unfurnished vacant room, the half lights, the monstrous doll, whose very size seemed to give a pathetic significance to its speechlessness, the smallness of the one animate self-centered figure,—all these touched more or less deeply the half-poetic sensibilities of the woman. She could not help utilizing the impression as she stood there, and thought what a fine poem might be constructed from this material, if the room were a little darker, the child lonelier—say, sitting beside a dead mother's bier and the wind wailing in the turrets. And then she suddenly heard footsteps at the door below and recognized the tread of the Colonel's cane.

She flew swiftly down the stairs and encountered the Colonel in the hall. Here she poured into his astonished ear a voluble and exaggerated statement of her discovery and an indignant recital of her wrongs. "Don't tell me the whole thing wasn't arranged beforehand—for I know it was!" she almost screamed. "And think," she added, "of the heartlessness of the wretch—leaving his own child alone here in that way."

"It's a blank shame!" stammered the Colonel, without the least idea of what he was talking about. In fact, utterly unable as he was to comprehend a reason for the woman's excitement with his estimate of her character, I fear he showed it more plainly than he intended. He stammered, expanded his chest, looked stern, gallant, tender, but all unintelligently. Mrs. Tretherick for an instant experienced a sickening doubt of the existence of natures in perfect affinity.

"It's of no use," said Mrs. Tretherick with sudden vehemence, in answer to some inaudible remark of the Colonel's and withdrawing her hand from the fervent grasp of that ardent and sympathetic man. "It's of no use; my mind is made up. You can send for my trunk as soon as you like, but *I* shall stay here and confront that man with the proof of his vileness. I will put him face to face with his infamy."

I do not know whether Col. Starbottle thoroughly appreciated the convincing proof of Tretherick's unfaithfulness and malignity afforded by the damning evidence of the existence of Tretherick's own child in his own house. He was dimly aware, however, of some unforeseen obstacle to the perfect expression of the infinite longing of his own sentimental nature. But before he could say anything, Carrie appeared on the landing above them, looking timidly and yet half-critically at the pair.

"That's her," said Mrs. Tretherick excitedly. In her deepest emotions, either in verse or prose, she rose above a consideration of grammatical construction.

"Ah!" said the Colonel, with a sudden assumption of parental affection and jocularity that was glaringly unreal and affected. "Ah! pretty little girl, pretty little girl! how do you do? how are you? you find yourself pretty well, do you, pretty little girl?" The Colonel's impulse also was to expand his chest and swing his cane, until it occurred to him that this action might be ineffective with a child of six or seven. Carrie, however, took no immediate notice of this advance, but further discomposed the chivalrous Colonel by running quickly to Mrs. Tretherick, and hiding herself, as if for protection, in the folds of her gown. Nevertheless, the Colonel was not vanquished. Falling back into an attitude of respectful admiration, he pointed out a marvelous resemblance to the "Madonna and Child." Mrs. Tretherick simpered, but did not dislodge Carrie as before. There was an awkward pause for a moment, and then Mrs. Tretherick, motioning significantly to the child, said in a whisper: "Go, now. Don't come here again, but meet me to-night at the hotel." She extended her hand; the Colonel bent over it gallantly, and, raising his hat, the next moment was gone.

"Do you think," said Mrs. Tretherick, with an embarrassed voice and a prodigious blush, looking down and addressing the fiery curls just visible in the folds of her dress, "do you think you will be 'dood' if I let you stay in here and sit with me?"

"And let me call you mamma?" queried Carry, looking up.

"And let you call me mamma!" assented Mrs. Tretherick with an embarrassed laugh.

"Yeth," said Carry promptly.

They entered the bed-room together. Carry's eye instantly caught sight of the trunk.

"Are you dowin away adain, mamma," she said with a quick nervous look, and a clutch at the woman's dress.

"No-o," said Mrs. Tretherick, looking out of the window.

'Only playing your dowin away," suggested Carry with a laugh. "Let me play, too."

Mrs. T. assented. Carry flew into the next room, and presently reappeared, dragging a small trunk, into which she gravely proceeded to pack her clothes. Mrs. T. noticed that they were not many. A question or two regarding them brought out some further replies from the child, and before many minutes had elapsed Mrs. Tretherick was in possession of all her earlier history. But to do this Mrs. Tretherick had been obliged to take Carry upon her lap, pending the most confidential disclosures. They sat thus a long time after Mrs. Tretherick had apparently ceased to be interested in Carry's disclosures, and, when lost in thought, she allowed the child to rattle on unheeded, and ran her fingers through the scarlet curls.

"You don't hold me right, mamma," said Carry at last, after one or two uneasy shiftings of position.

"How should I hold you?" asked Mrs. Tretherick, with a half-amused, half-embarrassed laugh.

"This way," said Carry, curling up into position with one arm around Mrs. Tretherick's neck and her cheek resting on her bosom; "this way—there." After a little preparatory nestling, not unlike some small animal, she closed her eyes and went to sleep.

For a few moments the woman sat silent, scarcely daring to breathe, in that artificial attitude. And then, whether from some occult sympathy in the touch, or God best knows what, a sudden fancy began to thrill her. She began by remembering an old pain that she had forgotten, an old horror that she had resolutely put away all these years. She recalled days of sickness and distrust, days of an overshadowing fear, days of preparation for something that was to be prevented,—that *was* prevented, with mortal agony and fear. She thought of a life that might have been—she dared not say *had* been—and wondered! It was six years ago; if it had lived it would have been as old as Carry. The arms which were folded loosely around the sleeping child began to tremble and tighten their clasp. And then the deep potential impulse came, and with a half-sob, half-sigh, she threw her arms out and drew the body of the sleeping child down, down, into her breast, down again and again as if she would hide it in the grave dug there years before. And the gust that shook her passed, and then, ah me! the rain.

A drop or two fell upon the curls of Carry, and she moved uneasily in her sleep. But the woman soothed her again—it was *so* easy to do it now—and they sat there quiet and undisturbed—so quiet that they might have seemed incorporate of the lonely silent house, the slowly declining sunbeams, and the general air of desertion and abandonment, yet a desertion that had in it nothing of age, decay, or despair.

Col. Starbottle waited at the Fiddletown Hotel all that night in vain. And the next morning, when Mr. Thretherick returned to his husks, he found the house vacant and untenanted except by motes and sunbeams.

(To be continued.)

THE LAW OF DEATH.*

THE song of Kilvany. Fairest she
In all the land of Savatthi.
She had one child, as sweet and gay
And dear to her as the light of day.
She was so young, and he so fair,
The same bright eyes and the same dark hair,
To see them by the blossomy way
They seemed two children at their play.

There came a death-dart from the sky.
Kilvany saw her darling die.
The glimmering shade his eyes invades,
Out of his cheek the red bloom fades;
His warm heart feels the icy chill,
The round limbs shudder and are still.
And yet Kilvany held him fast
Long after life's last pulse was past;
As if her kisses could restore
The smile gone out for evermore.

But when she saw her child was dead
She scattered ashes on her head,
And seized the small corpse, pale and sweet,
And rushing wildly through the street,
She sobbing fell at Buddha's feet.

* The substance of this legend is found in Rogers' version of *Buddhaghosha's Parables.*

"Master! all-helpful! help me now!
Here at thy feet I humbly bow;
Have mercy, Buddha! help me now!"
She groveled on the marble floor,
And kissed the dead child o'er and o'er.
And suddenly upon the air
There fell the answer to her prayer:
"Bring me to-night a Lotus tied
With thread from a house where none has died."

She rose, and laughed with thankful joy,
Sure that the god would save the boy.
She found a Lotus by the stream;
She plucked it from its noonday dream,
And then from door to door she fared,
To ask what house by death was spared.
Her heart grew cold to see the eyes
Of all dilate with slow surprise:
"Kilvany, thou hast lost thy head;
Nothing can help a child that's dead.
There stands not by the Ganges' side
A house where none hath ever died."
Thus through the long and weary day.
From every door she bore away
Within her heart, and on her arm,
A heavier load, a deeper harm.
By gates of gold and ivory,
By wattled huts of poverty,
The same refrain heard poor Kilvany,
The living are few—the dead are many.

The evening came, so still and fleet,
And overtook her hurrying feet,
And, heart-sick, by the sacred fane
She fell, and prayed the god again.
She sobbed and beat her bursting breast:
"Ah! thou hast mocked me! Mightiest!
Lo! I have wandered far and wide—
There stands no house where none hath died."
And Buddha answered, in a tone
Soft as a flute at twilight blown,
But grand as heaven and strong as death
To him who hears with ears of faith:
"Child, thou art answered! Murmur not!
Bow, and accept the common lot."

Kilvany heard with reverence meet,
And laid her child at Buddha's feet.

MOUNT SHASTA.

MT. SHASTA AND MUD CREEK CAÑON FROM THE EAST.

In the northern part of California, unfrequented by the ubiquitous tourist, and as yet scarcely touched by the pen of the versatile Bohemian, lies a region, which, in the grandeur and variety of its mountain scenery, is suggestive of the marvelous glacial districts of the Alps. Mont Blanc, the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn were all unconsciously suggested to me as I caught a full view of the rugged snowy peaks of Shasta, standing like a sentinel at the gate of the rich Sacramento valley. Differing radically from the Yosemite in the character of its landscapes, it has everything to gain and little to lose by the comparison. Around its base, magnificently watered and wooded, lies one of the finest hunting and pasture grounds of the Continent; while rising up to a height of 14,443 feet is one of the most remarkable regions of volcanic desolation now in existence. The brilliant hues of the trees near the base made a sort of wild mosaic of the forest before us, the colors changing successively to a somber gray, a dull earthy hue, and a fleecy white as the eye sought the top, at which it seemed to me that I should never grow weary of gazing. But a nudge and a word from the driver assured us that the great lumbering stage on which we were seated was approaching "Sisson's!" This is a station on the California and Oregon stage-road, 255 miles north of Sacramento, 75 miles of which distance we had just staged from Redding, on the California and Oregon branch of the Central Pacific Railway. It has an elevation of 3,500 feet above sea level, and is our point of departure for the mountain. Sisson provides horses, blankets, provisions, and a guide —the last not the least essential, for it is over eighteen miles to that coveted summit, and half of that must be traversed on foot, along tortuous and rugged paths. Many a time before I was done the ascent, I thought of Goethe's words:—"Heights charm us; the steps that lead to them do not."

The ride towards the top of the mountain is very beautiful, especially in the late evening of the year. The leaves of the aspen, willow, mountain mahogany and balm of Gilead have lost their vivid green, so remarkable earlier in the summer, and it has been succeeded by a rich delicate orange, a blended green and yellow, or an apple-red. These exquisite hues, mingled with the heather green of the pines, the bright-glazed green of the cedar, and the green-tinted white of the silver firs, give an attractive variety and a beautiful contrast of colors rarely seen elsewhere. The aspen leaves especially, tinted with golden and orange, and sensitive to the slightest breath of wind, seem like myriads of gaudy butterflies fluttering in the sunlight. The

limbs of the aspen are smooth and glistening and of a delicate grayish white, beautifully complementing the dark, laminated bark of the surrounding coniferous giants;—one suggesting feminine beauty, grace and timidity; the other, masculine strength, and the settled harshness of feature which comes of exposure to wind and weather.

On all sides of Mount Shasta the woods are full of different species of bear and deer, and the more elevated portions are frequented by a kind of wild mountain sheep which in its size, habits and general appearance strongly resembles the chamois of the Alps. These sheep are so remarkably swift, timorous and keen of scent, that the best shots of that region find it almost impossible to get within range of them. Upon the slightest alarm they start up the mountains at a wonderful rapidity, never stopping till they have reached the summit, whence they are prompted by a cat-like curiosity to reconnoiter for the cause of their fright.

We left Sisson's at 10 o'clock in the morning, and halted for lunch on the banks of a snow-fed stream of icy coldness. The sun was shining bright and warm, although autumn was then approaching the threshold of winter. Pine, fir and cedar thickly shaded us, and their fallen branches made a clear blazing fire—the work of a moment. The last of the few streams running down the sides of Shasta is found at this place, which has an elevation of 11,500 feet and is the limit of vegetation. Thus far the trail up the mountain is perfectly safe and practicable for horses, but from here upward the shaded portions of the mountain are perpetually covered with snow and ice. The surface generally is composed of loose volcanic trachyte and dark-red, mud-like, ragged clumps of lava, through which the melted snow percolates and sinks to subterranean outlets. Water is one of the elements in which Shasta bears no sort of comparison with Yosemite. There crystal streams, deep, broad-breasted rivers, misty waterfalls and dashing cascades give picturesqueness and beauty to the scenery; here the growing grandeur owes half its awe and fascination to the lonely, isolated barrenness on every hand. This desolation is occasionally relieved by the dwarfed *pinus flexilus*, which finds a difficult existence at this height. The half-prostrate attitude of this tree—which never grows upright on account of the weight of snows and the fierceness of the storms—suggests the fancy that it is craving its existence of the furious elements. These small trees are dead, and yet their branches do not whiten or decay as in less-elevated locations. Frost and cold may kill them, but frost and cold embalm them in a never-decaying death. In size this tree is very insignificant, but as fuel it fully maintains the inflammable reputation of the pine family, burning very fiercely and with great purity of light. We gathered several armfuls of this wood at our camping-ground—a labor very exhausting to muscles and lungs, on account of the greatness of the elevation and the rarity of the atmosphere, although the fuel was not far away. As the gloomy night descended and fitful fogs and clouds occasionally drifted past, now closing over us, anon lifting and revealing the desolation that towered above, I never before so realized how much of cheer and companionship a bright fire is capable of affording. Our nearest neighbor was at Sisson's, and a feeling of great gloom and a consequent exposure to nostalgia is inseparable from such a locality. About seven o'clock the clouds broke, and the frosty light of the full moon threw a weird glare over the forest, while the heavens grew more and more magnificently blue. Aside from the impatient pawing of the unstabled horses and the crackling of the burning branches, there was everywhere a painful silence—painful, because suggestive of the silence of death. At half-past seven, with a raging fire at our feet and the brandy within easy reach in case we should suffer from the cold, we lay down upon our primitive spread of blankets. Strange beds, however, even with all the accessories of civilization, are not conducive to sound slumbers; and, in the open air, at so late a season and so great an elevation, it was impossible for me, though warm and comfortable, to obtain more than a few desultory snatches of sleep.

We rose at three, nearly four hours before daylight, and, after a hurried breakfast—for which I had little appetite,—armed with alpenstocks, and disencumbered of all extra baggage, even to purse and watch, we began the ascent anew. Below this point there are occasional fine, but few grand views; while above it, all obstructions to extended vision cease, and the really magnificent and kaleidoscopic scenes begin. The stillness was almost oppressive, and the moonlight so weird, that we seemed to have reached another world, of which we were the sole inhabitants. The morning was intensely cold and a keen north wind began to blow, adding to its intensity, and compelling us to stop every half dozen steps from sheer fatigue and loss of breath. The loose slabs of volcanic trachyte confusedly piled upon one another, generally

afforded a good foothold. When one of these slipped, it made a noise resembling the violent disturbance of masses of broken pottery. On our way up we passed several extensive fields of frozen snow, which we carefully avoided, the footing on the volcanic débris, treacherous though it sometimes was, being much preferable.

The distances here were provokingly deceptive. After walking an hour and a half, the camp still seemed but a stone's throw away, and the summit not perceptibly nearer than at first. About half past four we reached the level of an outlying bench, from which we caught our first glimpse of real grandeur. The scene was not, as I had expected, a vast and distant panoramic landscape of mountains, valleys, woods, lakes and rivers, but was composed altogether of an apparently boundless sea of pure glistening clouds, reminding me—though the comparison was not worthy of the view—of the night-shrouded ocean in a storm, when its surface is covered with a phosphorescent glow. We were far above the clouds; above us was the clear, deep azure sky, and, stretching off to the south for a distance of 400 miles, the great Sacramento valley,—from our point of view an infinite sea of glittering fleece. The only land visible was the tip of Lassen's lonely Butte on the southeast, and the jagged peaks of the Salmon River Range, near the Pacific, on the west. All else was cloud, of such a brilliant white that even in the moonlight the eye was almost dazzled by the sheen. And when the sun rose, a little later, pen nor pencil could give an idea of the unearthly splendor and expansive grandeur of the scene. The clouds sloped upward from the mountain, and as I looked, I caught myself instinctively thinking of the dream of Jacob, and half repeating, "Surely this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

After six hours' weary climbing—during the last hour of which the inclination was about 45°, we reach the crater summit. The mountain here is rounded in shape, and the line of vision therefore only a few feet distant. Nothing intervened between it and Shasta valley, 13,000 feet below. This created the belief that by going a few feet to one side a sheer precipice of this depth would be found. Though the mind knew this to be an illusion, the eye was constantly returning to the view that created it—that which we dread having in such cases so unnatural an attraction. This fact did not by any means tend to restore calmness to nerves wrought almost to their utmost tension by the fatigue and excitement of the journey. In addition to the weakness resulting from want of sleep and appetite, I confess to having experienced the squeamish sensation incident to sea-sickness—a feeling to which, after the arduous journey, even those in possession of a full measure of strength are subjected.

In the ascent to the summit overlooking the great crater, we passed over an ice-field which by the continued action of frost had become as hard as flint-glass and exceedingly slippery. It possessed the peculiar tinge of blue found in the ice of which glaciers are composed, and like them had been formed by the melting of snow. A sharp thrust with the spike of the alpenstock hardly made an impression in this ice, upon which it was almost impossible to walk.

After crossing the ice-field we reached the crater rim of the once great but now extinct volcano. The crater is now filled with volcanic débris covered by layers of snow and ice. The present bottom of the crater is apparently 800 or 1,000 feet below the rim, which has a circumference of nearly three miles, and is irregularly broken on all sides except the east. The desolation and silence of the region is made more forbidding by the absence of every vestige of plant life, and by the somber colors of the mountain-sides to the south.

The view from the summit when the sun has dispelled the clouds extends from Pitt River on the northeast to Mount Tamalpais near the Bay of San Francisco on the southwest—a distance of some 500 miles. The great boundary wall of the Sierra Nevadas lies to the east, and the sinuous outline of the Coast Range to the west, beyond which, and visible over it, the broad Pacific shelves away to the horizon. Between these ranges lies the vast garden of the Sacramento. There is no feature which rugged, towering mountains, beautiful, fertile valleys, rich, variegated foliage, wood and water, clouds and clearness can bring as factors of the grand in Nature, that is not found somewhere in the sweep of the vision along this marvelous panorama.

On the summit of Shasta a number of hot springs are found which emit a disagreeable odor and have the power of brazing any metallic article which is thrown into them. The chief constituents of the water are sulphur, arsenic, soda and iron, and the springs are faintly suggestive vents of the region of subterranean fire which once threw its molten lava and débris over the whole of the surrounding country.

On the shaded side of the mountain lies the Whitney Glacier. True only to its nature of protean changeableness, assuming every hue and aspect as the melting portions below are replenished by snow and ice from above, a description of it at morning would not convey a correct idea of its appearance either at noon or at night. It is in the height of its gorgeousness at sunset; the glow which covered the crater's sides when the volcano was in action is faintly revived; night and gloom cover everything below, while the crimson flame of the sunlight pierces the heart of the glacier and is reflected upon all around. It is the sun's last good-night to the continent—the final "red-fire scene" of the day's spectacular drama.

Eight miles below Sisson's are Fry's Soda Springs, where we stopped on our return. The water of these springs, in which iron and soda predominate, is highly charged with carbonic acid gas, effervesces strongly and is pleasing to the taste. It creates an appetite alarming by its voracity, and at the same time gives with the appetite that which is even more important, strength to digest, and ability to assimilate, the food consumed. The upper Sacramento, replete with surprises of cañon scenery, and the best trout and salmon stream in this country, flows at the rear of the house, through a magnificently wooded region. Sisson's and Fry's are both abundantly supplied with deer and bear meat, which is cooked and served in Epicurean style. The price of board at Fry's is $10 per week, while at Sisson's it is but $8. The time from San Francisco is thirty-two hours, and the total fare about the same number of dollars. At Sisson's the charge for guide, horses, provisions and other essentials for the ascent is from $10 to $20, the latter being the price if only one person attempts the trip with the guide. Conventionality has not yet invaded Shasta, and old clothes and free enjoyment are therefore still in order. A whole month can be pleasantly spent in fishing, hunting, climbing and explorations, and as much or as little excitement or relaxation may be had as one may fancy or need.

The height of Mt. Shasta is only surpassed by that of one other elevation in the State, Mount Whitney, which, as Clarence King, of the U. S. Survey, asserts, is the summit of the republic. There are several other contestants for this honor in Colorado; their claim, however, rests not upon actual measurement, but only upon the guesswork and exaggeration so common in such cases.

Twenty years from now, when the population of this valley shall have become as cosmopolitan as its scenery, and when the facilities for access from "the States" shall have been largely multiplied, those who are longing for the sublimity of Nature, the solace of her communion, and perhaps a touch of her majestic wildness, will turn glad eyes toward Mount Shasta as one of Nature's noblest altars at the gate of one of God's divinest temples.

ENOUGH.

From a cleft in a rock a harebell grew,
And gathered of sunshine and rain and dew
Its measure of life, in its cup of blue.

In a cabin, out in a western wild,
A maiden bent over her work and smiled,
For "the old, old story" her heart beguiled.

The world is wide! but a bit of its earth
In the cleft of a rock gave Beauty birth
And nourishment, fitting its own sweet worth.

The world is wide! but the maiden well knew,
No heart in it all was more fond and true
Than the one that her troth was plighted to.

ARTHUR BONNICASTLE.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

"THE OLD COOK REGARDED US IN WONDERING SILENCE."

CHAPTER XIX.

When I woke, on the following morning, it was with a start and a pang. It was like the shrinking shiver one feels in passing from a room full of warmth and the perfume of flowers and the appliances of comfort into one that is bare and chill; or, it was like rising from a bed, sweet with invitations to dreams and languid luxury, to an icy bath and a frosty toilet. The pang, however, did not last long. With the consciousness that I was relinquishing the hopes and plans of a life, there was mingled a sense of power over other lives that was very stimulating and pleasant. It was a great thing to be able to crown my benefactress with the highest earthly blessing she could wish for. It was a great thing to be able to make my faithful friend and fellow rich, and to restore to him his rights. It was a great thing to have the power to solve the problems of three lives by making them one.

Mr. Bradford and his advisers were exceedingly wise in leaving everything to me, and placing all the responsibility upon me. The appeal to my sense of justice—to my manliness—was simply irresistible. If Henry had been other than what he was—if he had been a young man inheriting the nature of his father—I should doubtless have had difficulty enough with him, but they would have stood by me. He would have made my place hot with hate and persecution, and they would have supported me and turned against him; but they knew that he was not only the natural heir to all that had been promised to me, but that he would use it all worthily, in carrying out the purposes of a manhood worthily won.

It was strange how my purposes with regard to the inmates of The Mansion glorified them all in my sight. Mrs. Sanderson shone like a saint in the breakfast-room that morning. Mrs. Belden was as fresh and beautiful as a maiden. I sat with Henry for an hour, and talked, not lightly, but cheerfully. The greatness of my sacrifice, prospective though it was, had already enlarged me, and I loved my friend as I had never loved him before. My heart reached forward into the future, and took hold of the new relations which my sacrifice would establish between us; and I drank of his new love, even before it had welled from his heart.

Thus all that morning I bore about my secret; and, so long as I remained in the pre-

sence of those whom I had the power and the purpose to make happy, I was content and strong; but when, at length, I went out into the street, and met the courteous bows and warm greetings that came to me from every side as the heir of Mrs. Sanderson, and appreciated the difference between that position and the one to which I should fall as soon as my duty should be done to my benefactress and my friend, I groaned with pain, and, lifting my eyes, exclaimed: "God help me! God help me!"

Without a very definite purpose in my walk, I bent my steps toward my father's house, and on my way was obliged to pass the house of Mr. Bradford. The moment I came in sight of it, I recognized the figure of Millie at work among her flowers in the garden. I saw a quick motion of her head, as she caught the sound of my steps approaching upon the opposite side of the way, and then she rose without looking at me and walked into the house. I had already begun to cross the street toward her; but I returned and passed the house with many bitter thoughts.

It had come to this! As the heir of a large property, I was one whose acquaintance was worth the keeping. As a penniless young man, with his fortune to make, I was quite another person. I wondered if Millie Bradford, the young woman, flattered herself with the supposition that Millie Bradford, the little girl, was still in existence!

The helpless position in which I found myself with relation to this girl worried me and discouraged me. Loyal to her father in every thought and affection, I knew she would not and could not approve my course, unless I followed out his convictions concerning my duty. Yet, if I should do this, what had I to offer her but poverty and a social position beneath her own? I could never make her my wife without her father's approval, and when I had secured that, by the sacrifice of all my expectations, what had I left to offer but a partnership in a struggle against odds for the means and ministries of the kind of life to which she had been bred? To surrender all that I had expected would be my own, and Millie Bradford too, was more than I had bargained for in my negotiations with myself.

I had not yet learned that a duty undone is always in the way—that it stands so near and high before the feet, that it becomes a stumbling-block over which thousands are constantly plunging into disaster. Since those days, in which I was taking my first lessons in life, I have learned that to do one's next duty is to take a step toward all that is worth possessing—that it is the one step which may always be taken without regard to consequences, and that there is no successful life which is not made up of steps thus consecutively taken.

I reached home, not expecting to find my father there, but was informed by my mother, with many sighs and with the expression of many confidential fears, that he was breaking down and had taken to his bed. Something she said, had been preying on his mind which she was unable to induce him to reveal. She was glad I had come, and hoped I would ascertain what the trouble was. She had been looking forward to something of this kind for years, and had frequently warned my father of it. Mr. Bird had been there, and had accompanied my father to Mr. Bradford's, whence he had returned with a terrible headache. She always had believed there was something wrong about Mr. Bird, and she always should. As for Mr. Bradford, she had nothing to say about him; but she had always noticed that men with strange notions about religion were not to be trusted.

I listened to the long and doleful story, conscious all the time that my father's illness was one into which he had been thrown by his sympathy for me. He had been trying to do his duty by me, and it had made him ill. In a moment, Millie Bradford went out of my mind, and I only delayed going into his room long enough to prepare myself to comfort him. I presume that he had heard my voice, for, when I entered the dear old man's chamber, his face was turned to the wall, and he was feigning unconsciousness of my presence in the house.

"Well, father, what's the matter?" I said cheerfully.

"Is that you?" he responded feebly, without turning his head.

"Yes."

"How are you?"

"I was never better in my life," I responded.

"Have you seen Mr. Bradford?"

"Yes."

"And had a talk with him?"

"Yes."

"Has he told you?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to do it?"

"Yes."

I was laughing,—I could not help it,—when I was sobered at once by seeing that he was convulsed with emotion. The bed shook with his passion, and he could not speak

a word, but lay with his face covered with his hands. I did not know what to say, and concluded to say nothing, and to let his feeling take its natural course. For many long minutes he lay silently trying to recover the mastery of himself. At last he seized the wet handkerchief with which he had been trying to assuage the pain and fever of his head, and threw it into a corner of the room, and then turned toward me, laughing and crying together, and stretched his arms toward me. I bowed to his embrace, and so the long years of the past were blotted out in our mutual tears, and we were boys once more.

I brought him his clothes, and he put them on. Then I turned the key in the door, and, sitting down side by side upon the bed, we talked the matter all over. I confessed to him my idleness, my meanness, my shameless sacrifice of golden opportunities, my weakness, and my hesitations, and promised that when the right time should come I would do what I could to give Henry and his mother the home that belonged to them, and to bestow upon my benefactress the boon which she would prize a thousand times more than all the money she had ever expended upon me.

"And you are not going to be unhappy and blame me?" he said.

"Never."

"And you are coming home?"

"Yes, to look after and serve you all, so long as you may live."

We looked in one another's faces, and the same thought thrilled us. We knelt at the bed, and my father poured out his gratitude for the answer that had come with such sweet and beautiful fulfillment to his prayers. There was but little of petition in his utterances, for his heart was too full of thankfulness to give a place to his own wants or to mine. When he rose, there was the peace of heaven on his features, and the light of a new life in his faded blue eyes.

"Does my mother know of this?" I inquired.

"No," he replied; "and this is the one great trouble that lies before me now."

"Let me break it to her, then, while you go out of the house," I said.

In the state of mind in which my father found himself at the close of our interview, it would have been cruel to subject him to the questions and cavils and forebodings of my mother. So, taking his way out of the house by a side door, he left me at liberty to seek her, and to reconcile her to the new determinations of my life.

I do not suppose it would be interesting to recount the long and painful conversation I had with her. She had foreseen that something of this kind would occur. She had never believed that that great fortune would come to me, but she had never dreamed that I should be the one to give it up. She was disappointed in Henry, and, as for Mrs. Belden, she had always regarded her as a schemer. She presumed, too, that as soon as Henry found himself the possessor of a fortune he would forsake Claire—a step which she was sure would kill her. It all came of mingling with people who have money. Mr. Bradford was very officious, and she was glad that I had found out Mr. Bird at last. Her life had been a life of trial, and she had not been deceived into supposing that it would be anything else.

All the time I had been in the house Claire and the boys had been out. My task with my mother was interrupted at last by the sound of Claire's voice at the door. She was trolling in her own happy way the refrain of a familiar song. I had only time to impress upon my mother the necessity of keeping all knowledge of the new phase of my affairs from her and the rest of the family, and to secure her promise in accordance with it before Claire entered the room. I knew it would be best that my sister should learn everything from the lips of Henry. She would have been distressed beyond measure at the change in my prospects, as well as the change in her own. I knew she had learned to look forward upon life as a struggle with poverty by the side of a brave man, equipped for victory. She had dreamed of helping him, solacing him, blessing him with faith and love, and rising with him to the eminence which she felt sure he had the power to achieve. No wildest dream of her young imagination had ever enthroned her in The Mansion, or made her more than a welcome visitor there, after its present mistress should have passed away.

I exchanged a few pleasant words with her, assuring her that I had cured my father by a few talismanic touches, and sent him out to get some fresh air, and was trying my cure upon my mother when she interrupted me. Then we talked about Henry, and his rapid progress toward recovery. I knew that she did not expect or wish to see him, because the visit that such a step would render necessary would be regarded as the advertisement of an engagement which had not yet been openly confessed. But she was glad to hear all about him, and I gratified her by the rehearsal

of all the details that I could remember. I could not help thinking, as I talked with her, that I had in hand still another destiny. It was astonishing how fruitful a good determination was, when it took the path of Providence and of natural law. I had already four for one, and felt that I could not foresee how many more would be added to the gain already made.

When at last I bade my mother and Claire a "good-morning," the only question left upon my mind concerned the time and manner of the announcement to Mrs. Sanderson of the relations of Mrs. Belden and Henry to her. Henry, I knew, was still too weak to be subjected to strong excitement without danger, and this fact made it absolutely necessary to defer the proposed revelation and the changes that were sure to follow.

I went out upon the street with a buoyant feeling, and with that sense of strength that one always feels when his will is consciously in harmony with the Supreme will, and his determinations proceed from his better nature. But my trials had not all been seen and surmounted.

Making a detour among the busier streets, that my passage to The Mansion might be longer and more varied, I saw, walking before me, an elegant young man, in the jauntiest of morning costumes. I could not see his face, but I knew at once that he was a stranger in the city, and was impressed with the conviction that I was familiar with his gait and figure. If I had seen him where I had previously known him, his identity would have been detected at once; but he was the young man furthest from my thoughts, and the one old companion whom I had learned to count out of my life. I quickened my steps, and, as I approached him, some sudden and characteristic movement of his head revealed my old college friend Livingston.

"Well, well, well! Man in the Moon! When did you drop, and where did you strike?" I shouted, running up behind him.

He wheeled and grasped both my hands in his old cordial way, pouring out his greetings and compliments so freely that passengers involuntarily stopped upon the walk to witness the meeting.

"I was wondering where you were, and was about to inquire," he said.

"Were you? How long have you been in town?"

"Two or three days," he replied.

"You must have been very desirous to find me," I responded. "I have a good mind to leave you, and send you my address. Permit me to bid you good-morning. This meeting in the street is very irregular."

"None of your nonsense, my boy," said he. "I came here on business, and pleasure comes after that, you know."

"Oho! Business! We are becoming useful, are we? Can I assist you? I assure you I have nothing else to do."

"Bonnicastle," said he, "you are hungry. You evidently want something to stop your mouth. Let's go into the hotel and get lunch."

Saying this, he grasped my arm, and we walked together back to his hotel, and were soon seated at a table in his parlor, doing the duty of two hearty young men to a chop and a salad.

We talked of old times, then of his employments since he left me at college two years before, and then I told him of myself, of the encounter at The Mansion which had resulted in Henry's confinement there with a broken limb, and of the way in which I had been passing my time.

"What are you going to do next?" he inquired.

"That's a secret," I said, with a blush, the frolic going out of me in a moment.

"I know what you are going to do."

"What?"

"You are going to Europe and the East with me. We are to be gone two years, and to see everything. We'll sing Yankee Doodle on the Pyramids, have a fish-fry on the shores of Galilee, light our cigars at Vesuvius, call on the Pope, see all the pictures and dance with all the pretty girls from Vienna and Paris to St. Petersburg, and call it study. On very rainy days, we'll write dutiful letters to our friends, conveying assurances of our high consideration, and asking for remittances."

Little did the merry fellow imagine, as he rattled off his programme, what a temptation he was placing before me. It presented the most agreeable path out of my difficulty. I believed that Mrs. Sanderson would deny me nothing, even should I renounce all my expectations, and surrender my home to him to whom it naturally belonged. The act of surrender would place her under such obligations to me that any request that might come with it would, I supposed, be sure to be granted. Then it would let me down easily and save me the necessity of facing my townsmen under my new circumstances. It would furnish me with a knowledge of the world which would be useful to me in the future task of providing for myself. It would compel

ny education, and give me the finest possi-ble start in life. Livingston's connections would carry me into the best society, and bring me advantages such as I could not secure by means within my own command.

"Are you in earnest?" I inquired, hesi-atingly.

"I never was more so in my life."

"You tempt me."

"Well, you know just how much my rattle means," said he, sobered by the tone of my nquiry. "You know I take care of myself, nd others too—when they let me. We can ave a good time and one that will do us ood."

While I felt pretty sure that I should not o with him, unless Mrs. Sanderson should oluntarily offer me the means for the jour-ey, and my friends should urge me to accept hem, I told him I would think of it.

"That's right," he said, "and you'll con-lude to go."

"When?"

"Next month."

Was this Providence too? Was my road ut of my difficulty to be strewn with flowers? low could I tell? Unexpectedly, at the xact moment when it would meet with a eedy welcome, came this proposition. To ccept it would be to take me away from very unpleasant association, and all the ap-rehended trials attending the execution of y great purpose, and give me pleasure that coveted and culture that I needed. To ject it was to adopt a career of hardship once, to take up my life beneath my father's umble roof, to expose myself to the triumphant sneers of the coarse men who had en-ed me, and to forsake forever those associations which had become so precious to me. could do justice to Henry and my benefac-ess, and secure this great pleasure to myself so. Had Providence directed all this?

Many things have been accepted, first and st, among men, as providential, under the istaken supposition that the devil does not nderstand the value of times and opportuni-es. Evil has its providences as well as ood, and a tempted man is often too much fogged to distinguish the one from the her. Interpreting providences by wishes is e favorite trick of fools, for the justification their own selfish schemes.

After a long and discursive talk on the sub-st of foreign travel generally, and of the oject before us particularly, I was bold ough to ask Livingston what business it uld be that had brought him to Bradford. e fought shy of the question and seemed to be embarrassed by it. Licensed by the familiarly friendly terms of our previous intercourse, I good-naturedly pressed my question. He gave all kinds of evasive and unsatisfactory replies; and then I pushed the matter further by asking him what friends he had in the place, and endeavoring to ascertain what new acquaintances he had made. I could not learn that he knew anybody in Bradford but Henry and myself, and I became satisfied at last that he had not been frank with me. It is true that he was not accountable to me, and that I had no right to pry into his affairs; but he had volunteered to say that his errand was a business errand; and I felt that in a place where I was at home, and he was not, I could serve him if he would permit me to do so.

As soon as he could divert me from my purpose, he put me the question whether I had remained heart and fancy free; "for you know," he said, "that it will never do for rovers to leave pining maidens behind them."

I assured him (with those mental reservations with which uncommitted lovers so ingeniously sophisticate the truth) that there was not a woman in the world, with the exception of certain female relatives, who had any claim upon my affection.

"By the way," said Livingston, with sudden interest, as if the thought had struck him for the first time, "what has ever become of that little Bradford girl, whom we met on that memorable New Year's at the Spencers'; you remember that old house in the suburbs? or were you too foggy for that?"

If Livingston had realized how painful such an allusion would be to me, he would not have made it; but his standard of morality, so far as it related to excesses in drink, was so different from mine, that it was impossible for him to appreciate the shame which my fall had caused me, and the shrinking sorrow with which I still looked back upon it.

I told him frankly that I remembered the meeting imperfectly, and that I heartily wished I had no memory of it whatever. "I made an ass of myself," I said, "and worse, and I doubt whether it has ever been forgotten, or ever will be."

There was a quiet lighting of his eye as he heard this; and then he went on to say that her New York friends told very extravagant stories about her beauty and attractiveness, and that he should really like to fall in with her again. Then he went on to moralize, after the wise manner of young men, on the

heartlessness of city life, and particularly of city girls, and said that he had often told his mother that no hot-house rose should ever adorn his button-hole, provided he could pluck a satisfactory wayside daisy.

A jealous lover has no rival in the instantaneous construction of a hypothesis. I saw at once the whole trick. Tiring of his New York life, having nothing whatever to do, remembering the beautiful face and hearty manner of Millie Bradford, and moved by some recent conversations about her with her friends, he had started off from home with the determination to meet her in some way. Endeavoring first to assure himself that I had no claim upon her, he undoubtedly intended to engage my services to bring about a renewal of his acquaintance with her.

I had met my rival; for I could not but feel that if he had been impressed by her when she was little more than a child, her charms of womanhood—her beautiful person, and her bright, pure nature—would impress him still more. It was a bitter draught for me to drink, without the privilege of making a wry face or uttering a protest. He was maturer than I, and possessed of every personal attraction. He carried with him, and had behind him, the highest social consideration and influence. He was rich, he was not base, he was the best of his set, he was the master of himself and of all the arts of society; he was one of those young men whose way with women is easy. What was I by the side of a man like that? The only occasion on which Millie Bradford had ever seen him was one associated with my disgrace. She could never meet him again without recalling my fall, and his own honorable freedom from all responsibility for it. The necessity of getting him out of the country by a period of foreign travel seemed laid upon me. To have him within easy distance, after I had voluntarily forsaken my fortune, and before I had had an opportunity to prove my power to achieve a fortune for myself, was to live a life of constant misery, with the chances of having the one grand prize of existence torn from my hands and borne hopelessly beyond my reach.

"Oh, it's a daisy business, is it?" I said, with a pale face and such carelessness of tone as I could assume. "There are lots of them around here. They're a bit dusty, perhaps, in dry weather, but are fresh after a shower. You would never be contented with one: what do you say to a dozen?"

Livingston laughed, and laughed in such a way that I knew he had no business in Bradford. But why had he kept away from me? Why had he been three days in the town without apprising me of his presence?

He held up his hand and looked at it with a curious smile. "Bonnicastle," said he, "do you see anything peculiar on the back of that hand?"

"Nothing," I replied, "except that it seems to be clean."

"Does it seem to you that there is one spot on it that is cleaner than all the rest?" he inquired.

I confessed that I was unable to detect any such locality.

"Well, my boy, there is a spot there which I could define to you, if I should try, that have kept clean for two years, and which has a life and sacredness of its own. It once had a sensation—the sweetest and most thrilling that you can imagine. It was pressed to a pair of innocent lips, and wet by as sweet a dew-drop as ever nestled in the heart of a rose. You never thought me romantic, but that little touch and baptism have set that hand apart—for the present, any way."

"If you wish to give me to understand that Millie Bradford ever kissed your hand and dropped a tear upon it, you have brought your chaff to the wrong market," I said, the anger rising in my heart and the color mounting to my face.

"Don't be hasty, old fellow," said he, reaching over and patting me on my shoulder. "I've said nothing about Millie Bradford. I've lived among roses and daisies all my life."

Whether Livingston saw that I had a little personal feeling about the matter, or felt that he had been foolishly confidential, or were afraid that I should push him to an explanation, which would compel him to reveal the circumstances under which Millie had begged his forgiveness with a kiss, and charging him with my intoxication—a fact of which I was too stupid at the time to be conscious—I do not know; but he assured me that he had been talking nonsense, and that I was to lay up and remember nothing that he had said.

We had already pushed back from the table, and he had rung for a waiter to have it cleared. In response to the bell, a man came with his tray in one hand and a card in the other. Handing the latter to Livingston the young man took it with a strange, embarrassed flush on his face. Turning it over and looking at it the second time, he exclaimed: "I wonder how he knew me to

here. It's your friend Mr. Bradford." Then turning to the waiter, he added: "Take these dishes away and ask him up."

I rose at once to go; and he did not detain me, or suggest a future meeting. I shook his hand and bade him "good-morning," but was arrested at the door by finding Mr. Bradford waiting outside. Seeing Livingston within, he came forward, and, while he took my arm and led me back, said: "I am somewhat in haste this morning, and so have followed my card at once. I am not going to separate two fellows like you; so, Arthur, sit down."

I did not believe my presence welcome to Livingston during this interview; but as I was curious to witness it, and had a sufficient apology for doing so, I sat down, and remained.

"I have just taken from the office," Mr. Bradford went on, "a letter from my friends the Spencers, who tell me that you are to be here for a few days; and, as the letter has evidently been detained on the way, I have called at once to apologize for not having called before."

Livingston was profuse in his protestations that it was not of the slightest consequence, and that while he should have been glad to meet Mr. Bradford, he had passed his time quite pleasantly. I saw at once what had occupied him during those three days, in which he had not announced his presence to me. He had been awaiting the arrival of his letter. He had chosen to be introduced in this way, rather than bear the letter himself. It was a cunningly-contrived, but a very transparent, proceeding.

Livingston was invited to the Bradfords to dine the next day, of course, and, quite of course, as I was present when the invitation was given, I was invited to meet him. This was satisfactory to me, though I doubt whether Livingston was pleased with the arrangement, for he had evidently intended to see Millie Bradford before he announced himself to me.

Inviting my friend to call at The Mansion during the afternoon and make my aunt's acquaintance, and renew his acquaintance with Henry, I took leave of him and passed out with Mr. Bradford. I was not a little surprised to learn how pleasantly the latter remembered my college acquaintance, and how high an estimate he placed upon him. If Livingston could have heard his hearty words of praise, he would have learned how smoothly the way was paved to the accomplishment of his hopes and his possible purposes. In my jealousy, every word he uttered was full of discouragement, for I was sure that I knew the motive which had drawn Livingston to the town, while Mr. Bradford was as innocent as a child of any suspicions of such a motive.

As we came near his house, I said: "You are in haste this morning, but I wish to see you soon—before to-morrow, if you can spare me the time."

"Come in to-night, then," he responded.

At night, accordingly, I went, and he received me alone, as he did on the previous day. I told him of my interview with my father and mother, and of the determination at which I had arrived with relation to Mrs. Sanderson and Henry. He listened to me with warm approval, which was evident, though he said but little; but when I told him of Livingston's proposition to travel, and my wishes in regard to it, he dropped his head as if he were disappointed. I urged the matter, and frankly gave him the reasons for my desire to absent myself for a while after the change in my circumstances.

He made me no immediate reply, but rose and walked the room, as if perplexed and uncertain concerning the response which he ought to make to the project. At length he paused before me, and said: "Arthur, you are young, and I am afraid that I expect too much of you. I see very plainly, however, that if you go away for a protracted absence, to live still longer on Mrs. Sanderson's benefactions, you will return more disqualified than you are at this moment to take up an independent life. I do not approve of your plan, but I will not lift a finger to thwart it. After you have surrendered your place in Mrs. Sanderson's family, you will be in a better position to judge whether your plan be either desirable or practicable."

Then he laid his hand upon my shoulder, in an affectionate way, and added: "I confess that I should be sorry to lose sight of you for the next two years. Your father needs you, and will need you more and more. Besides, the next two years are to confirm you more than you can see in the style of character and manhood which you are to carry through life. I am very anxious that these two years should be made the most of."

The interview was a brief one, and I left the presence and house of my friend under the impression that he not only did not approve my plan, but that he thought it very doubtful whether I should have the opportunity to realize it. He said but little, yet I

saw that his faith in Mrs. Sanderson's generosity, where her own selfish ends were not involved, was not very hearty.

On the following day I met Livingston at Mr. Bradford's table. The family were all at home, and Millie, most becomingly dressed, never had seemed so beautiful to me. Livingston was evidently very much impressed by her charms, and showed by the attention he bestowed upon her his desire to appear at his best in her presence. I was distressed by my own youth, and the easy superiority which he manifested in all his manners and conversation.

It was strange, too, to see how the girl's quick nature had shot beyond mine into maturity, and how, in her womanliness, she matched my friend better than myself. I was full of embarrassment and jealousy. The words that were addressed to me by the other members of the family were half unheard and but clumsily replied to, absorbed as I was in watching Livingston and Millie, and seeing how happily they carried on their conversation. I was enraged with myself—I who had always been quick and careless—for I knew that I did not appear well, and felt that the girl, whose senior I was by several years, regarded me as a youth in whom the flavor and power of maturity were lacking. Livingston was a man, she was a woman, and I was a boy. I saw it all and felt it all, with pangs that none may ever know save those who have experienced them.

The evening did not pass away, however, without giving me an opportunity for a quiet talk with Millie. There was one woman whose sharp vision did not fail to detect the real state of affairs. Aunt Flick was on the alert. She had watched the play from the first, with eyes that comprehended the situation, and in her own perverse way she was my friend. She managed to call Livingston away from Millie, and then I took a seat at her side. I tried to lead her into conversation on the subject most interesting to me, but she declined to say a word, though I knew that she was aware of all that was occurring in relation to my life.

The moments were precious, and I said impulsively, out of the burden of my heart, "Miss Bradford, I am passing through a great trial."

"I know it," she replied, looking away from me.

"Are you sorry?"

"No,"—still looking away.

"Are you my friend?"

"That depends."

"I get very little sympathy," I responded bitterly. "No one but my dear old father seems to understand how hard this is, and how hard all have helped to make it for me. The revolution of one's life is not a pleasant process. A dozen words, spoken to me by the right lips, would make many things easy and anything possible."

She turned to me in a startled way, as if I had given her sudden pain, and she had been moved to ask me why I had done it. I was thrilled by the look, and thoroughly ashamed of the words that had inspired it. What right had I to come to her with my troubles? What right had I to seek for her sympathy? Was it manly for me to seek for help from her to be a man? If she had not pitied me and seen further than I did, she would have spurned me.

This conversation was nothing but a brief episode in the evening's experiences, but it made a healthy impression upon me.

Livingston and I left the Bradfords together, and, as we were to take opposite directions to our lodgings, we parted at the door. Not a word was said about Millie, and all that he said about the Bradfords was in the guarded words: "These friends of yours seem to be very nice people." I knew that he would be there again, as soon as it would be practicable, and that he would be there without me. I was quite reconciled to this for I saw that he monopolized attention, and that I could be nothing but a boy by his side when he chose that I should be.

He remained in the town for a week, calling upon the Bradford family nearly every day, and on one occasion taking a drive with them in the family carriage. In the meantime Henry made rapid strides toward recovery, and the dreaded hour approached when it would be necessary for me to take the step which would abruptly change the current of my life.

When I parted with Livingston, he still entertained the project of travel, and said that he should return in a fortnight to ascertain my conclusions.

CHAPTER XX.

LIVINGSTON had been gone three or four days when, one morning, Henry's surgical attendant came down stairs from his regular visit to the young man, and announced that his patient was sitting in a chair by the window, and that he would soon be able to take a little passive exercise in the open air. Having given me directions with

gard to getting him back to his bed, when he should become tired with sitting, he went away. The sudden realization that Henry was so near the point of perfect recovery sent the blood to my heart with a dull throb that made me tremble. I knew that he would endeavor to get away as soon as possible, and that he would go whenever his mother should consider it safe for him to be separated from her.

"Are you well to day?" I said, lifting my eyes to my aunt.

"Perfectly well."

"Are you willing to have a long talk with me this morning?" I inquired.

She looked at me with a quick, sharp glance, and seeing that I was agitated, replied with the question: "Is it of great importance?"

"Yes, of the greatest importance."

"H'm! You're not in love, I hope?"

"No," I responded, coloring in spite of the terrible depression that had come upon me, "though I probably should not tell of it if I were."

"I'm sure I don't see why you shouldn't," she answered quickly.

"No," I said, "it has nothing to do with that. I wish it had, but it doesn't look as if anything of that kind would ever come to me."

"Psh! You're a boy. Don't worry yourself before your time."

We were seated in the little library where she first received me. I rose from my chair, went to the door that opened into the hall, and locked it. The door into the dining-room stood ajar, and I threw it wide open. Then I went back to my chair and sat down. She watched these movements in silent astonishment, and her eyes fairly burned with excited curiosity when I concluded them.

Looking into the dining-room upon the picture that still hung where I had replaced it, I said: "Aunt, you must forgive me; but I have learned all about that picture, and I know the whole history of the person whom it represents."

"Who has been base enough to tell you?" she almost screamed.

"A person who wishes no harm to either you or me," I replied.

She had risen to her feet at the first announcement, but she sank back into her chair again, and covered her face with her hands. Suddenly steeling herself against the feelings that were overwhelming her, she dropped her hands, and said, with a voice equally charged with fright and defiance: "So, this is the important business, is it! You have listened to the voice of a slanderer, who has represented me to be little better than a fiend, and I am to be lectured, am I? You, to whom I have given my bread and my fortune—you to whom I have given my love—are turning against me, are you? You have consented to sit still and hear me maligned and condemned, have you? Do you wish to forsake me? Have I done anything to deserve such treatment at your hands? Does my presence defile you? Do I go about mixing with other people's business? Have I meddled with anything that was not my own? I would like to know who has been poisoning your mind against me. Has there been anything in my treatment of you that would lead you to think me possessed of the devil?"

She poured out these words in a torrent so impetuous and continuous that I could not even attempt to interrupt her; and it was better that she should spend the first gush of her passion without hindrance. It was to me a terrible revelation of the condition of her mind, and of the agitations to which it was familiar. This was doubtless the first utterance to which those agitations had ever forced her.

I paused for a minute to collect my thoughts, while she buried her face in her hands again. Then I said: "Mrs. Sanderson, I have noticed, since my return from college particularly, that you have been in trouble. I have seen you many times before that picture, and known that it was associated in your mind with distressing thoughts. It has troubled me, because it gave me the impression that I was in some way, directly or indirectly, connected with it. I have sought for the explanation and found it. No one has prejudiced my mind against you, as I will prove to you by such a sacrifice as few men have been called upon to make. You have been very kind to me, and I do not now see how it is possible for me ever to cease to be grateful to you. You have been my most generous and indulgent benefactress, and it is partly because I am grateful, and desire to prove my gratitude, that I have sought this interview."

She looked up to me with a dazed, distressed expression upon her sharpened features, as if waiting for me to go on.

"There was once a little boy," I said, "who grew up in this old house, under his mother's care; and then he went away, and went wrong. His mother was distracted

with his ingratitude and his excesses, and finally cut him adrift, with the means of continuing his dissipations. After a time he married one of God's own angels."

"You know nothing about it," she interrupted, spitefully. "You know nothing about her. She was a poor girl without any position, who managed to weave her net about him and inveigle him into marriage. I cursed her then, and I curse her still."

"Don't, aunt," I said. "I am sure you have done some things in your life that you are sorry for, and I know you will be sorry for this."

"Don't lecture me, boy."

"I don't lecture you. I don't presume to do anything of the kind, but I know I speak the truth."

"Well, then, what about the angel?"

"She did her best to make him what his mother had failed to make him."

"And the angel failed," she said contemptuously. "Certainly a woman may be excused for not accomplishing what a superior being failed to accomplish."

"Yes, the angel failed, mainly because his mother would not help her."

"I tell you again that you know nothing about it. I am a fool for listening to another word."

It was a strange thing to me, as I sat before this agitated woman, quarreling with her own history, and helplessly angry with me and with the unknown man who had given me my information, to find myself growing cool and strong with every burst of her passion. I had found and pierced the joints of her closely-knit harness. I was in the center of the rankling secret of her life, and she was self-contained no longer. I was in power, and she was fretfully conscious that she was not.

"Yes, the angel failed, because his mother would not help her. I presume the mother intended to drive that angel to forsake him, and compel him to return to herself. If she did not have so good a motive as this, she intended to drive him to the grave into which he was soon gathered."

"Oh, Arthur! Arthur! Arthur! Don't say it! don't say it!"

The anger was gone, and the old remorse which had been eating at her heart for years resumed its sway. She writhed in her chair. She wrung her hands. She rose and paced the room, in a painful, tottering way, which distressed me, and made me fear that I had been harsh, or had chosen the wrong plan for approaching her and executing my purpose.

"Yes, aunt, the woman was an angel. If she had not been, she would have become a torment to you. Did she ever write to you? Did she ever ask a favor of you? Do you suppose that she would ever receive from you a farthing of the wealth that her husband would rightly have inherited, unless first you had poured out your heart to her in a prayer for forgiveness? Has she acted like a mercenary woman? No, aunt, it is you who know nothing about her."

"She was nothing to me," Mrs. Sanderson said. "She never could have been anything to me."

"That you don't know."

"Well, what else have you to say?"

"She is living to-day, and, in a self-respectful way, is earning her own livelihood."

"I tell you again she is nothing to me," my aunt responded. "She is doing to-day what I presume she did before her marriage. I know of no reason why she should not earn her living. She probably knows me well enough to know that I will do nothing for her, and can be nothing to her. If you have taken it into your head to try to bring me to recognize her and give her money, I can tell you that you have undertaken a very foolish and fruitless enterprise. If this is all you have to say to me, we may as well stop our conversation at once. It is a boy's business, and if you know what is for your own good you will never allude to her again."

She rose impatiently as if determined to close the interview, but I not did stir, and seeing me determined she sat down again.

"Mrs. Sanderson," I said, "is your heart satisfied with me? Have you not, especially in these last years and months, longed for some one of your own blood on whom to bestow your affections? I grant that you have treated me like a son. I grant that I not only have nothing to complain of, but that I have a thousand things to be grateful for. You have tried to love me. You have determined with all your power of will to make me everything to yourself; but, after all, are you satisfied? Though one of your kindred, my blood does not come near enough to yours to make me yours. Have you not longed to do something before you die to wipe out the memories that haunt you?"

She watched me with sad, wide-open eyes, as I firmly and tenderly said all this, and then, as if she could conceive of but one conclusion, her anger rose again, and she exclaimed: "Don't talk to me any more about this woman! I tell you I will have nothing to do with her."

"I am saying nothing about this woman, aunt," I responded. "I am going to talk about some one besides this woman, for she had a child, of whom your son was the father."

"What?"

Half exclamation, half interrogation, the word pierced my ears like a scream.

"Mrs. Sanderson, you are the grandmother of as noble a man as breathes."

She cried; she laughed; she exclaimed: "Oh, Arthur! Oh God!" She covered her face; she threw her handkerchief upon the floor; she tore open her dress to relieve her throbbing heart, and yielded herself to such a tumult of conflicting passions as I had never witnessed before—such as I hope I may never be called upon to witness again. I sat frightened and dumb. I feared she would die—that she could not survive such agitations.

"Ha! ha! ha! I have a grandson! I have a grandson! Oh, Arthur! Oh, God! Is it so? Is it so? You lie! You know you lie! You are deceiving me. Is it so, Arthur? Say it again. It can't be so. I should have known it. Somebody has lied to you. Oh, how could you, how could you deceive an old woman, with one foot in the grave—an old woman who has loved you, and done all she could for you? How could you, Arthur?"

Thus she poured out her emotions and doubts and deprecations, unmindful of all my attempts to interrupt her, and I saw at once that it was the only mode by which she could ever become composed enough to hear the rest of my story. The storm could only resolve itself into calm through the processes of storm. When she had exhausted herself she sank back in her chair. Then, as if moved by an impulse to put me under the strongest motive to truthfulness, she rose and came to me. With a movement so sudden that I was entirely unprepared for it, she threw herself upon my lap, and clasping her arms around my neck, placed her lips close to my ear, and said in a voice surcharged with tender pleading: "Don't deceive me, dear! Don't be cruel to me! I have never used you ill. Tell me all about it, just as it is. I am an old woman. I have only a little while to live."

"I have told you everything just as it is," I responded.

"And I have a grandchild?"

"One that you may love and be proud of."

"And can I ever see him?"

"Yes."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes."

"Do you suppose he will come to live with me, if I ask him?"

"I don't know."

"Does he hate me?"

"I don't think he hates anybody."

"Is he with his mother?"

"Yes."

"Is he fond of her?"

"So fond of her," I answered, "that he will accept no invitation from you that does not include her."

"I take it all back, Arthur," she said. "He is right. He is a Bonnicastle. When can I see him?"

"Soon, I think."

"And I have really a grandson—a good grandson? how long have you known it?"

"Only a few days."

"Perhaps I shall not live forty-eight hours. I must see him at once."

"You shall see him soon."

Then she patted my cheek and kissed me, and played with my hair like a child. She called me her good boy, her noble boy. Then, struck suddenly with the thought of the changes that were progressing in her own mind and affections, and the changes that were imminent in her relations to me, she rose and went back to her chair. When I looked her in the face again, I was astonished at the change which a single moment of reflection had wrought upon her. Her anger was gone, her remorse had vanished, her self-possession had come back to her, enveloping her as with an armor of steel, and she was once more the Mrs. Sanderson of old. How was she to get rid of me? What arrangement could she make to get me out of the house, loosen my hold upon my expectations, and install the rightful heir of her wealth in her home? She turned to her new life and her new schemes with the eager determination of a woman of business.

"What has led you to this announcement, Arthur?" she inquired.

"A wish to do justice to all the parties to whom it relates," I replied.

"You have done right," she said, "and of course you have counted the cost. If my grandson comes here, you will not expect to stay. Have you made any plans? Have you any reward to ask for your sacrifice? I trust that in making up your mind upon this point, you will remember what I have done for you. You will find my expenses on your account in a book which I will give you."

The cool cruelty of the woman, at this su-

preme moment of her life, angered and disgusted me. I bit my lips to keep back the hot words that pressed for utterance. Then, with all the calmness I could command, I said: "Do you suppose that I have come to you to-day to sell your grandson to you for money? Do you suppose that your dollars weigh a pin with me? Can't you realize that I am voluntarily relinquishing the hopes and expectations of a lifetime? Can't you see that I am going from a life of independence to one of labor and struggle?"

"Don't be angry, Arthur," she responded coolly. "I have given you your education, and taken care of you for years. I have done it under the impression that I had no heir. You tell me that I have one, and now I must part with you. You foresaw this, and I supposed that you had made your plans for it. The simple question is, how much do you want in consideration of your disappointment? How are we to separate, so that you shall feel satisfied that I have done you justice?"

"I have no stipulations to make," I answered; "I understand that you have done much for me, and that I have done very little for you, indeed; that I have very poorly improved the privileges you have bestowed upon me. I understand that you do not consider yourself under the slightest obligation to me, and that so soon as you may get your grandson into your possession, through my means, you will drop me and be glad to be rid of me forever."

"You speak bitterly, Arthur. I shall always be interested in your welfare, and shall do what I can to serve you, but when we separate we must be quits. You know my mode of doing business. I exact my rights and pay my dues."

"I have no bargains to make with you, Mrs. Sanderson," I said. "We are quits now. I confess that I have had a dream of travel. I have hoped to go away after this change in my life, and to forget it among new scenes, and prepare myself to take up and bear a burden for which my life here has done much to unfit me. I have dreamed of getting away from Bradford for a time, until the excitement that will attend these changes shall have blown over. I confess that I shrink from meeting the questions and sneers that await me, but we are quits now."

"Have you any idea what the expenses of a foreign tour would be?" she inquired in a cool, calculating tone.

"Mrs. Sanderson, you have just come into the possession of the most precious knowledge the world holds for you, and through it you expect to receive the great boon of your life. All this comes through me. Neither your daughter-in-law nor your grandson would ever have made themselves known to you, and now, when I have sacrificed the expectations of a life to them and to you, you talk about the price of a foreign trip for me, as if you were bargaining for a horse. No, madam; I wash my hands of the whole business, and it is better for us both to talk no more about this matter. We are quits to-day. I shall feel better by and by, but you have disappointed me and made me very unhappy."

Even while I talked, I could see her face harden from moment to moment. Her heart had gone out toward her heir with a selfish affection, which slowly, quietly, and surely shut out every other human being. She grudged me every dollar of her fortune on his behalf. The moment she ceased to regard me as her heir, I stood in the same relation to her that any other poor young man in Bradford occupied. Her wealth was for her grandson. She would pay to him, on his father's account, every dollar she held. She would lavish upon him every affection, and every service possible. She would offer herself and her possessions to atone for wrongs for which her conscience had upbraided her, more and more as her life had approached its close. She longed for this consummation, and looked to it for peace.

Thus, I reached the moment of transition, and in disappointment and bitterness—feeling that my sacrifice was not appreciated, and that my benefactress had lost all affection for and interest in me—I took up the burden of my own life, determined that on no consideration would I receive, beyond the clothes I wore, one dollar more of the fortune on which I had lived.

"When can I see my grandson?"

"When you choose."

"To-day?"

"Yes."

"Bring him to me."

"I must go to my room first," I said.

I mounted to my chamber, and threw myself into my accustomed chair by the window. I had passed into a new world. The beautiful things around me, which I had counted my own, were another's. The old house and the broad, beautiful acres which stretched around it were alienated forever. I realized that every dollar that had been bestowed upon me, and every privilege, service, and attention I had received, had come from a supremely selfish heart, from motives that sought only to fill an empty life, and to asso-

ciate with an honored ancestral name the wealth which could not be taken out of the world with its possessor. A mercenary value had been placed upon every sentiment of gratitude and respect and love which my benefactress had inspired in me. I had been used as a thing of convenience, and being a thing of convenience no longer, I was dropped as a burden. I was humiliated, shamed, angered by the way in which I had been treated, but I was cured. The gifts that I had received looked hateful to me. The position I had occupied,—the position in which I had not only grown to be content, but in which I had nursed and developed a degree of aristocratic pride—seemed most unmanly. I had been used, played with, petted, fed with daily indulgences and great promises, and then cast away, there being no further use for me.

"Never again," I said to myself—"never again. I would not take another dollar from his estate and its owner to keep myself from starving."

The dream of travel was shattered. My new life and relations were squarely before me. Where and what I should be in a week I did not know. What old friends would fall away from me, what new friends I should make, how I should earn the bread that had thus far been supplied, was all uncertain.

I believed, however, that I had done my duty, and out of all my shame and disappointment and disgust and apprehension, there rose within me a sentiment of self-respect and a feeling of strength. And when I thought of all the circumstances that had conspired to bring me to this point, I could not doubt that Providence—the great will that embraces all wills—the supreme plan that subordinates and weaves into serviceable relations all plans—the golden fabric that unrolls from day to day, with the steady revolutions of the stars, and rolls up again, studded thick with the designs of men—had ordered everything, and ordered it aright. It was best for me that I had gone through with my indulgences and my discipline. It was best for me that I had passed through the peculiar experiences of my life. It was best for Mrs. Sanderson that she had been tormented, and that, at last, she was passing into hands that were strong and steady—hands that would hold her aright—hands into which she was ready to throw herself, with self-abandoning love and trust. It was best that Henry had struggled and learned the worth of money, and acquired sympathy and respect for the poor. It was best that the feet of all the persons concerned in this great change of relations should be brought together at last, by a series of coincidences that seemed well-nigh miraculous.

One thing struck me as being very singular, viz.: that Mrs. Sanderson was so easily satisfied that she had a grandson, and that I not only knew him, but that he was close at hand. It only showed how eagerly ready she was to believe it, and to believe that I had prepared everything to satisfy her desire. In another frame of mind—if another frame of mind had been possible—she would have questioned me—doubted me—put me to the proof of my statements; but she was ready to accept anything on my simple assurance. After sitting quietly for an hour, I rose with a long sigh. I had still the duty of presenting Henry Sanderson—for that was his real name—to his grandmother. My heart throbbed wildly every time the thought of this meeting came to me. I had said nothing to Henry, for I knew that it would distress him beyond measure,—nay, that, disabled as he was, he would contrive some way to get out of the house and out of the town. Nothing but a sense of freedom from detection and discovery had ever reconciled him and his mother to an hour's residence in The Mansion. Hidden away in this New England town, toward which they had drifted from the far South, partly on the current of circumstances, and partly by the force of a desire to see and know the early home and associations of the husband and father, they did not doubt that they could cover their identity so perfectly that it would not be suspected. Henry had studiously kept away from the house. His mother had met Mrs. Sanderson entirely by accident, and had taken a sweet and self-amusing revenge by compelling her to love and trust her. They had confided their secret to but one man, and he had had their permission to confide it to his family. Through all these long years, the two families had been intimate friends, and Mr. Bradford had endeavored in every possible way to obtain their consent to the course he had pursued, but in vain. After the death of Mrs. Sanderson, he would doubtless have informed me of Henry's natural claims to the estate, relying upon my sense of justice and my love for him for its division between us; but he saw that my prospects were ruining me, and so had taken the matter into his own hands, simply confiding the facts of the case to my father and Mr. Bird, and acting with their advice and consent.

I drew out my trunk, and carefully packed

my clothing. Not an article in the room that was not necessary to me did I take from its place. It would be Henry's room, and all the choice ornaments and appointments that I had had the happy pains to gather, were left to please his eye and remind him of me. The occupation, while it pained me, gave me strength and calmness. When the work was done, I locked my trunk, put the key in my pocket, and was about to leave the room when there came to me the sense of a smile from the skies. A cloud had been over the sun, and as it passed a flood of sunlight filled the room, growing stronger and stronger until my eyes were almost blinded by the sweet effulgence. I was not superstitious, but it seemed as if God had given me His benediction.

I turned the key in my door, and bowed at my bed. "Dear Father," I said, "at last nothing stands between Thee and me. That which I have loved better than Thee is gone, and now I beg Thee to help me and lead me in Thine own way to Thyself. I shrink from the world, but Thou hast made it. I shrink from toil and struggle, but Thou hast ordained them. Help me to be a man after Thine own heart. Give me wisdom, guidance, and assistance. Help me to lay aside my selfishness, my love of luxury and ease, and to go down heartily into the work of the world, and to build my life upon sure foundations."

Then there came to me a flood of pity and charity for one who had so long been my benefactress, and I prayed for her that in her new relations she might be blessed with content and satisfaction, and that her last days might be illumined with something better than she had known. I forgave her for her quick and complete renunciation of myself, and the cruel wounds she had inflicted upon my pride, and felt the old good-will of childhood welling in my heart. I enveloped her with my charity. I crowned her with the grace of pardon.

When I went down stairs I found her awaiting me in the room where I left her. She sat holding a paper in her hand. She had dressed herself in her best, as if she were about to receive a prince. There was a bright spot of red on either thin and wrinkled cheek, and her eyes shone like fire.

"You are sure you have made no mistake, Arthur?" she said, with a voice quite unnatural in its quavering sharpness.

"Quite sure," I answered.

"This," said she, holding up her paper, "is my will. There is no will of mine beside this in existence. I have no time to ask my lawyer here to-day to make another. Life is uncertain, and there must be no mistake. I wish you to go with me to the kitchen."

She rose and I followed her out. I could not imagine what she would do, but she went straight to the old-fashioned fire-place, where the dinner was cooking, and holding the paper in her hands, opened it, and asked me to read the beginning of it and the signatures. I did so, and then she laid it upon the coals. The quick flame shot up, and we both looked on in silence, until nothing was left of it but white ashes, which a breath would scatter. The elements had swallowed all my claim to her large estate. The old cook regarded us in wondering silence, with her hands upon her hips, and watched us as we turned away from the fire, and left her alone in her domain.

When we returned to the library, Mrs. Sanderson said: "The burning of that will is equivalent to writing another in favor of my grandson; so, if I make no other, you will know the reason."

She pressed her hand upon her heart in a distressed way, and added: "I am as nearly ready as I ever can be to see—"

"Henry Sanderson," I said.

"Is that his name? Is that his real name?" she asked, eagerly.

"It is."

"And it will all go to Henry Sanderson."

The intense, triumphant satisfaction with which she said this was almost enough, of itself, to repay me for the sacrifice I had made.

"Mrs. Sanderson," I said, I have put into my trunk the clothes I need, and when I go away I will send for them. I have left everything else."

"For Henry—my Henry Sanderson!"

"Yes, for your Henry; and now I must go up and see my Henry, and Mrs. Belden; but after I have presented your grandson to you I shall go away."

I mounted the stairs with a throbbing heart, and a face that told the tale of terrible excitement and trouble. Both Henry and his mother started as I came into the room, and simultaneously uttered the words, "What is it, Arthur?"

"Nothing, except that my aunt and I have had a talk, and I am going away."

A quick, involuntary glance passed between the pair, but both waited to hear the announcement.

"I am glad you are here," I said. "You can stay as long as you wish, but I am going

away. I shall see you again, but never as an inmate of this house. I want to thank you for all your kindness and love, and to assure you that I shall always remember you. Mrs. Belden, you never kissed me: kiss me now."

The dear woman looked scared, but obeyed my wish. I sat down on Henry's bed and laid my head beside his. "Good-by, old boy; good-by. Thank you for all your faithfulness to me and for your example. I hope some time to be half as good as you are."

My eyes were flooded with tears, and both Mrs. Belden and Henry were weeping in sympathy.

"What is it, Arthur? what is it? Tell us. Perhaps we can help you."

"Whatever it is, it is all right," I answered. "Some time you will know, and you will find that I am not to blame."

Then I shook their hands, went abruptly out of the room, and ran down stairs to Mrs. Sanderson. She saw that I was strangely agitated, and rose feebly as I entered.

"I wish you to go up stairs with me before I leave," I said. "Will you be kind enough to go with me now?"

There was not a shadow of suspicion in her heart of what I had prepared for her. She had expected me to go out and bring in a stately stranger for whose reception she had prepared her toilet. She had wondered how he would look, and by what terms she should address him.

I gave her my arm and we slowly walked up the stairs together, while my heart was beating so heavily that I could hear it, blow upon blow, in my ears. I knocked at Henry's door and entered. The moment Henry and his mother saw us together, and caught the agitated look that both of us wore, they anticipated the announcement that was imminent, and grew pale as ghosts.

"Mrs. Sanderson," I said, without offering her a seat, "this is Mrs. Belden Hulm, your daughter-in-law, and this (turning to Henry) is your grandson, Henry Sanderson. May God bless you all!"

I dropped her arm and made for the door. A hurried glance behind me showed that she was staggering and falling. Turning swiftly back, I caught her, while Mrs. Hulm supported her upon the other side, and, together, we led her to Henry's bed. Then she dropped upon her knees and Henry threw his arms around her neck, and said softly: "Grandmother!"

"My boy, my boy!" was all she could say, and it was enough.

Then I left them. I heard Henry say: "Don't go," but I did not heed him. Running down stairs, with limbs so weak with excitement that I could hardly stand, I seized my hat in the hall, and went out of doors, and hurriedly took my way toward my father's house. I did not even cast a glance at the Bradford residence, so absorbed was I in the events in which I had been an actor. The vision of the three persons clustered at Henry's bed, the thought of the powerful emotions that were surging in them all, the explanations that were pouring from Henry's lips, and the prayers for forgiveness that my old benefactress was uttering, and the dreams of the new life of The Mansion which I had inaugurated blotted out the sense of my own sacrifice, and made me oblivious to all around me. Men spoke to me on the street, and I remembered afterwards that I did not answer them. I walked in a dream, and was at my father's door before I was aware. I felt that I was not ready to go in, so I turned away and continued my walk. Up the long streets I went, wrapped in my dream. Down through the busy life along the wharves I wandered, and looked out upon the water. The sailors were singing, children were playing, apple-women were chaffing, but nothing could divert me. My heart was in the room I had left. The scene was burnt indelibly upon my memory, and no new impression could take its place.

Slowly I turned toward home again. I had mastered myself sufficiently to be able to think of my future, and of the necessities and proprieties of my new position. When I reached my father's house, I found Mrs. Sanderson's man-servant—old Jenks' successor—waiting at the gate with a message from Henry, desiring my immediate return to The Mansion, and requesting that I bring with me my sister Claire. This latter request was one that brought me to myself. I had now the responsibility of leading another through a great and unanticipated excitement. Dismissing the servant with a promise to obey his new master's wish, I went into the house, and found myself so much in self-possession that I told Claire with calmness of the message, and refrained from all allusion to what had occurred. Claire dressed herself quickly, and I could see as she presented herself for the walk that she was full of wonder. Nothing was said as we passed out. There was a strange silence in the family. The message meant a great deal, and all so thoroughly trusted Henry that no questions were asked.

When we were away from the house, I said: "Claire, you must be a woman to-day.

Strange things have happened. Brace yourself for anything that may come."

"What can you mean? Has anything happened to—to him?"

"Yes, much,—much to him, and much to me, and something very strange and unexpected will happen to you."

She stopped short in the street, and grasping my two hands nervously, exclaimed: "Tell me what it is."

"My dear," I said, "my life at Mrs. Sanderson's has ceased, I am no more her heir, for Henry is discovered to be her own grandson."

"You deceive me; you can't mean it."

"It is just as I tell you."

She burst into a fit of weeping so passionate and uncontrollable that in a low voice I said, "You must control yourself. You are observed."

We resumed our walk, but it was a long time before she could speak. At length she said, "I am so sorry for you, and so sorry for myself. I do not want it so. It changes all my plans. I never can be to him what I could if he were poor; and you are to work. Did he know he was her grandson?"

"Yes, he has always known it."

"And he never told me a word about it. How could he treat me so like a child?"

She was half angry with the thought that he had shut from her the most important secret of his life. As to the fortune which opened to her, it did not present to her a single charm. The thought of it oppressed and distressed her. It made her life so large that she could not comprehend it. She had had no natural growth up to it and into it.

When we reached The Mansion she was calm, and it seemed, as we stood at the door and I looked inquiringly into her face, as if her beauty had taken on a maturer charm while we had walked. I led her directly to Henry's room, and then, in the presence of Mrs. Sanderson, who sat holding Henry's hand as if she were determined that her newly-found treasure should not escape her, and in the presence of Henry's mother, neither of whom she either addressed or regarded, she stooped and received her lover's kiss. I saw simply this, and with tears in my eyes went out, and closed the door softly behind me. What occurred during that interview I never knew. It was an interview so tenderly sacred that neither Henry nor Claire ever alluded to it afterwards. I went down stairs, and awaited its conclusion. At the end of half an hour, I heard voices whispering above, then the footsteps of Mrs. Sanderson going to her chamber, and then the rustle of dresses upon the stairs. I went out into the hall, and met Mrs. Hulm and Claire with their arms around each other. Their eyes were wet, but they were luminous with a new happiness, and I knew that all had been settled, and settled aright.

"Henry wishes to see you," said his mother.

I cannot tell how much I dreaded this interview. I knew of course that it would come, sooner or later, and I dreaded it as much on Henry's account as on my own.

I sat down by his bed, and gave to his eager grasp both my hands. He looked at me with tears rolling down his cheeks, with lips compressed and with the perspiration standing unbrushed from his forehead, but without the power to speak a word. I pulled out my handkerchief, and wiped his forehead and his cheeks.

"Are you happy, Henry?" I said.

"Yes, thank God and you," he answered with choking emotion.

"So am I."

"Are you? Are you? Oh Arthur! What can I ever do to show you my gratitude? How can I look on and see you toiling to win the bread you have voluntarily given to me?"

"You have had your hard time, and I my easy one. Now we are to change places, that's all, and it is right. You have learned the value of money, and you will spend this which has come to you as it ought to be spent."

"But it is not the money; it is the home of my father—the home of my ancestors. It is a home for my mother. It is rest from uncertain wandering. I cannot tell you what it is. It is something so precious that money cannot represent it. It is something so precious that I would willingly work harder all my life for having found it. "And now my dear fellow, what can I do for you?"

"Nothing—only love me."

"But I must do more. Your home must be here. You must share it with me."

"No, Henry, the word is spoken. You have come to your own, and I shall go to mine. My lot shall be my father's lot, until I can make it better. We shall be friends forever and forever. The surrender I have made shall do me more good than it has done you. You did not absolutely need it, and I did. You could do without it and I could not. And now, let's not talk about it any more."

We embraced and kissed as if we had

been lovers, and I left him, to walk back with Claire. That night the story was all told in our little home. My trunk was brought and carried to my bare and cramped chamber; and when the accustomed early hour for retirement came I knelt with the other children and worshiped as of old. My father was happy, my mother was reconciled to the change, for Claire had been recognized at The Mansion, and I went to bed and rested through a dreamless sleep until the morning light summoned me to new charges and new duties.

BEYOND THE PORTALS:

A SONG OF THE OUTER WORLD.

Recited before the Literary Societies of Dartmouth College: June 25th, 1873.

I.

PRELUDE.

A WIND and a voice from the North!
A courier-wind sent forth
From the mountains to the sea:
A summons borne to me
From halls which the Muses haunt—from hills where the heart and the wind are free!

"Come from the outer throng!"
(Such was the burden it bore),
"Thou who hast gone before,
Hither! and sing us a song,
Far from the round of the town and the sound of the great world's roar!"

O masterful voice of Youth,
That will have, like the upland wind, its own wild way!
O choral words, that with every season rise
Like the warblings of orchard-birds at break of day!
O faces, fresh with the light of morning skies!
No marvel world-worn toilers seek you here,
Even as they life renew, from year to year,
In woods and meadows lit with blossoming May;
But O, blithe voices, that have such sweet power,
Unto your high behest this summer hour
What answer has the poet: how shall he frame his lay?

II.

THEME.

"What shall my song rehearse?" I said
To a wise bard, whose hoary head
Is bowed, like Kearsarge crouching low
Beneath a winter weight of snow,
But whose songs of passion, joy, or scorn,
Within a fiery heart are born.

"What can I spread, what proper feast
For these young Magi of the East?
What wisdom find, what mystic lore,
What chant they have not heard before?
Strange words of old has every tongue
Those happy cloistered hills among;
For each riddle I divine
They can answer me with nine;
Their footsteps by the Muse are led,
Their lips on Plato's honey fed;
Their eyes have skill to read the page
Of Theban bard or Attic sage;
For them all Nature's mysteries—
The deep-down secrets of the seas,
The cyclone's whirl, the lightning's shock,
The language of the riven rock;
They know the starry sisters seven,—
What clouds the molten suns enfold,
And all the golden woof of heaven
Unraveled in their lens behold!
Gazing in a thousand eyes,
So rapt and clear, so wonder-wise,
What shall my language picture, then,
Beyond their wont—that has not reached their ken?

"What else are poets used to sing,
Who sing of youth, than laureled fame and love?
But ah! it needs no words to move
Young hearts to some impassioned vow,
To whom already on the wing
The blind god hastens. Even now
Their pulses quiver with a thrill
Than all that wisdom wiser still.
Nor any need to tell of rustling bays,
Of honor ever at the victor's hand,
To them who at the portals stand
Like mettled steeds—each eager from control
To leap, and, where the corso lies ablaze,
Let out his speed and soonest pass the goal.

"What is there left? what shall my verse
Within those ancient halls rehearse?"
Deep in his heart my plaint the minstrel weighed,
And a subtle answer made:
"The world that is, the ways of men,
Not yet are glassed within their ken.
Their foster-mother holds them long,—
Long, long to youth,—short, short to age, appear
The rounds of her Olympic Year,—
Their ears are quickened for the trumpet-call.
Sing to them one true song,
Ere from the Happy Vale they turn,
Of all the Abyssinian craved to learn—
And dared his fate, and scaled the mountain-wall,
To join the ranks without, and meet what might befall."

III.

VESTIGIA RETRORSUM.

Gone the Arcadian age,
When, from this hill-side hermitage
Sent forth, the gentle scholar strode
At ease upon a royal road,

And found the outer regions all they seem
In Youth's prophetic dream.
The graduate took his station then
By right, a ruler among men:
Courtly the three estates, and sure;
The bar, the bench, the pulpit, pure;
No cosmic doubts arose, to vex
The preacher's heart, his faith perplex,—
Content in ancient paths he trod,
Nor searched beyond his Book for God.
Great virtue lurked in many a saw
And in the doctor's Latin lay;
Men thought, lived, died, in the appointed way.
Yet eloquence was slave to law,
And law to right: the statesman sought
A patriot's fame, and served his land, unbought,
And bore erect his front, and held his oath in awe.

IV.

ÆREA PROLES.

But, now, far other days
Have made less green the poet's bays,—
Have less revered the band and gown,
The grave physician's learnéd frown,—
Shaken the penitential mind
That read the text nor looked behind,—
Brought from his throne the bookman down,
Made hard the road to station and renown!
Now from this seclusion deep
The scholar wakes—as one from sleep,
As one from sleep remote and sweet,
In some fragrant garden-close
Between the lily and the rose,
Roused by the tramp of many feet,
Leaps up to find a ruthless, warring band,
Dust, strife, an untried weapon in his hand!
The time unto itself is strange,
Driven on from change to change,
Neither of past nor present sure,
The ideal vanished nor the real secure.
Heaven has faded from the skies,
Faith hides apart and weeps with clouded eyes;
A noise of cries we hear, a noise of creeds,
While the old heroic deeds
Not of the leaders now are told, as then,
But of lowly, common men.
See by what paths the loud-voiced gain
Their little heights above the plain:
Truth, honor, virtue, cast away
For the poor plaudits of a day!
Now fashion guides at will
The artist's brush, the writer's quill,
While, for a weary time unknown,
The reverent workman toils alone,
Asking for bread and given but a stone.
Fettered with gold the statesman's tongue;
Now, even the church, among
New doubts and strange discoveries, half in vain
Defends her long, ancestral reign;
Now, than all others grown more great,
That which was the last estate
By turns reflects and rules the age,—
Laughs, scolds, weeps, counsels, jeers,—a jester and a sage!

V.

ENCHANTMENTS.

Here, in Learning's shaded haunt,
The battle-fugue and mingled cries forlorn
Softened to music seem, nor the clear spirit daunt;
Here, in the gracious world that looks
From earth and sky and books,
Easeful and sweet it seems all else to scorn
Than works of noble use and virtue born;
Brave hope and high ambition consecrate
Our coming years to something great.
But when the man has stood,
Anon, in garish outer light,
Feeling the first wild fever of the blood
That places self with self at strife
Whether to hoard or drain the wine of life,—
When the broad pageant flares upon the sight,
And tuneful Pleasure plumes her wing
And the crowds jostle and the mad bells ring,—
Then he, who sees the vain world take slow heed
Albeit of his worthiest and best,
And still, through years of failure and unrest,
Would keep inviolate his vow,—
Of all his faith and valor has sore need!
Even then, I know, do nobly as we will,
What we would not, we do, and see not how;
That which we would, is not, we know not why;
Some fortune holds us from our purpose still,—
Chance sternly beats us back, and turns our steps awry!

VI.

AH! SI JEUNESSE SAVAIT, SI VIEILLESSE POUVAIT!

How slow, how sure, how swift,
The sands within each glass,
The brief, illusive moments, pass!
Half unawares we mark their drift
Till the awakened heart cries out—Alas!
Alas, the fair occasion fled,
The precious chance to action all unwed!
And murmurs in its depths the old refrain—
Had we but known betimes what now we know in vain!

When the veil from the eyes is lifted
The seer's head is gray;
When the sailor to shore has drifted
The sirens are far away.
Why must the clearer vision,
The wisdom of Life's late hour,
Come, as in Fate's derision,
When the hand has lost its power?
Is there a rarer being,
Is there a fairer sphere
Where the strong are not unseeing,
And the harvests are not sere;
Where, ere the seasons dwindle
They yield their due return;
Where the lamps of knowledge kindle
While the flames of youth still burn?
O, for the young man's chances!
O, for the old man's will!
These flee while this advances,
And the strong years cheat us still.

VII.

WHAT CHEER?

Is there naught else?—you say—
No braver prospect far away?
No gladder song, no ringing call
Beyond the misty mountain-wall?
And were it thus indeed, I know
Your hearts would still with courage glow;
I know how yon historic stream

Is laden yet, as in the past,
With dreamful longings on it cast
By those who saunter from the crown
Of this broad slope, their reverend Academe,—
Who reach the meadowed banks, and lay them down
On the green sward, and set their faces south,
Embarked in Fancy's shallop there,
And with the current seek the river's mouth,
Finding the outer ocean grand and fair.
Ay, like the stream's perpetual tide,
Wave after wave each blithe, successive throng
Must join the main and wander far and wide.
To you the golden, vanward years belong!
Ye need not fear to leave the shore:
Not seldom youth has shamed the sage
With riper wisdom,—but to age
Youth, youth, returns no more!
Be yours the strength by will to conquer fate,
Since to the man who sees his purpose clear,
And gains that knowledge of his sphere
Within which lies all happiness,—
Without—all danger and distress,—
And seeks the right, content to strive and wait,
To him all good things flow, nor honor crowns him late.

VIII.

PHAROS.

One such there was, that brother elder-born
And loftiest,—from your household torn
In the rathe spring-time, ere
His steps could seek their olden pathways here.
Mourn!
Mourn, for your Mother mourns, of him bereft—
Her strong one! He is fallen:
—But has left
His works your heritage and guide,
Through East and West his stalwart fame divide.
Mourn, for the liberal youth,
The undaunted spirit whose quintessence rare,
Fanned by the Norseland air,
Saw flaming in its own white heat the truth
That Man, whate'er his ancestry,
Tanned by what sun or exiled from what shore,
Hears in his soul the high command—Be Free!
For him who, at the parting of the ways,
Disdained the flowery path, and gave
His succor to the hunted Afric slave,
Whose cause he chose nor feared the world's dispraise;
Yet found anon the right become the might,
And, in the long revenge of time,
Lived to renown and hoary years sublime.
Ye know him now, your beacon-light!
Ay, he was fronted like a tower,—
In thought large-moulded, as of frame;
He that, in the supreme hour,
Sat brooding at the river-heads of power
With sovereign strength for every need that came!
Not for that blameless one the place
That opens wide to men of lesser race:—
Even as of old the votes are given,
And Aristides is from Athens driven;
But for our statesman, in his grander trust
No less the undefiled, The Just,—
With poesy and learning lightly worn,
And knees that bent to Heaven night and morn,—
For him that sacred, unimpassioned seat,
Where right and wrong for stainless judgment meet
Above the greed, the strife, the party call.—
Henceforth let CHASE's robes on no base shoulders fall!

IX.

ATLANTIS SURGENS.

Well may your hearts be valiant,—ye who stand
Within that glory from the past,
And see how ripe the time, how fair the land
In which your lot is cast!
For us alone your sorrow,
Ye children of the morrow,—
For us, who struggle yet, and wait,
Sent forth too early and too late!
But yours shall be our tenure handed down,
Conveyed in blood, stamped with the martyr's crown;
For which the toilers long have wrought,
And poets sung, and heroes fought;
The new Saturnian age is yours,
That juster season soon to be
On the near coasts (whereto your vessels sail
Beyond the darkness and the gale),
Of proud Atlantis risen from the sea!
You shall not know the pain that now endures
The surge, the smiting of the waves,
The overhanging thunder,
The shades of night which plunge engulfed under
Those yawning island-caves;
But in their stead for you shall glisten soon
The coral circlet and the still lagoon,
Green shores of freedom, blest with calms,
And sunlit streams and meads, and shadowy palms;
Such joys await you, in our sorrows' stead;
Thither our charts have almost led;
Nor in that land shall worth, truth, courage, ask for alms.

X.

VALETE ET SALVETE.

O, trained beneath the Northern Star!
Worth, courage, honor, these indeed
Your sustenance and birthright are!
Now, from her sweet dominion freed,
Your Foster Mother bids you speed;
Her gracious hands the gates unbar,
Her richest gifts you bear away,
Her memories shall be your stay:
Go where you will, her eyes your course shall mark afar.

PANDITS.

DURING a sojourn of fifteen years in India, between 1836 and 1862, I was peculiarly fortunate, as a student of Sanskrit, in always having at my elbow Pandits of the highest character that the country afforded. These, with a single exception, were by origin Brahmans; and all of them but three or four had been educated at the great Hindu

metropolis of letters, Benares. Not only did they assist me in quality of instructors, but they traveled with me, hunted with me, fished with me; and, more than once, when inspecting schools in parts remote from civilization, I have, for months together, had no rational companions save my Pandits.

Fragrant to me for evermore will be the memory of those dark-skinned sages. In gratitude, I can never forget the else weary evenings which, in the years that I spent under canvas, they helped me to beguile by their animated and instructive talk; and many a chill morning's march from three o'clock till sunrise was relieved of much of its intrinsic tedium by the companionship of my Pandit, trotting his pony at my side, and grumbling for all the world like any Anglo-Saxon. Odd as it may sound, somehow there is an unspeakable satisfaction in finding that, though a man may go wrapped in swaddling-clothes, may worship Vishnu, and may not know a word of English, he may, nevertheless, be essentially a duplicate of one's self.

A Pandit is simply a man of learning. The word itself is Sanskrit; and equally exotic with the word is, in nature and measure, the erudition which it indicates. In a chapter on Pandits, I ought to give some idea of what a Pandit knows. But, as the reader will discover, it is no less curious to be told how he came to know it. The method of tuition by which he was disciplined is, in the main, that which has obtained among the Hindus from time immemorial. Of this I purpose, in the first place, to give a short account.

Except when he happens to be of the very latest fashion, a Pandit has but a tepid interest in anything that does not concern his own people. The world outside the Hindu pale is to him, till he dimly comes to know better, made up of barbarians; unfortunates with whom a son of Brahma has little more in common than with so many chimpanzees. That these barbarians are under the providence of such gods as best suit them he complacently admits; and a similar admission as to fitness is made regarding their literature and science; yet alike their gods, themselves, and their literature and science, with everything that is theirs, are, at best, semi-spurious. On the other hand, the Hindu and all that belongs to him is derived directly from Heaven. His own supernal descent he has no misgiving about; while the language of his ancient books, like many of the books themselves, has been handed down to him straight from the celestials. The language referred to is the Sanskrit.

It seems that, with the Hindus of antiquity, the universal rule was for a teacher to restrict his care to a single pupil, or, at all events, to one pupil at a time. For many generations, however, Hindu students have studied in classes; and I have heard Pandits attribute to this mode of study, from its inferiority to that of former days, the comparative superficialness of their modern scholarship. There is no doubt as concerns the superficialness so frankly acknowledged; and the reason assigned for it must be, to some extent, the true one. A pupil who has a preceptor all to himself, with unlimited opportunity to ask questions, would not, to be sure, if associated with other pupils, be compensated for the lack of such opportunity by the stimulus of competition. But, in tracing the shallowness of contemporary Panditship to its cause, account should also be taken of the diminution of prestige and profit attached to the character of preceptor, which marks the present time, in contrast to times gone by. Before the decay of the old Hindu kingdoms, a preceptor—and every Pandit was a preceptor — was held in honor as such; and further, was secure of an affluent maintenance from the benefactions of the great and wealthy. Then, too, Hinduism had a vital existence; whereas, in measure as an unshaken belief in it has waned, the zeal to master its sacred language has slackened, and so has the zeal to encourage those who dedicate themselves to its acquirement. This being the case, it is no wonder that the thoroughness of the Hindu literarians has now become a poor thing in comparison with that of their predecessors who flourished in the ages of faith.

Nowhere, on this side of the Christian era, have we ground to believe that the Sanskrit has been a spoken language. Yet its general cultivation, long after it had ceased to be a medium of domestic oral communication, must have been very considerable. As late as the tenth century, if not later, we know that the scenic exhibition of Sanskrit dramas still drew together large audiences; and as these dramas, in their presentation, bore very little analogy to our Italian Opera, it is unreasonable to suppose that they were played before persons who, without understanding what was uttered, found sufficient gratification in action substantially pantomimic. For many centuries, however, the Sanskrit has been as dead as the Latin; a language confined to scholars, which, besides reading and writing it with ease, they could, after some practice, learn to speak with but slight difficulty. Nor is the custom

of speaking it by any means yet entirely disused. I have often heard a knot of Pandits discuss most fluently in Sanskrit, for hours together, and that without any special preparation.

If destined for what is reckoned a liberal education, the young Hindu is, first of all, set to studying Sanskrit grammar. Foremost among the Indian grammarians stands Pânini, who, more than two millenniums ago, was already a venerable authority. The canons of Sanskrit grammar, as he has delivered them, are expressed in 3996 highly enigmatical aphorisms, distributed into eight books. These aphorisms partake largely of the character of a *memoria technica*, and so long as they were unaccompanied by illustrative examples, constituted, in the absence of *vivâ voce* explication, simply a gigantic puzzle. To be rendered available for general use, they demanded a commentary; as the Sanskrit underwent modification and expansion, they were likewise found to require supplementation; and from these beginnings grew a grammatical literature which now, of itself, forms a large library. Abridgments, adapted to juvenile capacity of retention, followed in process of time, but all in Sanskrit, as the old *Eton Grammar* was all in Latin. And thus we have reached the sort of book that is placed in the hands of the young Brahman in his eighth or ninth year. By his tenth or eleventh he has committed it to memory; and then it is gradually explained to him, and he is taught the meaning of what he has hitherto known only parrotwise. In due course he comes to read Pânini in his entirety; and if, after exploring Pânini's elucidators, he happens to fall in love with grammar, it is fortunate for him if his career, as it began with learning to use scholastic tools, does not so continue to the end.

Concurrently with the perusal of an elementary grammar, or else immediately afterwards, the Hindu youth masters by rote a select vocabulary. From among various compilations of this stamp, that of Amara, which bears some resemblance to the *Onomasticon* of Julius Pollux, enjoys the most popular vogue. To facilitate recollection, it is in verse; and it is chiefly made up of synonyms, arranged according to subjects. Owing to the closeness of many vernacular vocables to their Sanskrit originals, it is rare that the student does not recognize at least one word in each group of synonyms, and so obtain a clew to its fellows; but then there remains to him the difficulty of ascertaining what words are to be taken as a group, and also of discriminating between the interpretation and that which is interpreted. Here, therefore, everything being in Sanskrit, he again needs the aid of a teacher. But, whatever the obscurity of his first lessons, their burden is lightened to him by their conciseness. Pure effort of memory, to the entire exclusion of exercise of judgment, is all that is exacted from him at the outset; and the sages who devised his national system of initiatory instruction have certainly consulted his comfort to the utmost. Their pursuit of the succinct is, indeed, somewhat extravagantly overdone; as witness the hoary maxim, that a grammarian rejoices in economizing half a short vowel, even as he rejoices in the birth of a son.

To the primary text-books which have been enumerated is sometimes added a catalogue of verbal bases, accompanied by definitions. With most or all of the equipment above designated, the pupil, whatever particular line of study may be determined on as his eventual specialty, proceeds to read some classical poem; poetry being prescribed to him as introductory to prose, both because, on the whole, it is much easier, and because a very large proportion of Sanskrit works, the commentatorial apart, is metrical. Since, however, the very acquisition of the language ranks as a matter of religious merit, even to the securing of future beatitude, the acquaintance with literature at which a preponderant number of students stop short is barely nominal. Many, as has been intimated, go on to the end of their days, poring over the complexities of irregular verbs, and lumbering their memories with lexical elaborations which, according to the principles of the grammarians, drained to the dregs, are deducible as allowabilities. Many more content themselves with mastering the mystery of spelling out some simple manual of astrology, oneiromancy, or palmistry, and give the rest of their lives to casting horoscopes, divining dreams, or foretelling fortunes. To pass to a higher order of literature, a lawyer, in nine cases out of ten, is at best a lawyer, and nothing else; and a like exclusiveness of information is observable elsewhere, as in a mathematician, a logician, or a belles-lettrist, for instance. A well-read scholar, after our conception of what entitles a person to be so called, is a thing which nowadays, however it was once, is quite unknown among the Hindus. Of liberal curiosity they have not, at present, the slightest tincture or appreciation; and, from the insulating and depressing genius of their religion, they never could have had very much. Especially within certain limits of

interest, the modern Hindus have derogated most markedly from their ancestors. Only a few centuries have elapsed since the Vedas and their appendages, the primeval documents of their faith, were still widely studied, and occupied industriously not merely the thoughts of fervent believers, but the pens of numerous expositors. Within a few years a galvanized sort of life has been seen breathed into the investigation, by Hindus, of their ancient scriptures; but yet, taking India as a whole, all intelligent acquaintance with those scriptures, and, no less, all genuine solicitude to revive such acquaintance, have perished from it, probably beyond possibility of resuscitation.

Useful or otherwise, the knowledge of a Pandit is thus likely to be very narrow. But, unless he is an impostor, what he knows he knows thoroughly; allowance being made for a large contingent of his mental furniture, consisting of cut-and-dried conclusions, in which he acquiesces implicitly, without spending a thought to ascertain whether they have been arrived at legitimately. The soundness of their premises, these being a gift of the gods, it is not for him to question; as for the deductions from those premises which he finds asserted, they are the legacy of ancient wisdom; and as for the procedures of that wisdom, indolence conspires with reverence in deterring him from prying into their validity. In a word, he is an excellent conservative. His forefathers, for ages and ages, were intrepid and prolific inventors, and also were hard thinkers; but, for him, invention is exhausted; to ratiocinate is to supererogate, and the utmost that he aims at is to doze over what has been done by his predecessors. To convey a fully intelligible impression of what those predecessors wrought out, I should have to give a sketch of Sanskrit literature; and this I may give on some future occasion. It must here suffice to say, that even the best-informed Pandit is now seldom found to have even the smallest interest in a wider range of subjects than two or three, and that, if he has gone through half a dozen volumes on each of them critically, he is something noticeably out of the common. However, with even less of lore than this humble modicum, he may have attained to a culture of mind such as, of all known languages, none but the Sanskrit can impart. In the opinion of Southey, and of others before and since Southey, who passed judgment without commission as judges, the Sanskrit, I am aware, is only "a baboon jargon, not worth learning." But one who deserves a hearing quite as well as they, Sir William Jones, has deliberately pronounced it to be "of a wonderful structure, more perfect than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either;" and few who have passed its threshold will be disposed to arraign severely the venial exaggerativeness of this eulogistic estimate. All deductions made, the Sanskrit is still the most philosophical of extant tongues. He who has acquired a sound knowledge of it must have had experience of a rigorous, though it may be one-sided, intellectual gymnastic; and such a person we meet with in every respectable Pandit.

Unless, as not often happens, he turns monk, and, by consequence, sinks into dreaming dotage, a Brahman marries young, and, as early as any other Hindu, becomes familiarized with the cares and the avocations of every-day life. Let him, then, be ever so diligent in his lucubrations, we seem authorized to expect in him an ordinary share of common-sense and worldly wisdom. Nor is this expectation frequently disappointed. While my Pandit knew very much of which their unscholastic neighbors were ignorant, those neighbors had in nothing, any advantage over them, either theoretically or practically, as concerned affairs of a mundane nature. In short, the Hindu appeared to me to be exhibited at his very best in the Pandit; and if, as is quite possible, my reminiscences of the Hindu are more favorable than one commonly happens upon, it is because my relations with the Pandits were more intimate, by much, than with any inferior class of the natives of India.

My first Pandit was Îçwarachandra, better known by his title of Vidyâsâgara, or "Ocean of Learning." We became acquainted at Calcutta in 1846. The Pandit, who is a few years my senior, had read a little English; and I had read a very little Bangâlî. He has since risen to eminence as an educationist, and deservedly so; a shrewd perception of what a class-book ought to be, and a remarkable ability in realizing that perception, being everywhere conspicuous in his multifarious publications. The Pandit did some Shakespeare with me, and, under his guidance, I took my earliest steps in Sanskrit. He was a liberal soul, or he would scarcely have smoked my hookah with as much relish as if I had been, like himself, a descendant from one of King Âdiçwara's pentadic hierarchy.* I hope that he profited as much by my instruction as I profited by his

* "The Brâhmanas of Bengal are descended from five priests, invited from Kânyakubja by Âdiçwara, King of Gaura, who is said to have reigned about nine hun-

I stayed three years at Calcutta; and my only other Pandit there, deserving of notice, was a young Brahman whose name I am unable to recall confidently. His faultless symmetry of form and feature is stamped upon my memory indelibly. Nor were his mental endowments less admirable than his physical. His command of English was extraordinary; and in all my Indian experience, I never fell in with any Hindu that surpassed him in keenness of apprehension or in accuracy of expression. Our connection terminated with impressive abruptness. One day he left me about sunset, perfect in health, and in his usual buoyant spirits; and within twelve hours his brother called on me, to say that he was dead. On returning from my house to his home, which lay some two miles out of the city, he was seized with cholera. No rational aid was procurable; and he was treated after the consecrated routine which, in an exigency like his, is every year the sole and ineffectual resource of thousands of his countrymen. A priest was summoned to his side; a spell was muttered over him; he was sprinkled with the sacred water of the Ganges; and so he gave up the ghost. In the sharp agony of his last moments, as I was told, he implored his brother to bring a clergyman, that he might not die without baptism. The brother, who had no sympathy with his erratic ambition, till then unsuspected, refused to be a party to his apostasy. In the eyes of his friends, he therefore concluded his life as he was supposed to have passed it, a good Hindu. His corpse had already been burnt when I was apprised of his untimely end. Such, in India, is oftentimes the swift transition, alike from the hope of youth and from the vigor of manhood, to the deaf dust of mortality.

At Benares, where for five years and a half I was connected with the Government college, my intercourse with Pandits was both varied and extensive. Among those whose scholarly aid I availed myself of constantly, was the exceedingly able Vitthaha Çâstrin, who, though he did not survive his thirtieth year, was accounted a prodigy for the scope and exactness of his erudition. It was with his help, chiefly, that I brought out the *Âtmabodha*, accompanied by its commentary, and the *Tattwabodha*, two treatises of Vedânta philosophy. They were printed at Mirzapore in 1852, and are, I believe, the first Sanskrit texts ever edited by an American. To the same Pandit is due most of the correctness of two Sânkhya works which I published subsequently. Before I was promoted from my professorship at Benares, and removed to Ajmere, I was also enabled, by the invaluable assistance of the accomplished Bâpûdeva Çâstrin, to venture on an edition of the Sûrya-siddhânta, an ancient system of astronomy, with the most esteemed of its expositions.

A more competent collaborator in this undertaking I could not certainly have found in all India. Bâpûdeva has long been preëminently the Coryphæus of living Hindu astronomers; and he still, I dare say, stands unique among them for adding, to the knowledge possessed by his compatriot students of the stars, a conversancy with the *Principia* of Newton.

As I have said above, my Pandits were my daily, and often my only companions; and my recollections of India are, consequently, largely associated with them. By reason of their imperturbable good-nature and dry humor, their society was always welcome. From their countrymen in general they differed, principally, I repeat, merely as the select differ from the vulgar. To fill out my chapter, I shall detail a few incidents in which they figured conspicuously, if not characteristically; for I cannot say that, in circumstances kindred to theirs, many a Hindu other than a Pandit would not have done precisely as they did.

When living in the district of Ajmere, I was one day encamped by the highway just outside the city of Beawur. A violent tomtoming suddenly assailing my ears, I stepped to the door of my tent, to see what was the occasion of it. A large crowd, scarcely visible through its own dust, was sweeping past, headed by two vigorous drummers, behind whom waddled a portly personage strenuously exerting his small possibility to look important. The rear was brought up by a motley rabble of young and middle-aged men, whom I at once recognized by an indescribable something about them as belonging to the order of the shabby-literary. Shortly after, one of my people, happening to go into the town, brought back tidings that the portly personage aforesaid was a famous Achârya, or doctor of doctors, from Mathura, and that his attendants, betattered and pulverous, were his disciples. This visit to Rajputana had been only heralded; a banker of Beawur

dred years after Christ."—Colebrooke, *Miscellaneous Essays*, vol. 2, p. 187.

The dissertation from which I here quote originally appeared in 1798, in the fifth volume of the *Asiatic Researches*. There, however, instead of "about *nine* hundred years *after* Christ," we read "about *three* hundred years *before* Christ." While the older date has not the slightest warrant, the other may represent historic verity approximately.

had appropriated a large house for his accommodation, and he and his following had there taken up their quarters for a week or two, at the cost of their entertainer. It chanced that just then I was in a good deal of perplexity touching divers problems of Hindu philosophy which I was hoping that some dusky prober of the profundities would turn up and resolve. In the hope that good luck had brought me the sort of Œdipus so much desired, I dispatched one of my Pandits, Râmadayâlu, to inquire of the great man whether a call from me would be acceptable. The inquiry met with a favorable response; the hour for the call was fixed; and my Pandit and I mounted our horses and set out. We were conducted before the Presence, whom we found at the end of a long room, coiled up sartorially on a piece of carpet, propped by a huge bolster, and flanked by his favorite pupils, to the number of thirty or forty. The great man was not polite enough to rise to us, but, after returning our salutations, requested us to put ourselves at ease. As the place which he pointed out for our ease was not the carpet of honor, but the bare plebeian floor, and that very dusty, we thanked him for his scant civility, and said we preferred to stand. Compliments interchanged, the rehearsal of which I forbear, I asked him what departments of learning he had made the subject of his special attention. "All departments," was his rather startling reply; and he was prepared to dissipate my dubitations, whatever they might be. From a catechizing on the elements of logic, a study to which Hindus are very partial, he came off but lamely; and I corrected his errors, one by one, as he gave forth his decisions with magisterial air and utterance. Passing from logic to miscellaneous topics of Hindu learning, I was not long in satisfying myself that the man was a gorgeous impostor. As fast as I set him right, my Pandit assented to all I said, but only to encounter a point-blank contradiction from the charlatan, echoed by his supporters. At last, losing his temper, the fat biped rolled to his feet, announcing that he possessed a ready remedy when called on to deal with people who came to insult him. His attendants, taking his drift, grasped their sticks and snatched up their clogs. In one of the questionably veracious memoirs of Çankara Âchârya, I had read that the ultimate resort of that great religious reformer, when confronted by heretics intractable to verbal argumentation, was an appeal to staves and sandals of the orthodox persuasion; and it really seemed as if I were about to have ocular demonstration that this mediæval improvement on the syllogism had been handed down to the nineteenth century. My Pandit, who stood near six feet high, was, withal, agile and muscular, and quite the reverse of timid. Moreover, boon nature had fitted him out with a highly commendable fist of his own; and he was not afraid to use it, at a pinch, instead of ignobly buffeting, like the run of Hindus, with the palm of the hand. To waive prolixity, he was equal to the emergency. Fortunately he was provided with a good truncheon; and this, with quaint and quiet humor, he began to dandle and twiddle, expatiating on its many virtues, as if in soliloquy. Having thus preluded, he calmly told the great man that he had shown himself to be an entire humbug, and went on to chaff his simple allies for their credulity in trusting to such a tympanum. Meanwhile the simple allies had gathered about us in somewhat impudent proximity, still making demonstrations of hostility. My Pandit, thereupon, commanded a passage to be cleared to the door. There was a moment's pause, and then a reluctant surging to right and left. We walked out, got into our saddles, and returned to our camp. On the morrow, we learned that the Âchârya's disciples, without even staying to sleep on their suspicions of their master's prodigious pretensions, had disappeared, one and all, under favor of the night. As to the Âchârya himself, he had been discovered, about the time when honest people were thinking of breakfast, enjoying the dignity of his carpet and bolster in solitary grandeur.

But Pandit Râmadayâlu could preach as well as fight. To say truth, he was altogether a most efficient representative of the Hindu church militant. Itinerating among my schools one morning, on reaching the end of my march, just as I had got off my horse and stood sipping my coffee, I overheard the word *suttee* from my servants talking together. I soon ascertained that a widow, whose home was in a village just over the Udaypur frontier, had resolved to burn herself with the corpse of her husband that day at sunrise. The sun had then been up about twenty minutes, and was still leaning his drowsy disk on a thick bank of frozen mist; it was full eight miles, measured by the crow, to the spot appointed for the revolting sacrifice; and I had just galloped twenty-two miles on end. I was fresh, however; and my horse did not seem to be jaded. So I mounted again, inviting my Pandit to keep me company; and away we dashed across country. Not unnaturally, our thoughts turned, during our short steeple-chase,

to the concomitants of scenes like that which we were hurrying to prevent, if prevention were possible: the struggle of the forlorn victim between love of life and dread of a torturing death, the drugged draught, the agonizing shrieks, the rude din of drums and horns to drown them, and the sullen silence signifying that the horrid deed is done. By-and-by we descried on the horizon a thin streak of pale smoke, rising sheer from the earth, through the still air of the winter morning. All was then over, we well knew; but we pushed on, and two more miles of fields and waste brought us to the funeral-pile. We were too late by an hour. "She is at peace," sighed my worthy Pandit, from whom I never heard a sigh before or after. "As the snake-catcher forcibly drags the serpent from his earth, so, bearing her husband from hell, with him she shall enjoy heavenly bliss." It is the faithful spouse that refuses to outlive her lord, whom the ancient lawgiver Angiras, enunciating the decrees of the immortals, here has in his contemplation; and deep must be the affection, and firm the faith, that can accept this bitter-sweet evangel. To return, the mourners and spectators, say twoscore, men and women, were squatting about on their chines in clusters, and chatting with their customary heavy listlessness. As usual, there was no interval of a minute in which one did not hear from them the word *paise*, "coppers." The poor creatures, if they had had any emotion to expend, had got well to the end of it, and had already diverted their meditations to prices, wages, and the sordid economies inseparable from daily drudgery and a straitened livelihood. The Pandit, surmising them, from appearances, to be quite enough at leisure from their grief, or interest in what had been going forward, to give ear to a little good advice, took up his parable, after a brief interval of recollection, and proceeded to pronounce a harangue, to which I listened with no little surprise. I had long been convinced that the Pandit was a very good man, and equally a very good fellow; but I then had gratifying proof that, despite the warping and benumbing influences of his ancestral superstition, he was humane through and through, that he could enter into the inmost feelings of the humblest of his race, and that his power of eloquence corresponded in full to the heartiness of his philanthropic sympathy. Nothing less than a gift like his could have roused from their habitual bovine torpor, as he roused, the wretched peasants whom he strove to dissuade from the further practice of such a barbarity as they had just been countenancing. Whether or not with intention to keep their word, they were profuse of their promises to do better in all future time; and again and again, in their homely, rustic way, but with every token of sincerity, they thanked him for his benevolent counsels. Catching sight of his sacred cord, by which they knew him for a Brahman, they ended with prostrating themselves at his feet, and asking his blessing; and as to benedictions, I am sure he could not have thrown into them more effusiveness of unction if he had been a bishop. The hapless widow, we were told, was a pretty girl of eighteen. And there before us lay, instead of her prettiness, a little skull with very white teeth, and a few dainty bones. We warmed our half-starved fingers by the smouldering pyre, and went our way.

Another of my Pandits at Ajmere was Râmanâtha. His chief forte was Hindu law, in which he was notably proficient. I lodged him on my premises, and often used to send for him at ten o'clock at night, if I had not been able to work at Sanskrit by day. He was in my service about a year. Shortly before he left me, he was prostrated by fever, and for some days was in a critical condition. Everything that was practicable, consistently with his aversion to our medicine, was anxiously done for him; and when he appeared to be mending, I ventured to go over, on a pressing call, to the neighboring station of Nusseerabad. In my absence, his servant, late in the evening, reported to my wife that he had had a relapse, and seemed to be fast sinking. I had left some guests in my house, and among them was an English officer. No time was to be lost; and my wife, on consulting with my friend the officer, came to the conclusion that a stimulant might do the patient good, and could do him no harm. This decision arrived at, my friend poured out a generous glass of neat brandy, and got himself piloted to the Pandit's lodge. The Pandit's servant, determined that his master, if die he must, should die according to rule, had called in half a dozen or so of his priestly brethren. A Hindu, I should mention, if strictly observant of the proprieties of ritual prescription, is to yield up his breath in contact with the earth. The orthodox brotherhood had, accordingly, stretched the sick man on the ground; and my friend came in just as one of them was prizing open his teeth with a twig, while another was standing by, with a bottle of Ganges-water in his hand, watching his chance to administer the stale potion which was to smooth the Pandit's passage to Paradise. My friend, a stranger to the import of this

sacramental function, imagined, from what he saw, that nothing less than foul murder could be doing, and demonstrated as any other unappreciative Briton would have done at a similar conjuncture. Premachandra, him of the felonious twig, he gripped incontinently, and hurled in one direction, and Śivaprasâda, bottle-holder of the sacrosanct viaticum, in another. On this, astonished Brahmanry, staying for no fresh outrages, sought the door, and melted precipitately into the night, leaving my martial friend master of the situation, in his character of extemporary leech. The poor Pandit was all but insensible, and looked to be near his last gasp. My friend lifted him to his cot, poured in the brandy, and sat by long enough to see some good effects from it. In brief, within a week the Pandit was able to crawl to my study. He was full of gratitude; and yet it was evident there was something on his mind. Finally, he got on the subject of the wonder-working elixir to which he owed, confessedly, his new lease of life. He was sure that we Franks were in possession of the true nectar, fondly fabled to be the peculium of the gods. No sooner had the egregious liquid passed his lips than he felt himself endowed with all the six faculties told of in the Yoga philosophy.* In particular, he had all at once been released from the bondage of gravitation. He had no doubt that, though he seemed to be pressing his bed with his back, his nose was actually within six inches of the rafters. And so he went on, much to my amusement. But there was something behind. He found himself getting well again, true enough; but had he not been beholden, for his convalescence, to something forbidden in his Scriptures? I parried the interrogatory; and so far as I know, he never became aware that he had swallowed strong drink. While continuing to be harassed by uncertainty, he bethought himself of the celebrated Pokhar Lake, happily only five miles distant, by bathing in which, whether one is eaten, the while, by an alligator or not, all sinfulness, even to its most delicate taint, is washed away infallibly. So to Pokhar he pilgrimaged, transacted his ablutions undevoured by its scaly denizens, and once again rejoiced in a conscience void of offence. Within a twelvemonth afterwards he was carried off by cholera.

From the end of 1856 till the spring of 1862 I was, most of the time, wandering about the Saugor and Nerbudda Territories; and there, more than ever, my Pandits were my inseparable associates. But I fear they may be growing tedious. Oddities there were among them everywhere. At Benares, I read, for a while, with one who had a disagreeable habit of eructation. Belching I knew to be the high-polite Hindu method of testifying one's satisfaction at the end of feeding, when dining out; being, in elegant and economical combination, a returning of thanks to one's host and an airy sort of grace after meat. The Pandit did not, however, mess at my expense; and, consequently, his waste of flatulent thankfulness puzzled me. At last it came out that his sonorous explosions were unstudied. I named and advised a remedy for them, provided he knew of none. In reply, he gravely assured me that he had already lighted on the very ne plus ultra of carminatives; and this consisted in the reverent repetition, next the heart,—as our ancestors once phrased it, that is to say, fasting,—of the words *bahulam chhandasi*. And then, after his incurable fashion of flying off, on any the least provocation, at a pedantic tangent, he treated me to a lecture on the five physiological modifications of breath, *prâna*, *vyâna*, *apâna*, *samâna* and *udâna*. In explanation, the words which he recommended as so efficacious against wind are an aphorism from Pânini's Grammar, signifying that "manifold construction is permissible in the Vedas." The man, I ought to add, was not in the slightest degree a wag, and, exceptionally for a Pandit, had no more sense of the humorous than a Scotchman.

Another of my Pandits was very fond of singing, and long importuned me, before I yielded, to indulge him with leave to warble. He was very emphatic in asserting that he had a voice, and, after undergoing a sample of his vocalization, I needed no further evidence that he had, and pretty much such a one as might be predicated of most quadrupeds. Hindu music is, in truth, a fearful thing, being simply an alternation of roars, screams, croaks and squeaks; and the more volume there is of them, the finer is the music. Once, when present at the playing of a regimental band, on my asking a certain Raja which of the instruments he preferred, I was in no wise surprised at

* "Power is eight-fold: consisting in the faculty of shrinking into a minute form to which everything is pervious; or enlarging to a gigantic body; or assuming levity (rising along a sunbeam to the solar orb); or possessing unlimited reach of organs (as touching the moon with the tip of a finger); or irresistible will (for instance, sinking into the earth as easily as in water); dominion over all beings, animate or inanimate; faculty of changing the course of nature; ability to accomplish everything desired."—Colebrooke, *Miscellaneous Essays*, vol. 1, p. 250.

my majestatic friend's reply, "the base drum."

The most eccentric of all my Pandits I have reserved, to speak of in conclusion. This was a Jaina priest. The Jainas, as the reader may want to be told, are professed atheists; and their worship of no god at all is a very cumbrous piece of business. To them all manifestations of life are on a parity: to kill a mosquito, with malice aforethought, is as wicked as to slay a man; and even to kill one from carelessness or inattention is a sin of troublesome expiation. Some of their precautions to go through the world without committing murder are, as might be anticipated, sufficiently curious. For instance, my Jaina Pandit, or Jatin, who used to walk two miles to me, swept every inch of the way, where he was to put down his foot, with a light broom. Furthermore, out of mercy to vagrant flies, and such small deer, he wore, just under his nose, and falling over his mouth, a little apron, the strings of which were tied behind his ears. His time, when he was with me, was impartially divided between attending to my questions and looking out for and rescuing small insects in situations of peril. The life of a Jaina must, forsooth, be a sweet thing, as the ladies say. My Jatin was a repertory of most astonishing nonsense. In Sanskrit he was no mean adept; but he also had at his fingers' ends all the crazinesses of his fantastic religion and philosophy. Of Jainas there are two grand divisions, denominated with reference to the great vestiary question. One sect is the Çwetâmbara; the other, the Digambara. The Çwetâmbaras, or "clad in white," go decently dressed, and likewise carve the images of their saint, Pârsvanâtha, in drapery. The Digambaras, or "clad with the regions of space"—a nice oriental way of putting "naked"—patronize, in contradistinction, the simpler charms of nudity. My Jatin was great on the momentous importance of the fundamental principles by which these two classes of religionists are discriminated. He himself was a Çwetâmbara; and the very thought of Digambarism was an abomination to him. In the passion of his wrathful indignation, he went so far, on one occasion, as to declare to me that a Digambara could scarcely be more of a miscreant, if he believed in a god. But Jainas and their recondite distinctions are not things that we have yet learned to take any very deep interest in; and they might as well have been left, I apprehend, where I picked them up, in the wilds of Rajputana.

MY DAY IN THE WILDERNESS.

It was the morning of our eighth day in Ahwahne; and the next day we must go.

If it had been my birthday of my eightieth year in Ahwahne, I could not have clung to the valley more fondly. As I looked up to the dark line of firs on either side of the Great Fall, I pictured to myself the form of that six-year-old boy of the Ahwahnechee, who, when the white men entered the valley, was seen climbing, naked, like a wild chamois, on the glistening granite face of the rock-wall, midway between heaven and earth, to escape the enemy. A cruel man of his tribe lured him down and gave him captive to the white men, who christened him Reuben, put trowsers on him, and sent him to school. But just when they thought they had him tamed, he stole two horses and ran away, "to illustrate the folly of attempting to civilize the race," says the biographer of the poor Ahwahnechee; "to illustrate the spell of Ahwahne," say I. Swift on the stolen horses I know he rode back to Ahwahne, and finding it in the hands of white men, fled on to some still remoter walled valley, where he lives in a wigwam to-day.

"John Murphy, guide," as with quaint dignity he writes his name, stood near me, also looking up at the Fall.

"When you come back next year, 's ye say you're comin', but then folks never does come back when they say they will," said Murphy, "I'll hev a trail built right to the base o' thet upper fall."

"Why, Mr. Murphy, where will you put it?" I said, looking along the sheer gray wall three thousand feet high.

"There's plenty of places. I'll make it as broad 'n' easy a trail 's there is in this valley," said Murphy quietly; "'tain't half so steep as 'tis up Indian Canyon, where they've just finished a new trail this week; at least so they say; I hain't seen it."

"Up Indian Canyon," I exclaimed, for I knew where that lay; it was the next one to

the east of the Great Fall, and in one of the steepest parts of the valley. "Then why can I not go out of the valley that way, and strike across to Gentry's?"

Murphy hesitated.

"Well, ye might; an' 'twould be jest what you'd like; you could cross the Yo Semite Creek just above the Fall, an' go up on to Eagle Pint; an' the view from there is finer than 'tis from Sentinel Dome where I took ye yesterday. But ye see I mistrust whether the river ain't too high to ford."

What more could be needed to make one resolve to go? Boom-boom-boom, sounded the deep violoncello undertones of the Fall, thundering down from the sky, three thousand feet up. Ford that? Every drop of blood in one's veins took a bound at the thought.

All the Scotchman in Murphy demurred about the undertaking; but the woodsman and the sympathizing guide conquered.

"I'd like to hev ye see it first rate," he said, "but I want ye to understand before we set out, that I shan't cross if I think there's any resk."

This last with a determination of tone which was worthy of Cromwell.

In an hour all was ready, and, in spite of shaking heads and warning voices, we set out. In that short time the usual amount of conflicting testimony had been gathered as to the trail and the condition of the river. "The trail was finished;" "the trail was only half done;" "the river was much too high to be forded;" "a man had come across yesterday, without trouble."

"I expect ye'd kind o' hate to give up, an' come down into the valley agin?" said Murphy, inquiringly, as we rode out into the meadows.

"Mr. Murphy," I replied, "I shall not give up, and come down into the valley again. There must be some other way of getting across, higher up. Is there not?"

If Mr. Murphy perceived the truly feminine manner in which I defined my position, the delicious contrast between my first sentence and my last, he did not betray any consciousness of it, but answered with undisturbed gravity:

"Why, yes; there's the old Mono Trail, a good piece farther up the river. But I dunno 's you could ride so far's that. However, we don't know yet but what we can get over to the first ford." And Murphy relapsed into his customary thoughtful silence.

The meadow was dewy and sweet; through the lush grass and brakes we rode past red lilies, white azalias, columbines, and wild roses: after half an hour of this, we struck the new trail and began climbing the wall.

Almost at once, by the first two or three bends of the trail, we were lifted so high above the valley, that its walls seemed to round and close to the west, and the green meadow and its shining river sank, sank, like a malachite disk, slowly settling into place, at bottom. The trail was steeper than any we had seen. Even Murphy muttered disapprovingly at some of its grades, and jumped down and walked to make the climb easier for his old gray. On our left hand rose a granite wall, so straight that we could see but a little way up, so close that we had need to take care in turning corners not to be bruised by its sharp points, and so piled up in projecting and overlapping masses that, mountain as it was, it seemed as if it might topple at any second. On our right hand—space! nothing more; radiant, sunny, crisp, clear air: across it I looked over at the grand domes and pinnacles of the southern wall of Ahwahne; down through it I looked into the depths of Ahwahne; away from it I turned, dizzy, shuddering, and found the threatening rocks on the left friendly by contrast. Then, with impatience at my own weakness, I would turn my face toward the measureless space again, and compel myself to look over, and across, and out and down.

But it could not be borne for many minutes; even Murphy did not like it.

"I reckon this trail won't be much of a favorite," he said grimly; "'pears to me it's worse'n 't used to be gettin' up among the trees, on the Injun trail." We zigzagged so sharply that we seemed often to be merely doubling on our own track, with no perceptible gain, although each ascent was so steep that the horses had to stop for breath every two or three minutes. But to all my propositions to walk Murphy replied with firm denial.

"You'll be tired enough, come night, anyhow," he said, with a droll mixture of compassion and approbation in his voice: "you stay where ye be; that horse can do it well enough."

But he led his own more than half the way.

New flowers, and new ferns, that I had not found before in all Ahwahne, hung thick on the rocky wall, which, facing south, has sun all day, and can make the most of Ahwahne's short summers.

Every cleft was full of color or of nodding green. High in the very topmost crevices waved scarlet and blue blossoms like pennons, so far above our heads that we could see no shape, only the fluttering color; and

long sprays of yellow honeysuckle swept into our very faces again and again.

Suddenly, Murphy halted, and exclaimed: "I vow!"

Several other voices spoke at once, surprise and curiosity in their tones: a bend in the trail concealed the speakers. I hurried around it, and found myself facing four men working with pickaxes and spades on the trail. A small fire was burning on the rocks, and a big iron pot of coffee boiled and bubbled above it, exhaling delicious fragrance. The men leaned on their tools and looked at me. I looked at Murphy. Nobody spoke. This was the end of the new trail!

"I s'pose ye can get through well enough: the bushes are cut down," said one.

Murphy said something in a tone so low I could not hear; I fear it was not complimentary to my riding.

"Mr. Murphy," said I, "I would rather ride all day and all night in the woods than ride down this precipice again. Pray keep on. I can follow wherever you can go."

Murphy smiled pityingly at me, and went on talking with the men. Then he walked away with them for a few moments. When he came back, I read in his eyes that we were to go on.

"There's the old Injun trail," he said, "there ain't any trouble about the trail. The thing that stumps me, is the river; there don't none of these men think you can get over."

"But I'm goin' to get you through to Gentry's, somehow, before I sleep," added Murphy, with a new and delightful doggedness spreading over his face; and he sprang into his saddle, and pushed on. One of the men picked up his hatchet, and followed, saying:

"There's a bad piece just out yonder; I guess I'll fix a little for the lady."

The "piece" consisted simply of a brook, full of bowlders, water running like a mill-race, fallen trees and bent saplings, and tangled bushes all woven and interwoven above it. How we got over I do not know. Then the knight with the hatchet went back, and we began to pick our way up Indian Canyon. I could see no trail. All I knew was that Murphy was zigzagging along before me, on the steep side of the Canyon, through thickets of interlaced growths of all sorts, and over numberless little streams which were foaming across our track, and that I was following him.

"Don't try to guide the horse," he called back to me every few minutes. "He'll follow me, or pick out a better way for himself."

The "better way" resulted presently in a most surprising sensation. Lifting one forefoot after the other carefully, and setting them both down firmly on the farther side of a big fallen tree, my horse whisked his two hind-feet over at one jump, which nearly threw me over his head.

"You villain!" shouted Murphy, who happened to be looking back. "That's because he's gettin' tired; I'll look out and not lead ye over any more trees big enough to jump."

Many an extra half-mile did we ride before night by reason of this: it was hours before I could ride my horse at the smallest log without a sharp terror.

But Indian Canyon did not last long. Once at the head of it, we came out into magnificent spaces of forest; pines and firs from one hundred to three hundred feet high, all about us, and as far as we could see, and it seemed as if we could look off as far as upon an ocean, for the trunks rose straight, and bare, and branchless for fifty, sixty, eighty feet. The ground was indescribably soft, with piled layers of brown pine needles, and high-branching brakes, which bent noiselessly under our feet. In and out among the fallen trees, now to right, now to left, Murphy pushed on, through these trackless spaces, as unhesitatingly as on a turnpike.

Following a few paces behind, I fell into a silence as deep as his. I lost consciousness of everything except the pure animal delight of earth, and tree, and sky. I did not know how many hours had passed, when Murphy suddenly stopped, and said:

"You set as if you was getting tired. I reckon you'd better rest a spell here; an' I'll go down on foot to the river an' see if we can get across. You'll feel better, too, if you eat somethin'." And he looked at me a little anxiously.

It was past noon. Murphy was right: it was high time for rest and for lunch, but merely to leave the saddle was not rest. The intense realization of the grandeur and the solitude was only heightened as I sat all, all alone, in such silence as I never knew, in such space as I never felt. Murphy was not gone, he said, more than ten minutes, but in that ten minutes I lived the life of all hermits who have ever dwelt in desert or mountain.

As he came slowly towards me, I studied his face: Ford? or no ford?

I could not gather a gleam of indication, but one learns strange reticence with reticent people. I did not speak, only smiled: Murphy did not speak, only smiled, but shook

his head, and began at once to fasten the saddle-bags on his saddle again.

In a moment, though, he spoke. "No use. Couldn't get across there myself, nohow. I never see the river so high 't this time o' year."

Now what was to be done? The old Mono trail, of which Murphy had spoken, came up the other side of Indian Canyon, and struck the river four miles higher. We could not be many miles from that trail; but the finding it was a matter of luck and chance. We might strike off on the ridges along the river, in just the line to hit it. We might wander about for hours, and not find it. Then, again, when we had found it, and by it had reached the river, what if even there the river proved unfordable? This was Murphy's great point of perplexity, I could see.

"We should have hard work to get back to the valley again to-night," he said.

I shuddered at the thought of riding down that wall after dark. But I kept silence. I did not wish to seem to bias his decision. At last he burst out with—

"I'm blamed if I know what to do. I hate to give up an' go back 's bad 's you can. I can sleep well enough under a tree, if wust comes to wust, but I dunno 's 't's right to run any risk on't for you."

Sleeping under a tree, with brave, kind, old Murphy to keep a watch-fire burning, looked to me like paradise in comparison with riding down Indian Canyon at night.

"Mr. Murphy," said I, "you must decide. I myself would far rather ride all night, or sit all night under a tree, than go down that trail again. I am not in the least afraid of anything excepting that. But I promised to be guided by your judgment, and I will. I will turn right round now, and go back to the valley, if you say so. But you must decide. Do just what you really think best."

This I said because my whole heart was set on going to Gentry's by the Mono trail.

Murphy pulled out his watch. It was half-past one o'clock.

"I don't think we could be later 'n three, gettin' to the river," he said. "I'll do it! I'll resk it!"

"But I dunno 's now I'm doin' right," he added, as I clapped my hands and sprang up. I sat down again and looked at him reproachfully.

"Yes, yes, I'll resk it," he exclaimed. "I wan't agoin' back on myself, but I dunno 's I'm doin' right for all that."

After we were mounted, Murphy stood still for some minutes, looking carefully all around, taking his bearings. Then he rode off in a direction apparently at right angles to the river. Now I was to find out—I who had thought the trail up Indian Canyon well nigh impassable—what it is to ride where there is no trail. Over steep slopes, thick with bowlders and bushes, and no trace of a path—along rocky ledges, where loose stones rolled under the horses' feet at every step,—three times Murphy tried too near the river to get up to the Mono trail. At last he turned back and struck down into the leveler spaces of forest again. It began to seem as if we were riding round and round in circles; north and south, and east and west, seemed alike; it was hard to believe that Murphy had any plan, any instinct. Acre after acre of pine-forest, hill after hill of bowlders and bushes, valley after valley with threading streams at bottom, we crossed. Sometimes we came upon great fields of low berry-bearing bushes, under the majestic pines. There was something infinitely touching in the sight of these stores of tiny fruit for the feeble folk who live on wing and in nests in the wilderness. Clumps of the strange red snow-flower, too, we saw in the wildest and most desolate places. Surely there can be no flower on earth whose look so allies it to uncanny beings and powers. "Sarcodes sanguinea," the botanists have called it; I believe the spirits of the air know it by some other.

Imagine a red cone, from four to ten inches in height, and one to two in diameter, set firmly in the ground. It is not simply red, it is blood-red; deep and bright as drops from living veins. It is soft, flesh-like, and in the beginning shows simply a surface of small, close, lapping, sheath-like points, as a pine-cone does. These slowly open, beginning at the top, and as they fold back you see under each one a small flower, shaped like the flower of the Indian Pipe, and of similar pulpiness. This also is blood-red; but the centre of the cone, now revealed, is of a fleshy pinkish white; so also is the tiny, almost imperceptible stem which unites the flower to it. They grow sometimes in clumps, like the Indian Pipe, three or four in a clump, sometimes singly. As far off as one can see down the dim vistas of these pine-forests will gleam out the vivid scarlet of one of these superb uncanny flowers. When its time comes to die, it turns black, so that in its death, also, it looks like a fleshly thing linked to mysteries.

At last Murphy shouted triumphantly from ahead: "Here's the trail. Fetched it this

time; now keep up, sharp;" and he rode off down a steep and rocky hillside, at a rate which dismayed me. The trail was faint, but distinct: at times on broad opens, it spread out suddenly into thousands of narrow dusty furrows; these had been made by flocks of sheep driven through earlier in the season. From some of these broad opens were magnificent views of the high Sierras; we were six thousand feet high, but they were five and six and eight thousand feet higher still; their glistening white peaks looked like ice-needles, sharp, thick-set against the far blue sky; between us and them, a few miles off, to the left, lay the beautiful granite-walled, meadow-paved abyss of Ahwahne, but its narrow opening made no perceptible break in the grand surfaces of green and gray over which we looked to the horizon. It seemed long before we reached the river. At first sight of its gleam through the trees, Murphy drove his spurs into his horse, and galloped towards it. Slowly he rode up and down the bank, looking intently at the water. Then he turned and rode back to me. As before, I studied his reticent face in vain. But, when he began to speak, his eyes twinkled.

"It's runnin' pretty fast, but I can get ye over; I'll do it now, if I have to carry ye. But I'm goin' to ride over fust to see how the stones lay," and he plunged in. I had hard work to hold my horse back from following. Suddenly Murphy looked back and shouted, "Come on. 'Taint so deep 's I thought; come right on." For a second I shrank. Murphy was half across; the water was foaming high; I could see no bottom; Murphy's feet were thrown up by an inexplicable gymnastic twist, so that they were nearly on his horse's back, and nearly to his feet the water came; the current seemed to me swift enough to carry any living thing, man or horse, off his legs in a second. But shame made me bold, and I rode in. At the first gurgling rush of the water under me, and the first sway of my horse's body in it, I leaned forward, clutched his neck, shut my eyes, drew up my left foot, and tried not to think. It could not have been more than four or five minutes across, by the watch; but there are other measures of time than time. When I scrambled out dripping on the bank, Murphy sat on his horse looking at me kindly.

"Ye done that fust rate," he said, "an' now the sooner we push on the better."

I pleaded for five minutes' rest for the horses to nibble the low green grass which grew in the little bit of meadow at the ford. Poor things! it was half-past four o'clock; not a mouthful of food had they had since morning. For the last two hours mine had been snatching mouthfuls of every eatable and uneatable shrub we had passed.

But Murphy was inexorable. "'Twon't do them no good, the little bit they'd get, an' we've got considerable ridin' to do yet," he said.

"How far is it to Gentry's now?" said I.

"I dunno exactly," replied Murphy, Wise Murphy! "If we'd come out on Eagle Pint, where we calculated to, it 'ud ha' been about six miles from there to Gentry's. But it's some farther from here."

Some farther! into sunless, pathless woods, miles and miles of them,—out on bare plateaus, acres and acres of them,—down canyons, steep and ledged with bare rocks, or jungled with trees and bushes, down one side, over the stream at bottom, and up the other side, across three of them, led that Mono trail. And after the woods, and the plateaus, and the canyons, came more woods; "the last woods," said Murphy, and they did last. These were the great Tamarack Flats. Dense, dark, desolate; trees with black-seamed bark, straight and branchless, unloving and grim, up to the very tops; and even the tops did not seem to blend, though they shut out the sky. A strange ancient odor filled the air, as from centuries of distilling essence of resins, and mouldering dust of spices. Again, and again, and again, we were stopped by a fallen tree, which lay, barring our path for a hundred feet each way, and crossed again itself by other fallen trees, till we had to whirl and twine and ride up and down to get out of the corral. Then we would come to a huge snow-bank, nine, ten feet high, curiously dotted and marked over the whole surface, where rain-drops had pattered down, and pine-needles had fallen; around these also we had to ride, for they were too soft to bear the horses' weight.

After these circuits it was very hard to find the trail again, for there was no trace of it on the ground—only old blazes on the trees to indicate it.

Sometimes Murphy would tell me to wait where I was, and not stir, while he rode back and forth looking for a blaze on a tree. Sometimes I spied the blaze first; and then I felt a thrill of real backwoods achievement.

On one of the opens he suddenly halted, and, waiting for me to come up, pointed to a mark in the dust.

"There's something ye never see before, I reckon," he said.

It was a broad print in the dust, as if a mitten had been laid down heavily.

"That's the trail of a grizzly," exclaimed Murphy exultantly, "he was the last along this road."

A little further on he stopped again, and after leaning low from his horse and looking closely at the ground, called back to me:

"There's been a whole herd of deer along here, not but a very little while ago. I'd ha' liked it if you could ha' had a look at 'em."

Grizzlies, deer, and if there were any other wild creature there, I should have been glad to see them all. Murphy and I seemed to belong to the wilderness as much as they. I felt ready to meet my kin, and rather lonely that they were all out of the way. But I wished that they kept their house better lighted. It was fast growing dark; very dark very fast. It was already quite impossible for me to see the blazes on the trees; and Murphy had often to ride close up to a tree to make sure he was right. The blazes were old, and in many places almost the color of the rest of the tree. I could see that Murphy was anxious. He kept his horse at the fastest gait he thought I could follow, and said to me every now and then, "Ye must keep up 's well 's ye can. These woods is pretty dark."

My horse was a pacer, originally; but bad usage and old age had so robbed him of his gait, that the instant he moved quickly he became almost unendurable. It was neither pace, trot, nor run, but a capricious mixing of the three. Hunger and crossness now added to the irregularity of his motions, and it was simply impossible for me to bear more than a few minutes at a time of anything but a walk. I felt also a singular indifference to getting out of that wood. It was uncanny in its gloom and damp and chill; but I liked being there. Its innumerable and impenetrable black vistas had an indescribable fascination. And here and there, even in the darkest distances, gleamed out the vivid warmthless glow of the mysterious snow-plants; sometimes just in the edge of the snow-drifts; sometimes on the banks of inky brooks.

Very dark, very fast, it grew; Murphy rode pitilessly ahead, and I crept patiently along, keeping my eye on the ghostly winding white of his horse among the trees. Suddenly I saw a light to the left, and Murphy wheeling towards it. I hurried up. Never shall I forget the picture I saw. A smouldering fire, two evil-looking men crouching over it; their mules tied to a tree; and a third still more villainous-looking man leading up a third mule.

But Murphy hailed them with as cheery good fellowship as if they had been old friends.

"How far is it to Gentry's?"

"Five miles," said they sullenly.

"'Taint now," exclaimed Murphy, startled into a tone of real astonishment.

"Guess you'll think so before you get there: five *good* miles," said the man who was leading up the mule.

Murphy rode on without a word, but in a few moments he turned to me, and said, energetically:

"Ye must reely keep up smart now. I couldn't possibly follow this trail, if it was to get much darker," and he fairly galloped off; turning back, however, to say in a lower tone, "I shouldn't wonder if them men were runnin' a man off from jail."

Luckily, the last three miles of the five were on the high road. It had not seemed very long to me, though it was so dark that I could not have followed Murphy easily except for his being on a white horse; when he stopped and, waiting for me to come up, said, "I suppose 'twould surprise ye now if I was to tell you that the road is jest out yonder!"

"No, Mr. Murphy," I replied, "nothing could surprise me less."

"Well, here 'tis," he said, a little crest-fallen, "and our troubles are all over."

It had a friendlier look than the black wood, after all—the broad gray belt of distinct road. And then first I realized how very dark it had been. Even in the road it was real night.

Three miles now down to Gentry's, the very road over which, eight days before, we had rattled so furiously in the stage, going to Ahwahne.

I jumped off my horse; for five minutes I lay at full length on a mossy log.

"I thought ye'd have to own up to bein' some tired before ye was through with it," said Murphy, with more compassion in his voice than in his words. "I tell *you*, though, I couldn't ha' followed that trail half an hour longer. It ain't so dark yet 's its going to be."

Gayly we cantered up to Gentry's piazza. The lamps flared as the astonished landlord opened his door to see who came riding so late. It was almost nine o'clock; twelve hours and more I had been in my saddle.

"Do tell," and "ye don't say," were the ejaculations with which everybody received

the news of our having ridden out and from Ahwahne by Indian Canyon and the old Mono trail.

What a night's sleep it was, to be sure, which I took that night at Gentry's! and what genuine sympathy there was in dear old Murphy's voice, the next morning, when he came early to my door, for any orders to take down into the Valley! and I said: "Tell them I am not one whit tired, Mr. Murphy."

"Well, I'm reely glad," replied Murphy. "I was reely a'most afraid to ask ye."

When we bade Murphy good-bye the next day, we found it hard to make him take the small gift we meant as token of our friendship, and our appreciation of his kindness and faithfulness as guide. At last he consented, saying: "I've refused a great many times to take anythin' this way. But I'll tell ye what I shall do. When I get a place of my own, I shall jest put this money into some books, and write you folks' names in 'em to remember ye by."

But we are beforehand with him in the matter of names.

Here let his stand written, to remember him by:—

JOHN MURPHY:
Best of Guides in Most Wonderful of Valleys.

MY KNEE-BUCKLES.

A FONDNESS for the past is said to be one of the characteristics of advancing age. Thence I draw the conclusion that I am growing old, and that the flying years, gliding rapidly away for me as they did for Horace, bring the habits and amusements of the latter half of life.

These sage reflections are suggested by an old pair of knee-buckles which I found the other day whilst rummaging in a long-forgotten drawer. Sir Walter Scott, you will remember, when one day searching for some fishing-tackle in just such a repository of odds and ends, found the MS. of "Waverley." I have found this along with my knee-buckles! 'Tis doubtless a less brilliant prize than that secured by the good Sir Walter, but then it may possibly afford entertainment in an idle moment to some smiling old gentleman like myself!

My knee-buckles are odd old affairs, and I turn them over idly, scanning them with smiles on my portico in the pleasant summer sunshine. They are of silver, set round with "Bristol diamonds" as large as hazel-nuts. The silver is tarnished, and some of the brilliants have been knocked from their settings by the hammer of the grim lapidary Time; but this renders them all the more venerable. I amuse myself by comparing them to an aged gentleman who has lost some teeth, but talks so agreeably of old times that you do not miss them;—and my buckles talk to me a great deal as I muse. I happen to have heard the romance connected with some personages who flourished in their youth, and who wore them on state occasions; and perhaps this little romance, "unsensational" as it is, may interest you.

It goes back to and dates from a time when things were different from the present; and this difference was, I think, shown most clearly in the matter of dress. To-day we have toned down to a distressing uniformity; so that whether the traveling companion you encounter be a preacher or a politician, a broker or a poet, a painter or a prize-fighter—all dress alike. When these knee-buckles were young there was none of this uniformity, which is agreeable possibly to republican ideas of equality, but kills the picturesque. And let us stop to say that the old picturesque style of living and looking still existed in the first days of the Republic. His Excellency, George Washington, President of the United States, for instance, was, I am very much afraid, what would be called in these more critical days an "aristocrat"—at least in his habits, costume, and mode of living. He rolled grandly in his coach and four, with servants in livery; stood in his large reception room—to receive the gentlemen of the Congress—dressed in a velvet coat and knee-breeches, with knee-buckles, silk stockings, immense ruffles and a handsome dress-sword; and his head was covered with powder. He bowed in a lofty way, and everything was perfectly stiff and imposing! Another reference to those old days and their habitudes: here is a paragraph I read the other day: "Governor Hancock, in 1782, received his guests in a red velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen turned up over the edge of the velvet one or two inches. He wore a blue

damask gown lined with silk, a white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small-clothes, white silk stockings, and red morocco slippers." And even then he was obviously not in full dress! Think of it, friends and fellow-citizens of to-day, in your brown sack-coats; think of this gorgeous Excellency in red velvet, blue damask, white satin, and red morocco; a bird-of-paradise lighting up with his variegated plumage the far-off Massachusetts past!

The worthy reader is solicited to pardon this long digression.

I come back to my knee-buckles, and fall to musing on the scenes and personages they have witnessed. They belonged to the Governor of the Bermuda Islands, and were worn by him on occasions of ceremony; afterwards they were the property of a young gentleman, from whom they have descended to their present owner. This young gentleman was an American, who, during the Revolutionary war, was captured by the British and taken to Bermuda. Here he was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance and secure the friendship of Governor ——, who is said to have been a sympathizer with the Colonies in their struggle; and His Excellency received him into his house, treated him with great attention and kindness, and—gave him his own knee-buckles! This present was no doubt intended to be in honor of a "festive occasion." The young American had been recaptured on his arrival at Bermuda. The beautiful young daughter of His Excellency —she must have been beautiful if her miniature is a likeness, or even the portrait of her taken at seventy—enslaved the prisoner; sent away a crowd of young British naval officers, one of whom, in the violence of his rage and despair, is said to have cut off one of his fingers, with the ring upon it, *and dispatched both to the young lady in a letter!*—and then the prisoner and the little beauty were married, returned to America, lived in an old house not far from the Potomac—and hence the presence on Virginia soil of my knee-buckles. The legend of the amputated finger always excited in me a perverse sort of amusement. Not that I laugh at the unlucky young naval gentleman who could find no better use for his fingers than to cut them off and send them to his sweetheart; but that the idea was comic in connection with the most pious and venerable lady who taught the writer of these lines, in early years, that his name was "N. or M." A person of greater mildness, sweetness and dignity I have never seen; the stateliest of heads with the most cordial and gentle smile upon the lips. And this was the heroine of that extravaganza of the old Bermuda days! Such the change which comes over us between seventeen and seventy!

Musing upon this comedy, I go back in thought to the Bermuda Isles, and live there for a time in that domain of sunshine. It is a land of the tropics—this group of fairy isles, where the orange-tree blooms, and is weighed down with its golden fruit; where the whole year is spring, and the blue waves, rolling to the green fields dotted here and there with snow-white country-seats, are stirred into silver ripples by no breezes stronger than the sweet south wind. The *dolce far niente* reigns there, and Ariel and Caliban are met with still on the sea-shore in the glimpses of the moon! So the poetry of the place and clime went into the young hearts of the prisoner and the maiden; there was a great wedding at "Tankfield," with fiddling and dancing, doubtless; His Excellency, in ruffles, powder, and my knee-buckles, gave away the bride; and the little beauty, opening her wings, passed over the ocean like a sea-bird to the sunset-land.

This, may it please you, gentle reader, is the history of my knee-buckles, which are not of much value as gems, none at all as articles of personal adornment, and are useful only to arouse such idle dreams as I have indulged in—if there be any use in such. I stop dreaming at last, and look at the old affairs, and address a few observations to them as though they were intelligent beings. At present, venerable friends—I say—I have no use for you. You are no longer in fashion, and to be out of fashion is said to be equivalent to being out of the world. If I were to substitute silk stockings for the garment now worn upon that portion of my person, and affix *you*, O friends, to my knees, I can fancy the sensation I should produce among the *censores morum*, the critics, the *gamins*, and the rest. No, no, worthy knee-buckles!—I respect you, am attached to you, will gossip about you, and recall your past glories; but I will not wear you, any more than I will wear the costume of half a century since which I have up-stairs, or powder my hair, or venture on ruffles: I shall continue to wear inoffensive sack-coats, and cut my hair very short, and earnestly strive not to differ from other people. If it becomes the fashion, I propose to enter a bag with convenient holes for the feet and arms, shave my head, and conform myself in all things to the habits of my neighbors.

All that old nonsense of costume, fine courtesy of bearing, low inclinations, and suave tones is done with, I fear—the old times are dead. And yet they were pleasant, hearty, picturesque and honest old times—when my knee-buckles clasped the stalwart knees of the portly old host of the poor young prisoner—when the mirrors of "Tankfield" reflected the fine pageant of a brilliant, hospitable, excellent race of people assembled to greet with smiles the young bridegroom and his bride.

All are gone now, and yet in dreams, as it were, some of the old sunshine comes back. The orange blooms and the blue waves murmur as they did in the past, around the green isles set like gems in the ocean.

I see all plain in the polished surfaces of the Bristol diamonds of my old knee-buckles!

FRED TROVER'S LITTLE IRON-CLAD.

DIDN'T I ever tell you the story? Is it possible! Draw up your chair. Stick of wood, Harry. Smoke?

You've heard of my Uncle Popworth, though. Why, yes! You've seen him;—the eminently respectable elderly gentleman who came one day last summer just as you were going; book under his arm, you remember; weed on his hat; dry smile on bland countenance; tall, lank individual in very seedy black. With him my tale begins; for if I had never indulged in an Uncle Popworth I should never have sported an Iron-Clad.

Quite right, sir; his arrival *was* a surprise to me. To know how great a surprise, you must understand why I left city, friends, business, and settled down in this quiet village. It was chiefly, sir, to escape the fascinations of that worthy old gentleman that I bought this place, and took refuge here with my wife and little ones. Here we had respite, respite and nepenthe from our memories of Uncle Popworth; here we used to sit down in the evening and talk of the past with grateful and tranquil emotions, as people speak of awful things endured in days that are no more. To us the height of human happiness was raising green corn and strawberries, in a retired neighborhood where uncles were unknown. But, sir, when that Phantom, that Vampire, that Fate, loomed before my vision that day, if you had said, "Trover, I'll give ye sixpence for this neat little box of yours," I should have said, "Done!" with the trifling proviso that you should take my uncle in the bargain.

The matter with him? What indeed could invest human flesh with such terrors,—what but this? he was—he is—let me shriek it in your ear—a bore—a BORE! of the most malignant type; an intolerable, terrible, unmitigated BORE!

That book under his arm was a volume of his own sermons;—nine hundred and ninety-nine octavo pages, O Heaven! It wasn't enough for him to preach and re-preach those appalling discourses, but then the ruthless man must go and print 'em! When I consider what booksellers—worthy men, no doubt, many of them, deserving well of their kind—he must have talked nearly into a state of syncope before ever he found one to give way, in a moment of weakness, of utter exhaustion and despair, and consent to publish him; and when I reflect what numbers of inoffensive persons, in the quiet walks of life, have been made to suffer the infliction of that Bore's Own Book, I pause, I stand aghast at the inscrutability of Divine Providence.

Don't think me profane, and don't for a moment imagine I underrate the function of the preacher. There's nothing better than a good sermon,—one that puts new life into you. But what of a sermon that takes life out of you? instead of a spiritual fountain, a spiritual sponge that absorbs your powers of body and soul, so that the longer you listen the more you are impoverished? A merely poor sermon isn't so bad; you will find, if you are the right kind of a hearer, that it will suggest something better than itself; a good hen will lay to a bit of earthen. But the discourse of your ministerial vampire, fastening by some mystical process upon the hearer who has life of his own,—though not every one has that,—sucks and sucks and sucks; and he is exhausted while the preacher is refreshed. So it happens that your born bore is never weary of his own boring; he thrives upon it; while he seems to be giving, he is mysteriously taking in—he is drinking your blood.

But you say nobody is obliged to *read* a sermon. O my unsophisticated friend! if a man will put his thoughts—or his words, if thoughts are lacking—between covers,—

spread his banquet, and respectfully invite Public Taste to partake of it, Public Taste being free to decline, then your observation is sound. If an author quietly buries himself in his book,—very good! hic jacet; peace to his ashes!

"The times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,"

as Macbeth observes, with some confusion of syntax, excusable in a person of his circumstances. Now, suppose they—or he—the man whose brains are out—goes about with his coffin under his arm, like my worthy uncle? and suppose he blandly, politely, relentlessly insists upon reading to you, out of that octavo sarcophagus, passages which in his opinion prove that he is not only not dead, but immortal? If such a man be a stranger, snub him; if a casual acquaintance, met in an evil hour, there is still hope,—doors have locks, and there are two sides to a street, and nearsightedness is a blessing, and (as a last resort) buttons may be sacrificed (you remember Lamb's story of Coleridge), and left in the clutch of the fatal fingers. But one of your own kindred, and very respectable, adding the claim of misfortune to his other claims upon you,—pachydermatous to slights, smilingly persuasive, gently persistent,—as imperturbable as a ship's wooden figure-head through all the ups and downs of the voyage of life, and as insensible to cold water;—in short, an uncle like my uncle, whom there was no getting rid of;—what the deuce would you do?

Exactly; run away as I did. There was nothing else to be done, unless, indeed, I had throttled the old gentleman; in which case I am confident that one of our modern model juries would have brought in the popular verdict of justifiable insanity. But, being a peaceable man, I was averse to extreme measures. So I did the next best thing,—consulted my wife, and retired to this village.

Then consider the shock to my feelings when I looked up that day and saw the enemy of our peace stalking into our little Paradise with his book under his arm and his carpet-bag in his hand! coming with his sermons and his shirts, prepared to stay a week, that is to say a year, that is to say forever, if we would suffer him,—and how was he to be hindered by any desperate measures short of burning the house down?

"My dear nephew!" says he, striding toward me with eager steps, as you perhaps remember, smiling his eternally dry, leathery smile,—"Nephew Frederick!"—and he held out both hands to me, book in one and bag in t'other,—"I am rejoiced! One would almost think you had tried to hide away from your old uncle! for I've been three days hunting you up. And how is Dolly? she ought to be glad to see me, after all the trouble I've had in finding you! And, Nephew Frederick!—h'm!—can you lend me three dollars for the hackman? for I don't happen to have—thank you! I should have been saved this if you had only known I was stopping last night at a public house in the next village, for I know how delighted you would have been to drive over and fetch me!"

If you were not already out of hearing, you may have noticed that I made no reply to this affecting speech. The old gentleman has grown quite deaf of late years,—an infirmity which was once a source of untold misery to his friends, to whom he was constantly appealing for their opinions, which they were obliged to shout in his ear. But now, happily, the world has about ceased responding to him, and he has almost ceased to expect responses from the world. He just catches your eye, and, when he says, "Don't you think so, sir?" or, "What is your opinion, sir?" an approving nod does your business.

The hackman paid, my dear uncle accompanied me to the house, unfolding the catalogue of his woes by the way. For he is one of those worthy, unoffending persons, whom an ungrateful world jostles and tramples upon,—whom unmerciful disaster follows fast and follows faster. In his younger days, he was settled over I don't know how many different parishes; but secret enmity pursued him everywhere, poisoning the parochial mind against him, and driving him relentlessly from place to place. Then he relapsed into agencies, and went through a long list of them, each terminating in flat failure, to his ever-recurring surprise,—the simple old soul never suspecting, to this day, who his one great, tireless, terrible enemy is!

I got him into the library, and went to talk over this unexpected visit—or visitation—with Dolly. She bore up under it more cheerfully than could have been expected,—suppressed a sigh,—and said she would go down and meet him. She received him with a hospitable smile (I verily believe that more of the world's hypocrisy proceeds from too much good-nature than from too little), and listened patiently to his explanations.

"You will observe that I have brought my

bag," says he, "for I knew you wouldn't let me off for a day or two,—though I must positively leave in a week,—in two weeks, at the latest. I have brought my volume, too, for I am contemplating a new edition" (he is always contemplating a new edition, making that a pretext for lugging the book about with him), "and I wish to enjoy the advantages of your and Frederick's criticism;—I anticipate some good, comfortable, old-time talks over the old book, Frederick!"

We had invited some village friends to come in and eat strawberries and cream with us that afternoon; and the question arose, what should be done with the old gentleman? Harry, who is a lad of a rather lively fancy, coming in while we were taking advantage of his great uncle's deafness to discuss the subject in his presence, proposed a pleasant expedient. "Trot him out into the cornfield, introduce him to the scarecrow, and let him talk to that," says he, grinning up into the visitor's face, who grinned down at him, no doubt thinking what a wonderfully charming boy he was! If he were as blind as he is deaf, he might have been disposed of very comfortably in some such ingenious way;—the scarecrow, or any other lay figure, might have served to engage him in one of his immortal monologues. As it was, the suggestion bore fruit later, as you will see.

While we were consulting—keeping up our scattering fire of small-arms under the old talker's heavy guns—our parish minister called,—old Doctor Wortleby, for whom we have a great liking and respect. Of course we had to introduce him to Uncle Popworth,—for they met face to face; and of course Uncle Popworth fastened at once upon the brother clergyman. Being my guest, Wortleby could do no less than listen to Popworth, who is my uncle. He listened with interest and sympathy for the first half-hour; and then continued listening for another half-hour, after his interest and sympathy were exhausted. Then, attempting to go, he got his hat, and sat with it in his hand half an hour longer. Then he stood half an hour on his poor old gouty feet, desperately edging toward the door.

"Ah, certainly," says he, with a weary smile, repeatedly endeavoring to break the spell that bound him. "I shall be most happy to hear the conclusion of your remarks at some future time" (even ministers can lie out of politeness); "but just now—"

"One word more, and I am done," cries my Uncle Popworth, for the fiftieth time; and Wortleby, in despair, sat down again.

Then our friends arrived.

Dolly and I, who had all the while been benevolently wishing Wortleby would go, and trying to help him off, now selfishly hoped he would remain and share our entertainment—and our Uncle Popworth.

"I ought to have gone two hours ago," he said, with a plaintive smile, in reply to our invitation; "but, really, I am feeling the need of a cup of tea" (and no wonder!) "and I think I will stay."

We cruelly wished that he might continue to engage my uncle in conversation; but that would have been too much to hope from the sublime endurance of a martyr,—if ever there was one more patient than he. Seeing the Lintons and the Greggs arrive, he craftily awaited his opportunity, and slipped off, to give them a turn on the gridiron. First Linton was secured; and you should have seen him roll his mute, appealing orbs, as he settled helplessly down under the infliction. Suddenly he made a dash. "I am ignorant of these matters," said he; "but Gregg understands them;—Gregg will talk with you." But Gregg took refuge behind the ladies. The ladies, receiving a hint from poor distressed Dolly, scattered. But no artifice availed against the dreadful man. Piazza, parlor, garden,—he ranged everywhere, and was sure to seize a victim.

At last tea was ready, and we all went in. The Lintons and Greggs are people of the world, who would hardly have cared to wait for a blessing on such lovely heaps of strawberries and mugs of cream as they saw before them; but, there being two clergymen at the table, the ceremony was evidently expected. We were placidly seated; there was a hush, agreeably filled with the fragrance of the delicious fruit: even my uncle Popworth, from long habit, turned off his talk at that suggestive moment: when I did what I thought a shrewd thing. I knew too well my relative's long-windedness at his devotions, as at everything else (I wonder if Heaven itself isn't bored by such fellows!)—I had suffered, I had seen my guests suffer, too much from him already,—to think of deliberately yielding him a fearful advantage over us; so I coolly passed him by, and gave an expressive nod to the old Doctor.

Wortleby began; and I was congratulating myself on my adroit management of a delicate matter, when—conceive my consternation!—Popworth—not to speak it profanely—followed suit! The reverend egotist couldn't take in the possibility of anybody but himself being invited to say grace at our

table, he being present;—he hadn't noticed my nod to the Doctor, and the Doctor's low, earnest voice didn't reach him;—and there, with one blessing going on one side of the table, he, as I said, pitched in on the other! His eyes shut, his hands spread over his plate, his elbows on the board, his head bowed, he took care that grace should abound with us for once! His mill started, I knew there was no stopping it, and I hoped Wortleby would desist. But he didn't know his man. He seemed to feel that he had the stroke-oar, and he pulled away manfully. As Popworth lifted up his loud, nasal voice, the old Doctor raised his voice, in the vain hope, I suppose, of making himself heard by his lusty competitor. If you have never had two blessings running opposition at your table, in the presence of invited guests, you can never imagine how astounding, how killingly ludicrous it was! I felt that both Linton and Gregg were ready to tumble over, each in an apoplexy of suppressed emotions; while I had recourse to my handkerchief to hide my tears. At length, poor Wortleby yielded to fate,—withdrew from the unequal contest,—hauled off—for repairs; and the old seventy-two gun-ship thundered away in triumph.

At last (as there must be an end to everything under the sun) my uncle came to a close; and a moment of awful silence ensued, during which no man durst look at another. But in my weak and jelly-like condition I ventured a glance at him, and noticed that he looked up and around with an air of satisfaction at having performed a solemn duty in a becoming manner, blissfully unconscious of having run a poor brother off the track. Seeing us all with moist eyes and much affected,—two or three handkerchiefs still going,—he no doubt flattered himself that the pathetic touches in his prayer had told.

This will give you some idea of the kind of man we had on our hands; and I won't risk making myself as great a bore as he is, by attempting a history of his stay with us; for I remember I set out to tell you about my little Iron-Clad. I'm coming to that.

Suffice it to say, he staid—he *staid*—he STAID!—five mortal weeks; refusing to take hints when they almost became kicks; driving our friends from us, and ourselves almost to distraction; his misfortunes alone protecting him from a prompt and vigorous elimination: when a happy chance helped me to a solution of this awful problem of destiny.

More than once I had recalled Harry's vivacious suggestion of the scarecrow—if one could only have been invented that would sit composedly in a chair and nod when spoken to! I was wishing for some such automaton, to bear the brunt of the boring with which we were afflicted, when one day there came a little man into the garden, where I had taken refuge.

He was a short, swarthy, foreign-looking, diminutive, stiff, rather comical fellow,—little figure mostly head, little head mostly face, little face mostly nose, which was by no means little—a sort of human vegetable (to my horticultural eye) running marvelously to seed in that organ. The first thing I saw, on looking up at the sound of footsteps, was the said nose coming toward me, among the sweet-corn tassels. Nose of a decidedly Hebraic cast,—the bearer respectably dressed, though his linen had an unwholesome sallowness, and his cloth a shiny, much-brushed, second-hand appearance.

Without a word he walks up to me, bows solemnly, and pulls from his pocket (I thought he was laying his hand on his heart) the familiar, much-worn weapon of his class,—the folded, torn yellow paper, ready to fall to pieces as you open it,—in short, the respectable beggar's certificate of character. With another bow (which gave his nose the aspect of the beak of a bird of prey making a pick at me) he handed the document. I found that it was dated in Milwaukee, and signed by the mayor of that city, two physicians, three clergymen, and an editor, who bore united testimony to the fact that Jacob Menzel—I think that was his name—the bearer, any way,—was a deaf mute, and, considering that fact, a prodigy of learning, being master of no less than five different languages (a pathetic circumstance, considering that he was unable to speak one); moreover, that he was a converted Jew; and, furthermore, a native of Germany, who had come to this country in company with two brothers, both of whom had died of cholera in St. Louis in one day; in consequence of which affliction, and his recent conversion, he was now anxious to return to Fatherland, where he proposed to devote his life to the conversion of his brethren;—the upshot of all which was that good Christians and charitable souls everywhere were earnestly recommended to aid the said Jacob Menzel in his pious undertaking.

I was fumbling in my pocket for a little change wherewith to dismiss him,—for that is usually the easiest way of getting off your premises and your conscience the applicant for "aid," who is probably an impostor, yet possibly not,—when my eye caught the words (for I still held the document), "would

be glad of any employment which may help to pay his way." The idea of finding employment for a man of such a large nose and little body, such extensive knowledge and diminutive legs—who had mastered five languages yet could not speak or understand a word of any one of them,—struck me as rather pleasant, to say the least; yet, after a moment's reflection,—wasn't he the very thing I wanted, the manikin, the target for my uncle?

Meanwhile he was scribbling rapidly on a small slate he had taken from his pocket. With another bow (as if he had written something wrong and was going to wipe it out with his nose), he handed me the slate, on which I found written in a neat hand half-a-dozen lines in as many different languages,—English, Latin, Hebrew, German, French, Greek,—each, as far as I could make out, conveying the cheerful information that he could communicate with me in that particular tongue. I tried him in English, French, and Latin, and I must acknowledge that he stood the test; he then tried me in Greek and Hebrew, and I as freely confess that I didn't stand the test. He smiled intelligently, nodded, and condescendingly returned to the English tongue, writing quickly,—"I am a poor exile from Fatherland, and I much need friends."

I wrote: "You wish employment?" He replied: "I shall be much oblige for any service I shall be capable to do,"—and passed me the slate with a hopeful smile.

"What can you do?" I asked. He answered, "I copy the manuscripts, I translate from the one language to others with some perfect exactitude, I arrange the libraries, I make the catalogues, I am capable to be any secretary." And he looked up as if he saw in my eyes a vast vista of catalogues, manuscripts, libraries, and Fatherland at the end of it.

"How would you like to be companion to a literary man?" I inquired.

He nodded expressively, and wrote: "I should that like overall. But I speak and hear not."

"No matter," I replied. "You will only have to sit and appear to listen, and nod occasionally."

"You shall be the gentleman?" he asked, with a bright, pleased look.

I explained to him that the gentleman was an unfortunate connection of my family, whom we could not regard as being quite in his right mind.

Jacob Menzel smiled, and touched his forehead interrogatively.

I nodded, adding on the slate,—"He is perfectly harmless; but he can only be kept quiet by having some person to talk and read to. He will talk and read to you. He must not know you are deaf. He is very deaf himself, and will not expect you to reply." And, for a person wishing a light and easy employment, I recommended the situation.

He wrote at once, "How much you pay?"

"One dollar a day, and board you," I replied.

He of the nose nodded eagerly at that, and wrote, "Also you make to be washed my shirt?"

I agreed; and the bargain was closed. I got him into the house, and gave him a bath, a clean shirt, and complete instructions how to act.

The gravity with which he entered upon the situation was astonishing. He didn't seem to taste the slightest flavor of a joke in it all. It was a simple matter of business; he saw in it only money and Fatherland.

Meanwhile I explained my intentions to Dolly, saying in great glee: "His deafness is his defense: the old three-decker may bang away at him; he is IRON-CLAD!" And that suggested the name we have called him by ever since.

When he was ready for action, I took him in tow, and ran him in to draw the Popworth's fire—in other words, introduced him to my uncle in the library. The meeting of my tall, lank relative and the big-nosed little Jew was a spectacle to cure a hypochondriac! "Mr. Jacob Menzel—gentleman from Germany—traveling in this country," I yelled in the old fellow's ear. He of the diminutive legs and stupendous nose bowed with perfect decorum, and seated himself, stiff and erect, in the big chair I placed for him. The aruncular countenance lighted up: here were fresh woods and pastures new to that ancient shepherd. As for myself, I was well-nigh strangled by a cough which just then seized me, and obliged to retreat,—for I never was much of an actor, and the comedy of that first interview was overpowering.

As I passed the dining-room door, Dolly, who was behind it, gave my arm a fearful pinch, that answered, I suppose, in place of a scream, as a safety-valve for her hysterical emotions. "O you cruel man—you miserable humbug!" says she; and went off into convulsions of laughter. The door was open, and we could see and hear everything.

"You are traveling, h'm?" says my uncle. The nose nodded duly. "H'm! I have traveled, myself," the old gentleman proceeded; "my life has been one of vicissitudes, h'm! I have journeyed, I have preached, I have published;—perhaps you have heard of my literary venture,"—and over went the big volume to the little man, who took it, turned the leaves, and nodded and smiled, according to instructions.

"You are very kind to say so; thank you!" says my uncle, rubbing his husky hands with satisfaction. "Rejoiced to meet with you, truly! It is always a gratification to have an intelligent and sympathizing brother to open one's mind to; it is especially refreshing to me, for, as I may say without egotism, my life and labors have *not* been appreciated."

From that the old interminable story took its start and flowed on, the faithful nose nodding assent at every turn in that winding stream.

The children came in for their share of the fun; and for the first time in our lives we took pleasure in the old gentleman's narration of his varied experiences.

"O hear him! see him go it!" said Robbie. "What a nose!"

"Long may it wave!" said Harry.

With other remarks of a like genial nature; while there they sat, the two,—my uncle on one side, long, lathy, self-satisfied, gesticulating, earnestly laying his case before a grave jury of one, whom he was bound to convince, if time would allow; my little Jew facing him, upright in his chair, stiff, imperturbable, devoted to business, honorably earning his money, the nose in the air, immovable, except when it played duly up and down at fitting intervals: in which edifying employment I left them, and went about my business, a cheerier man.

Ah, what a relief it was to feel myself free for a season from the attacks of the enemy—to know that my plucky little Iron-Clad was engaging him! In an hour I passed through the hall again, heard the loud blatant voice still discoursing (it had got as far as the difficulties with the second parish), and saw the unflinching nasal organ perform its graceful see-saw of assent. An hour later it was the same,—except that the speaker had arrived at the persecutions which drove him from parish number three. When I went to call them to dinner, the scene had changed a little, for now the old gentleman, pounding the table for a pulpit, was reading aloud passages from a powerful farewell sermon preached to his ungrateful parishioners. I was sorry I couldn't give my man a hint to use his handkerchief at the affecting periods, for the nose can hardly be called a sympathetic feature (unless indeed you blow it), and these nods were becoming rather too mechanical, except when the old gentleman switched off on the argumentative track, as he frequently did. "What think you of that?" he would pause in his reading to inquire. "Isn't that logic? isn't that unanswerable?" In responding to which appeals nobody could have done better than my serious, my devoted, my lovely little Jew.

"Dinner!" I shouted over my uncle's dickey. It was almost the only word that had the magic in it to rouse him from the feast of reason which his own conversation was to him. It was always easy to head him toward the dining-room—to steer him into port for necessary supplies. The little Iron-Clad followed in his wake. At table, the old gentleman resumed the account of his dealings with parish number three, and got on as far as negotiations with number four; occasionally stopping to eat his soup or roast-beef very fast; at which times Jacob Menzel, who was very much absorbed in his dinner, but never permitted himself to neglect business for pleasure, paused at the proper intervals, with his spoon or fork half-way to his mouth, and nodded,—just as if my uncle had been speaking,—yielding assent to his last remarks after mature consideration, no doubt the old gentleman thought.

The fun of the thing wore off after a while, and then we experienced the solid advantages of having an Iron-Clad in the house. Afternoon—evening—the next day—my little man of business performed his function promptly and assiduously. But in the afternoon of the second day he began to change perceptibly. He wore an aspect of languor and melancholy that alarmed me. The next morning he was pale, and went to his work with an air of sorrowful resignation.

"He is thinking of Fatherland," said the sympathizing Dolly; while Harry's less refined but more sprightly comment was, that the nose had about played out.

Indeed it had almost ceased to wave; and I feared that I was about to lose a most valuable servant, whose place it would be impossible to fill. Accordingly I wrote on a slip of paper, which I sent in to him,—

"You have done well, and I raise your salary to a dollar and a quarter a day. Your influence over our unfortunate relative is soothing and beneficial. Go on as you have begun,—continue in well-doing, and merit the lasting gratitude of an afflicted family."

That seemed to cheer him a little—to wind him up, as Harry said, and set the pendulum swinging again. But it was not long before the listlessness and low spirits returned; Menzel showed a sad tendency to shirk his duty; and before noon there came a crash.

I was in the garden, when I heard a shriek of rage and despair, and saw the little Jew coming toward me with frantic gestures.

"I yielt! I abandone! I take my moneys and my shirt, and I go!" says he.

I stood in perfect astonishment at hearing the dumb speak; while he threw his arms wildly above his head, exclaiming:

"I am not teaf! I am not teaf! I am not teaf! He is one terreeble mon! He vill haf my life! So I go—I fly—I take my moneys and my shirt—I leafe him, I leafe your house! I vould earn honest living, but—Gott im himmel! dieu des dieux! all de devils!" he shrieked, mixing up several of his languages at once, in his violent mental agitation.

"Jacob Menzel!" said I, solemnly, "I little thought I was having to do with an impostor!"

"If I haf you deceive, I haf myself more dan punish!" was his reply. "Now I resign de position. I ask for de moneys and de shirt, and I part!"

Just then my uncle came up, amazed at his new friend's sudden revolt and flight, and anxious to finish up with his seventh parish.

"I vill hear no more of your six, of your seven,—I know not how many parish!" screamed the furious little Jew, turning on him.

"What means all this?" said my bewildered uncle.

"I tell you vat means it all!" the vindictive little impostor, tiptoeing up to him, yelled at his cheek. "I make not vell my affairs in your country; I vould return to Faderland; for conwenience I carry dis pappeer. I come here; I am suppose teaf; I accept de position to be your companion, for if a man hear, you kill him tead soon vid your book and your ten, twenty parish! I hear! you kill me! and I go!"

And, having obtained his moneys and his shirt, he went. That is the last I ever saw of my little Iron-Clad. I remember him with gratitude, for he did me good service, and he had but one fault, namely, that he was *not* iron-clad!

As for my uncle, for the first time in his life, I think, he said never a word, but stalked into the house. Dolly soon came running out to ask what was the matter: Popworth was actually packing his carpet-bag! I called Andrew, and ordered him to be in readiness with the buggy to take the old gentleman over to the railroad.

"What! going?" I cried, as my uncle presently appeared, bearing his book and his baggage.

"Nephew Frederick!" said he, "after this treatment, can you ask me if I am going?"

"Really," I shouted, "it is not my fault that the fellow proved an impostor. I employed him with the best intentions, for your—and our—good!"

"Nephew Frederick," said he, "this is insufferable; you will regret it! I shall never—NEVER" (as if he had been pronouncing my doom)—"accept of your hospitalities again!"

He did, however, accept some money which I offered him, and likewise a seat in the buggy. I watched his departure with joy and terror,—for at any moment he might relent and stay; nor was I at ease in my mind until I saw Andrew come riding back alone.

We have never seen the old gentleman since. But last winter I received a letter from him: he wrote in a forgiving tone, to inform me that he had been appointed chaplain in a prison, and to ask for a loan of money to buy a suit of clothes. I sent him fifty dollars and my congratulations. I consider him eminently qualified to fill the new situation. As a hardship, he can't be beat; and what are the rogues sent to prison for, but to suffer punishment?

Yes, it would be a joke if my little Iron-Clad should end his career of imposture in that public institution, and sit once more under my excellent uncle! But I can't wish him any such misfortune. His mission to us was one of mercy. The place has been Paradise again, ever since his visit.

MODERN HOTELS.

In tracing the rise and progress of houses of entertainment for the public, from the Alehouse of the obscure country village, the Public House of a provincial market-town, the Stage Tavern of the great mail-route, and the dignified city Inn, up to the complicated and comprehensive thousand-guest caravansary known as the Modern Hotel, one would scarcely expect to be brought up short and square by the invention of gunpowder and the consequent downfall of the Feudal system. But it is perfectly certain that, previous to the distribution of land among many small holders, the conditions of society required nothing answering to Inns. When a great man traveled, he expected to be entertained with stateliest pomp and ceremony at some friendly Castle; the poor man found food and shelter in the Monastery of his locality; and the exercise of this free, unrewarded hospitality was one of the prime stipulations in the grants for the various monkish "foundations."

New times demand new customs. The castles were dismantled, the monasteries were suppressed, and the independent landholder was obliged to look out for himself. Every considerable place soon had its alehouse, which drew about it the idle, the curious, those whose homes were uninviting, or whose social tastes refused to be denied; and here, under the mellowing influence of pipe and tankard, the village oracle grew garrulous, if not eloquent and instructive.

The introduction of regular mail-coaches marked another era in producing the well-appointed and well-served country inn. Cheerful fires, comfortable beds, neatly spread tables, well-cooked food, with unfailing and respectful service, made the country inns of England unique in their excellence, in the first half of this century. But even these have no written history. The antiquary will search the most exhaustive encyclopædia in vain for any connected account of them. Scattered through the literature of the times are many charming pictures of these islands of comfort,—sometimes a hasty silhouette, sometimes a carefully finished cabinet gem,—done by master hands, like Irving's "Red Horse at Stratford-on-Avon."

As examples of the way in which genius can surround even a tavern with an immortal halo, we may also cite the Boar's Head, where Jack Falstaff "took his ease," and the Turk's Head in Soho, where Johnson and Garrick and Burke supped with a glorious company of confrères.

The "Stage-Taverns" of America were, in their day, thoroughly characteristic institutions. At the beginning of this century, every considerable town had one. Most of them were roomy wooden structures, often with the picturesque gambrel-roof and dormer windows. A large collection of pictures of them shows one feature which they had in common. This was the long "stoop" on the sunny side, with its high-backed "settle," where the loungers waited for the arrival of the mail-coach, which was, to them, railroad, telegraph, and daily papers,—the great culminating tidal-wave of life from the outside world. These taverns were influential centers of political thought and opinion, ere yet the "corner-grocery primary" had reared its multitudinous and baleful head.

Many of them had a wide celebrity for some gastronomic specialty. One was without a rival for its broiled shad; another possessed the secret of incomparable boned-turkey; a third could make a matchless chicken pie; while yet another held an inalienable supremacy in virtue of a peculiar method of curing and cooking pigs' feet. The waffles of "Uncle Jerry" were known and gratefully remembered in two hemispheres.

A few of these establishments possessed an attraction of another kind, in the person of some *habitué*, who, by his waggery or wit, became a kind of *genius loci*, whose jokes were passed on from stage to stage and town to town. Alas, poor Yorick! The insatiable daily paper has abolished you, with your "infinite jest," as thoroughly as the railroad has your throne of power—the Stage-Tavern.

Thirty years of progress have changed all these, have revolutionized society, and produced the Modern Hotel, which in its wonderful completeness and resources far more than justifies the famous dictum of Dr. Johnson, that "there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn."

This does not apply to the mushroom order of summer hotels, where the "shortness of the season" is made the perpetual plea for extortion, nor to that other plundering abomination, known as the Washington-during-the-session hotel.

Of the multitudes who "run to and fro" in Europe, though here and there one has had

his specially delightful experience in Paris, or Florence, or London, or Berlin, the majority unite in testimony to the superiority of the hotels of Switzerland. England has long since lost her prestige, and the Swiss host contrives to give his patrons a Parisian *cuisine*, plus every other fascination which his imagination can devise; for, if he does not, his neighbor will, and that neighbor is so near, and so well known, that it keeps him ever on the alert to do his best. In service the European hotel as far excels its American congener, as the average continental peasant falls below the Yankee farmer. But what we lack in ready hands and feet, we make up in labor-saving contrivances, so that the Modern American Hotel is a marvel of mechanical and labor-saving ingenuity, as well as a miracle of systematic order in the conduct of its daily life.

All the first-class hotels are so similar in their purposes and methods, that to know one is to know all; the main difference being that some are conducted on the European or solitary plan, while others, more in accordance with the gregarious tendency of average American human nature, have the *table d'hôte*. In the former a person of limited means may, in some cases, economize by making his meals simple; but many dislike the personal selection of the "bill of fare," and as the best of our large hotels are sensibly adopting a graduated scale of prices, corresponding to the size and locality of rooms, even the modest salary of the commercial traveler will admit of the more social method.

In the early days of Chicago, it is related of one Baubier—a thrifty Frenchman, who owned a log shanty and a blanket—that he "kept a hotel" by renting this blanket and the privilege of camping on his floor for three dollars a night. When the weary "prospecter" was safely snoring, Baubier softly repossessed himself of his blanket, which was thus ready for the next customer, so that he boasted "me make seven *sleeps* of dat blanket one night;" and we have read of a blanket and an empty sugar-hogshead being rented for ten dollars per night in the early days of the Washoe silver excitement. These represent the minimum of capital and the maximum of dividend, and make a magnificent anti-climax to the latest and largest of the modern hotels, which required an outlay of $2,000,000 to build and furnish it. In this the carpeting was reckoned by *acres*, and the steam-pipes by *miles*.

In the year 18—, and no matter when, the Boston mail-coach turned out of the Bowery Lane to set down my aunt at our farmstead gate. We lived in the then rural neighborhood of Bond street. A small hair trunk, with her initials in brass nails on the top, contained all her luggage, with plenty of room to spare, as is proved by the fact that though she had come to town to get her *trousseau* (she called it her "wedding things"), she took with her when she went home no additional baggage but a bandbox containing the bridal bonnet. She stayed with us three months, and left apologizing for the shortness of her stay, "because when one is going to be married, time is so precious, you know."

She became the wife of a prosperous manufacturer, and a few weeks ago her youngest daughter Angelica came to town on a precisely similar errand. Could you have heard the perfect accent and scrupulous care with which she used the word *trousseau*, you never would have dreamed that the English language contains its equivalent. She brought a trunk of the size of Baubier's Chicago shanty. She stayed a week at the Modern Hotel, and within a stone's throw of our old homestead, and when she went home she took the original "shanty" and an additional "Saratoga cottage."

These are representative incidents, compact epitomes of the times in which they respectively occurred. The day of long visits from tiresome country cousins is almost over —I mean those visits which were as much a matter of calculation and convenience on the one hand, as they often were of annoyance and discomfort on the other. I have known of a country merchant who regularly quartered himself, spring and fall, on a distant and long-suffering relative while he "sorted up" his stock of goods for the intervening half-year, and this, too, for many successive seasons. Now, thanks to progress, this sponging is abated, and may be fairly reckoned among the inevitable nuisances of a past order of things, while the exercise and acceptance of hospitality is regulated more by the elective affinities.

The Modern Hotel is as much the outgrowth of a new order of things, as the word "telegram" itself. It is the natural and inevitable corollary of the railroad, but it has not had time to become historical. Of course, as each new candidate for the public patronage has presented itself, it has been elaborately written up in the journals of the day, and these newspaper paragraphs constitute their entire written history. In New York,

the hotel follows "business" in choosing its locality, each one in turn being "nearest the center," till, by and by, it finds itself left behind, and is compelled to change its style or its place. This generation has seen the Astor House in the heart of business and fashion. I well remember the sigh of compassionate sympathy with which my grandfather laid down his *Journal of Commerce* after reading a description of the Astor House, when completed. To my childish imagination it seemed like one palatial glitter, from beginning to end, and I thought how delightful it was to have a real palace right in New York, while my aged relative could only shake his head, and reiterate "Visionary;" "visionary!" "they'll sink a fortune there."

The Astor House was a great and original step forward—an enterprise undertaken by a prescient sagacity, but as yet the genie which lifted James Watt's tea-kettle lid had only got on board a few timid steamboats. The locomotive once securely mounted on Tubal Cain's turnpike, and by irresistible necessity that astonishing entity, called the Modern Hotel, makes its appearance.

What is it? Physically speaking, a monster structure, many stories in height, covering numerous city lots, containing rooms by the hundred, and more or less capable of giving comfortable lodgment to many hundreds and perhaps a thousand guests; but, under a pressure like that of a Presidential convention, it can swallow up and stow away another equally numerous quota. It is a massive pile of marble, and brick, and slate, and iron, with a handsome architectural front, and so vermiculated, at stated and well-chosen intervals, with water-pipes and steam-pipes, gas-pipes and drain-pipes, speaking-tubes and nerve-like bell-wires, that, viewed as a whole, it is like a living organism. It certainly constitutes a marvelous mechanical monument, to "the whole glorious brotherhood of industrial inventors."

In studying its inner life—that adaptation of means and organization of forces by which its vast aggregate of comfort and enjoyment is achieved, so that every reasonable physical want is supplied instantly and completely—we begin to see that it has a brain and a will, and we plainly perceive why "*the man who can keep a hotel*" has become the synonym for supreme and unimpeachable capacity.

Falstaff said—

> "Shall I not take mine ease at mine inn?"

He hadn't the faintest conception of the multitudinous comforts which any man can command who has not neglected Iago's advice, "Put money in thy purse." Money is the one irrevocable "open sesame." Let a presumptuous being with an empty pocket apply for an apartment. The clerk, whom long practice has enabled to scent impecuniosity from afar, mildly inquires, "Where is your baggage, sir?" and when the poverty-stricken creature confesses that he has none, in bland but freezing tones he is told, "We shall be obliged to request you to pay down." The necessary refusal is followed by "We are quite full," or, "Really, sir, it will be quite impossible to accommodate you."

But, armed with that money which "answereth all things," let a traveler go to our metropolis. He finds himself emptied out of the huge railway train into the midst of the irrepressible din of "Have a carriage?" "Carriage?" "'Ave a 'ack?" "Just come this way!" "Take you right down Broadway." He wisely ignores the whole swarm, for he soon discovers among the motley throng of vehicles, commodious coaches, made conspicuous by some striking style of decoration, belonging to each of the leading hotels. These have their regular tariff of prices, and are a delightful escape from the tender mercies of a brood of hackmen, who *do* "seem to have been brought up to the burglary business."

Arrived, the gentlemanly clerk proceeds to assign his apartment. If he chooses he can take a "suite," the parlor of which is carpeted with the softest "moquette," and hung with draperies of brocatelle or satin and finest lace. Huge mirrors of French plate, artfully arranged, multiply the rooms indefinitely, producing the illusion of an interminable series of palatial apartments. A chandelier of classic pattern, with shades of softest ground or tinted glass, at evening illuminates the room, while a glowing fire of cannel coal, in a grate of polished steel and gilt, adds the last charm to the comfort of a place, in which one might receive royalty itself without a blush. The bedroom is furnished in corresponding style; and in the adjoining bath and dressing room he finds a constant supply of hot and cold water, and all the appliances needful for the toilet of an Adonis or a Brummel. For all this luxury and state, and his board, he must pay well. But "you pays your money and you takes your choice" is the rule, and four or five dollars will command a large room fitted up with Brussels carpet, "reps," draperies, furniture of excellent design, and the best style of bed which experience has hitherto achieved. Or,

if the traveler is a modest clerk, but who nevertheless must go where business men do, he can take a room higher up, with an ingrain carpet, plain but good furniture, a bed equal to the best, a bell which will summon a nimble-footed sprite up any number of stairs at his bidding, and with every essential of comfort, for a lower sum.

Families who live in hotels, or boarders who remain for long terms, make special contracts, varying according to the style and locality of their apartments.

Those words "higher up" had once an ominous sound to the country merchant, wearied by selecting goods, or the lady worn out by shopping. But that Giant Despair has been fairly vanquished by the genie of the tea-kettle, and, thanks to the "Elevator," the sky-parlor has attractions of its own, so that people who prefer to be removed from the noise of the streets, and delicate persons who need the purer air, but who would be killed by climbing, can get the stillness and the grander outlook and never realize the difference, except in increased comfort and diminished expense.

The "Elevator" accomplishes all the wonders of the flying carpet, and is a vastly more comfortable vehicle. The article mentioned in the Oriental fable must have given its occupant a disagreeable sensation of undulating insecurity, akin to that of falling down through illimitable spaces sometimes felt in sleep, undertaken after too many doughnuts or too much lobster salad. Not so this. You are on the first floor, and you wish to visit your friend, who has a cozy parlor on the sixth. You enter a charming little room, nicely carpeted, around three sides of which a low cushioned seat extends. The walls are finished with polished and variegated woods, and adorned by mirrors. Quaint panes of stained glass admit the light at the top, but this would be insufficient, even at noonday, were it not for a pretty and petite chandelier, fed with gas by a rubber "flexible," which itself is very ingeniously arranged. A steam-engine in the basement winds a huge iron cable round a properly adjusted "drum," and so you go "up, up, up," the man in charge arresting its motion instantly, by a touch, and depositing you wherever you wish. When a nervously cautious man feels the first tremor of the start, he cannot avoid the thought, "What if the thing should break with me at the top of the house?" but this contingency has been efficiently guarded against by a simple but adequate "brake."

Our traveler, having risen refreshed by the sound sleep naturally induced by a capital bed and pleasant surroundings, finds that the last letter from home has been noiselessly slipped under his door, and that the careful "Boots" has given a faultless polish to the foot-coverings, set out ingloriously muddy the night before. He dresses and goes to his breakfast. He finds all the daily papers, on sale, near the entrance of the breakfast room. When seated, an attentive waiter places before him a "bill of fare." He selects from some half-hundred of articles those which he prefers, and while his "order" is cooking, he reads of the last victory or defeat, and learns the state of the markets in the four quarters of the globe. The paper has these, up to the moment when it went to press, but if he has interests which demand a later report he will already have consulted a "bulletin" which is posted hourly in the "Office," which is connected by telegraph, literally, with the "ends of the earth," so that he can act on the latest advices, whether his commercial schemes center in San Francisco or Calcutta. Breakfast dispatched, he betakes himself to the Gentlemen's Reading Room below. Here he finds the easiest of chairs and a well-furnished writing-desk, whence he can send forth his latest thought, whether of business or affection. Within twenty paces is a "cigar-stand," and close by, in a glittering "bar," he will find another solace, if he belongs to that faction of mankind who will "stay themselves with flagons."

Whether he chooses to chat or listen, he can sit before a magnificent single-pane plate-glass window, and watch the changing kaleidoscope of a city street, or go forth, unquestioned, to attend to his various affairs.

At mid-day, in a quietly elegant room, he will find a substantial lunch served, and the hours of meals are so planned that there is scarcely any moment at which he cannot eat, if necessary: but *the* gastronomic feature of the day is dinner, which is generally served somewhere from five to seven o'clock.

There are few prettier in-door sights than the *coup d'œil* of a monster hotel dining-room, laid out with spotless linen, the cleanest of glass, and the brightest of silver for this elaborate meal. Since breakfast the marble tiling has been the subject of a special encounter, from the army of scrub-girls who "fight the dirt continually," and the waiters have exhausted every possible fold and plait in the arrangement of the napkins. This dinner, to be perfectly enjoyed, must be eaten by gaslight.

The work of the day must be substantially finished, and the mind free from care, before a man sits down to deliberate upon a bill of fare containing more than a hundred items. There are few more animated scenes than this same dinner, when the "six hundred" are seated beneath the massive chandeliers and between the walls of mirrors. Of course, it is the highly vitalized, energetic *live* men,—the natural chieftains,—those who are pushing forward the mighty material interests of the world, whose business brings them to the great centers. Valor, or Enterprise, which is only Valor in a less aggressive phase, having chatted and smiled to Beauty through the many "courses," from soup to blackest Mocha, they retire to the ample and regally furnished parlors, where they can receive visitors, or amuse themselves with watching the large company of fellow guests. Music is now becoming such a univérsal accomplishment, that one rarely fails of hearing some charming strains during an evening in the hotel parlor.

Nowhere does the general advance in good taste, consequent upon the study of the best European models, show itself more than in the decoration and furnishing of hotel parlors. Everybody remembers the gaudy colors and endless gilding of twenty years ago, when some foreigner said, that "the Americans had hung up the rainbows for curtains, and they had trickled down all over the carpets." In refreshing contrast to this, we recall an exquisite parlor without one inch of "staring" color in the carpet or frescoed borders, with pearl-tinted walls, and hangings of pale blue satin in mouldings of dead gold that are as chaste as a bit of star-lit sky.

But our traveler, being alone, naturally gravitates down stairs, where he certainly will find a sufficiency of masculine company. If he chooses he can go to the Theater or Opera—tickets for the most desirable seats being on sale in the hotel, so that without care or worry, or losing one minute of the busiest day, he can secure an evening of high enjoyment and yet be ready to leave the city by the midnight train, if necessary. He pays his bill, and, at an office a few feet away, he can buy a ticket to any part of the world, or he can arrange to have his baggage taken into the next street, with equal facility, and all through reliable and responsible agents, so that if he is fleeced and plundered, he has only his own ignorance or penuriousness to blame for it. He departs with a feeling that this supreme comfort is a sort of spontaneous and self-regulating matter; everything seems to be moved by hidden, noiseless springs. But the Modern Hotel is no accident; every detail has been foreseen and its execution provided for; and in examining these hidden springs it is difficult to decide which is the greater wonder,—the perfect order and discipline that prevail in the assignment and fulfillment of duties among four or five hundred *employés*, or the innumerable applications of the scientific and labor-saving discoveries and inventions of the present day.

Admitted to the *penetralia*, we find in the lowest depths an immense supply of the choicest wines and other beverages, stored according to the strictest scientific principles, each in the manner that will preserve it in perfection.

Near by are the engines and boilers which do the lifting, the warming, the washing, and a large share of the cooking, and near these the steam-pumps kept in perfect order, and ready at an instant's notice to extinguish fire. Viewed from a seventh or eighth story window, a street resembles a deep well, and few persons can look down into one without the thought, "What if this building should take fire!" But the sight of enormous tanks at the top of the house, with hose ready attached, with valves which a child's hand can open and pour forth a saving flood, and the thought of those pumps, each equal to an old-fashioned fire brigade, has a reassuring effect.

In the Laundry, steam does the washing and drying of the thousands of sheets and pillow-cases, and table-cloths and napkins which make up the daily supply of fresh linen, together with a large amount of family washing.

The next step upward brings us to what seems to be an acre or two of billiard-tables. The science displayed here is of a peculiarly personal nature, and though it has been dignified by the title of "animated mathematics," it behooves the uninitiated to say as little as possible about it.

On the next floor is the ever-clicking Telegraph and the Annunciator, "carrying over a thousand wires,"—a mechanical marvel that can hold up its head beside the Elevator or the steam Warming Apparatus, which produces a perpetual atmosphere of Juné. Here old fogyism may find comfort, for shaving and hair-cutting are still done by hand.

Another flight of stairs and we are in the Cooking Department. In a row of huge and polished reservoirs tea and coffee are *distilled*, in conformity to the latest chemical dicta, and they look so "scientific," with their "in-

dicators" mathematically marked, that one almost expects to see a learned professor in long black coat and spectacles step out from behind them and explain their action.

In large steam-heated and air-tight receptacles vegetables and meat are *macerated* in the manner of Liebig into nutritious and delicious soups. The genie of the tea-kettle reappears again, to warm your plate and keep your food hot, and the ranges for roasting, and broiling, and frying involve an enlightened application of the laws of heat.

By way of contrast, the cook exhibits a labyrinth of ice-bins and refrigerators, where the meats are stored in a way to secure their proper "ripening."

"These," he remarks, "are my supply for a day or two; the main stores are down stairs." Indeed! We sympathize with the countryman on London Bridge, wondering who ever would eat all the cattle he saw going to Smithfield. Our wonder ceases after dining with the other "six hundred."

That head cook himself! To a dead certainty he is a foreigner, and most likely belongs to that "Latin race" so much vaunted by Cæsar L. N. B. Whoever heard of a Yankee "head cook?" But when you learn that he studies his art in reference to chemistry and hygiene, that such a one has turned his back on the chance of cooking for a London Club at $10,000 a year (here he gets $5,000) because he preferred the freer air and the "better chance for his children" in America, your respect for him rises, and when you partake of the savory dishes prepared under his supervision, you feel thankful for his choice. Of course he is fat; so is the baker—an Italian who makes all the bread, and rolls, and tea-cakes, and mixes the various varieties of hot cakes. Every housewife will see the fitness of things in this. A child can fry a pancake, but it takes a "knowing one" to mix the batter.

The portly pastry-cook chanced to be a Prussian. More than six feet tall, with handsome gray hair, and fine moustache, so strikingly like the pictures of the Emperor. This magnificent creature sat meekly splitting blanched almonds with a penknife! He was the center of a wilderness of candies and cakes, and patty-pans and jelly-moulds, but he rose, and with imperial grace showed *his* refrigerators where hosts of delicacies were being cooled, and his huge oven where other hosts were being baked, and with pardonable pride exhibited legions of cunningly decorated "fancies." To the question, "Do you know how many varieties you make?" he answered with a kindling eye, "Oh! no, I have not counted now these many year; it was four hundred long time ago; I am inexhaustible; I learn something new every day."

We said the Modern Hotel has a brain and will. Let any of the hundreds of *employés* neglect any, the least even, of his duties towards any one of the thousand persons to whom for the time he owes his devoirs; in five minutes it will be communicated to the responsible head, and the careless or neglectful servant will be pretty sure to learn that there is an irresistible vital force somewhere.

Without entering upon the question, whether those who can command a separate home do well to exchange it for the publicity of a hotel, there always must be a large class who, from the very nature of their avocations and duties, cannot permanently establish their household gods,—to whom hotel life is a necessity.

It must be owned that there is in it a freedom from petty cares, especially grateful to those whose livelihood depends upon active and immediate brain-work. To a man who wishes to concentrate all his available faculties on some important and engrossing theme, it saves a world of wear and tear. We are not surprised to find that literary men have felt and written of this restful freedom of the mind.

Irving thus speaks of the man who, after a weary day, "kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into his slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire." "Let the world go as it may: let kingdoms rise or fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is for the time being the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his scepter, and the little parlor, some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day."

Johnson says: "There is no private house in which people can enjoy themselves so well as in a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy; in the nature of things it cannot be; there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely

command what is in another man's house as if it were his own. Whereas, at a tavern there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome, and the more noise you make and the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, Sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." Boswell adds, that Johnson then repeated, with great emotion, Shenstone's lines :—

> "Whoe'er has travel'd life's dull round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think he still has found
> The warmest welcome at an inn."

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Morals of Journalism.

In the discussions of journalism which have been started by editorial conventions and the establishment of chairs of journalism in one or two academic institutions, it is well not to forget the matter of morals. A great deal of indignation has been meted out to those presses which publish quack advertisements, calculated to encourage vice and crime. In this thing, a gnat is strained at that a camel may be swallowed; for, almost without exception, the papers which denounce and refuse to publish these advertisements, take endless pains to spread before their readers the details of the crimes which the advertisements are supposed to engender or encourage. Murders, suicides, seductions, adulteries, burglaries, thefts, scandals—all disagreeable and disgraceful things—detailed histories of events which appeal to prurient tastes and a morbid desire for coarse and brutal excitements—are not these the leading material of a great multitude of our daily papers? We may be mistaken, but we believe that there is no department of the world's news given with such exhaustive particularity as that which relates to vice and crime. If this be doubted, let the first paper at hand be taken up, and the fact will, we think, be determined as we apprehend it. We know that in many papers the remedial agencies of society—the churches, schools, social conventions—private and organized charities—beg for space that is freely accorded to the record of a petty thief or an unfaithful husband or wife. That which will make a spicy paragraph is chosen before that which will make a healthy one.

Nor is this all. The crimes which are thus spread before the public for its daily food are often treated like anything but crimes. Some of our papers have a way of doing up their columns of local crime as if it were all a joke. The writer makes an ingenious jest of everything he is called upon to notice. The poor women who are lost to virtue and society, with hell within them and before them, furnish grateful themes for the reporter's careless pleasantries. Their arraignment, their trial, their sentence, their appearance, their words, are chronicled in unfeeling slang, with the intent to excite laughter. That which to a good man or woman is infinitely pathetic is made to appear a matter to be laughed at, or to be passed over as of no account. A case of infidelity in the marriage relation, involving the destruction of the peace of families, the disgrace of children, and the irremediable shame of the parties primarily concerned, comes to us labeled: "rich developments." The higher the life involved and the purer the reputation, the "richer" the "developments" always. Nothing pleases our jesting reporter like large game. A clergyman is the best, next a lay member, and then any man or woman who may be in a high social position. "Crime in high life" is a particularly grateful dish for those to serve up who cater for the prurient public. It is impossible not to conclude that the men who write these items and articles delight in them, and that the men who publish them regard them only with relation to their mercantile value. We know of nothing more heartless than the way in which criminals and crime are treated by a portion of the daily press, and nothing more demoralizing to the public and to those who are guilty of trifling with them under the license of the reporter's pen. It is a bad, bad business. It is an evil which every paper claiming to be respectable ought to cut up, root and branch. So long as crime is treated lightly it is encouraged. So long, too, as the edifying, informing, remedial and purifying agencies of the world are subordinated in the public notice to the records of vice and crime, simply because they are less startling or spicy, it is nonsense to talk about quack advertisements, and a parade of mock virtue which deserves both to be pitied and laughed at.

The daily paper has now become a visitor in every family of ordinary intelligence. It has become the daily food of children and youth all over our country, and it ought never to hold a record which would naturally leave an unwholesome effect upon their minds. If crime is recorded, it should be recorded as crime, and with a conscientious exclusion of all details that the editor would exclude were he called upon to tell the story to his boy upon his knee, or to

his grown-up daughter sitting at his side. The way in which nastiness and beastliness are advertised in criminal reports is abominable. It is not necessary: it is not on any account desirable. A thousand things of greater moment and of sweeter import pass unnoticed by the press every day. The apology that the press must be exact, impartial, faithful, literal, etc., is a shabby one. A press is never impartial, when, by the predominance it gives to crime in its reports, it conveys the impression that crime is the most important thing to be reported, when, in truth, it is the least important. Its records do not hinder crime, do not nourish virtue, do not advance intelligence, do not purify youth, do not build up the best interests of society; and the absorption of the columns of the public press by them is a stupendous moral nuisance that ought to be abated.

We do not expect the press to be very much in advance of the people, either in morality or intelligence. It is quite as much the outgrowth as the leader of our civilization, but it ought to be an emanation from the best American spirit and culture and not the worst. We shall have, probably, so long as crime exists, professional scavengers who follow in its way to glean and gorge its uncleanness. We have such now, and a beastly brood who glean after them even; but why a press claiming to be respectable should deem it its duty to assist in their dirty work surpasses our comprehension. We repeat—it is not necessary: it is not on any account desirable.

A Reply to many Letters.

"How shall I manage to get an introduction to literary employment?" "What shall I do in order to get a living by literature?" These inquiries, varied in form, and accompanied by frank statements of personal circumstances, and sometimes by earnest entreaties for sympathy and help, or special favor, form the staple of a certain proportion of the letters received by the editor of a magazine. They are all briefly answered, of course; but the time which they demand cannot always be at the editor's disposal. They can all be answered in print, and here.

It is never hard for a good writer to get an introduction to a magazine. Such an introduction rests entirely with himself. A personal presentation to the editor, or a letter of introduction, counts for nothing. To write an article so good that an editor must take it is the best and quickest introduction possible. If a man cannot write such an article as this, no other introduction will be of the value of a straw; if he can, he will need no other. To an editor, the discovery of a first-rate article is like the discovery of a diamond, and the man who writes it finds himself recognized at once.

"But we do not know what will suit you: tell us about the sort of articles you desire." This statement goes unpleasantly far to prove that you could not write what would be suitable, even if the impossible task of informing you were undertaken. Good things are never written to order. If you cannot suit a magazine by writing a thing in your own way, you cannot suit it by trying to conform to some purpose or plan outside of yourself. One of the most desirable things in a magazine is variety; and if there is anything characteristically piquant in a writer's style, or ingenious in his mode of handling a subject, it wants just that. It cannot tell what it wants, any further than to say that it wants the best it can get of everything that is good.

On behalf of the whole editorial fraternity, we protest against an idea very prevalent among young writers, that the acceptance of articles for the press goes by favoritism, and that they are refused a hearing simply because they are unknown. Some have resorted to tricks to ascertain whether their manuscripts have ever been opened and read. Let these writers be assured that every manuscript is taken up with hope, and that if it is not read through by the editor, it is because it is found to be worthless in itself, or worthless to him and for his purposes.

Getting a living by literature is a very difficult business for anybody. Probably there are not ten persons in America, out of a salaried position, who get their living by literature. These are all, and necessarily, men and women of culture, peculiar gifts, experience, wide knowledge of men and things, and unwearied industry. Unless a young man or woman go into a salaried position, involving constant drudgery, there is no such thing for them as getting a living by literature. A young man just out of college, or a young woman just out of school—nay, those of maturer life who find themselves suddenly thrown upon their own resources, and obliged to cast about for the means of living—can no more get their living by literature than they can fly. It takes a long apprenticeship—a process of culture involving much time and wide experience and patient practice—to be able to get a living by literature.

When the power to write well is acquired, and the mind is stored with knowledge and fertile in original resources, what then? The magazines of America cannot possibly publish more than one in twenty-five of the manuscripts written for them. They could not do so if every article were desirable. Few writers can find a market for so many as a dozen articles in a year, and few would find it for the permanent advantage of their reputation to publish so many as a dozen. To get a living by outside writing for periodicals is so nearly impossible to every man whose capacity for work is not great and whose wants are not small, that it is practically useless to make any exception whatever.

Every man with literary gifts and ambitions must work out his life in his own way, and he will do so; but those persons who turn to literature for a living because they find themselves shut off from other resources, and those who seek an introduction to literary

life because they fancy writing, and do not think of anything else to do, would do well to learn that there is no such thing as success for them. Their hopes are vain, their labor will be in vain, their disappointment is sure. In saying this, we would not be considered as discouraging the cultivation of literature among the young. No matter how much they write, provided they do not rely upon writing for a livelihood. Even if they should achieve a moderate success, they would find themselves so slowly paid, and engaged in competition with such a host of accustomed and accomplished writers, that their life and labor would be unremunerative and unsatisfactory.

The Liquor Interest.

TRAMP, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching: how many of them? Sixty thousand! Sixty full regiments, every man of which will, before twelve months shall have completed their course, lie down in the grave of a drunkard! Every year during the past decade has witnessed the same sacrifice; and sixty regiments stand behind this army ready to take its place. It is to be recruited from our children and our children's children. "Tramp, tramp, tramp"—the sounds come to us in the echoes of the footsteps of the army just expired; tramp, tramp, tramp—the earth shakes with the tread of the host now passing: tramp, tramp, tramp, comes to us from the camp of the recruits. A great tide of life flows resistlessly to its death. What in God's name are they fighting for? The privilege of pleasing an appetite, of conforming to a social usage, of filling sixty thousand homes with shame and sorrow, of loading the public with the burden of pauperism, of crowding our prison-houses with felons, of detracting from the productive industries of the country, of ruining fortunes and breaking hopes, of breeding disease and wretchedness, of destroying both body and soul in hell before their time.

The prosperity of the liquor interest, covering every department of it, depends entirely on the maintenance of this army. It cannot live without it. It never did live without it. So long as the liquor interest maintains its present prosperous condition, it will cost America the sacrifice of sixty thousand men every year. The effect is inseparable from the cause. The cost to the country of the liquor traffic is a sum so stupendous that any figures which we should dare to give would convict us of trifling. The amount of life absolutely destroyed, the amount of industry sacrificed, the amount of bread transformed into poison, the shame, the unavailing sorrow, the crime, the poverty, the pauperism, the brutality, the wild waste of vital and financial resources, make an aggregate so vast—so incalculably vast, that the only wonder is that the American people do not rise as one man and declare that this great curse shall exist no longer. Dilettante conventions are held on the subject of peace, by men and women who find it necessary to fiddle to keep themselves awake. A hue-and-cry is raised about woman-suffrage, as if any wrong which may be involved in woman's lack of the suffrage could be compared to the wrongs attached to the liquor interest!

Does any sane woman doubt that women are suffering a thousand times more from rum than from any political disability?

The truth is that there is no question before the American people to-day that begins to match in importance the temperance question. The question of American slavery was never anything but a baby by the side of this; and we prophesy that within ten years, if not within five, the whole country will be awake to it, and divided upon it. The organizations of the liquor interest, the vast funds at its command, the universal feeling among those whose business is pitted against the national prosperity and the public morals—these are enough to show that, upon one side of this matter, at least, the present condition of things and the social and political questions that lie in the immediate future are apprehended. The liquor interest knows there is to be a great struggle, and is preparing to meet it. People both in this country and in Great Britain are beginning to see the enormity of this business—are beginning to realize that Christian civilization is actually poisoned at its fountain, and that there can be no purification of it until the source of the poison is dried up.

The country is to be sincerely congratulated on the fact that the wine interest of the United States does not promise much. Little native wine, after all our painstaking, finds its way to a gentleman's table. The California wines are a disappointment and a failure, and the Western wines are the same. Neither the dry nor the sparkling Catawba takes the place of anything imported. They are not popular wines, and we congratulate the country that they never can be. The lager beer interest is endeavoring, in convention, to separate itself from the whisky interest, claiming to be holier and more respectable than that. They are all to be lumped together. They are all opposed to sobriety, and, in the end, we shall find them all fighting side by side for existence against the determined indignation of a long-suffering people.

A respectable English magazine reports, as a fact of encouraging moment, that of the fifty thousand clergymen of the Church of England as many as four thousand actually abstain from the use of spirits! So, eleven-twelfths of the clergymen of the English Church consent to be dumb dogs on the temperance question! How large the proportion of wine-drinking clergymen may be in this country we do not know, but we do know that a wine-glass stops the mouth on the subject of temperance, whoever may hold it. A wine-drinking clergyman is a soldier disarmed. He is not only not worth a straw in the fight; he is a part of the *impedimenta* of the temperance army. We have a good many such to carry, who ought to be ashamed of themselves, and who very soon will be. Temperance laws are being passed by the various

Legislatures, which they must sustain, or go over, soul and body, to the liquor interest and influence. Steps are being taken on behalf of the public health, morals, and prosperity, which they must approve by voice and act, or they must consent to be left behind and left out. There can be no concession and no compromise on the part of temperance men, and no quarter to the foe. The great curse of our country and our race must be destroyed.

Meantime, the tramp, tramp, tramp sounds on,—the tramp of sixty thousand yearly victims. Some are besotted and stupid, some are wild with hilarity and dance along the dusty way, some reel along in pitiful weakness, some wreak their mad and murderous impulses on one another, or on the helpless women and children whose destinies are united to theirs, some stop in wayside debaucheries and infamies for a moment, some go bound in chains from which they seek in vain to wrench their bleeding wrists, and all are poisoned in body and soul, and all are doomed to death. Wherever they move, crime, poverty, shame, wretchedness and despair hover in awful shadows. There is no bright side to the picture. We forget: there is just one. The men who make this army get rich. Their children are robed in purple and fine linen, and live upon dainties. Some of them are regarded as respectable members of society, and they hold conventions to protect their interests! Still the tramp, tramp, tramp goes on, and before this article can see the light, five thousand more of our poisoned army will have hidden their shame and disgrace in the grave.

THE OLD CABINET.

If you could apprehend even a small part of the reverent love I have for the one who gave me the stone, you could then know something of the pain it was to me to find, deep down in the center of its fiery heart, a glittering flaw. It had escaped my notice at first. It showed only in certain lights and at certain angles. What is there—what is there to be in our holy friendship, I said, that this means? I did not one whit falter in my fervent love for the ring, and the love that came with it, and the giver of both—but there was always the flaw, seen or unseen. I carried that little perplexity about with me, I can hardly tell how many days.

I sometimes think that in this world the nearest we can hope to get to the real reasons, to the final unravelings, is to be able to substitute some great, wide, calm, inexplicable perplexity for some little bothering one. And so my ring of trouble has grown into a crown of rejoicing. I have a new watch-word in life to add to my many old ones (you know I do not believe in narrowing one's self to a single motto), a phrase that now means so much to me that it seems as if the very saying of it should be sufficient —"The flaw in the jewel!"

There—there it is again. Not till I had written this on these yellow leaves did I find that I had brought my little wisdom into the world some centuries late. For what is this flaw of mine but the old story of the fly in the ointment.

Never mind. There are many sides to the same truth;—if you can see far enough even around a lie you will find a side with a different face, perhaps a truthful. I shall ring a few changes upon my jewel, and let it drop back into my heart.

Nobody has fairly begun to live who is not prepared to find imperfection in what he thinks is or ought to be perfect. Among the little luxuries of this life, I suppose most persons will be willing to include shelled almonds. To have the kernel of the nut given you, without the interfering and teeth-breaking hindrance with which nature, for some doubtless wise purpose, associates it—is a phase of existence savoring of the oriental, and has in it, to one born under western skies, I know not what of reckless prodigality. The bitter peach-pit inserted by human avarice is the flaw in that jewel of the Orient. I raise my eyes again from these yellow leaves and they fall upon a rose-bush, June-red—and another proverb confronts me,—for has not every rose its thorn? Ah! my friend, do you not see that these haunting proverbs, that would drive me from my work, are themselves the flaw in the jewel?

But I do not merely mean that the joy of accomplishment is always followed by a pang,—that the shadow of mortal sorrow is over all the world: but that we must be prepared to find a smutch of circumstance upon the whitest robe; we must steel our hearts to behold, it may be, some grotesque horror of nature mimicking our noblest endeavor; or a frightening momentary estrangement in the look of our nearest friend; or the stalking of a dead and hateful memory, when that ghost had least need to come—making the pure air sick and stifling. We must be brave to behold for a little while a lie in the face of truth; Satan where God is!

I have pondered a good deal on this curious experience we call humor—wondering just what it may be, and why the deepest souls I happen to be blest with the knowledge of, live most in its ecstatic glow. This last wonder is no longer so great to me. At least I seem to be sure that no soul can go deep among the solemnities without having the capacity to take the rebound into the highest absurdities. Laughter for all men; the giggle for the great!

But since my discovery of the principle of the flaw (for I shall call the star mine, though some ancient found it too), I have begun to think that one of the offices of humor is to make the flaw endurable. The sudden conjunction of the petty with the sublime, would shock too severely, were it not for the sense of absurdity that comes between, and we "turn it off with a laugh."

So I think that heaven *is* "a land of no laughter." For all the flaws, I know there are some perfect moments in this life. But they are only foretastes. *There* we shall not say some perfect. There will be no flies in the heavenly ointment; no thorns with those roses; and while, as I look at it now in the golden June sunlight, the little flaw (with its subtile symbolism of the very principle of evil) shines the brightest spot in my jewel—in the heavenly jewel there will be no flaw, save the secret name in the white stone's heart.

"I Met a Traveler on the Road."

I MET a traveler on the road,
His face was wrinkled, wan, and sad;
His head was gray—but not with years;
His eyes were tired—but not with tears;
His back was bent beneath a load
Too big for one whose sinews had
Been wrenched by labor overmuch,—
Or was he withered in the clutch
Of his great soul gone sanely mad!
His face was wan, his feet were weary,
Yet he unresting went with such
A strange, still patient mien,—a look
Set forward in the empty air,
As he were reading an unseen book.
His awful, fixed smile did tear
My soul with pity. I could bear
That better than what next I knew,
When, sorrow-drawn, I came more near;
For, suddenly, I seemed to hear
The broken echo of a song
Sung in the sunlight far away.
His lips were parted, but unmoved
By words. He sang as dreamers do,
And not as if he heard and loved
The thing he sang. It was not sad—
But, O my God, that memory blot!
The livelong night, the livelong day,
It comes and will not be forgot,
That traveler's anguished singing cheery!
He stood beside the stilly brook,—
Nor drank the water, nor bathed his brow,
Nor from his back the burden shook.
He stood, and yet he did not rest;
His hand lay dead in his dead breast;
His eyes climbed up in aimless quest,
Then close did to that mirror bow—
And, looking down, I saw, in place
Of his, my own wan, wrinkled face!

"A Sower went forth to Sow."

I.

A SOWER went forth to sow;
His eyes were wild with woe;
He crushed the flowers beneath his feet,
Nor felt the perfume, warm and sweet,
That prayed for pity everywhere.
He came to a field that was harried
By iron, and to heaven laid bare.
He shook the seed that he carried
O'er that brown and bladeless place.
He shook it, as God shakes hail
Over a doomed land,
When lightnings interlace
The sky and the earth, and his wand
Of love is a thunder-flail.
Thus did that sower sow:
His seed was human blood,
And tears of women and men.
And I, who near him stood,
Said: When the crop comes, then
There will be sobbing and sighing,
And souls to hell-fire flying,
And a woe that is worse than woe.

II.

It was an autumn day
When next I went that way.
And what, think you, did I see?
What was it that I heard?
The song of a sweet-voiced bird?
Nay—but the song of many,
Through-thrilled with praising prayer!
Of all those voices not any
Was sad of memory.
And a sea of sunlight flowed,
And a golden harvest glowed!
On my face I fell down there;
I hid my weeping eyes,
I said: O Lord, Thou art wise!
And I thank Thee, again and again,
For the sower whose name is Pain.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Of Dinner-Giving.

DINNER-GIVING grows every year more popular as a means of entertainment, especially in large cities, and promises soon to be as much a national characteristic of ours as it is of the English. If you go to London with letters of introduction, the persons to whom they are addressed will invite you to dinner, just as certainly, we were going to say, as the sun shines; but remembering that the sun is not at all certain to shine in London, we shall not say it. And having dined you, they consider their social duty to you at an end, unless you and they happen particularly to suit each other as companions. This is a good deal so here; nevertheless, dinner parties are charming gatherings when composed of the right people. In choosing the persons to be invited, the getting together of several of the same calling is rather to be avoided than sought (unless there be special reason therefor), for it is quite possible to have people with kindred tastes whose interests are not alike, and the conversation,—one of the most important elements of a successful dinner,—is likely to take a wider and higher range in consequence. Six persons, including host and hostess, for a very small party, and ten, with the host and hostess, for a medium party, are good numbers. This makes it easy to seat a gentleman on either hand of the hostess, a lady on either hand of the host, and have the sexes alternate on the two sides of the table. It is better, in ordinary households, not to have more than ten at a time, as beyond that number it is difficult for the entertainers to keep the necessary watch of the wants of the entertained. It is more convenient, and far more sociable, to ask a few guests on different occasions, and so do justice to each, than to ask them all together and render the party stiff and unmanageable.

It is not necessary to a pleasant dinner that the courses should be elaborate or numerous. If the company is well selected, the viands, be they many or few, thoroughly well prepared, the service quiet and unobtrusive, a dinner-party must be a success. Bright conversation is the best of all sauces, and a good supply of that is worth a hundred delicacies. The time-honored custom of the host escorting to the table the guest, the most prominent, or the least intimate of the feminine guests, and the hostess following his example with the masculine guest, still obtains, though in the seating of the others much less formality than formerly is observed. Frequently, if a gentleman specially wishes to escort a certain lady, the hostess, on being spoken to, will good-naturedly arrange it. Instead of ceremoniously pairing the guests, upon the announcement of dinner, it is in better taste for the hostess to say quietly to the gentlemen as they enter: "Mrs. or Miss —— is here this evening; will you take her in?" And then the gallant cavalier will quietly place himself near the lady designated and at the proper moment offer her his right arm. A pretty custom, recently introduced, is presenting to each gentleman, in the dressing-room, a button-hole bouquet tied with a ribbon, the color of which he finds, on reaching the drawing-room, corresponds with that on the bouquet of the lady he is expected to attend to the dining-room.

Where cards of invitation are sent, full dress for both sexes is as much expected at a dinner-party as at a ball. But where a less formal summons has been given, while the gentlemen are required to appear in solemn swallow-tail, the ladies may wear demi-toilette. The attire of the host and hostess is, of course, always as plain as the occasion admits, lest by chance they should out-dress some unprepared guest. An invitation to dinner, after acceptance, should never be neglected, except for gravest reasons, since it gives serious inconvenience and annoyance to the hostess, who has arranged her party as a general in the field does his army, and the defection of an expected visitor is like the non-arrival of a promised brigade. If one must decline a friendly summons to dinner, it should be done upon receipt of the note, thereby giving time for some one else to be asked instead. The half-hour of grace which was once allowed the diner-out is no longer his, and he who comes late to dinner deserves to be socially ostracized.

The Abuse of Appetite.

THE appetite is one of the least appreciated of Nature's gifts to man. It is generally regarded in this work-a-day world as something to be either starved or stuffed,—to be gotten rid of at all events with the least inconvenience possible. There are people who are not only not glad that they have been endowed with sound, healthy bodies, for which nature demands refreshment and replenishment, but they are actually ashamed to have it known that they are sustained in the usual manner. The reason of this we are at a loss to conceive. Everybody admires beauty, and there can be no true beauty without good health, and no good health without a regular and unvarying appetite. We are disinclined to let appetite take any responsibility on itself. If we happen to consider it too delicate, we try to coax it, perhaps stimulate it with highly seasoned or fancifully prepared food. There are times when this may seem necessary, as in the case of a person so debilitated as to depend for daily strength on what he eats. But, usually, the cajoling process is a mistake. If the appetite of an individual in fair bodily condition be occasionally slender, it is no cause for alarm, and it should be allowed to regulate itself. It may safely be considered nature's protest against some transgression, and it is wise not to attempt coercion.

At certain seasons, as in spring and summer, the

appetite of even the very robust is apt to fail, and the relish for meats and heavy food to wane. This is all right enough, for animal diet in warm weather heats the blood, tends to headaches, and is generally unwholesome, unless sparingly used. On the other hand, fresh vegetables, berries, fruit and bread are cooling, corrective, and what the palate most craves. Don't be afraid to go without meat for a month or so, and, if you like, live purely on a vegetable regimen. We will warrant that you will lose no more strength than is common to the time, and that you will not suffer from protracted heat, as when dining on the regulation roast.

Many persons regard a hearty desire for food as something unrefined, indelicate, and to be constantly discouraged. This is a greater and more harmful mistake than that of coaxing the appetite. It is just as necessary for the man who works only with his brain to eat beef and mutton, as for the man who labors solely with his hands. The stomach and the brain are twins; the former being the elder, and having prior right to care. Let that be well provided for; and it will sustain its brother. The people who strive to check a wholesome and natural appetite are the people who regard dinner merely as a feed, not the center of an agreeable social custom and as the domestic event of the day. We are sorry for them, as they must regard eating at all as a prosaic duty, obligatory on them because they have a bias in favor of living. We all know that we must eat to live; but we by no means live to eat simply because we enjoy what we eat. We are not gourmands because we relish chops, nor are we invalids because we want strawberries.

A good appetite is a good thing; but not if it is to be worried by urging or by neglect.

The Habit of Reading.

"I HAVE no time to read," is the common complaint, and especially of women, whose occupations are such as to prevent continuous book perusal. They seem to think, because they cannot devote as much attention to books as they are compelled to devote to their avocations, that they cannot read anything. But this is a great mistake. It isn't the books we finish at a sitting which always do us the most good. Those we devour in the odd moments, half a dozen pages at a time, often give us more satisfaction, and are more thoroughly digested than those we make a particular effort to read. The men who have made their mark in the world have generally been the men who have in boyhood formed the habit of reading at every available moment, whether for five minutes or five hours.

It is the habit of reading rather than the time at our command that helps us on the road to learning. Many of the most cultivated persons, whose names have been famous as students, have given only two or three hours a day to their books. If we make use of spare minutes in the midst of our work, and read a little, if but a page or a paragraph, we shall find our brains quickened and our toil lightened by just so much increased satisfaction as the book gives us. Nothing helps along the monotonous daily round so much as fresh and striking thoughts, to be considered while our hands are busy. A new idea from a new volume is like oil which reduces the friction of the machinery of life. What we remember from brief glimpses into books often serves as a stimulus to action, and becomes one of the most precious deposits in the treasury of our recollection. All knowledge is made up of small parts, which would seem insignificant in themselves, but which, taken together, are valuable weapons for the mind and substantial armor for the soul. "Read anything continuously," says Dr. Johnson, "and you will be learned." The odd minutes which we are inclined to waste, if carefully availed of for instruction, will, in the long run, make golden hours and golden days that we shall be ever thankful for.

Ready-Made Garments.

SCARCELY a decade since, no lady—whatever her need and means—could purchase, ready-made, a single article of wardrobe, with the two exceptions of outside garments and bonnets; and to-day, at almost any large dry-goods store, she can buy a complete outfit. This is certainly progress, and progress in the right direction; though, as yet, with very far from perfect results. It is often said, with just enough basis of fact to give it color, that ready-made clothing can be had as cheaply as the materials can be bought and made up at home; but, as a rule, it is not true. Ordinarily, if time does not represent a fair money value, it is fully a third cheaper, and twice as satisfactory, to choose the stuff, and have it fashioned according to individual taste. Ideally, it is delightful for a woman to step into a shop, as a man may, select her suit, order it sent home, and thus pay her tribute to the ever-turning season and changing mode with little trouble and less expense. But, practically, it cannot now be done.

The majority of garments offered by furnishing houses are of but medium quality, pronounced in design and extravagantly rated. They are cut and made by the dozen, and, like most things manufactured in quantities, are coarse and careless in execution. Articles such as costumes, whose mode is limited to a single season, and whose sale is not certain, are forced to please the taste of the multitude, and the taste of the multitude is seldom cultivated or refined. The materials used are commonly the least expensive, for the dealers cannot afford to risk loss on expensive fabrics. The cheap goods are covered with yards and yards of showy trimmings, because they must be made to have an appearance of cost to give an excuse for high prices. And high prices must be asked in order that the large profits on the sold shall prevent loss

the unsold. Thus the poor teacher or saleswoman, or factory-girl, whose lack of time compels her to buy her gown ready-made, pays not only for her own, but for its half-dozen fellows left on the shelves at the end of the season.

The clothes question daily grows more serious to women. Fashion exacts from us simple republicans four-fold the devotion she requires from any other people. It is not enough that we have means and taste, but we must constantly exhibit them, according to her most trifling behests. To be persistently out of fashion in this independent land is regarded as a kind of social degradation. We are swept on by the tide of custom, and are compelled to keep within hailing distance of the reigning mode. We may not like it; we may utterly detest it; but we are impelled by a force difficult to resist; and as few of us have time to war systematically against any tyranny, we yield from sheer necessity. Thus we have let the clothes question encroach upon us little by little, until it has reached proportions so gigantic as to endanger the satisfaction, if not the peace, of many women. They may not be very wise or very strong women to whom what they wear is a vital matter; but if they are not, so much the more reason why they should be spared any needless solicitude on the subject.

Ready-made clothing ought to be a remedy for this evil. Women ought to be able to buy pretty, simple and well-made dresses at reasonable prices, and thereby save themselves days and weeks of unremunerative toil. And if the manufacturers would be content to put on the market only good fabrics well and tastefully made, at rates returning them but a moderate profit on each garment, they would have sure and ready sale for all; realizing in the end as much as they do under the present system, while the benefit to the feminine public would be immense. As it is now, no woman who has time to make her clothes, or means to have them made privately, will buy what neither taste nor economy recommends.

We have written thus far with special reference to the medium class of costumes offered, because it is the class that appeals to the majority. In the finer grades, such as silk walking-suits, dinner and party robes, the objections are not so great in the costliest varieties, since the goods have to be of nice quality, and, to the persons who can afford to purchase them at all, it does not much matter whether a little more or a little less is asked. But even in the cheaper styles of these dresses, such as the summer silks, and light black silks, the difficulties are repeated. The expensive silks are too high and the others are not worth buying. The extravagant bills of the modern mantua-maker have forced so many ladies either to make their own wardrobes, or to have them made under their own eye in their own homes, that in drawing comparisons we instinctively refer to them instead of the few who give unlimited orders to modistes, and who are not influenced by the altitude of prices.

The few articles of apparel which it is often an economy to buy outright are underclothing and outside wraps. The former—for which there is no better term than the comprehensive French name of *lingerie*—is offered frequently at little above actual cost; it is generally of good quality and strongly if not always elegantly made. These articles are not specially affected by changes of mode, though, like everything else, there are new and old styles. Their sale is constant and large, as the number of new furnishing houses attest; and so they can be afforded at something akin to their real value. It is also frequently better to purchase complete cloaks, sacques, mantles, and indeed all outer wraps, except of silk. They are difficult for unskilled hands to put nicely together; the materials are expensive, and the made garment can be bought at a trifling advance upon the cost of the materials to the retail purchaser, and for at least a third less than the materials and making by a professional cloak-maker would amount to. Why the great dealers, with every facility at hand, with long experience and ripe judgment, make such great differences in the products of their vast establishments, we do not pretend to say. We know the facts, and we present them for consideration.

The Fashion of Jewels.

As a people we seem to have gone daft on the subject of fashion. From the maid in the kitchen who bobs her hair on the crown of her head because she has absorbed from the outer air the impression that that is the newest mode, to the mistress in the parlor who reads metaphysics in lieu of novels because it is the fashion—this social miasma hangs heavy in the atmosphere. It enters into our furniture and our clothes, our food and our books, and even into such lasting and intrinsically beautiful things as jewels. This is the last extreme of the craze of fashion, for what more aggravated form could it take than to condemn precious stones, worth fifty times their weight in gold, as not "the thing;" thereby rendering them in this fashion-adoring land almost unsalable?

For the nonce, diamonds have paled their glow, and sapphires, the bluest of the blue, are the favorite gem. Next to sapphires, diamonds, pearls and emeralds rank equally in favor. Rubies are quite out of mode at present—luckily for the purchaser, since their market value is greater than that of diamonds, and very fine ones are not to be had at any price. It is their scarcity that makes them so costly as to surpass diamonds. Diamonds are very cheap just now, or at least the dealers say so, though to unaccustomed ears the sums asked for them sound something fabulous. The depression in these precious stones is caused by the large numbers of African diamonds recently imported. These are often quite as beautiful to the untrained eye as the old Indian or the Brazilian gems, but they are all slightly tinted, and this decreases their value. It is only absolutely colorless diamonds that are of purest water; and a very small diamond of this description

is often worth twice or thrice as much as a large, clear one, ever so faintly tinged. Many of the colored diamonds are extremely handsome, and such shades as rose, brown, green and yellow frequently bring "fancy" prices from collectors because of their rarity; but for personal ornaments they are never regarded as highly as the colorless stones which seem like crystalized tears. The purchase of diamonds is sometimes a good pecuniary investment, for, like camel's-hair shawls, they always have a market rate, and can generally be turned into money with little trouble and at trifling loss. They are the most beautiful and enduring of gems, but they should be rigorously reserved for evening wear; for they need all the intensity of artificial light to display their matchless brilliancy.

Pearls, which seem to be the emblem of youth, are in great demand at present. Their price is high, but not so high as rubies, diamonds and sapphires. The perfectly round pearls, very seldom found, are the choicest to be had. We saw a necklace the other day, containing one hundred and forty-six, so exactly alike in shape and color that a connoisseur could detect no difference. It was a remarkable collection, probably the most remarkable in this country. The fashion in pearl necklaces is to have them strung like beads on a silk thread, and closed by a clasp behind. This is a foolish fancy, as it involves the piercing of the jewels, masses them so that much of their beauty is lost, and renders them a little less safe than when set in metal, since the breaking of the thread in a crowded room would scatter them past recovery. Pear-shaped pearls, though very graceful, are really imperfect in form, and not much used, therefore, except as drops to brooches composed of the round pearls.

Already turquoises, so desired last Winter, have dropped out of favor, and it is not to be wondered at. Only the rage for undecided tints could ever have made them popular, and as that is waning, the liking for them wanes also. Their mixed green-blue is becoming to nobody, and their intrinsic worth not being great, they will doubtless be cast aside next season. Coral in all its lovely shades is no longer the mode, and charming sets at cost prices languish unsold in their velvet cases. Coral, though not a precious stone, is one of the prettiest and most useful of ornaments, since it can be appropriately worn both on ordinary and full-dress occasions. Plain gold ornaments are passing out of fashion, not so much because they are no longer pretty, as because they have been so successfully imitated in base metals that people are afraid of being suspected of wearing French gilt. The handsome gold sets are so expensive that we think it better and cheaper in the end to spend a little more money, and buy a set of coral or jewels which cannot be imitated, and of which one is so much less likely to grow weary.

The setting of jewels this year is in the lightest possible framework of gold—called, we believe, the knife-blade style—and a distinctive feature is the separating of the jewels from each other so that the light may strike through from every side. This is far more beautiful and artistic than the old form of clusters, and is destined to high favor. The Marquise, or long oval, is the shape most in vogue for rings as well as pins, earrings and lockets, and it is particularly becoming. Bracelets are no longer mere golden shackles, but are inch and half-inch bands in all manner of designs. Chain and link bracelets, once the most admired, are not now much worn. It is not perhaps well known that the best gold work of all kinds is made in this country; and that no foreign production compares favorably with it. Much of the finest jewel-setting is done here, and when our country is more fully developed, and the gems, which there is every reason to suppose exist in its richest mineral regions, are brought to market, the Republic will be the center of this extensive and valuable trade.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Ward's Statue of Gen. Israel Putnam.

We often hear Americans—Americans mostly of the type of the hero of *A Chance Acquaintance*, one of the healthiest books we have read in a long while—who complain that art does not flourish here as it does in Europe, because the government does nothing to encourage it. What an ideal government might be able to do for art, if it should try its hand at patronage, there is of course no knowing, such a government never having existed, but the mischief the unideal governments of our own or of any other time have been able to accomplish by patronizing art is easy to know; it is written all over Europe so plainly that he who runs may read. We do not know a more desolate catalogue to examine, item by item, if a man had a heart insensible enough to permit his taking it up in that deliberate fashion, than the list of pictures and statues "commanded" by European governments, including England, of course, England having been particularly unfortunate in her public commissions. Think of the statues in public places; of the bas-reliefs in the pediments of churches and municipal buildings; of the portraits of sovereigns; of the painted ceilings and the acres of painted walls; of all the dreary results of government patronage of art, from the frescoes of Cornelius and Kaulbach to those that "adorn" the Parliament Houses at Westminster, and ask whether the theory of government patronage of art has proved

good in practice; whether instead of succoring art it hasn't come near suffocating it!

The truth is, the believers in government patronage of art are thinking, when they praise it, of a patronage—if we must use the detestable word—extended indeed by a government, but by a government that consisted in each case of a single individual. It was not Athens, and France, and Milan, and the States of the Church, and England that patronized Phidias, and Cellini, and Primaticcio, and Leonardo, and Angelo, and Raphael, and Holbein, but Pericles and Francis, and Louis Sforza, and Julius, and Leo, and Henry VIII. These men, lovers of art for her own sake or for luxury, or if the reader will have it so, for vanity, kept the great artists busy, not at all in the spirit in which the governments of our own day patronize art while caring not one cent about it, but in the same way—though sometimes less nobly, if often more nobly—that an amateur of to-day gives commission or buys the pictures that are brought to market.

Art may be in a bad way in our America—we sometimes fear it is—but we are thankful it hasn't too much patronage from the government, but is left to worry along as it best can, with what help it gets from private people. We believe that art has its healthiest growth when it exists to meet real wants, not fictitious ones, and such wants can be felt only by individuals and not by governments. Whatever good work has been produced by our American artists has been the free outcome of their talent; it has not been a hot-house growth of patronage. On the contrary, with rare exceptions, the works that have been executed for the government have been melancholy failures, and Washington is an infirmary of puerile pictures and amorphous statues. Only once in a while does there come a man like Greenough, who will think it an honor that his country has asked him to work for her, and will put forth all his powers to honor himself in serving her. Rarely does a man like Henry K. Brown appear, to whom slight, unconsidered work is impossible, and who only knows how to do his best for a government or for an individual. When an intelligent American visits the Capitol and looks about him at the despairing signs of imbecility that are inscribed over these rotunda pictures, these bas-reliefs, portico statues (and Greenough's here is no better than the stone-cutter Persico's)—at the Clark Mills "Jackson," the Vinnie Ream "Lincoln," the "Hamilton" by Stone, the "Penn" by Powers, he must be grieved to see what a failure the Government has made in its efforts to patronize art, but he must be glad to think there is no more of it.

We have been fortunate thus far in getting out of two of our foremost sculptors the best work of which they are capable through private commissions. H. K. Brown has made all his finest statues for private persons, either individuals or associations, only one statue, we believe, the "Scott," having been ordered by the government. And Ward has been so fortunate as never to have had a commission from the government at all. He has stood sturdily on his own feet, and employment has persistently sought him; he has left lobbying to stone-cutters. The "Shakespeare," the "Indian Hunter," the "Seventh Regiment Memorial," the "Good Samaritan," were all private commissions or private purchases, and in each case those who have given the commission know that the work has been done to the best of the sculptor's ability.

The statue of General Putnam, the latest work of Mr. Ward, though designed for a public situation, is due, like all the others, to private liberality. The late Judge Joseph P. Allyn, of Hartford, left by his will a sum of money to be appropriated to procure a statue of General Putnam for the City Park. The father of Judge Allyn, Timothy M. Allyn, Esq., made an addition to his son's bequest, and the trustees of the fund had the wisdom to select Mr. Ward as the sculptor. The statue is now completed in the clay, and the work of casting it in bronze will soon be begun by Wood, of Philadelphia, by whom, it will be remembered, the Shakespeare now in the Central Park was cast with such satisfactory result. The sculptor had scant material on which to found a portrait statue of Putnam, but he has faithfully and intelligently used all that he could find, and the result is a figure that fully satisfies our imagination of the old hero while resting in a healthy reality. Ward is so much in sympathy with simplicity, frankness, and all that we mean by the word "manly"—there is so absolutely nothing of the dilettante, the Bohemian, in his composition, that we can think of few men better suited than he to portray a man like Putnam, whose adventures make such an inspiriting episode in our somewhat tame Revolutionary history, with its brave and worthy but somewhat conventional and proper heroes. Perhaps these stories are apocryphal—the story of the wolf's den, and the stone steps, and the spy—but whether apocryphal or only very much dressed up, it is none the less true that they were stories which attached themselves to sturdy old Putnam and to no one else, and that they are in accordance with all we know about him. History won't go down with young people without stories, and we don't know that it is right it should. The supply, however, has been equal to the demand in all history before our own, and why we should have fallen on such dry fare is hard to tell. But so it is, and General Putnam has the honor of being the one man in our annals whose life has any strong mythical flavor.

If Trumbull had been an accurate painter we might have known very well how he looked, but he was a very inaccurate man, and had only the ordinary conventional artist way of looking at facts as things to be got rid of as far as possible. "D——n nature!" said choleric old Fuseli, "she puts me out!" and though Trumbull was far too proper to swear, he no doubt shared Fuseli's feeling. He had great skill as a painter, as may be seen—not by looking at the pic-

tures in the Capitol at Washington, but by studying the miniatures in Yale College, and his miniature of Putnam is the best likeness we have of a man whom we wish there had been some one at hand to photograph. For the defect of Trumbull's miniatures is their want of individuality—they look too much alike; one would say he had a recipe for complexions, and kept a collection of eyes, as a bird-stuffer does. Ward has gathered together all the published likenesses of Putnam that he could obtain, but with little advantage, since they are all founded on Trumbull's portrait. Fortunately, he came by mere accident upon a rude drawing of Putnam in Indian-ink—a sketch from life—now in the hands of a descendant. This is a rude piece of work, without the least artistic skill, made, like enough, by some one who had never seen an artist's performance. As a picture it is, of course, far inferior to Trumbull's miniature, but while it sufficiently confirms our notions of the General's appearance, gathered from Trumbull's picture, there is added just that rustic yeoman air which we feel must have belonged to the man, but which the conventional painter somewhat missed. What adds character to this native drawing is the arrangement of the hair, which has been allowed to grow loose on the neck, and Ward at once seized on this peculiarity as not only an indication of personality, but as a relief from the formality so hard to avoid in a military portrait. More important, however, was the fact that the drawing in question showed the General in profile, Trumbull's being full-face, and thus, with the aid of the two pictures, it would be strange if so observing an eye as Ward's could not select ample material for a good likeness. But, of the two, the profile was by far the more important, since the nose—the feature by which we read the whole active side of the character—is only to be known by the profile, and with such a man as Putnam was, everything depended upon getting the nose right. Is it a perception of this vital fact in the study of physiognomy, or because it is the easier thing to do that makes children, and people and nations in a childish state of development, portray the human face in profile?

The *crux*, the head, having been successfully achieved, there was left a minor point, but an important one, the costume. And here an unexpected difficulty arose. Who knows how our Revolutionary officers dressed? We think we know, but it is to be feared that we have only general and vague ideas, and that if they happen to be precise, they are pretty sure to be incorrect. It would appear that there are only two military coats left from Revolutionary times, and neither of them helps us much, one being a sort of dress affair, a coat of Washington's, now in the Patent Office at Washington, the other a coat that belonged to General Wayne, and is now in Kentucky, we believe, or too far away to be useful to us.

Here was a chance to profit by the accuracy of the portrait painters, and, alas! Trumbull fails us here as always, sacrificing everything to effect, and put out as much by coat and waistcoat as by complexion! No help from Trumbull or from anybody in this matter, only general effect to be had and the details not to be got at satisfactorily by any study. Ward, then, has had much difficulty with some minor points of the costume that it would have given him pleasure to have felt sure were correctly represented, but at least nothing has been left undone to secure accuracy. Even here, again, the rude Indian-ink drawing has been of service, and the sword-hilt is exactly copied from the original still preserved at Yale.

So much for externals, and Ward has rightly felt how much their truthfulness has to do with our notion of the man himself. He has chosen for his subject an attitude simple, natural, every-day—but one in which the characteristics of the man are shown as they must be in every spontaneous movement. Putnam has just been summoned, he has grasped his sword which, with the belt and sash, is held against his breast in one hand, while the other holds the beaver chapeau straight down by the side. He is advancing, the head erect, with its slightly shaggy hair falling over the collar, the right foot firmly pressed upon the ground, the left resting on the ball of the foot, but resting only for an instant. There is in the movement of this somewhat heavy man of fifty odd, inclining already to fullness, an easy elasticity of motion often seen in men of his temperament whose bodies move with a certain joyfulness to follow the quick-springing mind. To have seized such a character as this in full activity, a man must be in sympathy with his subject, and the spectator feels that the life infused into this clay comes from life in the sculptor. It is a work to inspire patriotism not by symbols, nor by dwelling on anecdote and popular attributes, but by keeping in perpetual presence the living image of a good and true man, one of Wordsworth's

> "Glad souls without reproach or blot,
> Who do God's will, and know it not."

Such was Israel Putnam, and if Ward has not chosen, as some would have had him, to represent his hero as he may have looked on that day, when, hearing the news from Lexington as he was plowing in the field with his son, he quickly unyoked his team, left his plow in the furrow, and sending his boy to the house with the message that he was gone, mounted his horse in his working-dress and rode away with speed to the camp—it was perhaps because he wished to avoid for his hero any suspicion of melodrama, and to represent in a more universal way his constant readiness to serve his country.

The Unprogressive Art.

IT is something of an anomaly that the art which has more to do with culture and progress than any other is itself the least progressive of all the arts.

Our busy intellectual and commercial age brings writing into requisition a thousandfold more than any age that has gone before; yet we commit our

thoughts to paper as slowly and laboriously as our great-grandfathers used to, ere time-saving and labor-saving inventions began to be thought of.

If the art of writing had reached a satisfactory stage of development, if literary workmen were generally contented with the means and processes of their profession, the lack of mechanical progress in it would be less a matter of surprise. But they are not. Every one who has much writing to do deplores the apparently needless labor involved in it, finds his thinking hampered by the tediousness of expression, and prays for some more simple and less fatiguing method.

Is it unreasonable to hope for such relief? The reform would come quickly enough, says the practical man, if there were any money in it for the reformer; but who would pay for the privilege of using a new alphabet? Especially when its money value would depend on its immediate adoption by everybody.

There is some truth in this; still, knowing how long and zealously men have labored to solve this problem of rapid writing, expecting no return save the satisfaction to come from success and the consciousness of having done a public service, we are inclined to think that something more than the absence of prospective profit lies at the bottom of its non-solution. Unsatisfactory as our current method of writing is, it is no easy task to invent a manual system which shall so excel it in facileness, fluency, directness and legibility as to commend itself to all. Indeed, the best conceivable system of writing would find it difficult to supplant the worst, where so many vested interests are concerned.

The proposed reform, if alphabetic, would have to be in reality a revolution. It would involve the abandonment of our present writing as a whole, not merely require a gradual modification of it; a change possible only with an outburst of popular enthusiasm not at all likely to be awakened in a cause of this sort.

To answer the every-day purposes of all sorts of people, a system of writing must be legible if badly written. The characters must be large and distinct, to suit every variety of sight. There must be little scope for diversity of word-forms. Every sound must be expressed,—vowels and consonants following each other connectedly as in spoken words. Word-forms must be simple and writable, regardless of the number or character of the sounds involved. The writing must flow naturally in some one direction; if from left to right, then the general direction of the letters must lie that way. The writing must not involve nice angles or degrees of curvature or shading. And, lastly, if it is to supplant the method in use, it must be four or five times briefer and less laborious.

Can such a system be devised?

It is hard to admit that a problem to which one has given years of hopeful thought is quite insoluble; yet knowing enough of all the multiform systems of brief writing published during the past century—all at least that have any recognized merit—to be able to form a just opinion of them, and having invented and written with perhaps a score of original alphabets, we are persuaded that—well, that our common long-hand, tiresome as it is, is in no great danger of extinction yet.

Briefer methods there are in plenty—methods which greatly diminish the labor of writing—which on the face appear wonderfully simple and philosophical; but it does not require any prolonged examination of them to discover that they are really very complicated, and for popular use altogether unavailable. There is not one of them which does not require too nice an eye for easy reading, and too skilful a hand for ready writing. Microscopic twists and curls count for too much, and the sense is too often at the mercy of a casual fly-speck.

A killing fault with all these schemes of rapid writing arises from the fact that their inventors have had verbatim reporting as their ultimate aim. All things are subordinated to this, forgetting that a thousand men have need of a means of setting down thought quickly, easily, and legibly, where one is required to write as fast as another can speak.

Since the hand cannot trace characters, even the simplest, as rapidly as the vocal organs can utter sounds, verbatim reporting forms no legitimate part of writing, and its possible requirements should have no influence whatever on the selection of alphabetic characters for ordinary use. Reporting is an art by itself, as distinct from writing as sketching is from painting—an art in which success depends far more on the personal equation of the artist, than on the system he uses.

The mutual jealousies, bickerings, and legal quarrelings of the would-be leaders of writing-reform, is proof enough to the onlooker that no one of them has yet found the perfect scheme for the conversion of the world to a new chirography. We have before us letters of recent date from two enthusiasts of this class,—one calling our attention to certain phonic short-hand works, the publication of which the author hopes "will mark a new era in the study;" the other, warning us that the said works are gross infringements on the writer's copyrights. Both authors are working on the basis of Pitman's Phonography; both claim to have reduced that complicated and very irregular "system" to order and simplicity, just as their predecessors have been doing for so many years; and both succeed only in adding their unintentional testimony to the volume of evidence proving the failure of phonography to meet the requirements of a popular method of writing.

The practical result of the study of these systems of phonography, tachygraphy, and the rest, is enough to condemn them. Scarcely five in the hundred of those who set out to master them find them available for every-day use, and the majority of these five are professional reporters. The great multitude of writers

lack the patience, persistence, memory, manual quickness and accuracy required for their successful employment.

After all, we are inclined to think that the real solution of this problem of rapid and easy writing will be mechanical rather than alphabetic. It is the pen that is inadequate to the work that needs to be done. As an instrument the pen may be perfect of its kind, as the common sewing-needle is perfect. Neither pen nor needle is likely to be ever done away with wholly; yet both fail alone to meet the increasing demands of our quick-moving civilization. The sewing-machine has come in to do the great bulk of our stitching. We must have a machine to do the same for our writing. The letters must be struck with a metal type instead of being traced by hand; and the writer's part must be confined wholly, or chiefly, to the touching of appropriate keys. With such a machine the distinctness of the writing will no longer be at the mercy of unsteady or undisciplined nerves and muscles; the characters may be as complex and significant as those of Bell's *Visible Speech*, or even the Chinese, without increasing in the least the labor of writing, and the "copy" will correspond exactly with print.

The degree of success already attained by several inventors of writing-machines gives every assurance that the manual labor of literary workmen is certain to be greatly diminished. May we hope that the quality of their work will be correspondingly improved?

Rousseau.*

"His life was one long war with self-sought foes,
Or friends self-banished"—

is the epitome of Rousseau's biography uttered by Byron with his usual terse force and doubtful grammar. His portrait, existing in an English collection, is described as showing deep furrows on the brow, and in the glance a solicitude half penetrating and defiant, half dejected, and marked by facial lines telling the story of profound moral defeat, unlightened by memories of resolute combat with evil and weakness. D'Alembert professed to think him a madman who was very clever, and who was only clever when he was in a fever. By most men in our day Rousseau is regarded in a confused way as a brilliant preacher of social and religious novelties, at odds with the world, unclean in morals and ungenerous in his relations with others, a sort of marsh-fire among clearer lights, glowing and dying in putrescence. The present temperate and liberal examination of his character and genius depicts him as a man thoroughly sincere if fatally weak, fertile in great ideas mixing truth with mistakes that had a prodigious influence on his time, more unhappy than erring, and deserving pity rather than either admiration or contempt. The author's patient judicious study towards the enlightenment of the superficial view of this extraordinary being which prevails in England and is usually blindly accepted here, is an emphatic commentary on its opening text upon the impossibility of condensing all estimates of such a character into a single unqualified proposition.

This Life of Rousseau is the appropriate pendant to that of Voltaire, to be followed, let us hope, by as elaborate a portrait of one or more among that group of intellectual leaders who stood in close relations with both. Individually, no one of the encyclopædists can be as interesting as these two most prominent figures in the crowd of inquirers who prepared the French revolution. But the peculiar part taken by many among them in raising and solving, or at least discussing, the questions of the time, deserves to be set forth with a discriminating criticism like that bestowed by Mr. Morley on these chosen instances. While contrasting Rousseau as a master example of sensibility with Voltaire as a master example of clear-eyed penetration, he is careful to mark the profound differences in conviction and purpose separating Rousseau from that philosophic school. His greater seriousness and reverence, his deeper spirituality, made a gulf between them which widened until he became a third great power in the century between the encyclopædic party and the Church. Beginning as the associate of revolutionary thinkers in politics, he ended by opposing them as a reactionary in religion. The flood of reforming ideas parted into two distinct currents, of one of which Rousseau was the confessed leader. These diverging theories bore their practical fruit in shaping the action of parties. The time came when Robespierre, the sentimentalist disciple of Rousseau, seemed relatively religious in sending Chaumette and Clootz to the guillotine for the definite offence of carrying out the teachings of Voltaire to their logical issue, and seeking to raise atheism into a worship.

The most satisfactory clue to guide us through the perplexed and often ignoble troubles of Rousseau's life to an understanding of his misfortunes and his triumphs alike, is found in his temperament. Hume once said of him that he had only *felt* during the whole course of his life; and Mr. Morley so reasons upon collected details of his antecedents unknown to Hume, as to convert this exaggeration into a sober certainty. His sensitiveness amounted to a constitutional infirmity. His father was of an eager, romantic spirit, and he derived from his mother nothing but gentleness and sensibility. In his youth his will was never trained nor his impulses studied and directed. He lived upon sensation and imagination, and lost, if he ever had it, the power of reaction against moral shocks. It is this passionate, morbid acuteness of feeling which is the master tone in the whole strain of his life. It confused his intellectual perceptions, and in his earlier days so dominated them that he was pronounced too dull to acquire the elements of learning or the simplest accomplishments. His own words strikingly describe the way in which it affected his habits of thought and

* *Rousseau:* By John Morley. London: Chapman & Hall. New York: Scribner, Welford & Armstrong.

composition: "I feel all, and see nothing. I am carried away, but I am stupid. My ideas ferment until they agitate me. Insensibly the emotion grows still, the chaos is disentangled, but very slowly, and after long and confused agitation." To this morbid sentiment he owes the worst parts of his character, self-described in the vices and meannesses which he records with brutal and probably exaggerated frankness. But he owes to it also his better reputation. It was in this intense feeling that he found the spring of his passionate sympathy with lowly suffering humanity, the warmth of his patriotic glow, and the stuff for the dreams of social perfection that made him famous. When it took an erotic form this receptive ardor made him the most transported and the most wretched of men. It opened sources of emotion from which he distilled the tears and the nectar of the romance that turned all the heads of France, while so much of generous, and pure, and prudent was mixed with its irregular passion that it helped his countrymen to simple ideas of happiness, and new honor in domestic life. The same overstrained sensibility made his capricious friendships a burden, or a subject of ridicule to their objects. He was irritable, ungrateful, independent to the point of angry rudeness at offered aid. He said of himself that there were times when he fled from the eyes of men as from Parthian arrows; and one who spoke from experience, declared that the fate of his most intimate friend depended on a word or a gesture. When it is added that poverty beset him, that the coarse companion he chose to live with proved unfaithful after many years of concubinage, that persecution for his religious and political heresies drove him from land to land, and that a painful disease robbed him of ease and sleep, it is not surprising that something very like madness darkened his later days, and that it is a question whether his death was not the act of a suicide.

The author admits that Rousseau's personality has most repulsive sides. In detailing the noted episodes of his life, he neither screens nor strikes, but traces with scientific calmness the growth from the subject's diseased sensitiveness of whatever was depraved in his ways or unsound in his writings. The reader's own judgment is invited upon an exposition of the circumstances under which each of his great works was conceived, and of the companionship and the place and manner of living that imparted its color. In subjecting his performances to that minute analysis deserved by their commanding place in the literature of human progress, the author carefully distinguishes between the man and the matter. If they are suffused with romance, weak in logic, and meager and inexact as to learning, they are passionately serious, palpitating with hope and sympathy, and incomparable in style. There is impartial praise or blame for whatever in them betrays Rousseau's self, his exquisite feeling for nature, his deep pity for human sorrows, his instinct for simplicity, his practical wisdom about education, mingled with crotchets as to politics, and misty impressions of rights and vague religious yearning. Then the share in his work of the fermenting ideas of the time is pointed out; how much of it was due, besides that which answered the pleading misery of the poor, and burned with the ardor of new political theories, to minor social needs, to disgust with servility and dead patriotism, to revulsion from the mocking coldness of atheism. And to complete the critical survey, the residuum of pure and lasting truth, after all these deductions made, is heartily acknowledged, and the broad light of a larger philosophy than inspired the mere sentimentalist or the cramped rationalist is poured upon it.

It is in this expansion and adjustment to more modern wants of certain of Rousseau's ideas that the real interest and importance of these volumes consists. They are adopted as points in the growth of a slowly evolving body of truth, just as the man is viewed as stepping farther on than earlier benefactors of the race, and the age as rising above all heights reached in the past to win a wider prospect of fairer coming time. The author looks before and after, seeing in Rousseau and his revolution the fruit and promise of continuous growth. So while he discovers in the writers of the preceding centuries the germs of that great thought which became in Rousseau's hands a lever of the nations, that the people are the many, not the few, he forecasts the era of a completer civilization which shall regard our present arrangements and inequalities as monstrous. So, too, he maintains that the noblest of the emotions which the Christian religion has made familiar to man are the moods of awe and reverence it borrowed from Judaism, and the sentiment of human pity breathed into it by its founder. And he finds Rousseau's true glory in his fidelity to these—in his genuine love and sorrow for his kind, and his zeal to preserve religion on the one hand from rotting into superstition, and on the other from freezing into atheism. Yet he feels no content, and inspires the reader with none, in Rousseau's own creed, which is elaborately described as a graceful form of Deism, worshiping the ideal of a divinity for fair weather. Nor does he offer anything more complete, to answer the craving for some religion of that spiritual part which he warmly affirms to reign in our nature coequal with the reason that demands light and knowledge. Here is the failure and the disappointment in this otherwise satisfactory book. Contemning atheism, deriding deism, accepting Christianity as a decaying tabernacle once strong and ample, it leaves in place of these, all swept away, a formless blank. Its serene profession of faith in the grand ideal of the race, past, present and to come, its transcendental hymn of worship, as lofty as Comte's and less fantastic, to absolute humanity falls faint and hollow from too far a height for the common spirit to attain. For the prophetic sight of the philosopher, the airy hues of such a vision may be full of light and warmth; but it has no cheer for the dull eyes of the whole creation that must groan and travail through the centuries before, if ever, it becomes a living creed.

The interest inspired by the main subject of the biography is hardly greater than that which the manner of treatment enables the author to throw around the famous men and women who were his associates, enemies, or imitators. The leaders in science and literature of the time, the chiefs of polite society and the future rulers of the Terror, noted foreign contemporaries, Genevese burghers, and priests of both faiths, and women of all ranks, from the marquise to the peasant, pass in vivid review before us. With all its depth of speculation and grave finish of style, the book has in many parts the rapid movement and adventurous interest of a novel.

The Renaissance.*

THESE essays are the clarified product of very subtle thought upon their subjects, elaborated in forms of extreme precision and delicacy, in which every word has its value. In speaking of the Renaissance as the varied critical and creative movement of the 15th and 16th centuries, without much unity or conscious combination, the author waives any attempt to describe it as a whole, though he selects for illustration such studies as touch its chief points. It is treated, too, as denoting something much wider than the revival of classical antiquity at the close of the middle ages, as extending far back into those ages, and expressing the revolt against the restraints imposed by their religious systems on the heart and the imagination. That brilliant effort at the end of the 12th century to do for human life and the human mind what was afterwards done in the 15th, which produced ecclesiastical art and Provençal poetry, is particularly dwelt on as keeping up the continuity between the true dark age and the later revival. And this idea in its turn leads to the deeper thought, that nothing which has ever interested living men and women can wholly lose its vitality, and that among the spiritual forces of the past, the element of Greek culture, above all, is so fitted to satisfy a vital requirement of the intellect that it must forever be a conscious tradition in its life, or, as it is elsewhere expressed, though modern culture may have more color, the mediæval spirit greater heat and profundity, Hellenism is preëminently intellectual light.

The author applies with curious suggestion and ingenious reflection this idea of the function of the æsthetic critic, which is, to distinguish in the fairer forms of nature and human life the special virtue by which they produce pleasurable sensations, each of a peculiar kind. And in each of the essays he penetrates straight to the personality of the worker, striving to reach the secret of his originality, insisting that everything that has style, that has been done as no other man or age could have done it, as it could never, for all our trying, be done again, has its true value and interest. This method is not so much a protest against Taine's theories as to the influence of surroundings upon the creations of genius, as it is the complement to them. It admits, and indeed indicates, the shaping pressure of the age upon the artist, and yet analyzes the qualities of character and the personal experience that impress special value on his work. So the effect of Michelangelo's sculpture, as if "some spirit in the thing seems always on the point of breaking out of it," is traced to a genius spiritualized by the reverie of the middle ages, yet modulated by his peculiar temper and disappointments. So too the very striking description of "La Gioconda," the revealing instance of Leonardo da Vinci's mode of thought and work, detects in the picture, though a portrait, an image defining itself from childhood on the fabric of his dreams. The essays are pervaded by subtle complication of theory with narrative that no quotation can do justice to, and heightened now and then with fine critical touches like this: "All color is no mere delightful quality of natural things, but a spirit upon them by which they become expressive to the spirit."

Following the series is an elaborate study on Winckelmann, published and much remarked upon some years ago, and which contains wide generalizations upon art and religion. It dwells particularly upon the pagan sentiment that measures the sadness with which the human mind is filled whenever its thoughts wander far from what is here and now, as an element common and pervading in all religions for the vast majority of mankind. The conclusion presents a singularly concise and vivid summing up of the latest doctrines of physiology and metaphysics, applied to the definition of what is real in life, and yielding the deduction that multiplied consciousness and intense enjoyment are most surely to be found in art for art's sake. The volume is produced with much elegance, unfortunately marred by several misprints of French quotations that should not have escaped correction.

The Isles of Shoals.

NINE miles off the coast of New England, just where the boundary-line between Maine and New Hampshire melts into the trackless sea, lies a group of rocky islets. They are eight in number, bleached by centuries of storms, brightened only by a few patches of scanty vegetation, girt about with olive-brown fringes of sea-weed, or with the yeasty churning of the breakers. Here and there are a few scattered hamlets; a tall lighthouse sends its slender ray far out upon the tumbling ocean; a swollen hotel is beginning to loom on the desolate rocks, and summer travelers are dotted in among the time-worn boulders. These are the Isles of Shoals, long famous among the knowing inhabitants of New England as a comfortable and quiet retreat from the heats of summer, and now duly celebrated in the charming volume of Mrs. Celia Thaxter, *Among the Isles of Shoals*, published by J. R. Osgood & Co., of Boston.

The hapless dweller in rural cities or by unsalted seas can never know the spell by which the ocean

* *Studies in the History of the Renaissance*, by Walter H. Pater. London: Macmillan & Co.

holds coast-born people. The mysterious murmur of the main, its hollow roar or rushing and hissing tumult, the soft lapping of the summer sea, the low wash on the pebbly beach or the angry call of the breakers,—these all soothe the soul with an inexpressible sadness of pleasure, or smite on the sense like a call from another world. The little waste of waters which rolls between a sea-girt island and the busy world divorces the sensitive spirit from the cares, anxieties, and petty concerns of life as though it were the measureless field of ether which divides us from the rim of the solar system. Whether the sky be blue or gray, the ocean molten in silver or wrinkled with angry leaden lines, the rocks glowing in the tender glow of sunrise, or harsh and white in the fierce light of noon,—the subtle charm never disappears. This is the home of the lotos-eater. There are no slender streams to fall and pause and fall along the cliff "like a downward smoke," no "slender galingale," but they who visit these enchanted isles and listen to the seductive murmur of the sea, forget their cares and burdens, and are ready to breathe the song—

"Our home
"Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

None can adequately lay bare the wonderful secret which lies hidden beneath the pathetic contour of these bleak islets but one who has absorbed the mysterious influence of the sea. Shallow people like the Isle of Shoals because they are quiet, free from dust and ever fresh as if they had risen, new-born, from the ocean brine but yesterday. Yet, even these, giving themselves up to the magic that breathes about them, are quieted and calmed in some manner which they cannot rouse themselves to consider. But here is a book written by one whose childhood and girlhood were colored and keyed by the sights and sounds which make the strange charm of the rocky islets in the sea. With a sensitive but healthy organization, the young girl grew up in familiar acquaintance with the wild ocean and all the forms of life that go to and fro upon its bosom or disport in its marginal depths. Her attractive pages gleam, not so much with sketches as with glimpses of an inner life made happy and beautiful by the peculiar surroundings which were hers on the Isles of Shoals. Her book is full of color. Whether you see the dark line of indigo which the sea makes under the pure sky of winter, or the glare of quicksilver which it takes on under the westering sun, the picture is vivid in all its hues; it is something more than a design in "gray and gray," as the painters phrase it. The writer is quite at home, too, among the various forms of life which nestle among the rocks and crannies of the islands. Here are the spotted jewel-weed, the pearly eye-bright and the modest pimpernel—old friends all, and doubly dear because they bloom and smile amidst the sterility of these far-off, bleak islands. The sea-urchins, star-fish, sea-spiders, and all the multifarious creatures which haunt the watery shore, are given their due place in the economy of the little republic. Nor are the birds forgotten, for no one in sympathy with Nature can fail to know the snowy gulls that scream and fly or waft along the sky like wandering flakes of foam; the song-sparrows and the wintry owls are friends of the islanded family; and overhead, when winter breaks, the long procession of wild-geese "honks" in the misty blue.

The author of these charming sketches gives us, too, whatever of human interest the isles may have, withal. The rough, barbaric dwellers of Star Island may have lost some of their picturesque viciousness since Mrs. Thaxter's girlhood; but these toilers of the sea have ever their own wild flavor; and the graceful touches with which our chronicler limns the race as we know it satisfy the reader that the change to whitewash and decency is for the better. The tales of wreck which invest the island group with tragic memories are sufficient for romance and for sentiment. The clumsy barges of Biarue and Thorfinn Thorsefkne must have skirted these rocky shores almost a thousand years ago. Here were crushed by the sea the Spanish galleons, rich with fruit, costly stuffs and spiceries. Along these inhospitable beaches have been strewn the wrecked gains of many a venture in foreign parts, while bearded men and fair-haired boys lay all a-row, cast up in death by the half-relenting sea.

We have said enough to indicate the wealth of material which the thoughtful soul will find on the Isles of Shoals. Need we say more of the book than that the author has admirably used her opportunities? She has had the happy insight to perceive all the multitudinous life and form and color that enrich the apparently barren group of islands in the sea. She has successfully, and without show or pretense, given us an honest picture of all that is of the island-life. The soothing charm, the healing balm of the sea will be confined in no book, however deft of hand and refined in spirit may be its author.

"Bressant."*

If Mr. Hawthorne fails in his career as a romance writer, so promisingly begun, it will not be for want of close observation of details in outward nature and morals, nor from any waste of attention on the former. His descriptions aid his analysis, and the scenery and setting of his story borrow their character from its persons. And these, in his preference for psychological study, are presented rather as embodied principles or states of feeling than as flesh and blood realities. Each shows too much of one unshaded tint. What they say and do is appropriately said and done, granting their position and the control of one simple impulse over each; but the position is hardly a probable one, and men and women are not so consistently good or bad.

If we except two personages from this criticism, it

* *Bressant:* A Novel. By Julian Hawthorne. D. Appleton & Co.

is because the Professor and Abbie bring into the story the results and finished effects of life, not life in action. They do nothing to develop the situation of which their memories and past experience make an element. Whatever the author gains in point of concentration by thus narrowing his circle of human interests, he sacrifices the counteracting influences and varied sympathies that modify real life, even within the limits of a village. The light of the focus under which the three chief figures are brought is therefore more strong and searching than natural or agreeable. Such a combination as that they play a part in might, indeed, occur, but it is unusual, and seems a forced and unprepared episode, demanding violent suppositions, when a little more art might have led to it as the inevitable result of the slow growth of character. Thus we are required to believe that Bressant, a model of physical and mental vigor, can have reached the age of twenty-four without the least knowledge of affection, even of the family sort, or any suspicion that there was such a thing as passion in his being. Some tropical island of French romance might produce such a Paul, but physiology forbids his existence in our latitude and time; and he is to find his Virginia in two sisters successively, each of whom is at first as unsophisticated as himself. The younger, fragile but resolute, and religious to the verge of mysticism, devotes herself to redeeming Bressant from his heathen darkness, naturally losing her heart in the experiment. She serves as a foil to the elder sister's beauty and positive sensuousness, and yet these are depicted as permitting in some miraculous way a blank ignorance of emotion, quite inconsistent with the blooming ardor of her nineteen years spent in a place which is expressly described as an occasional resort for the dwellers in cities. Then in order to lower and temper her nature to the requisite point of impressibility, the author sends her to visit a Knickerbocker family, with whom she meets, and is formed by a society in which M. de Camors would have found himself perfectly at home. This is all greatly overstrained, for the current of fast life is not kept fresh among us by the old Dutch race, nor do its follies sink into such depravities otherwise than exceptionally

These faults are of a kind that wider knowledge of life will cure, and their censure convicts the author of nothing worse than weakness of constructive power, and carelessness in adopting superficial notions about society. He can well afford to give heed to their correction, which will produce improved symmetry in his future work, and open more natural ways for the exercise of his keenness of insight and skill in laying bare the depths of motives and the subtleties of self deceit. Enough of this kind of power is shown in this volume to prove that he will deal more successfully with excited emotions and conflicts of purpose and thought than with the common course of life. And there is ingenuity as well as truth in his manner of selecting those aspects of Nature that reflect the moods of humanity, and attributing to her changes a sympathy with those who regard them, instead of coldly describing her as something apart, like the frame of a picture.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

A New Fire-Arm.

THE adoption by the government of fire-arms of the best character is a matter of great importance to the welfare and it might almost be said the preservation of a nation. We may therefore profitably devote a portion of our space to the brief consideration of a new fire-arm which is attracting a very considerable amount of attention among army officers.

The gun in question is known as the Ward-Burton, and has sucessfully withstood the severe tests applied by the various boards to which it has been submitted. The advantages it presents are: 1st. The small number of pieces entering into the formation of the lock and breech mechanism, there being but twenty in this, while the Remington has thirty, and the Springfield thirty-eight pieces. 2d. It is built on the bolt system, all the essential parts of the lock being enclosed in the interior of the bolt and thoroughly protected from injury by weather, dirt or accident. 3d. The exceedingly simple working of the mechanism. The bolt operating exactly like an ordinary old-fashioned door-bolt, and the gun requiring only three movements to load and fire it, while the Springfield requires five. It may therefore be discharged over thirty times a minute, or about thirty-three per cent. faster than the Springfield. 4th. The manner in which the cartridges are driven home prevents any possibility of a premature discharge. 5th. The stroke of the hammer being in the line of the aim, there is no change in the direction of the aim by the blow given by the hammer in its descent. 6th. It may be loaded while in motion, even on horseback, which is not the case with the Springfield. 7th. It is also made in what is called the Magazine form, which does not interfere with its action as an ordinary breech-loader, while it holds in reserve seven or eight cartridges, which may be discharged at the rate of one per second.

Ephemeræ.

IN a recent article on metamorphoses of insects, Sir John Lubbock thus describes the change in Ephemeræ or May flies: "The larvæ are semi-transparent, active,

six-legged little creatures, which live in water, and having at first no gills, respire through the general surface of the body. They grow rapidly, and change their skin every few days. After one or two moults they acquire seven pairs of gills, or branchiæ, which are in the form of leaves, one pair to each segment. When they are about half grown, the posterior angles of the two posterior thoracic segments begin to elongate. These elongations become more and more marked with every change of skin. One morning in the month of June, some years ago, I observed a full-grown larva which had a glistening appearance, owing to the presence of a film of air under the skin. I put it under the microscope, and then, having added a drop of water with a pipette, I put the instrument down and looked through the glass. To my astonishment the insect was gone, and an empty skin only remained. I then caught a second specimen in a similar condition and put it under the microscope, hoping to see it come out, nor was I disappointed. Very few moments had elapsed, when I had the satisfaction of seeing the thorax open along the middle of the back; the two sides turned over; the insect literally walked out of itself, unfolding its wings, and in an instant flew up to the window. Several times since I have had the pleasure of witnessing this wonderful change, and it is really extraordinary how rapidly it takes place; from the moment when the skin first cracks, not ten seconds are over before the insect has flown away."

Of Dragon-flies, or Horse-stingers, as they are sometimes erroneously called, the same writer remarks: "The larvæ live in the water, and are brown, sluggish, ugly creatures with six legs. They feed on small water animals, for which they wait very patiently, either at the bottom of the water or on some water plant. The lower jaws are attached to a long folding rod, and when any unwary little wretch approaches too near the larva, this apparatus is shot out with great velocity, and the prey which comes within its reach seldom escapes."

Compensation in Nature.

AN admirable illustration of the manner in which certain plants are compensated for apparent defects in their organization is related in a recent number of the *Horticulturist*, from which we quote: "Among Parasitic plants the Mistletoe affords an excellent example of 'compensation.' No art has yet made these plants root in the ground. Here, then, might seem to be a mortal defect in their constitution. Let us examine how this defect is made up to them. The seeds are endued with an adhesive quality so tenacious that they adhere to the surface or bark of any tree, however smooth. Roots springing from these seeds insinuate their fibers into the woody substances of the tree from which this parasite draws its life and maintenance. Another marked instance is the antumnal crocus. Its blossom rises out of the ground in the most forlorn condition possible, without a sheath, calyx or cup to protect it, and that, too, not in the spring to be visited by the summer sun, but under all the disadvantages of the declining year. When we look more closely at its organization, however, we find that instead of being neglected nature has gone out of her way to provide for its security and make up for its defects. The seed-vessel, which in other plants is situated within the cup of the flower or just beneath it, in this plant is buried ten or twelve inches under ground in a bulbous root. The styles always reach this seed-vessel, but in this by an elongation unknown in other plants. All these peculiarities contribute to one end. As this plant blossoms late in the year and would not have time to ripen its seeds before the access of winter would destroy them, Providence has contrived its structure in such a manner that this office may be accomplished at a depth in the earth beyond the reach of ordinary frosts. In the autumn nothing is done above the ground but the blooming and fertilization. The maturation of the impregnated seed, which in other plants proceeds within the capsule exposed with the rest of the flower to the open air, is here carried on during the winter within the earth, below the reach of ordinary frost. Here a new difficulty must be overcome. The seeds, though perfected, are known not to vegetate at this depth in the earth. The seeds, therefore, though so safely lodged through the winter, would after all be lost to the purposes for which all seeds are intended. To overcome this difficulty another admirable provision is made to raise them above the surface and sow them at a proper distance. In the spring the germ grows up upon a fruit stalk accompanied with canes. The seeds now, in common with those of other plants, have the benefit of summer and are sown on the surface of the ground."

Poison and Venom.

MR. A. MURRAY says: "Poison and venom are often used as convertible terms. I do not understand them to be so. Poison properly means something which injures the system by introduction through the stomach. Venom something which injures by introduction through lesion of the tissues. Most poisons are also venoms; whatever injures if introduced into the stomach will most probably also injure if introduced directly into the blood. But the converse is not true; most venoms are not poisons, that is, it is not by digestion and assimilation that they work, but by entering the vascular system from without. It is said that you may swallow the venom of the rattlesnake with impunity; and I imagine you may if it is not absorbed through the mucous membrane, but Dr. Fayzer's experience lately published, of the effects of the semi-swallowing which occurs in extracting the venom from a poisoned wound by sucking would rather seem to show that such extremely virulent venom would penetrate the mucous membrane, and act as if actually introduced by a wound, his throat having become dangerously ulcerated from sucking the poison

from the wound of a man bitten by a cobra. There is yet another way than by swallowing or being wounded, by which venom may injure, and that is through the nervous system, by application to the skin. This is the way in which the nettle must sting. In that case there is not the smallest lesion in the skin, and if the nettle were artistically made to touch the open surface of a gaping wound it would not sting at all; neither is it by mechanical irritation that the pain is caused. The nettle has a venom gland as well as the rattlesnake, and it is the application of this venom to the delicate terminations of the nerves in the skin that produces the pain.

"Though the majority of insects introduce their venom through the agency of an instrument provided for the purpose, there are some which do not, as the *Kaa* of Africa, which is used as a poison for their arrows by the Bushmen. Dr. Welwitsch had a personal experience of the severe swelling and pain in every part of his body which he touched with his hand after collecting specimens of these insects in their caterpillar state. He had, in consequence of a warning, carefully avoided touching them, shoving them into a phial with a straw; but whether he had inadvertently touched them or fingered the leaves on which they had been feeding (which he collected for examination), he and his servant were both laid up helpless for two or three days."

Outlines of Mountains.

IN an article in *Silliman's Journal* Professor Joseph Le Conte discusses the causes of the difference in outline as follows: "The great bulge of the earth's crust which constitutes a mountain chain is doubtless produced by general causes affecting the whole earth, probably by shrinkage of the interior more than the exterior, by which the face of the old earth becomes wrinkled; but the smaller inequalities are almost always produced entirely by erosion. How any one who has ever been amongst the high Sierras can for a moment doubt this fact, I cannot understand. Standing amongst these mountains, all that constitutes scenery, every peak, ridge, or dome, every valley or cañon, is evidently due to this cause alone, except in those parts where recent volcanic action has taken place.

"Now the forms produced by erosion depend partly upon the kind of rock, and partly upon the kind of erosion. The forms determined by water are different from those determined by ice. Standing in the middle of the San Joaquin plains, on a clear day, the crests of the Sierras are seen on one side and of the coast-range on the other. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the two—the sharp saw-like, teeth-like outlines of the former, and the rounded outlines of the latter. The reason is, that the one has been determined by the action of snow and frost—the other by water only. The contrast is still more conspicuous when we are among these summits. In all the region where perpetual snow still lingers, the Sierras are studded with peaks and spires and comb-like ridges—so sharp that they seem ready to fall over, and especially with great amphitheaters bounded on several sides by almost perpendicular palisade-like walls with sharp serrated edges. These great amphitheaters are the wombs of the ancient glaciers and are still filled with snow.

"Such is the contrast in the summits. On the higher slopes it is equally striking. During the period of the ice-sheet, probably all the Sierra slopes, even to the summits themselves, were covered with rounded forms on a grand scale. Subsequent action of ice and snow and frost and rivers have destroyed these except in some localities. Water tends to form deep V-shaped cañons, while ice produces broad valleys with lakes and meadows. A camping party in the Sierras is made painfully aware of having passed beyond the limits of ancient glaciers by the sudden and entire disappearance of meadows, and therefore of grazing for horses. I know not how general these distinctions may be, but certainly the coast-range of California is characterized by rounded summits and ridges, and deep V-shaped cañons, while the high Sierras are characterized, on the contrary, by sharp, comb-like summits and broad valleys. And this difference, I am convinced, is due in part at least to the action of water on the one hand and of ice on the other."

Deposits in Boiler Flues.

PROFESSOR HAYES gives in the *American Chemist* the following opinion regarding the formation of these deposits: "They are of two kinds, both of which are capable of corroding the iron rapidly, especially when the boilers are heated and in operation. The most common one consists of soot (nearly pure carbon) saturated with pyroligneous acid, and contains a large proportion of iron, if the deposit is an old one, or very little iron if it has been recently formed. The other has a basis of soot and fine coal-ashes (silicate of alumina) filled with sulphur acids, and contains more or less iron, the quantity depending on the age of the deposit.

"The pyroligneous deposits are always occasioned by want of judgment in kindling and managing the fires. The boilers being cold, the fires are generally started with wood, and when partially under way they are nearly extinguished (smothered) with large charges of coal or wood, pyroligneous acid then distils over into the tubes, and, collecting with the soot already there from the first kindling fires, forms the nucleus for the deposits, which soon become permanent and more dangerous every time wood is used in the fire-places afterwards.

"The sulphur-acid deposits derive their acids from the coals used, but the basis material, holding these acids, is at first occasioned by cleaning or shaking the grates, soon after adding fresh charges of coal. Fine ashes are thus driven into the flues at the opportune moment for them to become absorbents for the sulphur

compounds distilling from the coals, and the corrosion of the iron follows rapidly after the formation of these deposits."

University Education.

CONCERNING this important subject a writer in *Nature* says: "The prevalent theories concerning the office of a University may be put in three categories.

"The first regards the University as an ecclesiastical nursery. This was the original view, but nowadays is passing out of mind, though tenaciously clung to by some resident members at either University. It only needs to be mentioned to be dismissed.

"The second looks upon Oxford and Cambridge as places where the young Tartars of modern English society are covered with a varnish of 'culture' and polished into gentlemen. Dr. Lyon Playfair said in the House the other day that the Scotch University taught a man how to make a thousand a year, the English University how to spend it; and in saying this he simply put into forcible language the ideas which are prevalent among many members of the Universities. They distinctly and emphatically discard the idea that it is the duty of the University to equip a man for the struggle for a livelihood, to train him for business, for the arts, for the professions. Their token is 'culture,' not culture in the sense of higher learning, but in the sense of professional varnish, in the sense of mental equipment which does not pay, and which is of no use to the owner in practical life, which is a luxury and not a need, a sort of evening-dress of the mind, which may be ornamental under the artificial lights of society, but is ill-suited for every-day work. Now this sort of culture is not much sought after; for by hard-headed fathers whose sons have to get or to keep their living by their own exertions, it is sought for less and less every year. The advocates of the view we are dealing with see this very clearly, and accordingly they contend very logically, that since the world does not care greatly for this kind of culture and will not send its sons to a University for that only, some other inducements must be provided. And these are found in the prize fellowships, more especially in the non-resident fellowships. A lad of parts whose friends would not send him to Oxford simply to gain that liberal education 'which softens the character and prevents its being strong,' goes there because by show of possessing that culture which he despises or even hates, he gains a good round sum of money which it is worth his while to waste three or four years in getting.

"The third view, which at present has but few advocates, teaches that the University is a place where any one and every one may be trained for any and every respectable path of life, and where at the same time all the interests of science and learning are cared for. The advocates of this view say: Do not bribe men by fellowships to come to a University from which they will go carrying with them a very little learning, and that for the most part useless, and an artificial culture of doubtful value. Make it worth their while to come to the University, teach them there what they want to be taught, train them there as they desire to be trained, and there will be no need to bribe them with fellowships. They will then come to Oxford and to Cambridge as they are now going to Owen's College, to London, to Newcastle, and to Germany. Take care at the same time that the teaching be not narrow and professional, broaden it with the diligent nurture of higher learning and science, and then there will be every hope of seeing true culture and useful education going hand in hand. Let the youth of the University have the opportunity of seeing the master-minds of the age at their work, so that they may be inspired by them to the highest reaches of thought."

Sunday Reading-Rooms.

DURING the past winter the reading-room of the Cooper Institute has been opened on Sunday in the afternoon. The attendance on these occasions was at first 800 and toward the close of the season 1200, which, considering the small number of hours that the room was open each day, is a larger average attendance than on any week day. The record also shows that while the religious newspapers received but little attention on week days, they were among the chief objects of attraction on Sundays. It is therefore evident that the opening of reading-rooms on Sunday may be made an important adjunct of religious instruction as well as an agent for the diffusion of education among the masses of working people who have no other opportunity for their mental and moral improvement.

Memoranda.

DR. KEDZIE, of the Michigan Agricultural College, gives the following account of the injurious action of salt on trees: "On the college grounds there formerly grew a fine, vigorous specimen of common sassafras apparently in perfect health. A quantity of strong brine was inadvertently thrown beneath this tree, forming a stagnant pool in its immediate vicinity. In a very short time the tree began to manifest signs of decreasing vitality. The salt was absorbed unchanged in such immense quantities, that entering the circulation, it effloresced upon the surface of the leaves as a white crystalline deposit, and the tree soon after died."

THE horse-chestnut is now used in France for the manufacture of starch. The nut yields about 17 per cent. of pure starch. Washing it with water containing carbonate of soda is said to remove the bitterness.

A "Tidal Power Machine" has been devised by Mr. Edward W. Morton. It consists of a gigantic float which by its rise and fall with the tide develops the power to move the machinery to which it is attached.

ETCHINGS.

"UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER!"

"A BONNIE lassie!"—so they said;
The laddies turned the lassie's head
Wi' singin' ane and a'
About her starry glancin' een,
Her parted lips wi' pearls between,
An' winsome dimples sma'.

An' wha shall lead her out to dance,
An' where will fa' her witchin' glance,
An' wha shall tie her shoon?
I dinna find the flirt sae fair—
There's sweeter lassies ev'rywhere;
Ye lose your hearts fu' soon!

Her twa wee hands upon my arm
I could na think it any harm
An' followed her awa'.

An' now I'm dancin' down the street
Behind her wee bit twinklin' feet,
The daftest lad of a'.
The maddest o' the mony wights
That sigh o' days an' dream o' nights—
My wits have flown awa'.

An' oh! to lead her out to dance;
An' oh! to catch her witchin' glance·

"WHA IS IT, JAMIE?"

'Twas so I spoke wi' anger fu',
To see the lads a' peekin' through
The trees where *she* maun hie.
I lead the dance wi' Effie Lee,
An' all ye laddies follow me,
An' trip it merrilie!

But just before the dance begun
I turned and saw a little one—
Alas for Effie Lee!
A little one wi' starry 'een
That whispered, "Nane will dance wi' Jean;
Will *ye* na come wi' me?"

I saw her 'een sae sparklin' fair,
An' little waves o' sunny hair,
An' winsome dimples sma'.

To tie her little shoon!
If Jean is here the time is come;
If Jean is gane I maun gae home—
She lingers, 'tis too soon.

She's comin' near. I hear! I hear
Her footstep on the grass!
An' will she bide, or turn aside
Anither way to pass?
Soft! twa sma' hands have closed my eyes—
I dare na' turn my head.
"Wha is it, Jamie, hither hies
To seek thee in the mead?"
I ken fu' well—I shall na' tell.
I'll keep her here wi' me;
I'd gladly die, sae daft am I,
Gin she would bide a wee!

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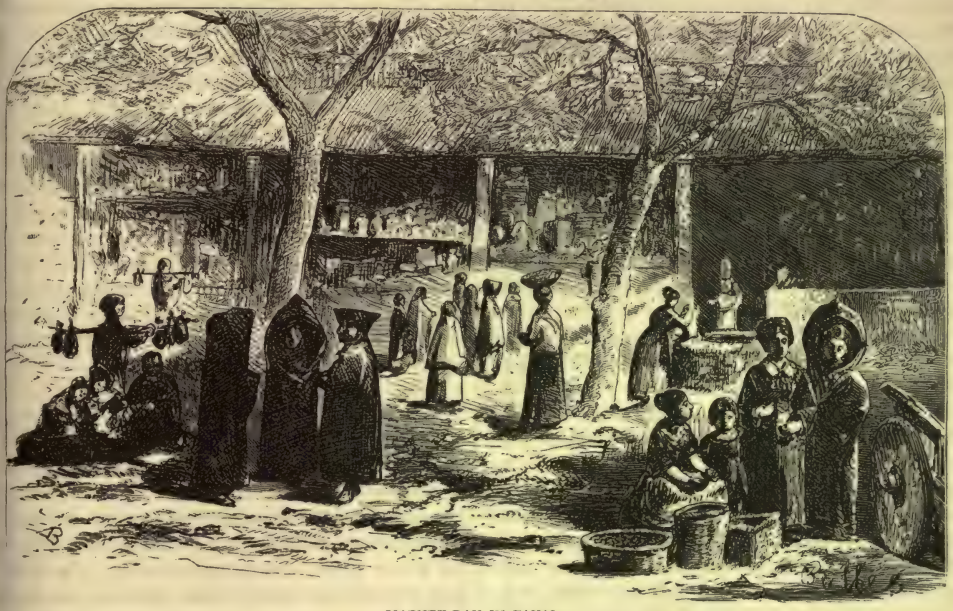
A CRUISE AMONG THE AZORES.



MARKET-DAY IN FAYAL.

ON the 23d of July, 1871, the A 1 clipper-bark *Jehu* sailed from Boston for Fayal and a market, in ballast. She had in the steerage thirty-one Portuguese, who were returning home, and the object of the voyage was to secure a charter for an early cargo of oranges in November, and to obtain, clandestinely, a haul of Azorean passengers flying the islands in face of the stringent prohibitory laws against emigration. There is in the Portuguese dominions a strict system of conscription, under which every man on reaching twenty-one must incur the chance of being drawn for the army; and in consequence no one can leave the Azores who has not yet had his name shaken in the lot, unless he gives bonds in $300 that he will return and serve, if drawn, the money to be forfeited if he fails to respond; and this regulation applies even to mere lads scarce weaned. It is evident that the great poverty of the people makes this a pretty effectual bar to emigration. It is true that passports are with some reluctance granted to those who do not come within the application of this law, yet those wishing to emigrate are principally young and enterprising males. But for years they have found means to evade the observation of the government, escaping on passing whalers, whose crews are largely composed of Portuguese, or on English and American traders, which have occasionally cruised among the Islands for the purpose of "stealing Portuguese," as the business is called. The *Jehu* was at the time the only American vessel then depending for its profits on this curious and hazardous traffic, the other packets plying between this country and the Azores being partly owned by residents there, who do not dare to trespass on the laws of the land.

Of the forty-one souls on board our bark there were but six Americans, the second mate and all the crew being Portuguese. We had baffling winds with calms and fogs until we got on whaling ground. The Azores are an important rendezvous for whalers, who can provision there more cheaply than at home, and for that purpose touch there even when

bound around the Horn. The waters in that vicinity are also good for cruising, although whales are, as elsewhere, less abundant than formerly. On the 5th of August we took a sou'-wester, and the *Jehu* flew towards Flores with every stitch of canvas set and all drawing, making near a thousand miles in four days, galloping away with the wind abaft the beam, and carrying sail until it blew away. An observation on the eighth showed that we had passed Flores, which had been hidden in mist at midnight, when we should have been abreast of the island. Capt. Brown had thought of lying-to the previous night, but had unwisely concluded to keep on, and we now had to beat to windward sixty miles. We were not the first who had found the Western Islands elusive as the Flying Dutchman or St. Brandon's Isle. Lying far apart as they do, it is quite easy, when the weather is at all thick, to miss them or come foul of them with a fatal crash, for they are all so precipitous that a ship may almost anywhere butt her bowsprit against the cliffs before grounding or finding anchorage. The Azores, so called from the acor, a hawk discovered early in the fifteenth century by Cabral, and the Formigas, a reef near St. Mary, were the first seen; St. Michael and St. Mary were the first to be settled, about 1431, sixty years before the voyage of Columbus; who on his return, in pursuance of a vow made during a great storm, landed half his crew, who went barefoot to the chapel of the Virgin to offer thanksgiving. He was about to follow with the remainder of the crew, but was hindered by the unfriendly conduct of the governor.

It was a fine morning in August when we reached Flores—the Isle of Flowers—and with a fresh leading wind stood close along the shore, enjoying a good view of the jagged volcanic peaks and well-cultivated slopes. We hove to at breakfast-time off Santa Cruz, the chief place on the island. A boat soon came off with the health officer, and after getting pratique, I went ashore with the captain. The boats of Flores are made for out-at-sea work, deep and broad, more like a small ship than a row-boat, and the oars are very clumsy, and constructed of two or three pieces, crooked boughs, fastened together with marline, and turning on the gunwale by a broad slab through which the whole pin passes: it requires two or three men to pull them. We reached the port—and what a port! Through a gauntlet of black lava rocks, hoary with roaring foam, scarce thirty yards apart, riding in on the top of a roller, we entered a haven about an acre and a half in extent, surrounded by perpendicular cliffs, on whose edges the houses are perched, and with a beach to match, affording scant room for a dozen boats. The boatmen took us off the boat on their shoulders, and landed us high and dry amidst a throng of eager men, women and children, who occupied every spare foothold from which the new arrivals could be seen. Closely they gathered around us, the young and the old, the halt and the maimed, the rich and the poor, the latter in large majority, some to welcome us, others to gaze, others to badger and barter, and still others to beg. A public fountain near the landing, emptying its musical stream into a stone trough, and surrounded by a group of bare-footed, black-eyed, olive-hued girls in white mantles, filling earthen jars, was the first object to fix my attention, vividly informing me that, although yet in the Atlantic, I had again come within the magic influence which lends an indescribable charm to the shores of the Mediterranean.

The people of Flores are good-looking, many of the young girls and youths having a piquant beauty that is very attractive. But the aged often have the parchment-like, deeply-wrinkled skin, common the world over to the peasantry when advanced in years. The women of Flores generally wear a shawl or white cloth over their heads. Excepting the few of the upper class, both sexes of all ages go barefoot; when they attend mass they carry their shoes with them and put them on before entering the church.

Convents for both sexes were abolished throughout the group by Dom Pedro I., but the Franciscan convent of Santa Cruz still stands; the dormitories are let to tenants, but the chapel belonging to it is a fair specimen of the Renaissance-Italian style as seen in colonial churches, adapted by its profuse and rather tawdrily gilded ornamentation to impress an ignorant populace. The church of Santa Cruz occupies a commanding position, and is externally one of the best in the Azores. It is flanked by two towers surmounted by Saracenic domes; but the interior is cold and naked. Both church and convent are about three centuries old.

The formation of Flores and the neighboring island of Corvo, which is merely a crater whose sides are cultivated by a small colony of Moriscos not a thousand in number, is in some respects different from that of the remainder of the group; that they are distinct is partially proved by the circumstance that earthquake-shocks felt in the other

islands are not experienced in these two, which have shocks entirely their own. Figs, yams, potatoes, corn, wheat, bananas, apples, peaches, and almost any vegetable production of both spheres, grow or can be made to grow on these islands, so mild is the average temperature, extremes being unknown. It never freezes, even during the rainy season, except on the mountains, nor does the mercury often rise above 85° in summer. But this very lack of character in the climate, while promoting a certain luxuriance of animal and vegetable growth, does not seem to favor a very high tone of health for the one—pulmonary and nervous complaints being common—nor generally that perfection for the other which is attainable in their native soils. Excellent figs I tasted, yet by no means comparable to the fig of the Levant; the apples are far inferior to ours; and the grapes are only tolerable. It is but fair to add that for eighteen years a blight has cursed the Azorean vineyards, as in the Madeiras, and both grapes and wine are scarcer and possibly poorer than formerly. The indications now are that the blight is about over.

There are several villages in Flores, and agriculture is prosecuted with much industry, although women labor in the fields, and the implements are of a patriarchal character. Donkeys and horses are scarce, and the means of transportation are the human head and small carts drawn by diminutive cattle; the wheels are solid, turning on an axle of chestnut-wood, selected especially on account of the infernal squeak it gives out. The peasants find this a congenial music on the lonely roads; it can be heard a great distance, and is so modulated as to produce alternately a squeak and a groan! The cattle become accustomed to work to this doleful accompaniment, and the drivers maintain that it is essential to their own happiness; each cart-owner is, in fact, boastful of the peculiar tune creaked by his own vehicle.

Having landed some of our passengers, and engaged provisions against our return, we sailed for Fayal. Two days' sail took us close to Castello Branco, or White Castle, a bold headland at the southern end of the island, four hundred feet high, and resembling a huge fortress, connected with the land by a slender natural causeway. But night came on before we could weather this headland, and we stood out to sea again to avoid being becalmed and sucked against the rocks by the swift, treacherous currents. Vessels overtaken by calms sometimes have very narrow escapes in those waters. On the following morning we beat into the roadstead of Horta, the town of Fayal, the latter name being often incorrectly used for both. The name Fayal is derived from Fayo, a small evergreen tree, found, however, more on Pico than on the island to which its name is given. The harbor is the best in the group, affording tolerable anchorage, Pico, four miles distant, presenting a magnificent break-water to easterly winds, but

THE PICO FERRY.

against gales from the north-east and south-east there is no shelter, and vessels have then to cut and run, or incur great risk of going ashore. They always ride at heavy moorings, and sometimes in a gale all hands seek refuge on land.

We threw the topsail aback and waited for the port-boat, which soon came out, followed closely by the revenue and several other boats. The officers very carefully examined our captain as to the number on board, causing all hands to be mustered along the rail to count noses; as we had several who had come without passports and therefore could not pass muster, some sharp practice resulted, after which everything was, with some hesitation, pronounced satisfactory. Two guards, one more than usual, owing to the doubtful character of the *Jehu*, were detailed to remain on board during her stay. Very particular are these Portuguese martinets in all the punctilios of revenue-law, on the principle that the smaller the State the more necessary is it to maintain its dignity with fuss and feathers. So strict are the revenue laws that even a mere sailboat cannot leave one island district for another without a manifest. A person cannot go from Pico in the Fayal district to St. George, only sixteen miles off, but in the Terceira district, except with a passport, and if caught without one he is permitted to meditate on his sins in jail.

The *Jehu* was now sent in charge of the mate to St. George to land the remaining steerage passengers, while Captain Brown staid at Fayal to negotiate for a charter. On landing, I called at the town-residence of the Dabneys, where I was politely received and treated to fine blackberries and figs and Pico wine, a mild tipple suggesting sherry, although decidedly inferior to it in flavor and quality. The house, built by the late Mr. Dabney, for many years our consul, is surrounded by extensive grounds, admirably laid out and stocked with choice exotics. We took up our quarters at the hotel, a quiet, tolerably well-kept house, owned by the Dabneys, and conducted by a Flores man, Mr. Edwards, who speaks English, and is polite and attentive to strangers, which may be said also of his amiable wife, who is an English lady. The afternoon was pleasantly spent in a stroll to Porto Pines, an excellent little haven adjoining the main port, if it were not exposed to the full sweep of westerly gales. The town on that side is protected by old fortifications, erected as a defense in former ages against the descents of corsairs, and is entered by a picturesque mediæval gate.

Pico began to show his head in the afternoon, indicating good weather. He is the barometer of the Azores; when his head is muffled the weather will be dubious; but when the peak is visible all will be propitious. The mountain stands at the western end of the Pico island, and towers 7,613 feet above the sea, an isolated volcanic cone, surrounded at its base by many smaller craters. Later in the day I visited the fort by the jetty and there saw "Long Tom," a gun which belonged to the privateer *Gen. Armstrong*, in the war of 1812. The defense of this vessel is one of the most gallant exploits in our history. Capt. Reid, with only seven guns and ninety men, repulsed three attacks of flotillas sent in by an English squadron, destroying many boats and inflicting on the enemy a loss of 300 men. Finding that he must eventually be overpowered, Capt. Reid caused the muzzle of "Long Tom" to be pointed into the hold, and fired, thus scuttling the vessel, and escaping to the shore with his crew. "Long Tom" was afterward fished up and mounted in the fort.

On the day following, I sallied out before breakfast, strolling along the water-street which skirts the shore and is protected by a parapeted sea-wall. I was in season to see the Pico ferry-boats landing their passengers and cargoes, which were carried through the surf on the heads or shoulders of bare-legged boatmen. The boats carry two lateen sails, and are made to stand heavy weather. In the early morning they come from Magdalena, the chief town of Pico, deeply laden with passengers, wood, charcoal, fruits and other commodities, and after discharging, reload and return. So soon as the goods were landed, peasant women, bare-footed and nut-brown, but pleasant-featured, raised the heavy baskets or jars to their heads, and, erect as caryatides, wended their way to the market, which is entered through a high gate from the Rua de Collegio. It is a square enclosure with a row of booths running entirely around, and within these, meat and provision stalls. On the pavement in front sat the country-women, displaying panniers of fruit and vegetables. In the center of the quadrangle is a large square well shaded by fine trees. The general effect is quite pleasing and oriental.

The remainder of the day was agreeably passed in rambling about the city, which has 5,000 inhabitants, and is well laid out, on a slope, containing some elegant residences

and gardens, and several churches, which present no architectural points worthy of note. The large buildings formerly erected for a Jesuit college, convent and church, are now occupied as barracks. The freemasons have two lodges in Horta, and the order has some strength in the Islands. The stores of Horta, as throughout the Azores, have no windows, but two or three doors, always wide open and giving demi-daylight. The dwellings are built over the stores, with small balconies projecting over the street, some of them veneered with Dutch tiles. The names of the streets are of the same ware in blue and white. The strangest sight in Horta is the capote of the women, worn alike in summer and in the rainy season: this cloak is of heavy, dark-blue stuff, falling in massive folds to the ankles, and surmounted by a stupendous hood, stiffened with whalebone and buckram, and of astounding shape and size. Some pretty faces may occasionally be discerned under this grotesque guise, although the women of Fayal are less pleasing than their sisters of Flores. At night the main street is dimly lighted, rather superfluously it seemed to me, as after dark very few steps are heard. Day or night, no place could be more quiet. The surf tumbling on the reef or against the sea-wall is about the only sound prevailing. Now and then the bray of an ass or the bark of a dog, or the shrill voice of a peasant-girl,—once or twice a day the harsh jangle of a tumble-down hack drawn slowly by mules. Such are the sounds in Horta; quiet reigns there except at the landing-place near the fort; there the bawling of boatmen and sailors is often resonant.

On the third morning, after another early stroll about the market and the port, I ordered a donkey for the Caldeira, or crater of Fayal. The saddle, like those of Scio, is intended for riding sidewise, without stirrups, and is broad and well cushioned, with a bow at each corner by which the rider steadies himself. By the driver's advice, I sat on the "starboard" side of the little beast. We proceeded by way of the Flamengaz, a straggling village on the outskirts of Horta, once settled by Flemings, and the most attractive part of Fayal. Much of it lies along the bed of a torrent deeply worn in a lava-bed. At one picturesque spot a brown stone bridge spans the torrent-bed with several arches, beneath which a small thread of water now perculated, in which merry-voiced girls were washing their clothes. Beyond the bridge, on a hill, stands a white church, from whose steps a superb prospect is gained. Pico rises in the background, garlanded with delicate clouds, yet towering as if close at hand; then, between the two islands, lies the port, the roofs of Horta, and then the nearer hills which form the gorge through which runs the river, overhung with foliage in tropical variety and luxuriance. Here we left the good macadamized road, and struck into narrow bridle-paths. The cultivated fields were everywhere enclosed by walls or hedges of the Hortensia, profusely covered with clusters of white and purple flowers. Gradually we left all signs of civilization, and struck into a solitude, the donkey carefully picking a precarious foothold over lava-soil scooped out, furrowed, ribbed and broken by the winter rains in the most inconceivable manner. After several hours we reached the mouth of the crater, seven miles from Horta, and 3,335 feet above the sea. Making the donkey fast to a bush, we descended into the crater, a feat easier mentioned than accomplished, for it is 1,500 feet to the bottom, the sides so precipitous and broken as to make the descent hazardous without a guide. The floor of the crater is overgrown with dry yet sponge-like moss, giving to the feet the sensation of a heavy Turkey carpet. Near the center is a pool, tawny and turbid, of unknown depth, and close to it rises a smaller crater, resembling in size and appearance the liana-draped, age-hoary teocallis in the jungles of Yucatan. A few frogs, not in awe of the sublime loneliness of the spot once the scene of belching fires and subterranean thunders, gave an occasional croak by the edge of little brooks wimpling down from the clefts in the rocks. Before we began the ascent, the clouds came creeping over the edges of the precipices, assuming the form of waterfalls dropping into space in eternal silence. This magnificent volcanic valley is six miles in circumference and over a mile in its largest diameter, but so symmetrical is its form that it is with difficulty one can realize its depth and extent.

During the day the *Jehu* returned from St. George, and on reaching Horta in the evening, I went on board, and we made sail for St. Michael to try our luck for a charter there. The distance is 156 miles, east-southeast, and it took us just three days and four nights to do it in, owing to calms and headwinds. On a fine morning in August we came up with the city Ponto Delgado. The appearance of the place—lying on a gentle slope, flanked by luxuriant orange plantations and volcanic peaks sharply serrated—is very pleasing from the sea. Other towns of the same size are also visible here and there, and the

general aspect of the island is more prosperous and inviting than the shores of the other islands of the group. In effect, there is anchorage along nearly the whole southern side of St. Michael, although with southerly gales vessels are forced to make an offing. A breakwater was begun ten years ago, on the outer lip of a sunken crater, in ten fathoms of water; it is expected to afford shelter for one hundred sail, and is now gradually approaching completion, in spite of the terrible shocks of the winter surges, which have several times opened large breaches.

PICO PEAK—FROM FAYAL

The city is faced with a sea-wall, and the landing is within a handsome jetty, forming a square, snug boat-harbor. This, with the archways, church-tower and entrance-gate, combine to impress one who lands there for the first time with an idea of local wealth and prosperity not entirely belied by further inspection of the place. Ponto Delgado is regularly laid out and neatly kept, the streets are underdrained and well paved, and the roads into the country are macadamized and afford excellent driveways. The churches are numerous and generally well built. The value of the arch and tower is understood at St. Michael. The cathedral is an imposing edifice; the belfry simple, but grand in its proportions, and hung with a chime of sweet-toned bells. Less can be said for the interior, although it is not without merit. I observed on the walls a Papal dispensation granting forty days' indulgence to those who should, in however small degree, contribute to the repairs on the roof. A quaint effect is added to the exterior by human-faced, lion-bodied gargoyles springing from the rear angles under the eaves. With the Church of San Francisco is connected a nunnery, whose windows are guarded by massive iron gratings; it resembles a jail for the confinement of the worst criminals rather than an asylum where pure young virgins flee from a wicked world to meditate on the Paraclete and Paradise. The convents in the Azores had become so corrupt that Dom Pedro I. abolished them some thirty years ago, as before stated, but this one is allowed to exist by limitation. Priests are numerous in the streets, which are otherwise cheerful and attractive. There is considerable traffic between town and country, and much passing of peasants driving loaded asses and mules; and the rattle of crazy hacks furiously driven and drawn by refractory mules is not uncommon. Once a day an antique omnibus runs to Alagua, a town nine miles off down the coast. Some really handsome equipages, with attendants in livery, are occasionally seen. St. Michael boasts a baron, a viscount and a marquis, all of its own raising. The mansions and gardens of these gentry are sumptuous, well laid out and stocked with exotics, noticeable among them the Norfolk pine. But the orange plantations are the glory of St. Michael, and they spread over the whole island. Every plantation is surrounded by high walls of lava-stone, within which again are planted rows of the insenso-tree, which forms a dense growth to a considerable height, and protected by this double enclosure from the furious winter winds—for the Azores are in the line of the severest Atlantic gales—the orange-tree spreads its glossy foliage and bears its golden fruit: and an ample crop it is; 360,000 boxes, twenty to the ton, are annually exported. By the middle of October the long procession of mules and donkeys begins to wend down the mountains to the city, laden with the fruit which is to gladden many fireSides in foreign lands. At the same time the schooners and barks begin to arrive from

abroad to waft spicy odors to the wharves of England and America. This continues until April.

Besides the activity of the orange season, Fridays and Sundays, being the market-days, are always blithesome occasions, full of bustle and life. The people collect then in holiday attire to buy, sell, or exchange their wares, and one has a good opportunity of observing all classes in St. Michael. The people of that island more nearly resemble the parent stock than the natives of the other islands ; the men are handsome, and the children are often exceedingly beautiful, but of the women less can be said ; pleasing in maidenhood, early child-bearing and hard labor in the fields soon rob them of their charms. The heavy capote is very common there, and the streets look as if every other woman were a nun, giving a somber effect to street-scenes, which indeed lack a certain something to give them character. On analyzing the question, I came to the conclusion that an almost entire absence of brilliant colors in the dress of the people is what is wanting to complete the effect one would expect in a place like Ponto Delgado.

Twenty-five miles from the capital are the thermal springs called the Furnas. They are objects of considerable interest, and possess valuable sanitary properties. A good hotel is located there, and they afford a charming resort in summer, not only for natives, but for invalids from abroad. The hotel at Ponto Delgado is tolerably well kept, but not inviting to an American. A packet-steamer plies monthly between Lisbon and the Azores, affording a convenient means of visiting St. Michael and the rest of the group. There is at Ponto Delgado an English chapel, and a chaplain is generally stationed there, although the number of English residents is small. The population of St. Michael is about 115,000, of which Ponto Delgado contains 25,000. The females are 8,000 in excess, owing partly to the lawful emigration of males to Portugal and Brazil. The time to visit the Azores is between May and November, when voyaging is comparatively mild, and while the heat, even in summer, is not excessive.

After a stay of some days, we again embarked on the *Jehu*, which, during the interval, had been lying off and on in charge of the mate, and started for home *via* Pico and St. George. Towards morning we took a breeze from sou'-west, and the bark boomed along at a spanking rate. A heavy squall brought us down to close-reefed topsails, and under this canvas we flew till noon, when "land ho-o-o-o!" was the cry, and there, sure enough, was the loom of land through the mist on the weather-bow. But what land? Pico was the island for which we were bound, but some said this was Terceira, others, St. George ; yet how we could have deviated so as to make either of these in a run of only a hundred miles it was impossible to say. An hour brought us near enough to ascertain that it was St. George, and that we were over twenty miles out of our course. Had the gale continued or the fog not lifted, the consequences might have been serious. It turned out that a chisel had been thoughtlessly left in the binnacle, thus affecting the needle. At two the wind shifted, and was succeeded by a calm. St. George looked very grand and grim with the thunderous evening clouds enshrouding his brow, lit here and there by fiery gleams of sunset. For two days we drifted with the currents back and forth in a calm, between Pico, St. George and Terceira. Angra, the chief town of Terceira, is the residence of the Governor of the Azores. Here also is a college, with law and theological schools attached. The island produces a good quantity of oranges, and is noteworthy as the seat of intellect and the residence of the *crême de la crême* of Azorean society.

St. George, without presenting any striking isolated peak, is very high land throughout its extent of thirty miles, falling everywhere sheer down to the water from a plateau, except at the southern end, where it slopes very slightly, and its sides are deeply grooved. The villages are small and the population is thin, yet more than enough to till the arable soil. Wheat, cattle and cheese are the products of this island. Beef and fowls are cheap and canaries are plenty, as on all the islands of the group, of a russet-green hue, but warbling a full rich song ; they serve a double purpose in the Azores,—to sing and to furnish titbits ; —and very delicate they are, whether in a cage or on a platter.

On the 21st, we approached St. George, and were boarded by a boat, which had eluded the revenue officers and come in quest of tobacco. Large quantities of the weed are smuggled into the islands, often by whaleships, and at an enormous profit. In the evening signal-lights were seen both on Pico and St. George, indicating that fugitives were there ready, as by previous arrangement, to steal off to the vessel, but she again drifted too far out with the current in the calm. Pico Peak showed magnificently at sundown,

in one of the most superb sunsets I have seen at sea. On the 22d, we stood close in to Pico, giving the agent of the International Transatlantic Submarine Railroad an opportunity to identify the vessel and mature his plans. We also saw a revenue-boat keeping careful guard along the shore. About nine in the evening a brilliant light, the concerted signal, appeared, flashing at intervals on St. George. We stood in, and at about ten a light shone out suddenly close to the ship, and a boat was soon vaguely discerned.

As they came up, "Is this an American ship?" was the hail.

"Yes!"

"What's her name?"

"*The Surprise!*"

"Is she going to Boston?"

"Yes!"

"Does she take passengers?"

"Yes!"

Then they pulled alongside and boarded us, bringing four passengers. At one o'clock A.M. another boat came up with four more passengers, and informed us that several were waiting for us on the other side of St. George, where no guards are kept, owing to its inaccessible character, so that the embarkation can take place there in the daytime,—although there they have to slip down steep ledges and sometimes swim several yards through the surf to the boats, as the sea is often too high to allow a boat to land. An English brig had taken off eighty from that side a few days before our arrival.

At daylight we squared away for the eastern side of St. George, running under its lee with a very stiff breeze, coming down the gorges in terrific squalls,—and what high land that is! From the central ridge the land slopes gently two miles, and then, along its whole length of thirty miles, falls almost perpendicularly from 700 to 1,500 feet, usually nearer the latter than the former figure; a tremendous spectacle, as mile after mile was passed, and still no break in this Titanic wall, corrugated with black gorges and gulches. It made the scene still more impressive to observe how every available patch of earth is everywhere terraced and cultivated by man, who here seems fitted both with wings and claws to till the soil on bits of slope at an angle of seventy-five degrees to the very edge of precipices that drop hundreds of feet to the ever-beating surge below.

About noon the treacherous wind lulled, and the bark began setting in toward the land. By great effort and by skillfully seizing a flaw, they contrived to work her out into the wind again and into control. Then smoke was seen on Point Ferrado. We sent off a boat, which met another coming off with a single passenger. The boatman said others were waiting to come on board, and therefore returned; but as they were scattered about the neighborhood secretly bidding their friends farewell, it might take some time to collect them, so we braced the yards and stood over toward Graciosa, or the Beautiful Isle, rightly named, if one may judge from its appearance as seen from the sea. When we again stood in for St. George, a white sail loomed up suddenly close to us in the light of the moon. Four more passengers now arrived, and the boat was then hauled on deck with its crew, including the agent of the I. T. S. R. R. We lay off and on all night, the squalls blowing with the fury of Pamperos. A signal-light was seen several times, but at sunrise such a swell was rolling in, that landing was out of the question, and we stood on beyond the northern end of the island. After

JETTY OF PONTO DELGADO, ST. MICHAEL.

a few hours we again headed for the rendezvous, passing near to "Padre," a colossal statue 223 feet in height, off Rosales Point, hewn by nature out of the rock, and vividly resembling a venerable priest, kneeling, in his vestments. A boat was sent ashore, but not returning when expected, its loss in the surf was surmised, and another boat was sent in quest of it; after a long interval both boats returned with only three passengers. A smoke being then discerned on another spot, a boat was again sent off, returning this time with a young fellow who had been burning brushwood for us all night.

A ST. MICHAEL WAGON.

But in the meantime those on board were fully occupied. In his anxiety to procure passengers, the captain had allowed his ship to come too near the land, which is so lofty that when it is blowing a gale of wind off shore, it is often a dead calm close in; and it is even more hazardous to be becalmed off St. George than off the other islands, because on that side, in addition to the currents, there is, even in the mildest weather, a heavy northerly swell tumbling in. About five it became evident that the ship was drifting landward; and it became necessary to put forth every effort, as we were nearing the cliffs fast. The three boats were got out, and all hands, including the steerage passengers, were put to rowing, without, however, making any impression in checking the dead-drift of the bark shoreward. Black overhead loomed the tremendous cliffs, many hundred feet above us, frowning under a heavy canopy of cloud that gradually veiled the upper crags. Night was at hand, the barometer was low, and all signs were ominous of a change of weather. The writer was at the wheel, with orders to watch for the first breath of air, to bring the vessel up to it. There seemed a little trying to come from the north-east, but not enough to stop the slip in her drift toward the rocks, where the long ocean-swell broke with a sullen and ceaseless thunder. At last there came a short shower, and then a gentle, almost imperceptible, flaw. "Keep her up!" roared the captain, half beside himself with anxiety. The air came again; the sails began to fill, and, gathering way, the bark again responded to the helm. Gradually she drew off shore, the boats were called in, and slowly we gained two miles and began to feel more easy, though not realizing until later from what a shipwreck we had escaped. We were all at supper, when the cabin-boy came down and said, "It looks awful black to windward!" The cabin was cleared in half a wink; then the ship rang with the tramp of feet, the frantic shouts of the officers, the creaking of blocks and the furious flapping of sails. The squall was very fierce. Not having sea-room for running off before it, as is usual with square-rigged vessels in such an emergency, the vessel was brought up in the wind's eye just in time to save going on her beam-ends or carrying away her spars, either contingency resulting in the ship's drifting directly on the rocks, and going to pieces in the wild sea which accompanied the squall. But though staggering under the blow, everything held, and having rolling topsails, (a priceless invention,) the *Jehu* was soon under close-reefed topsails and courses, and with this canvas managed to claw off ten miles of lee-shore and make an offing.

It blew a gale of wind all night, backing more into the north at daylight, when we concluded to run for a lee under Fayal, thirty miles away. The wind shifting several points, we made instead for the strait between Pico and St. George, and hove to under Pico, the base of whose stupendous cone was wreathed with luminous clouds, running up the weather-slope like surf dashing up the sides of a light-house. The wind shifting to sou'-west and blowing very fresh, we lay to around Pico until the 27th, when, although the weather was still very dubious, we again ran for the north side of St. George to land the agent of the I. T. S. R. R., who would land nowhere else, lest he be nabbed by the *guarda costa*, and made to pay dear for running Portuguese off the islands. A boat with the second mate

and best half of the crew were sent ashore to land the agent, while we stood out to sea again, taking in sail after sail as we again passed Padre, and having a hard day's work of it. Mr. Looby, a very valuable officer, on whom, owing to his efficiency, the safety of the ship depended much more than on the captain, had not slept four out of the last forty-six hours. Toward night we stood in and picked up the boat; her crew were in high dudgeon with their perilous expedition, but Captain Brown had the good sense to hold his peace, treated the men to a stiff glass of grog, and the affair blew over. We lay off and on all night off St. George, and the next day ran out past Pico, returning between the two islands at sundown. It was now calm, the moon near the full; and soon the expected beacon-flame was seen blazing at intervals at Calheta on St. George. We ran in and showed our light in the rigging, and about eleven a large launch appeared bringing thirteen passengers, including several women and children. This completed the number we could get from St. George, full twenty less than promised. But the season was advanced, and the supply was running low, over one thousand having already left the islands during the summer, of whom the *Jehu* had taken one hundred and twenty on her previous trip.

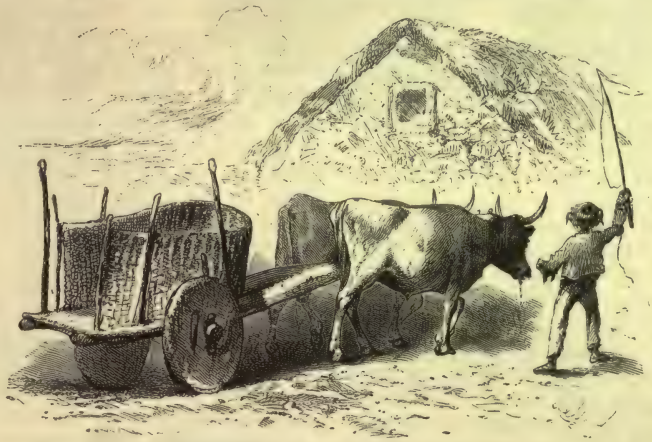
PORTUGUESE FUGITIVES COMING OFF AT NIGHT.

After dodging in this unsatisfactory way around Pico for several days longer, and finding at last that some unknown cause prevented the escape of those we were expecting from that island, we put the helm up and bore away for Flores. A glorious breeze on the quarter took us in thirteen hours to Santa Cruz, where we again landed and remained three days, which were passed with much pleasure rambling about the island, enjoying its unique scenery and its hospitable cheer, for which I am much indebted to the unaffected kindness of Dr. McKay, the English consul, and his amiable family; to Signor Pedro Almeida, German consular agent; Signor Constantine Almeida, collector of the revenues, and other gentlemen. The bark, meantime, lay off and on, taking on board water and provisions, and thirty-five more passengers, who had many of them been in America, and were all able to obtain passports. Those who were already on board were kept out of sight until after pratique was obtained; after that it was easy enough, and quite *en règle* for the guard left in the ship to wink hard when he saw strange faces from time to time creeping out of the steerage.

It was after nightfall of the 5th September when everything was ready, and we bade farewell to our kind friends, who accompanied us to the beach. The islesmen carried us on their shoulders to the boat and shoved off; we rode over the rollers at the entrance of the little port, and were out on the wide ocean to seek the *Jehu*, which had drifted with the current in the calm nine miles to the southward. Heartily the eight boatmen bent to the huge oars, accompanying the movement with a rude song. The night was perfectly still, but cloudy. Seaward a thin mist veiled the mysterious deep; on our right the steep crags of Flores loomed high and dim, the long swell of the ever-panting bosom of the ocean was like glass, and yet from the hollow caves came the eternal boom of the surf-billows that have beaten that wild coast ever since it first arose to view. At length the ship's light became faintly visible, and then the vague outline of spars and sails duskily limned against the sky, and forms moving eerily before the lights, and then was heard the sighing of the sails languidly swinging to and fro with the idle roll of the phantom-like bark; then the rush of feet on deck, the shrill orders of the mate, the shadow of the great fabric above us, the flash of a broad light in our dazzled eyes, the grappling with

the ship, the hurried scramble up her black sides into the snug security and comfort of a good, trim clipper and a cosy cabin, and a rousing cup of tea, and a brace of as tender and savorily-roasted ducks as ever tempted an anchorite to forego awhile his crust and acorns.

For eight days we had mild, fair winds, and the guitar and the love-song rang through the ship early and late. By the starlight the steerage passengers gathered in the gangway and listened to the vocal songs of island improvisatores; one, with a guitar, sang a couplet ending in a female rhyme, and another responded, repeating the last line and adding a couplet of his own, the subject constantly varying, with allusions to whatever most interested singers and listeners. The versification was smooth, and the refrain, although monotonous, was not unmusical. Evidently we here had poetry in its bucolic form as exemplified by Theocritus and Virgil; the Azorean bards gave us genuine eclogues even if rude. This blended form of poetry and music, still common in the East, is undoubtedly the earliest mode in which the twin arts found expression.—An affray between the second mate and the cook broke the calm in which we were basking, and seemed a fit prelude to the boisterous weather which attended us during the last fortnight of the passage. Amid a succession of variable gales, accompanied by enormous seas, we worked our way laboriously toward Boston. On the twenty-third day we made Thatcher's Island in a fog, ran down to the Graves under a stiff breeze, and, rounding Boston Light, cast anchor off the quarantine, the first time our anchor had touched bottom since we had sailed from India wharf on the 23d of July.



A PEASANT HUT AND CART IN FLORES.

CENTRAL PARK.

WHOEVER, traveling in a pleasant day on he Hudson River Railroad, has the good-uck to secure a seat on the river-side of his ar, will be pretty sure to hear, before he reach-s the end of his journey, some enthusiastic omment on the beauty of the view, accom-anied very likely by a comparison of the cenery with that of the Rhine—comparison ost sure to be disparaging to that well-nough-for-Europe streamlet, so much a debt-r to English tourists and to Historical As-ociations.

In the summer-time, on the deck of a teamboat, this exclamatory criticism is more frequently heard, and with reason; for a more Tantalus-like enjoyment than that afforded by the car-window is hardly to be found on any railroad it was ever our ill-fortune to travel over. Tantalus-like to those who sit by the river-side windows,—choked with dust, and forced to keep the windows shut; dazzled with the sun, and forced to keep the blinds closed, partial and provoking to those who have to sit on the land-side and stare all day at a rocky wall and be deafened by the interminable din of its echo!

But from the ample deck of the easy-going steamboat the whole of the noble pic-

STONE SCREEN DIVIDING PLAZA FROM CARRIAGE-ROAD.

ture unrols itself in sun-bright variety of beauty, and we can all enjoy it together. And if the American to the manner born delights in this landscape, we cannot wonder that strangers, especially the English and Germans, seeing it for the first time, are profuse in admiration, the scenery is on a so much larger scale than they are used to at home. Steaming swiftly but smoothly along these pictured banks, the stranger asks himself whether the towns he sees sowed "like shells along the shore" will not afford him some days of delight wherein to explore these beauties more at leisure. Remembering the Rhine-towns with their terraces and esplanades, or the lakes of Switzerland and Savoy with their well-built border roads and "places" commanding all the best views, he thinks that, without doubt, the people fortunate enough to live on the banks of such a river as the Hudson cannot be less well-provided than those who live by European streams of far less size, with pleasure-grounds wherein

"To walk abroad and recreate themselves,"—

and in an evil hour he lets himself be put ashore at—any North River town you please.

Certainly, it will not take many days to disenchant him. Should he happen to be acquainted with rich or well-to-do people in the place, he may of course see the country from his host's windows and balconies, or from his seat in the carriage. But let him go as an entire stranger, entering the town as he might any English or European town of like size, and he will have good reason to wonder. We will say nothing of the inns—Dr. Johnson would never have written his well-known lines in the tavern of any North River town, large or small; all are equally bad, all alike ill-situated and comfortless. But the towns themselves are destitute of attraction to a singular degree. Few of them, so far as we have heard,—none of them, so far as we know from our own experience,—have any rural attractions or are provided with public walks or squares, or any means of out-door recreation. Such a thing is quite unknown, at least within the scope of our observation, as providing, in the laying out of a town or village, for the open-air pleasure of man, woman, or child; al-

THE MALL, LOOKING UP.

though to do it, even in the case of long-settled places, would be easy enough generally, and of course in the case of a village newly laid out would often be easier to do than to leave undone. We sometimes hear it said that the American people are different from Europeans; that they are a home-loving race; whereas the Europeans, especially the French, have no homes, have no word for "home" in their language, and are forever gadding about: whereas the Americans do not care for pleasures that are only to be had in public; hence, for them, no need of squares, "piazzas," "places," public gardens, parks, etc., etc., etc. We will not discuss here the question whether the French are as domestic a people as the English are. In the strict sense of that word they probably are not, for their climate does not make it necessary that they should hug the hearth as their island neighbors do; but that the love of the family is as much developed in France as it is anywhere in the world—that, in fact, to speak the truth and fear not, it is rather stronger in France than it is anywhere else in the world—we do most powerfully and potently believe, and stand ready to give good reasons for so believing. Yet it is certainly true that they spend little of their leisure time in-doors, and the middle term that reconciles the two statements is, that when they go abroad, the family, as a rule, goes all together. Now we see no reason for doubting that Americans, if the proper means were provided, would come in time to take as much open-air exercise as the French, and that they would enjoy as much as the French enjoy taking the air—father and mother and children, all together. We think it in the highest degree desirable that this should be. One of the most prolific sources of misery and crime, in this civilized world of ours, is found in the separation of the interests of parents and children. In this respect we have much to learn from the French and Germans, and much to unlearn from the English. Our immediate subject has to do with only one form that this separation takes, but, it ought to be seriously reflected on, how many are its forms. In England it begins in the nursery, and it is far from uncommon for it to begin as early with us. Then there comes the Sunday-school, an institution with which there would be no fault to find if it were not to be suspected that it is coming to take the place of home instruction in religion—a lamentable thing, if we only knew it. That children should go away from home to be taught their secular studies has become so universal, and is a custom so old-established, that there is no use in asking whether it be wise or no; but here in America it is only one in the long list of separations between parents and their children. Perhaps it is more conspicuous in our amusements than it is in the serious work of every day; but a foreigner accustomed to seeing mothers sharing with nurses the supervision of their children in the parks and gardens; fathers, mothers, children, and nurses, all together at the fairs, and abroad on fête-days, and all the family, even (as in the case of working-people) to the baby, enjoying the theater together—how must the foreigner in question be puzzled when he observes the marked separation that exists among us between the elder people and the younger in their amusements!

THE FOOT-PATH BY WILLOWS, SOUTH-EAST OF THE MALL.

Not all the reason of this, we are certain, is to be found in the disposition of our people. True, we are not very mercurial: we take

our pleasures as the English do theirs, somewhat sadly; but we are lacking in opportunities. Therein is half the secret. Amusements that must be paid for are so dear! In Europe a family of three can get good seats at a theater for the price of one equally good seat here. And not only the theater, of which many good people do not approve, but concerts, and even lectures, are too high-priced to be often indulged in, except by the rich. And if one asks for out-of-door pleasures that shall cost nothing, where in any but our largest cities are these to be had?

THE MUSIC-STAND.

If the reader has time to spare, and does not mind lingering a bit here on the threshold, we would ask him to look with us at a single village on the Hudson, as an illustration of our meaning. Years ago we remember the place on which it stands as a large farm, the delightful foraging-ground of school-boys, a paradise for nutting, snake-hunting and rabbit-catching. Then we lost sight of it for a space, and when next we saw it the farm had disappeared, and the present village was in bib and short-clothes. The land, lying as it did on the river-bank directly opposite the point where the Erie Railroad terminated, had been bought by speculators with the hope that a town of some importance might be made to spring up there. Then the speculators went to work to lay out the plan of a village: and how was it done?—without any reference whatever to the actual levels, the streets and lots marked out precisely as if the ground to be covered were New Jersey meadow-land instead of a rapidly rising, irregular river-bank! The natural result of this sad want of foresight and common sense has been a most inconvenient, uncomfortable village with no principle of growth in it; but what concerns us more immediately is, that whereas it might have been a most attractive little place, with ample opportunities for enjoying the pretty scenery that thereabouts abounds, it is so planned that only by taking a deal of trouble *to get outside of it, and into some other village*, can one discover that there is any scenery thereabouts worth looking at! In the evenings, when work is over, on Sundays or other holidays when, tired of house-keeping, of study, of the counter, or the work-shop, we would take a little stroll and enjoy the sweet air of the place—an air most sweet and healthful—the blue of the circling hills, the glancing river with its craft—where shall we go? There is actually no stroll possible! The hateful railroad has cut off all access to the river-shore, private "places" run down close to the railroad, and if one climbs the hill to the highway he finds that fences, walls, hedg

THE TERRACE, LOOKING DOWN THE MALL.

es, and close huddling houses cut him off from all but a few tantalizing glimpses of the landscape he would enjoy. Accident had opened one single promenade which promised to make matters much brighter than could have been hoped. The Croton aqueduct ran through the middle of the village-plot, and for a little while supplied a walk very like what one may have upon the old ramparts of an ancient European town. But this was not for long. Soon, the people through whose lots this foot-path lay began to run their fences across it, and thus shut off access to it on the part of the public; and even where the villagers were not entirely cut off from the use of it, their pleasure in it was hindered by the necessity of crossing a clumsy stile at every boundary-line, and the prospect shut off, besides, by high fences. Of all the landed proprietors in that village, only one has had the liberality to leave the aqueduct-walk free through his considerable acres. The rest have done what they could to shut off the villagers from their one poor chance of recreation.

BOAT-HOUSE NEAR OAK BRIDGE.

What this Hudson River village is,—and, from this one, all the Hudson River villages and towns may be known,—New York City itself was, not many years ago. Yet it would be difficult to find a city that had better natural opportunities for giving its people just those public pleasure-places that are the striking want of our great cities, as they are the most striking charm of foreign cities, towns, and even villages, over seas. In the early days, when New York was yet a village, and even after it came to be a considerable town, places for open-air enjoyment were not wanting. There was the Battery, to begin with, than which no city in the world has a public square with a more noble prospect; and within easy reach were the fields where a walk was always to be had; even Pearl Street and Maiden Lane were cheerful strolling places; the boys skated on the canal, or swam in it, or made expeditions for nuts and apples to the large outlying farms. Another feature which New York had in common with old London was the public-gardens that sprang up to meet the need of the people for open-air pleasuring-places as the houses invaded the hitherto free spaces of the fields. Readers of Evelina and Clarissa remember Ranelagh and Vauxhall and Marybone gardens, and old New Yorkers take pleasure in recalling pleasant times in similar places here at home that have long ago disappeared. Even so late as 1825 the city was so sparsely built, and town-

OAKS NEAR ARSENAL.

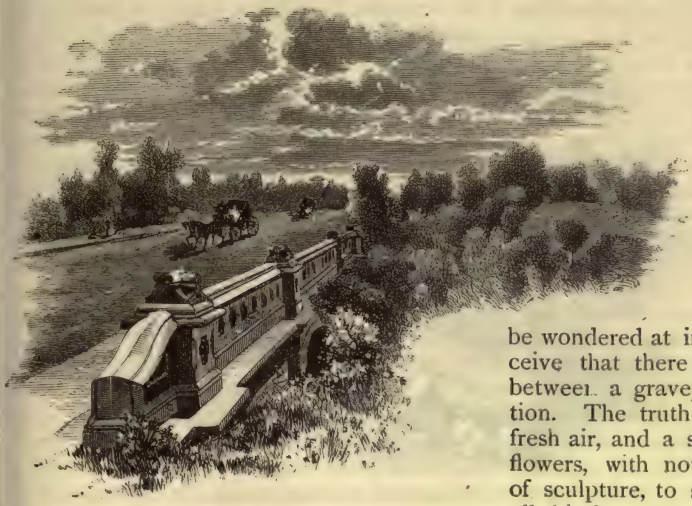
gardens were so numerous, many of the houses being of wood and standing detached, surrounded with shrubbery and trees, that parks or squares must have seemed unnecessary, for pleasant walks and strolls could be had in almost any quarter, and the upper part of the island abounded in delightful drives. There were also public gardens in plenty both in the city itself and in the surrounding country, and the people were of that social, lively turn that they loved to

that still thrills matronly bosoms with a sigh for its remembered delights. "Niblo's" came later; we ourselves remember when it had really some pretensions to be called a garden, and occupied nearly the whole block of which it is now but an insignificant fragment. In the neighborhood of Twenty-first Street and Broadway there lived at this time a good many English people, nearly all of them well-to-do merchants, having large gardens about their houses. These gentlemen were fond

ROCKY BRIDGE IN RAVINE.

frequent such places. Later, more formal gardens sprang up in the city, not, properly speaking, gardens at all, but mere open-air inclosures, where people went to eat cakes and ices, the boys and girls to meet one another, and the elders to talk gossip and politics, and to discuss the scandal of the hour. Such gardens were "Vauxhall" in the Bowery, near Eighth Street; the "Bowery," so called from its beautiful overarching trees, the prettiest part of the lower island; "Contoit's," a name

of flowers, and the tulip was a hobby with many of them. Every spring the splendid of these tulip-beds in full bloom would draw great numbers of people from the city to see them. In order to protect the flowers from the sun, they were shielded by large light awnings of cotton; and it must have been a pretty sight—the gay beds of brilliant, many-colored flowers, and the cheerful, chatting people walking about discussing the merits of the several flower-beds under the bright spring sky



BALCONY BRIDGE, WEST SIDE.

The sudden growth of the city—and there are many living who can well remember when the tide turned—deprived New York of this semi-rural character, and unfortunately the shape of the island on which the city is built prevented the change from being a gradual one, as it has been in those great cities where growth is from a center to the circumference, round which the rural suburbs linger long, and, once absorbed, are replaced by others. Our city, on the contrary, has had to grow in one direction, and the business portion of the city finds itself ever further and further from the dwelling-houses, while the rural region has long since ceased to be found on the island anywhere.

In a characteristic way the Americans of the North had already attempted to provide places for public exercise, not to say amusement, by the establishment of great cemeteries in the vicinities of the larger cities. In 1831, "Mt. Auburn," near Boston, was consecrated, and the example set in the laying-out and in the adornment of that beautiful place was soon followed by the people of Philadelphia, at "Laurel Hill," and later by New York, at "Greenwood." These cemeteries soon became famous over the whole country, and thousands of people visited them every year. They were among the chief attractions of the cities to which they belonged, nor was it long before the smaller cities and even towns and villages began to set aside land and to lay it out for the double purpose of burying-ground and pleasure-ground. It is not to be wondered at if people were slow to perceive that there was a certain incongruity between a graveyard and a place of recreation. The truth is, people were glad to get fresh air, and a sight of grass and trees and flowers, with now and then a pretty piece of sculpture, to say nothing of the drive to all this beauty, and back again, without considering too deeply whether it might not be better to have it all without the graves and without the funeral processions.

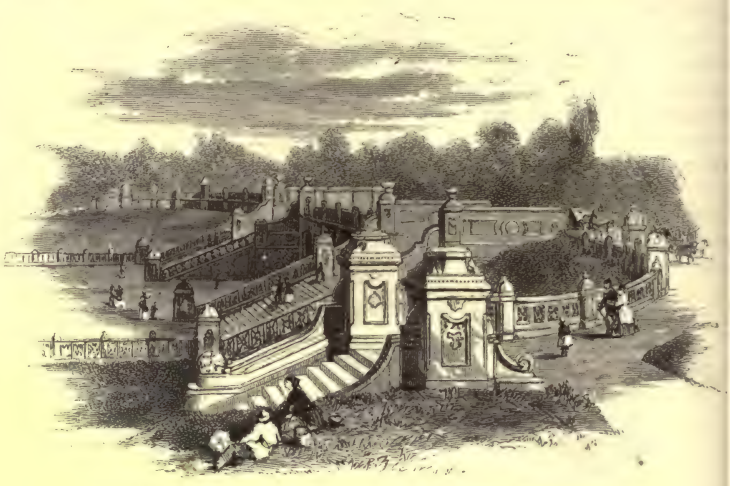
Of course, at first, the sadder purpose of these places was not as conspicuous as it soon became; for several years after they were first laid out they were in reality parks and pleasure grounds, with here and there a monument or a tombstone half seen among the trees. But this could not last long. The dead increase as the living do—

> "Every minute dies a man,
> Every minute one is born,"—

and soon the small white tents grew thick along the paths and lanes, and the statelier houses of the rich and notable dead rose

RUSTIC BRIDGE NEAR BALCONY BRIDGE, LOOKING WEST.

shining in the more conspicuous places, and the dark line of hearse and carriages was met at every turn, so that it was not easy even for the lightest-hearted or the most indifferent to get much cheer out of a landscape set so thick with sad suggestion. And then the tide turned, and fashion and pleasure looked about for a garden where death was not so frequent a visitor.



STAIRS FROM CARRIAGE-ROAD TO LOWER TERRACE.

We New Yorkers had made up our minds that we must have a good-sized breathing-place, and that at the rate the city was growing it would not do to wait much longer before setting aside the land for it. The public was discontented, but it had no means of giving expression to its feeling. The rich people, when they could not endure their *ennui* any longer, took ship and went and walked in the Tuileries, or drove with the other nabobs in Hyde Park, or drank coffee under the lindens in Berlin, or amused themselves

> "In drives about the gay Cascine,
> Or walks in Boboli's ducal bowers,"

and came home when they felt like it. Or if they did not share the common taste of American rich people for expatriation, they left the city and went "up the river," where they built ugly houses costing fabulous sums, and tormented mother earth with landscape-gardening tasteless enough to keep the houses in countenance, or threw their money away in gentlemanly farming. As for the people with small means and the salaried class, they had to make up their minds, since the mountains would not come to them, to go once a year, for a week or two, to the mountains. The discomfort was widely felt, and it was to be expected that somebody would discover that he had a mission to put an end to it, or to spur other people to put an end to it. And in 1848 the late A. J. Downing, in an article called "A Talk about Public Parks and Gardens," published in the *Horticulturist*, a journal which he edited at that time, gave the first expression to the want which we were all feeling for a great Public Park.

RUSTIC BRIDGE NEAR BALCONY BRIDGE, LOOKING EAST.

In 1850 Mr. Downing took a summer trip to England, leaving home in June and returning in October. During

his absence he wrote a series of letters to the *Horticulturist*, setting forth in his happy style the striking difference between the cities of London and New York in respect to opportunities for open-air recreation, and urging upon the people of our city the importance of at once doing something to remove the stigma that rested upon New York, of being the worst ventilated of all the large cities of the world. And now that this wide-spread public feeling had found a voice, there needed nothing but for some person in authority, mayor, governor or legislator, to recommend that the public need should be provided for, to secure that something effectual should be done. And accordingly, in 1851, Mr. A. C. Kingsland, who was then Mayor of New York, sent a message to the Common Council, in which the whole question was stated so clearly and succinctly, and the necessity for prompt and efficient action was so forcibly urged, that there is no wonder it took hold of the public attention, and became the leading topic of discussion in social circles and in the newspapers; nor was it long before bills for the establishment of a public park were brought before the Legislature.

There were two rival schemes: one called the Jones's Wood Bill proposed taking a strip of land on the eastern side of the city, lying between the Third Avenue and the East River, and between Sixty-sixth Street on the south to Seventy-fifth Street on the north, and containing about one hundred and fifty acres; and this bill was for a time thought likely to be the successful one. Certainly it had some strong recommendations; chiefest among them, its neighborhood to the water: this would have added an element of picturesqueness and variety that seemed very desirable. There were also, on the land proposed by the Jones's Wood Bill for the site of the Park, a number of well-grown trees standing, and it was thought we could not wisely give up this advantage; but in the end the Jones's Wood Bill was thrown out, there appearing to be a strong public feeling in favor of a more central situation. This public feeling was met by the other bill, known as the Central Park Bill; and although, as it appears to us, this one advantage of a central position was the only one that the proposed Park had in its favor, yet this sufficed, and the bill establishing it passed the Legislature with almost no opposition. A call was made for plans, and a large number of persons entered into competition. Mr. Downing, who had given to the subject of landscape gardening a good deal of thought, would no doubt have thrown himself with ardor into the carrying out of a design which had been so interesting to him from the start, but his sudden death put an end to all the hope that had been entertained of help from him. The plans sent in by others were exhibited in public, and were freely discussed in the newspapers; and it certainly excited no surprise in the minds of those who had carefully studied them, when the Commissioners appointed by the Legislature gave the award of excellence over all the rest to the one signed "Greensward." This thoroughly-considered design was the joint work of Calvert Vaux and Frederick Law Olmsted; and their design having been accepted as the one to be followed in laying

SUMMER-HOUSE IN RAMBLE NEAR THE BELVEDERE.

out the Park, they were at once intrusted with the management by the Board of Commissioners appointed by the State.

Mr. Olmsted, though a young man, had already a national reputation. He is an American of Americans, was long a successful farmer, and while still engaged in that pursuit had published a remarkable little book, the record of a vacation ramble, called *Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England.* But he was more widely known by his letters to *The New York Times* newspaper, written during a tour through the Southern States, under the signature of "Yeoman," and afterwards published in a volume—*The Seaboard Slave-States.* This book contained the first trustworthy account of the condition of society in the South, especially in the regions away from the great cities, that had up to that time been published in the North. It was written in a style so manly and straightforward, with such an evident determination to speak the plain, unvarnished truth, that it carried conviction with it, and no less won a wide public respect for the character of the writer. We speak of it here, because the qualities that made it were qualities that showed themselves later, when Mr. Olmsted filled the position of Superintendent of the Park and Architect-in-Chief. The public will never know all that it owes, in the possession of the Park, to Mr. Olmsted's energy, to his quiet, earnest zeal, to his integrity, and to the abundance of his resources. Few Americans in our time have shown so great administrative abilities.

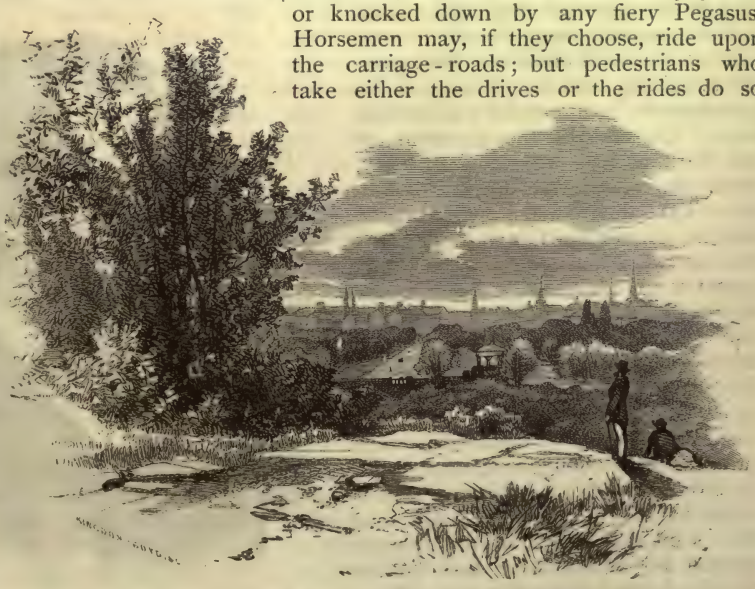
Mr. Calvert Vaux is an Englishman by birth and training, who came to this country and adopted it for his permanent home in 1852. He left England on the invitation of Mr. Downing, to whom he had been highly recommended as the person best fitted to assist him in his profession of architect and landscape-gardener. He established himself at Newburgh, as Mr. Downing's partner in business, and on the untimely death of that gentleman, in 1853, he succeeded to his large and profitable clientage. At the time of the acceptance of his and Mr. Olmsted's design for the Park, he was already known as a skillful architect, and as the author of a valuable work on the subject of Domestic Architecture. It would hardly have been possible to find in our community two men better fitted by education, by experience, and by a combination of valuable qualities, to carry out so difficult and so important an undertaking as that of the Central Park. Perhaps it was not a mere piece of good luck that brought them together, and that made the Commissioners of one mind in favor of their work, but a sort of fate which easily brings like to mate with like, and makes the fruit of such a union its own best praise. The Plan of the Park designed by Messrs. Vaux and Olmsted was noticeable for the simplicity with which it met the needs of the public, taking advantage of every good point in the site, and avoiding all the many serious difficulties that in less skillful hands would have been insurmountable. It is an encouragement to all who have faith in the sound sense of the public that this Design, devoid of everything like clap-trap, and without offering to do more than could reasonably and with good taste be done with the space, should yet have carried the day against pretense and showy ignorance. There was never but one serious effort made to throw discredit on the accepted Design, and this was made by a rival competitor, who in repeated appeals to the public, through the columns of a city newspaper, endeavored to convince the public that the two most important features of his Design, the encircling carriage-drive and the cross-roads, had been appropriated by

OAK BRIDGE.

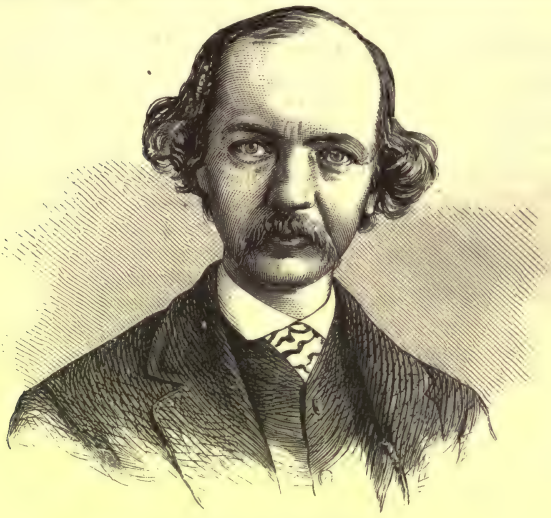
VIEW FROM BELVEDERE, LOOKING SOUTH-EAST.

the authors of "Greensward." If we allude to the claims set up by this competitor here, it is only to take advantage of the opportunity the mention of them gives us to show how well Messrs. Vaux and Olmsted met two of the most serious difficulties that presented themselves in attempting to treat this particular piece of ground. One of these difficulties lay in the length of the proposed Park, out of all proportion with its width; the other difficulty was, the necessity of supplying transverse roads for traffic, in order that the Park might not prove a wall of separation between the two sides of the city.

For the first it was early seen to be especially desirable that the visitors' attention should be called as little as possible to the boundaries east and west, which boundaries, when the best has been done, it is found very difficult to keep out of sight. Every one of the competing designs except "Greensward" made the circuit-drive, keeping as close to the boundaries as possible, a prominent feature, the designers reasoning, no doubt, and very justly too, that it was necessary not only to secure as long a drive as the size of the Park would admit, but to secure also as large a space as possible in the middle of the tract for the use of those who should come to the Park not to drive, but to walk or stroll or play. Messrs. Olmsted and Vaux alone saw that the boundary-line must be avoided; but they also saw that the enjoyment of one class of visitors must not be allowed to interfere with that of any other. The first of these principles made them lead their drive at once toward the center; and even on the West side, where it runs more nearly parallel with the Eighth Avenue, it will be observed that the curves continually lead in, and that the road, in its whole length on that side, approaches very near the boundary only once or twice, and then only when obliged to do so by the new reservoir, and by the western end of the lake. The other principle has kept the drives, bridle-paths and walks entirely separate and distinct, so that visitors desiring to enjoy either recreation may do so without their pleasure being interfered with. Those who come to the Park in carriages are not obliged to look out for the safety of persons on foot; horsemen are free to canter, to gallop, or to trot, without the fear of meeting either carriages or pedestrians; and those who come for a walk, whether it be a meditative stroll or a brisk constitutional, cannot be run over by Jehus, or knocked down by any fiery Pegasus. Horsemen may, if they choose, ride upon the carriage-roads; but pedestrians who take either the drives or the rides do so



VIEW FROM BELVEDERE, LOOKING SOUTH.



FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED.

at their own risk. Children, however, are not permitted to leave the walks; and by keeping to these a muscular infant might toddle from one end of the Park to the other and run no danger whatever. We spoke of Jehu, but he is a character whose visits to the Park are designedly discouraged. Not only is it forbidden to drive beyond a certain moderate rate of speed, but the roads are intentionally so laid out as to make racing impossible.

The other difficulty that every one attempting to make a design for the Park was obliged to encounter, was the necessity of contriving ways by which trade and traffic could cross the Park without interfering with the pleasure of the people, or being interfered with in their turn. Considering the situation of the Park and the shape of the city, these transverse roads are indispensable. Take them away; prevent carts, wagons, omnibuses from crossing the Park anywhere between the streets that bound it on the north and south, and the result would virtually be two separate cities, one on either side. To put transverse roads into the plan, if indeed they had not been expressly called for by the instructions of the Commissioners to the competitors, was a natural notion enough,—it might have occurred to anybody. But anybody, it might have been thought, could also have seen that unless some way were devised for at the same time having them and not having them, by getting the good and avoiding the evil of them, the Park would be seriously injured. Yet it was only to Messrs. Vaux and Olmsted, among all the competitors, that the device occurred of carrying these transverse roads below the level of the surface of the Park, and keeping them not only out of the way of the other roads and paths, but out of sight as well. These traffic-roads, of which there are four in the whole length of the Park, are of good width, the sides walled solidly with stone, the sides not perpendicular, but sloping slightly; they are well-paved, and lighted and drained, and are in all respects comfortable thoroughfares. Except in one instance, all the carriage-roads, bridle-roads, and footpaths are carried over these traffic-roads by handsome bridges, solidly built, and the planting so judiciously done, that in a few years it will be easily possible to drive or walk all over the Park without so much as suspecting the existence of these busy avenues of communication.

Many persons have objected to the amount of architectural decoration there is in the Park, and Philadelphians especially are fond of pointing to their magnificent Fairmount Park—on the whole, the noblest public park with which we have any acquaintance—and boasting that it is all Nature's work; that man has done little more than trace out the

CALVERT VAUX.

roads and walks over its surface. See here, they say, the sweeping unfenced acres, the great dome of the sky, the ancestral trees, the winding river! This is our Park, the most of Nature and the least of man! But if we concede the great superiority in natural advantage the Fairmount Park enjoys not only over the Central Park, but over even Hyde Park and the Bois de Boulogne, the Philadelphians ought to remember that between their Park and ours there is something of the same difference there is between a wheat farm and a city lot, and it was not possible to treat our small plot with the same simple reliance on Nature that was found so easy in Philadelphia. In the land chosen by the citizens of New York to make a Park out of, there was in fact no more picturesque capital to start with than there is in the load of clay dumped before a sculptor's door, out of which he is to make his statue. Not only were there no trees, but there was almost the minimum of soil and the maximum of rock! With the exception of two tracts,—partly boggy and partly meadow,—each of ten acres or thereabouts, we are told, in one of the early Commissioners' reports, that there is not an acre in the Park south of the reservoir—and nearly the same may be said of the upper portion—where a crowbar could originally have been thrust its length into the ground without striking rock; and even where the gneiss,—most uninteresting, unpicturesque of rocks!—was not visible to the eye (and for the most part it lay bare to the sun, with neither mould nor weed nor even moss upon it), it was found to be within from two inches to three feet of the surface for long distances together. This was the condition of the Park when the Commissioners took hold of it—a sheet of white paper on which they were to write what poetry they could. They began their work with good sense, determined to do everything thoroughly well from the start, and to give people something to enjoy as soon as possible. The ground once cleared of its scattered population of squatters, the mall was soon struck out, the carriage and foot paths were opened to the public as fast and as far as they were finished, and the planting of trees and shrubs, the leveling and sowing the lawns, and the construction of lakes and pools all went on together in the most animated and yet methodical fashion. Those are pleasant times for some of us to look back upon,—the days when the Park was a-making, when we could all take lessons in road-building, and planting, and draining, and knew that what we were assisting at, French fashion, was the last result of observation and experience in these pleasantly-practical useful-ornamental arts.

NOOK IN RAMBLE.

Nor was the public less interested and delighted when the ornamental building began: when the first bridges were thrown over the traffic-roads, and the foundations of the terrace were laid and those of the Terrace Restaurant. It is worth noting that this was the first ornamental building—the first architecture we had seen in America! Dwelling-houses, warehouses, churches, and all of the vapidest cut-and-dried patterns, we had seen in plenty, but little or nothing in building that we could take any artistic pleasure in. It is long since there has been a bridge built that had any beauty in it—though when the poets left off building Roman arches, they did the next best thing with their suspension bridges. For the most part our bridges are as ugly as engineers, with their dryasdust brains, can de-

vise. But in the Park the effort was made to have the bridges not only solidly built, but as elegantly, and in as great variety of designs, as could be contrived. They are built of stone, of brick, of iron, and of these materials in combination; and it is pleasant to note how many of these bridges, intended to carry the drives and walks over the traffic-roads, will only be visible from the traffic-roads when the Park is complete, and so will serve to add a little cheerfulness to these none too cheerful thoroughfares. With here and there a grassy bank sloping down to the edge of the wall, or a leaning tree or row of shrubbery to break the monotonous sky-line, and then these pretty bridges at frequent points, the toiler along these roads may take some pleasure in looking up, may have the consciousness that he has been thought of, and that the Park builders had the wish not to shut its beauties from him nor to turn a shabby back upon him, but to keep in mind the pleasures that were waiting him when the day's hard work was done. We do not know if there were any such sentiment as this in the arrangement of these roads, but judging from the characters of the designers of the Park, and of the known relations of at least one of them, Mr. Olmsted, toward the working class, we can easily believe that it did.

At any rate it cannot be by accident that these traffic-roads, about which there were so many misgivings in the beginning, have turned out, wherever they have been finished, very agreeable streets—affording a pleasant variety in the dull uniformity and monotony of our city streets and avenues, infusing a slight seasoning of rural freedom into the municipal formality, interposing a few bars of repose into the "demnition grind," jangled, out-of-tune, and harsh, of the city turmoil and din! These breaks in the round of daily toil—the result of whatever device—whether produced by a mere change of character in the road along which "toil whistles as it drives its cart," as in these traffic-roads, where the change is merely from shops and houses to stone walls with a fringe of grass and shrubs against the sky, or by an expansion of the road into a square or place with a bit of green and a few trees in the middle, or by a mere forking of the road—any means, in short, by which the tread-mill track is made forgetable for a few minutes—these, we say, are of less frequent occurrence in New York than in any other of the great cities of the world.

Take any one of our streets or avenues and observe how seldom in the course of its length it will be found interrupted by any square, or park, or garden, large or small. Take the map of our island and see what insignificant spots on its surface are the places set apart for breathing-places for the people.

This we have already considered from another point of view; let us look at it for a moment from an artistic point, consider what relation it has to the beauty of the city, how much it contributes to its proverbial monotonousness. We suppose it must be granted to a utilitarian age that the rectilinear system of laying out city streets is the most convenient. But, even from the highest utilitarian point of view, it might be argued that more is lost than gained by carrying streets along between far distant points without frequent breaks. Although we think that for a city so proud of her bigness as New York is, she thinks and talks too much about her Broadway and her Fifth Avenue,—streets which no one who has seen London or Paris will think worth bragging about,—and though we believe great harm in many ways comes from the systematic neglect of the other arteries of the island, yet, because it more immediately concerns us,

OAKS NEAR SEVENTY-NINTH STREET ENTRANCE.

RUSTIC SUMMER-HOUSE IN RAMBLE.

let us look at the Fifth Avenue for a moment, and see what it is that makes it so uninteresting merely as a street, without any reference to the buildings, about which, from one end to the other, the less we say, the better.

The street is too uninterrupted in its length, and greatly lacks incident. As was well shown on one occasion by Mr. Leopold Eidlitz, one of our most thoroughly accomplished architects, there is no example of a fine street anywhere in Europe that is also a very long street. In Paris, he says, "a boulevard or a street is rarely carried to a length greater than two-thousand feet without being interrupted by a square, or changing its direction, or terminating upon a park," or opening upon something other than itself.

This applies directly and forcibly to the Fifth Avenue as well as to Broadway; from Washington Square, where it begins, to the Central Park, the only break in the monotony of the Fifth Avenue occurs at Madison Square, where, beside, the intersection of the avenue with Broadway gives us the small triangular lot on which stands the Worth Monument.

From this point again the avenue stretches on to the Park, lined with a double row of houses in brick or sad-colored stone, more remarkable for the evidence they give of the wide diffusion of wealth in the city than as evidences of culture, or of feeling for architecture.

Following the Fifth Avenue along the eastern side of the Park, we find that even there the mistake is being made of contrasting an almost unbroken wall of building with the open spaces of the Park, which, beside, is bounded not by an irregular outline, but by a stiff, straight wall of cut stone. The only break that relieves the monotonous length of the Fifth Avenue along the whole line of the Park is Hamilton Square, an open space belonging to the City and extending from the Fifth to the Fourth avenues, and between Sixty-sixth and Sixty-eighth streets.

Artistically, and we have no doubt financially, this seems to us a great mistake, and it is a pity that if the opening of additional squares be no longer possible—even where one is so much needed as it is between Eighty-fifth and Ninety-seventh streets, opposite the new Reservoir—owners of property in that and other quarters could not at least be brought to see the advantage, both to themselves and the public, of so building on their lots as to secure all the light and air possible, with the added attractions of grass and trees. This would be very easily accomplished if the owners of the lots forming the several blocks would com-

BOW BRIDGE FROM LAKE.

SUMMER-HOUSE SOUTH-EAST OF THE CASINO.

bine to make "Terraces" or "Crescents," as is so often done in London, particularly in the new and fashionable West-End, a device that adds greatly to the elegance of that part of the city and largely increases the value of the property.

An illustration of what we mean is to be found in the familiar "London Terrace," on Twenty-third Street, between the Ninth and Tenth avenues, and also in the arrangement of the lots on the Fourth Avenue, between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets. The "Terraces" in London are not exactly like these, and indeed they are by no means all laid out on any one model, but almost all of them, we believe, have a private carriage-road and sidewalk running close to the house-fronts, while the garden-space, with its grass and trees and flowers, is between this private roadway and the public street. In the "Crescent," of which so far as we know there is no example in any of our Atlantic cities, this private road is an arc of a circle, to which the house-fronts correspond. We are not sure, however, that New Yorkers would like this partial seclusion—the chief thing sought for in the London "Terrace" and "Crescent." In case this objection should be felt, there need be no private drive, but the house might be reached by the walk from the gate on the public street through the garden, as in the already familiar New York examples.

It ought, we think, to be evident that some such plan as this must be adopted if it is hoped to maintain the traditional elegance of the Fifth Avenue. It is now too late, doubtless, to break up the formal arrangement of the streets in that part of the city that lies below One Hundred and Tenth street, but a great deal may yet be done to make that formality less offensively apparent.

It does not concern us here to show how this can be accomplished in other parts of the city, nor to prove to owners of property that their real-estate would lose nothing in value by being less closely built upon: but we must remonstrate against the surrounding the Park itself with a close line of houses, however elegant and costly, even if every one were such a finished jewel-box as that built by Mr. Mould. Such a wall of brick and stone, broken at regular intervals by streets, would be in the highest degree wearisome; and the want of balance between the two sides—all trees and greenery on the one, all masonry on the other—would be thrust upon the visitor instead of being concealed. For the want of balance cannot be absolutely prevented, and the best that can be done is to make it as little conspicuous as possible. The ar-

JACOB WREY MOULD.

rangement that ought to be adopted in the outset is, as it seems to us, either that of terraces and crescents, or else a mixture of these with small open squares, of the width of a single block, surrounded with low copings of stone, planted with grass and trees, and open to the public.

By such a simple means as this, paying for the apparent loss of ground by the increased value that would be given to the adjoining property, the sides of the Fifth and Eighth avenues along the Park would be lightened, and all danger of monotony avoided.

So much for the Park in its history and its relations to the needs of the city—picturesque and material. We shall next consider it as a piece of landscape-gardening and as an opportunity for educating us all in a liking for sculpture, fountains, terraces, and the other architectural adornings that belong as much to such a place as do boscages, shaded alleys, or stately malls. In another paper we should like to consider the beginnings that have been made in this direction—happy if we could say a few seasonable words in criticism or in praise.

CARO NOME.

HOLD the sea-shell to thine ear,
And the murmur of the wave
From its rosy depths mayst hear,
Like a voice from out the grave
Calling thro' the night to thee!

Low and soft and far-away,
From a silent, distant shore,
Where is neither night nor day,
Nor the sound of plying oar;
For all sleep beside that sea!

Low and soft, but constant still,
For it murmurs evermore
With a steady, pulsing thrill,
Of the waves upon the shore,
And it tells nought else to thee.

Hold my heart up to thine ear,
And the one beloved name
Singing thro' its depths mayst hear,
And the song is still the same,—
'Tis a murmur from the sea:

From the great sea of my love,
Far-reaching, calm and wide,
Where nor storms nor tempests move,
Nor ebbs the constant tide,
And the waves still sing of thee!

ARTHUR BONNICASTLE.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

THE WATER-LILY'S SECRET.

CHAPTER XXI.

In a small town like Bradford, the birds have a way of collecting and carrying news, quite unknown in more considerable cities; and, apparently, a large flock of them had been around The Mansion during the events narrated in the preceding chapter, for on the following day the community was alive with rumors concerning them. A daily paper had just been established, whose enterprising editor deemed it his special duty and privilege to bruit such personal and social intelligence as he could gain by button-holing his victims on the street, or by listening to the voluntary tattle of busybodies. My good angel, Mr. Bradford, apprehending an unpleasant notoriety for me, and for the occurrences associated with my name, came to me at once and heard my story. Then he visited the editor, and so represented the case to him, that on the second morning after taking up my home with my father, I had the amusement of reading a whole column devoted to it. The paper was very wet and very dirty; but I presume that that column was read with more interest, by all the citizens of Bradford, than anything of national import which it might have contained. I will reproduce only its opening and closing paragraphs:

ROMANCE IN HIGH LIFE.—Our little city was thrown into intense excitement yesterday, by rumors of a most romantic and extraordinary character, concerning occurrences at

A CERTAIN MANSION,

which occupies an elevated position, locally, socially, and historically. It appears that a certain estimable young man, whose heroic feat cost him so dearly in a recent struggle with

A MIDNIGHT ASSASSIN,

is the natural heir to the vast wealth which he so gallantly rescued from spoliation, and that

A CERTAIN ESTIMABLE LADY,

well known to our citizens as the companion of a certain other lady, also well known, is his mother. Nothing more startling than the developments in this case has occurred in the eventful history of our city.

A MYSTERY

has always hung around these persons, and we are not among those who are surprised at the solution. But the most remarkable part of the story is that which relates to the young man who has been reared with the expectation of becoming the owner of this magnificent estate. Upon learning the relations of the young man previously alluded to, to his benefactress, he at once, in loyalty to his friend and his own personal honor, renounced forever his expectations, surrendered his position to the heir so strangely discovered, and took up his abode in his father's humble home. This act, than which none nobler was ever performed, was, we are assured by as good authority as there is in *Bradford*, wholly voluntary.

WE GIVE THAT YOUNG MAN OUR HAT—

Miller & Sons' best—and assure him that, in whatever position he may choose to take in this community, he will have such support as our humble editorial pen may give him. We feel that no less than this is due to his nobility of character.

After half a dozen paragraphs in this strain, the article closed as follows :—

It is rumored that the newly-found heir has formed

A TENDER ALLIANCE

with a beautiful young lady—a blonde—who is not a stranger in the family of our blue-eyed hero—an alliance which will enable her to

SHARE HIS BONNY CASTLE,

and unite the fortunes of the two families in indissoluble bonds. Long may they wave!

Far be it from us, enthroned upon the editorial tripod, and wielding the scepter of the press, to invade the sanctities of private life, and we therefore withhold all names. It was due to the parties concerned and to the public, however, to state the facts, and put an end to gossip and conjecture among those who have no better business than that of tampering with the secrets of the hearthstone and the heart.

During the day, I broke through the reluctance which I naturally felt to encounter the public gaze after this exposure of my affairs, and went out upon the street. Of course, I found myself the object of universal curiosity and the subject of universal remark. Never in my life had I been treated with more deference. Something high in position had been won back to the sphere of common life, and common life was profoundly interested. My editorial friend had so represented the case as to win for me something better than sympathy; and a good-natured reticence under all inquiries, on my own part, seemed to enhance the respect of the people for me. But I had something more important on hand than seeking food for my vanity. I had myself on hand and my future; and the gossip of the community was, for the first time in my life, a matter of indifference.

It occurred to me during the day that an academy, which a number of enterprising people had built two or three years before, had been abandoned and closed, with the conclusion of the spring term, for lack of support, and that it would be possible for me to secure it for the field of my future enterprise. I called at once upon those who held the building in charge, and, before I slept, closed a bargain, very advantageous to myself, which placed it at my disposal for a term of three years. The next day I visited my friend the editor, whom I found with bare arms, well smeared with ink, at work at his printer's case, in setting up the lucubrations of the previous night. He was evidently flattered by my call, and expressed the hope that what he had written with reference to myself was satisfactory. Assuring him that I had no fault to find with him, I exposed my project, which not only met with his hearty approval, but the promise of his unstinted support. From his office I went directly to the chambers of the principal lawyer of the city, and entered my name as a student of law. I took no advice, I sought no aid, but spoke freely of my plans to all around me. I realized almost at once how all life and circumstance bend to the man who walks his own determined way, toward an object definitely apprehended. People were surprised by my promptness and energy, and indeed I was surprised by myself. My dreams of luxury and ease were gone, and the fascinations of enterprise and action took strong possession of me. I was busy with my preparations for school and with study all day, and, at night, every moment stolen from sleep was filled with planning and projecting. My father was delighted, and almost lived and moved and had his being in me. To him I told everything, and the full measure of his old faith in me was recovered.

When the autumn term of the academy opened, of which I was principal, and my sister Claire the leading assistant, every seat was full. Many of the pupils had come from the towns around, though the principal attendance was from the city, and I entered at

once upon a life of the most fatiguing labor and the most grateful prosperity. My purse was filled at the outset with the advanced instalment upon the term-bills, so that both Claire and myself had a delightful struggle with my father in our attempt to compel him to receive payment for our board and lodgings. Our little dwelling was full of new life. Even my mother was shaken from her refuge of faithlessness, and compelled to smile. Since those days I have had many pleasant experiences; but I doubt whether I have ever spent three years of purer happiness than those which I passed with Claire beneath the roof of that old academy—old now, for, though put to strange uses, the building is standing still.

There was one experience connected with this part of my history of which it is a pain to speak, because it relates to the most subtle and sacred passage of my inner life; but having led the reader thus far, I should be disloyal to my Christian confession were I to close my lips upon it and refuse its revelation.

From the hour when I first openly joined a band of Christian disciples, I had been conscious of a mighty arm around me. Within the circuit of that restraining power I had exercised an almost unrestricted liberty. I had violated my conscience in times and ways without number, yet, when tempted to reckless wandering, I had touched the obstacle and recoiled. In whatever direction I might go, I always reached a point where I became conscious of its living pulsations and its unrelaxing embrace. Unseen, impalpable, it was as impenetrable as adamant and as strong as God. The moment I assumed responsibility over other lives, and gave my own life in counsel and labor for the good of those around me, the arm came closer, and conveyed to me the impression of comfort and help and safety. I thanked God for the restraint which that voluntary act of mine had imposed upon me.

But this was not all. My life had come into the line of the divine plan for my own Christian development. I had been a recipient all my life; now I had become an active power. I had all my life been appropriating the food that came to me, and amusing myself with the playthings of fancy and imagination; now I had begun to act and expend in earnest work for worthy objects. The spiritual attitude effected by this change was one which brought me face to face with all that was unworthy in me and my past life, and I felt myself under the operations of a mighty, regenerating power, which I had no disposition to resist. I could not tell whence it came or whither it went. If it was born of myself, it was a psychological experience which I could neither analyze nor measure. It was upon me for days and weeks. It was within me like leaven in the lump, permeating, enlivening, lifting me. It was like an eye-stone in the eye, searching for dust in every place and plication, and removing it, until the orb was painless and the vision pure. There was no outcry, no horror of great darkness, no disposition to publish, but a subtle, silent, sweet revolution. As it went on within me, I grew stronger day by day, and my life and work were flooded with the light of a great and fine significance. Sensibility softened and endurance hardened under it.

Spirit of God! Infinite Mother! Thou didst not thunder on Sinai amidst smoke and tempest; but in the burning bush thou didst appear in a flame that warmed without withering, and illuminated without consuming. Thou didst not hang upon the cross on Calvary, but thou didst stir the hearts of the bereaved disciples as they walked in the way with their risen Lord. All gentle ministries to the spiritual life of men emanate from Thee. Thou brooding, all-pervading presence, holding a weeping world in thy maternal embrace, with counsel and courage and tender chastening and holy inspirations! Was it thy arm that had been around me all these years, and came closer and closer, until I felt myself folded to a heart that flooded me with love? I only know that streams rise no higher than their fountain, and that the fountain of spiritual life in me had sunk and ceased to flow long before this time. Could anything but a long, strong rain from the skies have filled it? All the things we see are types of things we do not see—visible expressions of the things and thoughts of God. All the phenomena of nature—the persistent radiance of the sun and moon—the coming, going, and unloading, and the grace and glory of the clouds—the changes of the seasons and of the all-enveloping atmosphere, are revelations to our senses and our souls of those operations and influences which act upon our spiritual natures. I find no miracle in this; only nature speaking without material interpreters—only the God of nature shunning the coarser passages of the senses, and finding his way direct to the Spirit by means and ministries and channels of his own.

Was this conversion? It was not an intellectual matter at all. I had changed no

opinions, for the unworthy opinions I had acquired had fallen from me, one by one, as my practice had conformed more and more to the Christian standard. Indeed, they were not my opinions at all, for they had been assumed in consequence of the necessity of somewhat bringing my spiritual and intellectual natures into harmony. My deepest intellectual convictions remained precisely what they had always been. No, it was a spiritual quickening. It had been winter with me, and I had been covered with snow and locked with ice. Did I melt the bonds which held me, by warmth self-generated? Does the rose do this, or the violet? There was a sun in some heaven I could not see that shone upon me. There was a wind from some far latitude that breathed upon me. To be quickened is to be touched by a vital finger. To be quickened is to receive a fructifying flood from the great source of life.

The change was something better than had happened to me under Mr. Bedlow's preaching, long years before, but neither change was conversion. Far back in childhood, at my mother's knee, at my father's side, and in my own secret chamber, those changes were wrought which had directed my life toward a Christian consummation. My little rivulet was flowing toward the sea, increasing as it went, when it was disturbed by the first awful experiences of my life; and its turbid waters were never, until this latter time, wholly clarified. My little plant, tender but upright, was just rising out of its nursing shadows into the light when the great tempest swept over it. If my later experience was conversion, then conversion may come to a man every year of his life. It was simply the revivification and reinforcement of the powers and processes of spiritual life. It was ministry, direct and immediate, to development and growth; and with me it was complete restoration to the track of my Christian boyhood, and a thrusting out of my life of all the ideas, policies and results of that terrible winter which I can never recall without self-pity and humiliation.

The difference in the respective effects of the two great crises of my spiritual history upon my power to work illustrated better than anything else, perhaps, the difference in their nature. The first was a dissipation of power. I could not work while it lasted, and it was a long time before I could gather and hold in hand my mental forces. The second was an accession of strength and the power of concentration. I am sure that I never worked harder or better than I did during the time that my late change was in progress. It was an uplifting, enlightening, and strengthening inspiration. One was a poison, the other was a cure; one disturbed, the other harmonized; one was surcharged with fear, the other brimmed with hope; one exhausted, the other nourished and edified me; one left my spirit halting and ready to stumble, the other left it armed and plumed.

After my days at the academy, came my evening readings of the elementary books of the profession which I had chosen. There were no holidays for me; and during those three years I am sure I accomplished more professional study than nine-tenths of the young men whose every day was at their disposal. I was in high health and in thorough earnest. My physical resources had never been overtasked, and I found myself in the possession of vital resources which enabled me to accomplish an enormous amount of labor. I have no doubt that there were those around me who felt a measure of pity for me, but I had no occasion to thank them for it. I had never before felt so happy, and I learned then, what the world is slow to learn, that there can be no true happiness that is not the result of the action of harmonious powers steadily bent upon pursuits that seek a worthy end. Comfort of a certain sort there may be, pleasure of a certain quality there may be, in ease and in the gratification of that which is sensuous and sensual in men and women; but happiness is never a lazy man's dower or a sensualist's privilege. That is reserved for the worker, and can never be grasped and held save by true manhood and womanhood. It was a great lesson to learn, and it was learned for a lifetime; for in this even-tide of life, with the power to rest, I find no joy like that which comes to me at the table on which, day after day, I write the present record.

During the autumn and winter which followed the assumption of my new duties, I was often at The Mansion, and a witness of the happiness of its inmates. Mrs. Sanderson was living in a new atmosphere. Every thought and feeling seemed to be centered upon her lately discovered treasure. She listened to his every word, watched his every motion, and seemed to feel that all her time was lost that was not spent in his presence. The strong, indomitable, self-asserting will which she had exercised during all her life was laid at his feet. With her fortune she gave herself. She was weary with the long strain and relinquished it. She trusted him,

leaned upon him, lived upon him. She was in the second childhood of her life, and it was better to her than her womanhood. He became in her imagination the son whom long years before she had lost. His look recalled her boy, his voice was the repetition of the old music, and she found realized in him all the dreams she had indulged in concerning him who had so sadly dissipated them in his own self-ruin.

The object of all this trust and tenderness was as happy as she. It always touched me deeply to witness the gentleness of his manner toward her. He anticipated all her wants, deferred to her slightest wish, shaped all his life to serve her own. The sense of kindred blood was strongly dominant within him, and his grandmother was held among the most sacred treasures of his heart. Whether he ever had the influence to lead her to higher sources of joy and comfort than himself, I never knew, but I know that in the old mansion that for so many years had been the home of revelry or of isolated selfishness, an altar was reared from which the incense of Christian hearts rose with the rising sun of morning, and the rising stars of night.

Henry passed many days with me at the academy. In truth, my school was his loitering place, though his loitering was of a very useful fashion. I found him so full of the results of experience in the calling in which I was engaged that I won from him a thousand valuable suggestions; and such was his love for the calling that he rarely left me without hearing a recitation, which he had the power to make so vitally interesting to my pupils that he never entered the study-hall without awakening a smile of welcome from the whole school. Sometimes he went with Claire to her class-rooms; and as many of her pupils had previously been his own, he found himself at home everywhere. There was no foolish pride in his heart that protested against her employment. He saw that she was not only useful but happy, and knew that she was learning quite as much that would be useful to her as those who engaged her efforts. Her office deepened and broadened her womanhood; and I could see that Henry was every day more pleased and satisfied with her. If she was ill for a day, he took her place, and watched for and filled every opportunity to lighten her burdens.

Mr. Bradford was, perhaps, my happiest friend. He had had so much responsibility in directing and changing the currents of my life, that it was with unbounded satisfaction that he witnessed my happiness, my industry and my modest prosperity. Many an hour did he sit upon my platform with me, with his two hands resting upon his cane, his fine, honest face all aglow with gratified interest, listening to the school in its regular exercises, and once he came in with Mr. Bird, who had traveled all the way from Hillsborough to see me. And then my school witnessed such a scene as they had never witnessed before. I rushed to my dear old friend, threw my arms around him and kissed him. The silver had begun to show itself in his beard and on his temples, and he looked weary. I gave him a chair, and then with tears in my eyes I stood out upon the platform before my boys and girls, and told them who he was, and what he had been to me. I pictured to them the life of the Bird's Nest, and assured them that if they had found anything to approve in me, as a teacher and a friend, it was planted and shaped in that little garden on the hill. I told them further that if any of them should ever come to regard me with the affection I felt for him, I should feel myself abundantly repaid for all the labor I had bestowed upon them—nay, for the labor of a life. I was roused to an eloquence and touched to a tenderness which was at least new to them, and their eyes were wet. When I concluded, poor Mr. Bird sat with his head in his hands, unable to say a word.

As we went out from the school that night, arm in arm, he said: "It was a good medicine, Arthur—heroic, but good."

"It was," I answered, "and I can never thank you and Mr. Bradford too much for it."

First I took him to my home, and we had a merry tea-drinking, at which my mother yielded up all her prejudices against him. I showed him my little room, so like in its dimensions and appointments to the one I occupied at the Bird's Nest, and then I took him to The Mansion for a call upon Henry. After this we went to Mr. Bradford's, where we passed the evening, and where he spent the night.

Since the old days of my boyhood, when Millie Bradford and I had been intimate, confidential friends, she had never received me with the cordiality that she exhibited on that evening. I suppose she had listened to the account which her father gave of my meeting with my old teacher, and of the words which that meeting had inspired me to utter. I have no doubt that my later history had pleased her, and done much to awaken her old regard for me. Whatever the reasons may have been, her grasp was hearty, her greeting cordial, and her face was bright with

welcome. I need not say that all this thrilled me with pleasure, for I had inwardly determined to earn her respect, and to take no steps for greater intimacy until I had done so, even if it should lead me to abandon all hope of being more to her than I had been.

It was easy that evening to win her to our old corner in the drawing-room. Mrs. Bradford and Aunt Flick were ready listeners to the conversation in progress between Mr. Bradford and Mr. Bird, and we found ourselves at liberty to pursue our own ways, without interruption or observation.

She questioned me with great interest about my school, and as that was a subject which aroused all my enthusiasm, I talked freely, and amused her with incidents of my daily work. She could not but have seen that I was the victim of no vain regrets concerning my loss of position and prospects, and that all my energies and all my heart were in my new life. I saw that she was gratified; and I was surprised to find that she was profoundly interested in my success.

"By the way," I said, after having dwelt too long upon a topic that concerned myself mainly, "I wonder what has become of Livingston? He was going to Europe, but I have not heard a word from him since I parted with him months ago. Do you know anything of him?"

"Haven't heard from him?" she said, with a kind of incredulous gasp.

"Not a word."

"Haven't you seen him?"

"Why, I haven't been out of the town."

"No, but you have seen him here?"

"Not once."

"You are sure?"

"Perfectly sure," I responded with a smile at her obstinate incredulity.

"I don't understand it," she said, looking away from me.

"Has he been here?" I inquired.

"Twice."

I saw that she was not only puzzled, but deeply moved; and I was conscious of a flush of mingled anger and indignation sweeping over my own tell-tale face.

"Did he call on Henry when he was here?" I inquired.

"He did, on both occasions. Did not Henry tell you?"

"He did not."

"That is strange too," she remarked.

"Miss Bradford," I responded, "it is not strange at all. I comprehend the whole matter. Henry knew Livingston better than I did, and doubting whether he would care to continue his acquaintance with me after the change in my circumstances, had not mentioned his calls to me. He knew that if I had met him, I should speak of it, and as I did not speak of it, he concluded that I had not met him, and so covered from me by his silence the presence of my old friend in the city. Livingston did not call upon me because, having nothing further in common with me, he chose to ignore me altogether, and to count all that had appeared like friendship between us for nothing. I was no longer an heir to wealth. I was a worker for my own bread, with my position to make by efforts whose issue was uncertain. I could be his companion no further; I could be received at his father's home no more. Every attention or courtesy he might render me could be rendered no more except as a matter of patronage. I can at least give him the credit for having honesty and delicacy enough to shun me when he could meet me no more on even terms."

"Even terms!" exclaimed the girl with a scorn in her manner and voice which verged closely upon rage. "Is that a style of manhood that a man may apologize for?"

"Well," I answered, "considering the fact that I was attracted to him at first by the very motives which control him now, I ought to be tolerant and charitable."

"Yes, if that is true," she responded; "but the matter is incredible and incomprehensible."

"It begins to seem so now, to me," I replied, "but it did not then. Our clique in college were all fools together, and fancied that, because we had some worldly advantages not shared by others, we were raised by them above the common level. We took pride in circumstances that were entirely independent of our manhood—circumstances that were gathered around us by other hands. I am heartily ashamed of my old weakness, and despise myself for it, but I can appreciate the strength of the bonds that bind Livingston, and I forgive him with all my heart."

"I can't," she responded. "The slight he has put upon you, and his new friendship for Henry, disgust me more than I can tell you. His conduct is mercenary and unmanly, and offends me from the crown of my head to the sole of my foot."

In the firm, strong passion of this true girl I saw my old self, and realized, more fully than I had ever done before, the wretched slough from which I had been lifted. I could not feel as she did, however, toward Livingston. After the first flush of anger had subsided, I

saw that, without some radical change in him, he could not do otherwise than he had done. Though manly in many of his characteristics, his scheme of life was rotten at its foundation, in that it ignored manliness. His standard of respectability was not natural, it was conventional; and so long as he entertained no plan of life that was based in manliness and manly work, his associations would be controlled by the conventional standard to which he and those around him bowed in constant loyalty.

After her frank expression of indignation, she seemed inclined to drop the subject, and only a few words more were uttered upon either side concerning it. I saw that she was troubled, that she was angry, and that, during the moments devoted to the conversation, she had arrived at a determination whose nature and moment I could not guess. Sometimes she looked at me; sometimes she looked away from me; and then her lips were pressed together with a strange spasm of firmness, as if some new resolution of her life were passing, step by step, to its final issue. Her eyes were alight with excitement, and I knew that something was passing in her mind beyond my power to read or guess.

I did guess afterward, and guessed aright. Livingston had fascinated her, while she had so wholly gained his affection and respect, and so won his admiration, that he was laying siege to her heart by all the arts and appliances of which he was so accustomed and accomplished a master. He was the first man who had ever approached her as a lover. She had but just escaped from the seclusion of her school-life, and this world of love, of which she had only dreamed, had been opened to her by the hands of a prince. He was handsome, accomplished in the arts of society, vivacious and brilliant; and while he had made comparatively little progress in winning her heart, he had carried her fancy captive, and excited her admiration, and only needed more abundant opportunity to win her wholly to himself.

The revelation of the real character of the man, and of his graceless dealing with me—the hollow-heartedness of his friendship, and the transfer of his regard and courtesy from me to Henry—offended all that was womanly within her. From the moment when she comprehended his position—its meanness, its injustice and unmanliness—she determined that he should be forever shut out of her heart. She knew that her judgment and conscience could never approve either his conduct or him—that this one act could never be justified or apologized for. The determination cost her a struggle which called into action all the forces of her nature. I have been a thousand times thankful that I did not know what was passing in her mind, for I was thus saved from all temptation to attempt to turn her heart against him, and turn it toward myself.

She wrote him a letter, as I afterward learned, which was intended to save him the mortification of visiting her again; but he came again, armed with his old self-possession, determined to win the prize upon which he had set his heart; and then he went away, visiting neither Henry nor myself. Afterward he went to Europe, and severed forever all his relations to the lives of his Bradford acquaintances.

When Millie and I closed our conversation about Livingston, I found her prepossessed and silent; and, as if by mutual impulse and consent, we rose from our seats, and returned to the other end of the drawing-room, where the remainder of the family were gathered. There we found a conversation in progress which I had no doubt had been suggested by my own personality and position; and as it was very fruitfully suggestive to me, and became a source of great encouragement to me, I am sure my readers will be interested in it. We came within hearing of the conversation, just as Mr. Bird was saying:—

"I never saw a man with anything of the real Shakspeare in him—using him as our typical man—who could not be any sort of a man that he chose to be. A genuinely practical man—a man who can adapt himself to any sort of life—is invariably a man of imagination. These young men who have the name of being eminently practical—especially among women, who usually consider all practical gifts to be those which relate to making money and providing for a family—are the least practical, in a wide sense, of anybody. They usually have a strong bent for a certain industrial or commercial pursuit, and if they follow that bent, persistently, they succeed; but if by any chance they are diverted from it, they fail irrevocably. Now the man of imagination is he who apprehends and comprehends the circumstances, proprieties and opportunities of every life in which his lot may be cast, and adapts himself to and employs them all. I have a fine chance to notice this in my boys; and whenever I find one who has an imagination, I see always ten chances to make a man of him where one exists in those less generously furnished."

"Yet our geniuses," responded Mr. Bradford, "have not been noted for their skill in

practical affairs, or for their power to take care of themselves."

"No," said Mr. Bird, "because our geniuses, or what by courtesy we call such, are one-sided men, who have a single faculty developed in exceptionally large proportion. They are practical men only in a single direction, like the man who has a special gift for money-making, or affairs; and the latter is just as truly a genius as the former, and both are necessarily narrow men, and limited in their range of effort. This is not at all the kind of man I mean; I allude to one who has fairly symmetrical powers, with the faculty of imagination among them. Without this latter, a man can never rise above the capacity of a kind of human machine, working regularly or irregularly. A man who cannot see the poetical side of his work, can never achieve the highest excellence in it. The ideal must always be apprehended before one can rise to that which is in the highest possible sense practical. I have known boys who were the despair of their humdrum fathers and mothers, because, forsooth, they had the faculty of writing verses in their youth. They were regarded by these parents with a kind of curiosity, but they had no expectation for them except poverty, unsteady purposes and dependence. I have seen these same parents, many times, depending in their old age upon these verse-writing boys for comfort or luxury, while their practical brothers were tugging for their daily bread, unable to help anybody but themselves and their families."

Mr. Bradford saw that I was intensely interested in this talk of Mr. Bird, and said, with the hope of turning it more thoroughly to my own practical advantage: "Well, what have you to say to our young man here? He was so full of imagination when a lad that we could hardly trust his eyes or his conscience."

He said this with a laugh, but Mr. Bird turned toward me with his old affectionate look, and replied: "I have never seen the day, since I first had him at my side, when I did not believe that he had the making of a hundred different men in him. He was always a good student when he chose to be. He would have made, after a time, an ideal man of leisure. He is a good teacher to-day. He has chosen to be a lawyer, and it rests entirely with him to determine whether he will be an eminent one. If he had chosen to be a preacher, or an author, or a merchant, he could meet no insurmountable difficulty in rising above mediocrity, in either profession. The faculty of imagination, added to symmetrical intellectual powers, makes it possible for him to be anything that he chooses to become. By this faculty he would be able to see all the possibilities of any profession, and all the possibilities of his powers with relation to it."

"As frankness of speech seems to be in order," said Mr. Bradford, "suppose you tell us whether you do not think that he spends money rather too easily, and that he may find future trouble in that direction."

Mr. Bird at once became my partisan. "What opportunity has the boy had for learning the value of money? When he has learned what a dollar costs, by the actual experiment of labor, he will be corrected. Thus far he has known the value of a dollar only from one side of it. He knows what it will buy, but he does not know what it costs. Some of the best financiers I ever met were once boys who placed little or no value upon money. No man can measure the value of a dollar justly who cannot place by its side the expenditure of time and labor which it costs. Arthur is learning all about it."

"Thank you," I responded, "I feel quite encouraged about myself."

"Now, then, what do you think of Henry, in his new circumstances?" inquired Mr. Bradford.

"Henry," replied Mr. Bird, "never had the faculty to learn the value of a dollar, except through the difficulty of getting it. The real superiority of Arthur over Henry in this matter is in his faculty, not only to measure the value of a dollar by its cost, but to measure it by its power. To know how to win money, and at the same time to know how to use it when won, is the prerogative of the highest style of practical financial wisdom. Now that money costs Henry nothing, he will cease to value it; and with his tastes I think the care of his fortune will be very irksome to him. Indeed, it would not be strange if, in five years, that care should be transferred to the very hands that surrendered the fortune to him. So our practical boy is quite likely, in my judgment, to become a mere baby in business, while our boy whose imagination seemed likely to run away with him, will nurse him and his fortune together."

"Why, that will be delightful," I responded. "I shall be certain to send the first business-card I get printed to Henry, and solicit his patronage."

There was much more said at the time about Henry's future as well as my own, but the conversation I have rehearsed was all that was of vital importance to me, and I will

not burden the reader with more. I cannot convey to any one an idea of the interest which I took in this talk of my old teacher. It somehow had the power to place me in possession of myself. It recognized, in the presence of those who loved but did not wholly trust me, powers and qualities which, in a half-blind way, I saw within myself. It strengthened my self-respect and my faith in my future.

Ah! if the old and the wise could know how the wisdom won by their experience is taken into the heart of every earnest young man, and how grateful to such a young man recognition is, at the hand of the old and the wise, would they be stingy with their hoard and reluctant with their hand? I do not believe they would. They forget their youth, when they drop peas instead of pearls, and are silly rather than sage.

When I left the house to return to my home, I was charged with thoughts which kept me awake far into the night. The only man from whom I had anything to fear as a rival was in disgrace. My power to win a practical man's place in the world had been recognized in Millie Bradford's presence, by one whose opinion was very highly prized. I had achieved the power of looking at myself and my possibilities through the eyes of a wisdom-winning experience. I was inspired, encouraged and strengthened, and life had never seemed so full of meaning and interest as it did then.

Early the next morning I went for Mr. Bird, accompanied him to the stage-office, and bade him good-by, grateful for such a friend, and determined to realize all that he had wished and hoped for me.

CHAPTER XXII.

In those early days, professional study was carried on very generally without the aid of professional schools; and during my three years at the academy, accomplished with sufficient pecuniary success, I read all the elementary books of the profession I had chosen, and, at the close, was admitted to the bar, after an examination which placed me at once at the head of the little clique of young men who had fitted themselves for the same pursuit. Henry, meantime, had realized a wish, long secretly cherished, to study divinity, and, under a license from the ministerial association of the county, had preached many times in the vacant pulpits of the city and the surrounding country. Mrs. Sanderson always went to hear him when the distance did not forbid her; and I suppose that the city did not hold two young men of more unwearied industry than ourselves.

My acquaintance with Millie Bradford ripened into confidential friendship, and, so far as I was concerned, into something warmer and deeper, yet nothing of love was ever alluded to between us. I saw that she did not encourage the advances of other young men which were made upon every side, and was quite content to let matters rest as they were, until my prospects for life were more definite and reliable than they were then. We read the same books, and talked about them. We engaged in the same efforts to arouse the spirit of literary culture and improvement in the neighborhood. In the meantime her womanhood ripened day by day, and year by year, until she became the one bright star of my life. I learned to look at my own character and all my actions through her womanly eyes. I added her conscience to my own. I added her sense of that which was proper and becoming and tasteful to my own. Through her sensibilities I learned to see things finely, and by persuasions, which never shaped themselves to words, I yielded myself to her, to be led to fine consummations of life and character. Her power over me was not only refining, but purifying. She was a being ineffably sacred to me. She was never associated in my mind with a coarse thought. She lifted me into a realm entirely above the atmosphere of sensuality, from which I never descended for a moment; and I thank God that I have never lost that respect for woman which she taught me.

I have seen, since those days, so charged with pure and precious memories, many women of unworthy aims, and low and frivolous tastes, yet I have never seen anything that bore the form of woman that did not appeal to my tender consideration. I have never seen a woman so low that her cry of distress or appeal for protection did not sound me like a trumpet, or so base that I did not wish to cover her shame from ribald eyes, and restore her to that better self which, by the grace of her nature, can never be wholly destroyed.

Soon after the term had closed which severed the connection of Claire and myself with the academy, I was made half wild with delight by an invitation, extended to Henry and Claire, as well as to Millie and myself, to visit Hillsborough, and join the Bird's Nest in their biennial encampment. I knew every rod of ground around the beautiful mountain-lake upon whose shores the wh

tents of the school were to be planted, for, though six miles away from my early school, I had visited it many times during holidays, and had sailed and angled and swam upon its waters. For many years it had been Mr. Bird's habit, at stated intervals, to take his whole school to this lovely spot during the fervors of the brief New England summer, and to yield a fortnight to play. The boys looked forward to this event, through the long months of their study, with the most charming anticipations, and none of them could have been more delighted with the prospect than Henry and myself. We were now the old boys going back, to be looked at and talked about by the younger boys. We were to renew our boyhood and our old associations before undertaking the serious work of our lives.

As both Mr. Bradford and my father trusted Mr. and Mrs. Bird, it was not difficult to obtain their consent that Millie and Claire should accompany us; and when the morning of our departure arrived, we were delighted to find that we should be the only occupants of the old stage-coach which was to bear us to our destination. The day was as beautiful as that on which my father and I first made the journey over the same route. The objects along the way were all familiar to Henry and myself, but it seemed as if we had lived a whole lifetime since we had seen them. We gave ourselves up to merriment. The spirit of play was upon us all; and the old, impassive stage-driver must have thought us half insane. The drive was long, but it might have been twice as long without wearying us.

I was going back to the old fountain from which I had drunk so much that had come as a pure force into my life. Even the privilege to play, without a thought of work, or a shadow of care and duty, I had learned from the teachings of Mr. Bird. I had been taught by him to believe—what many others had endeavored to make me doubt—that God looked with delight upon his weary children at play,—that the careless lambs that gambolled in their pasture, and the careless birds singing and flying in the air, were not more innocent in their sports than men, women and children, when, after work faithfully done, they yielded to the recreative impulse, and with perfect freedom gave themselves to play. I believed this then, and I believe it still; and I account that religion poor and pitiful which ascribes to the Good Father of us all less delight in the free and careless sports of his children than we take in the frolic of our own.

The whole school was out to see the newcomers when we arrived, and we were received literally with open arms by the master and mistress of the establishment. Already the tents and cooking utensils had gone forward. A few of the older boys were just starting on foot for the scene of the fortnight's play, to sleep in neighboring barns, so as to be on the ground early to assist in raising the tents. They could have slept in beds, but beds were at a discount among lads whose present ambition was to sleep upon the ground. The whole building was noisy with the notes of preparation. Food was preparing in incredible quantities, and special preparations were in progress for making Millie and Claire comfortable; for it was supposed that "roughing it" was something foreign to their taste and experience.

On the following morning, I was roused from my dreams by the same outcry of the boys to which I had responded, or in which I had joined, for a period of five happy years. I was obliged to rub my eyes before I could realize that more than seven years lay between me and that golden period. When at last I remembered how, under that roof, breathed the woman dearer to me than all the rest of the world, and that for two precious weeks she would be my companion, amid the most enchanting scenes of nature, and under circumstances so fresh and strange as to touch all her sensibilities, I felt almost guilty that I could not bring to Mr. and Mrs. Bird an undivided heart, and that the Bird's Nest, and the lake, and the camp-fires, and the free life of the wilderness would be comparatively meaningless to me without her.

Our breakfast was a hurried one. The boys could hardly wait to eat anything, and started off by pairs and squads to make the distance on foot. A huge lumber-wagon, loaded with supplies, was the first carriage dispatched. Then those who would need to ride took their seats in such vehicles as the school and the village afforded, and the straggling procession moved on its way. Henry and I spurned the thought of being carried, and took our way on foot. We had not gone half the distance, however, when Millie and Claire insisted on joining us. So our little party bade the rest good-by, and we were left to take our own time for the journey.

We were the last to arrive at the encampment, and the sun was already hot in the sky. Poor Claire was quite exhausted, but Millie grew stronger with every step. The flush of

health and happiness upon her face drew forth a compliment from Mr. Bird, which deepened her color, and made her more charming than ever. The life was as new to her as if she had exchanged planets; and she gave herself up to it, and all the pleasant labor which the provision for so many rendered necessary, with a ready and hearty helpfulness which delighted every one. She could not move without attracting a crowd of boys. She walked and talked with them; she sang to them and read to them; and during the first two or three days of camp-life, I began to fear that I should have very little of her society.

The days were not long enough for our pleasures. Bathing, boating, ball-playing and eating through the day, and singing and story-telling during the evening, constituted the round of waking delights, and the nights, cool and sweet, were long with refreshing and dreamless slumber.

There is no kinder mother than the earth, when we trustfully lay our heads upon her bosom. She holds balm and blessing for the rich and the poor, for the hardy and the dainty alike, which the bed of luxury never knows. Pure air to breathe, pure water to drink and a pillow of stone—ah! how easy it is for the invisible ministers of health and happiness to build ladders between such conditions and heaven!

Far back over the dim years that have come between, I see those camp-fires glowing still, through evenings full of music and laughter. I see the groups of merry boys dancing around them. I hear their calls for Echo to the woods, and then, in the pauses, the plash of oars, as some group of late sailors come slowly in, stirring the lake into ripples that seem phosphorescent in the firelight. I watch those fires crumbling away, and dying at last into cloudy darkness, or into the milder moonlight which then asserts its undivided sway, and floods lake and forest and mountain, and all the night-sweet atmosphere with its steady radiance. I see the tent in which my sister and my love are sleeping, and invoke for them the guardian care of God and all good angels. I go at last to my own tent, and lie down to a sleep of blessed, blank unconsciousness, from which I am roused by the cry of healthy lungs that find no weariness in play, and by the tramping of feet around me that spring to the tasks and sports of the day with unflagging appetite and interest.

Did Mr. and Mrs. Bird know how much pleasure they were giving to the young life around them? Did they know that they were enabling us all to lay up memories more precious than gold? Did they know they were developing a love of nature and of healthful and simple pleasures that should be a constant guard around those young feet, when they should find themselves among the slippery places of life and the seductive influences of artificial society? Did they know that making the acquaintance of the birds and flowers and open sky and expanding water and rough life was better than the culture and restraint of drawing-rooms? Did they know that these boys, deprived of this knowledge and these influences, would go through life lacking something inexpressibly valuable? Surely they did, or they would not have sacrificed labor and care and comfort to achieve these objects and results. A thousand blessings on you, my wise, patient, self-sacrificing friends! It is no wonder that all who have lived under your ceaseless and self-devoted ministry love you!

The moon was new when we went into camp, and as it grew larger the weather grew finer, until, as the fortnight waned, it came to its glorious full, on a night whose events made it forever memorable to me.

I do not know why it is that a boy, or a collection of boys, is so keen in the discovery of tender relations between young men and young women, but I think that from the first the school understood exactly the relations of Henry to Claire and of Millie to myself. There was a lively family interest in us all, and the young rogues seemed to understand that matters were all settled between the former pair, and that they had not reached a permanent adjustment between the latter. Henry and Claire could always be with each other without interruption. They could go down to the shore at any time of the day or evening, enter a boat, and row out upon the lake, and find nothing to interfere with their privacy; but Millie and I could never approach a boat without finding half a dozen little fellows at our side, begging to be taken out with us upon the water. There was always mischief in their eyes, and an evident wish to make the course of true love rough to us. There was something so amusing in all this, to me, that I never could get angry with them, but Millie was sometimes disturbed by their good-natured persecutions.

On one of the later evenings, however, Millie and I took advantage of their momentary absorption in some favorite game, and quietly walked to the shore, unnoticed by any of them. She took her seat in the boat, and,

shoving it from the sand, I sprang in after her, and we were afloat and free upon the moonlit water. For some minutes I did not touch the oars, but let the boat drift out with the impulse I had given it, while we watched the outlines of the white tents against the sky, and the groups which the camp-fires made fantastic.

It was the first time, since our residence at the camp, that I had been alone with her under circumstances which placed us beyond hearing and interruption. I had been longing and laboring for this opportunity, and had determined to bring matters between us to a crisis. I had faithfully tried to do those things and to adopt those plans and purposes of life which would command her respect and confidence. I had been so thoroughly sincere, that I had the consciousness of deserving her esteem, even though her heart might not have been drawn toward me with any tenderer regard. I had been in no haste to declare my passion, but the few days I had spent with her in camp had so ripened and intensified it, that I saw I could not carry it longer, uncertain of its issue, without present torment or prospective danger. It seemed, sometimes to my great horror, as if my life hung entirely upon hers—as if existence would be a curse without her companionship.

After a while spent in silence and a strange embarrassment, I took the oars, and as quietly as possible rowed out into the middle of the lake. The deep blue sky and the bright moon were above us, and the pure water below; and all the sounds that came to us from the shore were softened into music.

At last I broke the spell that had held my voice with what I intended for a commonplace, and said: "It seems a comfort to get away from the boys for a little while, doesn't it?"

"Does it?" she responded. "You know you have the advantage of me; I haven't that pleasure yet."

"Oh! thank you," I said. "I didn't know that you still regarded me as a boy."

"You were to remain a boy, you know. Didn't you promise? have you forgotten?"

"Have I fulfilled my promise?"

"Yes, after a weary time."

"And you recognize the boy again, do you?"

"I think so."

"Are you pleased?"

"I have no fault to find, at least."

"And you are the same girl I used to know?" I said.

"Yes."

"Does the fact forbid us to talk as men and women talk?"

"We are here to play," she replied, "and I suppose we may play that we are man and woman."

"Very well," I said, "suppose we play that we are man and woman, and that I am very fond of you and you are very fond of me."

"It seems very difficult to play this, especially when one of us is so very much in earnest."

"Which one?"

"The one who wishes to play."

"Ah! Millie," I said, "you really must not bandy words with me. Indeed, I am too much in earnest to play. I have a secret to tell you, and this is my first grand opportunity to tell it, and you must hear it."

"A secret? do you think so? I doubt it."

"Do you read me so easily?"

She reached out her hand upon the water to grasp a dark little object, past which we were slowly drifting, and broke off from its long, lithe stem a water-lily, and tossed it to my feet. "There's a secret in that little cone," she said, "but I know what it is as well as if the morning sun had unfolded it."

"Do you mean to say that my secret has opened under the spell of your eyes every day like the water-lily to the sun?"

"Yes, if you insist on putting it in that very poetical way."

"Are you fond of water-lilies?"

"Very: fonder of them than of any other flower I know."

"Well," I responded, "I'm a man, or a boy—just which you choose—and don't pretend to be a water-lily, though I wish my roots were as safely anchored and my life as purely surrounded and protected. I believe that maidenhood monopolizes all the lilies for its various impersonations, but for the present purpose, I should really like to ask you if you are willing to take the water-lily for the one flower of your life, with all its secrets which you claim to understand so fully."

"Charmingly done," she said—"for a boy."

"You taunt me."

"No, Arthur," she responded, "but you really are hurrying things so. Just think of trying to settle everything in five minutes, and think, too, of the inconvenience of this little boat. You cannot get upon your knees without upsetting us, and then you know I might be obliged to adopt a water-lily."

"Particularly if the lily should save your life."

"Yes."

"Suppose we go ashore."

"Not for the world."

"Ah! Millie, I think I know your secret," I said.

"It isn't hard to discover."

"Well, then, let's not talk in riddles any more. I love you more than life, Millie! may I continue to love you?"

She paused, and I saw tears upon her face, glittering in the moonlight.

"Yes," she said, "always."

"Thank you! thank God!" I said, with a hearty impulse. "Life is all bright to me now, and all full of promise. I wish I could come to you and close this business in the good old orthodox fashion."

She laughed at my vexation, and counseled patience.

There is something very provoking about the coolness of a woman under circumstances like those in which I found myself. For many days I had permitted myself to be wrought into an exalted state of feeling. Indeed, I had been mustering strength for this interview during all the time I had lived in the camp. I was prepared to make a thousand protestations of everlasting devotion. I was ready to cast at her feet my hopes, my life, my all; yet she had anticipated everything, and managed to hold the conversation in her own hands. Then she apparently took genuine delight in keeping me at my end of the boat, and in dissuading me from my ardent wish to reach the shore. I said I thought it was time for us to return. She protested. The people would miss us, I assured her, and would be apprehensive that we had met with an accident. She was equally sure that they would not miss us at all. Besides, if they should, a little scare would give piquancy to the night's pleasure, and she would not like to be responsible for such a deprivation. In truth, I think she would have been delighted to keep me on the lake all night.

I finally told her that I held the oars, that if she wished to remain longer she would accommodate me by jumping overboard, and assured her that I would faithfully deliver her last messages. As she made no movement, I dipped my oars and rowed toward the dying lights of the camp-fires, congratulating myself that I should land first, and help her from the boat. Under the sheltering willows, I received her into my arms, and gave her my first lover's kiss. We walked to her tent hand in hand, like children, and there, while the boys gathered round us to learn where we had been, and to push their good-natured inquiries, I bent and gave her a good-night kiss, which told the whole story to them all.

It seems strange to me now that I could have done so, and that she would have permitted it, but it really was so like a family matter, in which all were interested in the most friendly or brotherly way, that it was quite the natural thing to do. Millie immediately disappeared behind her muslin walls, while I was overwhelmed with congratulations. Nor was this all. One little fellow called for three cheers for Miss Bradford, which were given with a will; and then three cheers were given to Arthur Bonnicastle; and as their lungs were in practice, they cheered Henry and Claire, and Mr. and Mrs. Bird, and wound up that part of their exercise by three cheers for themselves. Then they improvised a serenade for the invisible lady, selecting "Oft in the stilly night" and "The Pirate's Serenade," as particularly appropriate to the occasion, and went to their beds at last only under the peremptory commands of Mr. Bird.

There were two persons among the fifty that lay down upon the ground that night who did not sleep very soundly, though the large remainder slept, I presume, much as usual. I had lain quietly thinking over the events of the evening, and trying to realize the great blessing I had won, when, at about two o'clock in the morning, I heard the word "Arthur" distinctly pronounced. Not having removed all my clothing, I leaped from my blanket, and ran to the door of the tent. There I heard the call again, and recognized the voice of Millie Bradford.

"Well, what is it?" I said.

"There is some one about the camp."

By this time Henry was on his feet and at my side, and both of us went out together. We stumbled among the tent-stakes in different directions, and at last found a man so muddled with liquor that he hardly knew where he was. We collared him, and led him to our tent, where we inquired of him his business. As he seemed unable to tell us, I searched his pockets for the bottle which I presumed he bore about him somewhere, and in the search found a letter, the address of which I read with the expectation of ascertaining his name. Very much to my surprise, the letter was addressed to Henry. Then the whole matter became plain to me. He had been dispatched with this letter from Hillsborough, and on the way had fallen in with dissolute companions, though he had still retained sufficient sense to know that the camp was his destination.

Henry broke the seal. The letter was

from his mother, informing him that Mrs. Sanderson was very ill, and that she desired his immediate return to Bradford. I entered Mr. Bird's tent, and told him of the letter, and then satisfied the curiosity of Millie and Claire. In such clothing as we could snatch readily from our tents we gathered for a consultation, which resulted in the conclusion that any sickness which was sufficiently serious to call Henry home, was sufficient to induce the entire Bradford party to accompany him. He protested against this, but we overruled him. So we simply lay down until daylight, and then rose for a hurried breakfast. Mr. Bird drove us to Hillsborough, and at seven o'clock we took the stage for home.

The ride homeward was overshadowed by a grave apprehension, and the old driver probably never had a quieter fare over his route than the party which, only a few days before, had astonished him by their hilarity.

On reaching Bradford we found our worst fears realized. The old lady was rapidly declining, and for three days had been vainly calling for her grandson. When he arrived he brought to her a great flood of comfort, and with her hand in his, she descended into the dark valley. What words she spoke I never knew. I was only sure that she went out of her earthly life in an atmosphere of the most devoted filial affection, that words of Christian counsel and prayer were tenderly spoken to her deafening senses, and that hands bathed in tears closed her eyes.

The funeral was the largest and most remarkable I had ever seen in Bradford, and Henry went back to his home, its owner and master.

On the day following the funeral my father was summoned to listen to the reading of Mrs. Sanderson's will. We were all surprised at this, and still more surprised to learn, when he returned, that the house in which he lived had been bequeathed to him, with an annuity which would forever relieve me from supporting him after he should cease to labor. This I knew to be Henry's work. My father was the father of his future wife, and to save him the mortification of being dependent on his children, he had influenced Mrs. Sanderson to do that which he or I should be obliged to do at some time not far in the future.

My father was very grateful and tearful over this unexpected turn in his fortunes. My mother could not realize it at all, and was sure there must be some mistake about it. One of the most touching things in the prayer offered that night at our family altar was the earnest petition by this simple and humble saint, that his pride might not be nourished by this good fortune.

After this the matter came to a natural shape in the good man's mind. It was not Mrs. Sanderson's gift. She had been only the almoner of Providence. The God whom he had trusted, seeing that the time of helplessness was coming, had provided for his necessities, and relieved him of all apprehension of want, and, more than all, had relieved me of a burden. Indeed, it had only fulfilled a life-long expectation. His natural hopefulness would have died amid his hard life and circumstances if it had not fed itself upon dreams.

I am sure, however, that he never felt quite easy with his gift, so long as he lived, but carried about with him a sense of guilt. Others—his old companions in labor—were not blessed with him, and he could not resist the feeling that he had wronged them. They congratulated him on his "luck," as they called it, for they were all his friends, but their allusions to the matter always pained him, and he had many an hour of torment over the thought that some of them might think him capable of forgetting them, and of pluming his pride upon his altered circumstances.

It was, perhaps, a fortnight after the death of Mrs. Sanderson, that Henry came to my father's house one morning, and asked me when I intended to begin business. I informed him that I had already been looking for an eligible office, and that I should begin the practice of the law as soon as the opportunity might come. Then he frankly told me that looking after his multiplied affairs was very distasteful to him, and that he wished, as soon as possible, to place everything in my hands. He advised me to take the best and most central chambers I could find, and offered me, at little more than a nominal rent, a suite of rooms in one of his own buildings. I took the rooms at once, and furnished them with such appointments and books as the savings of three industrious years could command, and Henry was my first, as he has remained my constant, client. The affairs of the Sanderson estate, of which I knew more than any man except Mrs. Sanderson's lawyer, were placed in my hands, where they remain at this present writing. The business connected with them was quite enough for my support in those days of moderate expenses and incomes, but they brought me so constantly into contact with the business men of the city that, gradu-

ally, the tide of legal practice set towards me, until, in my maturer years, I was almost overwhelmed by it. I was energetic, enthusiastic, persevering, indomitable, and successful; but amid all my triumphs there was nothing that gave me such pure happiness as my father's satisfaction with my efforts.

I never engaged in an important public trial for many years, in which he was not a constant attendant at the court-house. All the lawyers knew him, and my position commanded a seat for him inside the bar. Every morning he came in, leaning on his cane, and took the seat that was left or vacated for him, and there, all day long, he sat and watched me. If for a day he happened to be absent, I missed the inspiration of his interested face and approving eyes, as if he were a lover. My office was his lounging-place, and my public efforts were his meat and drink. A serener, sweeter old age than his I never saw, and when, at last, I missed him—for death came to him as it comes to all—I felt that one of the loveliest lights of my life had gone out. I have never ceased to mourn for him, and I would not if I could.

A year after I commenced the practice of my profession, Mr. Grimshaw had exhausted his narrow lode and gone to mine in other fields. Naturally, Henry was called upon temporarily to fill the vacant pulpit, and, quite as naturally, the people learned in a few weeks that they could serve themselves no better than by calling him to a permanent pastorate. This they did, and as he was at home with them, and every circumstance favored his settlement over them, he accepted their invitation. On the day of his ordination—a ceremony which was very largely attended—he treated his new people to a great surprise. Before the benediction was pronounced, he descended from the pulpit, took his way amid the silence of the congregation to my father's pew, and then led my sister Claire up the broad aisle to where an aged minister stood waiting to receive them, and join them in holy wedlock. The words were few which united these two lives that had flowed in closely parallel currents through so long a period, but they were spoken with great feeling, and amid the tears of a crowd of sympathetic friends. So the church had once more a pastor, and The Mansion once more a mistress; and two widely divided currents of the Bonnicastle blood united in the possession and occupation of the family estate.

I do not need to give the details of my own marriage, which occurred a few months later, or of our first experiments at housekeeping in the snug home which my quick prosperity enabled me to procure, or of the children that came to bless us in the after-years. The memory of these events is too sweet and sacred to be unveiled, and I cannot record them, though my tears wet the paper as I write. The freshness of youth has long passed away, the silver is stronger than the jet among the curls of the dear woman who gave herself to me, and bore in loving pain, and reared with loving patience, my priceless flock of children; my own face is deeply furrowed by care and labor and time; but those days of young love and life never come back to me in memory save as a breeze across a weary sea from some far island loaded with odors of balm and whispers of blessing.

Thank God for home and woman! Thank God a thousand times for that woman who makes home her throne. When I remember how bright and strong a nature my young wife possessed—how her gifts and acquirements and her whole personality fitted her to shine in society as a center and a sun—and then recall her efforts to serve and solace me, and train my children into a Christian manhood and womanhood, until my house was a heaven, and its presiding genius was regarded with a love that rose to tender adoration—I turn with pity, not unmingled with disgust, from those I see around me now, who cheapen marriage and the motherly office and home, and choose and advocate courses and careers of life independent of them all.

Neither Henry's marriage nor my own was in the slightest degree romantic—hardly romantic enough to be of interest to the average reader.

It was better so. Our courtships were long and our lives were so shaped to each other that when marriage came it was merely the warrant and seal of a union that had already been established. Each lover knew his love, and no misunderstandings supervened. The hand of love, by an unconscious process, had shaped each man to his mate, each woman to her mate, before they were joined, and thus saved all after-discords and collisions. All this may be very uninteresting to outsiders, but to those concerned it was harmony, satisfaction and peace.

(To be continued.)

"THE LIBERTY OF PROTESTANTISM."

A DENIAL.

"AN ORTHODOX MINISTER," whose article on this subject appears in the July number of SCRIBNER'S, has suffered himself to make misstatements which should be corrected, and to advocate false sentiments which should be exposed. For, by an ingenious interweaving of these delusions, he has succeeded in manufacturing a very formidable-looking accusation against Protestant Christianity which her enemies will not be slow to use.

There is the greater necessity of correction, because An Orthodox Minister is himself misled in the matter. For the most part, the errors which he maintains are not his own. He is to be credited with little else than the production of an apparent and plausible unity by an ingenious commingling of distinct and unrelated errors. The article under consideration is his, but its misstatements of facts and its false sentiments are older than he, and they have acquired something of the conservative force of age.

An Orthodox Minister asserts, in general, that—

". . . . there is neither liberty of thought nor of conscience allowed those within the pale of orthodox Protestantism."

Descending to particulars, he continues:

"If left to adult years to choose for themselves, they have the liberty to adopt one of many different creeds. But, having once done so, their liberty of private judgment ceases; for henceforth the judgment of their creed-framer becomes the limit and measure of their own. They may not transcend the limits of thought fixed by their creed, except at risks which few will dare to take."

Again, he says:

"If this mode of treatment is unjust toward those who have entered the church intelligently and responsibly, it becomes a gross abuse of liberty in the case of a large majority of doubters who join the church in early youth, before they are capable either of investigating or understanding its creed."

Again:

"There can be no doubt that there are thousands in Protestant churches to-day, who, if required publicly to renew the same confession of faith which they made when they entered the church, could not do it conscientiously. But the church accepts their external adherence, though cognizant of their heart-defection, and thus becomes *particeps criminis* to a system of deceit which effectually undermines all integrity of character," etc., etc.

Speaking now of the ministry as distinguished from the church-fellowship in general, he says that "A slight suspicion of heterodoxy is usually sufficient to hedge up the way of a minister in any of the orthodox churches," and devotes a paragraph to showing how the way *is* "hedged up," and then adds:

"Few ministers are willing to incur such penalties, even for the precious boon of liberty. Hence the majority suppress their best convictions, trim down their sermons and other productions to a rigid conformity with the creed." While into the midst of these crude, blundering assertions is injected the fearful accusation that the church is herein habitually guilty of "debauching the conscience for the sake of preserving the creed intact."

Had all this been asserted of some single unnamed sect, one might have assumed the correctness of the statements, and have passed by the false sentiment in silence. But when the whole series of damning accusations is so boldly and so undiscriminatingly hurled against the whole body of "orthodox Protestantism," the reader is forced upon a dilemma of unpleasant conclusions, and silence becomes impossible. One horn of the dilemma is utterly untenable—that which presents the truth of An Orthodox Minister's assertions. We are left uncertain whether those assertions would hold good of his own sect (reckoning him to be so narrow-minded as to suppose that sect to be pretty much all there is of "orthodox Protestantism"), or whether, without that "investigation" which he so vehemently commends, he has taken up and exaggerated an error which prevails chiefly among the illiterate.

In the sect whose rolls bear the name of An Orthodox Minister, the evils of which he complains *may* be found to prevail, to some extent. When, however, he asserts that they prevail in the churches of orthodox Protestantism generally, when he implies (as he does) that no large or influential sect of this great body is free from them, when he charges deliberate and persistent debauchery of conscience on the whole body, and ha-

bitual suppression of their best convictions on the majority of its ministers, and when he does all this under the name of *An Orthodox Minister*, he utters slanders so varied and so terrible as to demand exposure and merit rebuke.

At the very outset, then, we challenge An Orthodox Minister's *facts*. He has misapprehended the facts, to say the least. It is not true of "those within the pale of orthodox Protestantism" that "if left to adult years to choose for themselves they have" simply, and only, as is plainly implied, "the liberty to adopt one of many different creeds." Nor is it true of any who may wish to *come* within the pale of orthodox Protestantism, come they whence they may. Nor is it in any sense true of any, or of all of these, as church-members, that, having once made this choice, "their liberty of private judgment ceases" as to creeds. Nor yet is it true of those "who join the church in early youth, before they are capable either of investigating or understanding its creed," that they accept this creed "unquestioningly and blindly at first," as is asserted by indirection. Nor do they accept it, "unquestioningly and blindly," *nor otherwise*, at any later period than "at first," so long as they remain simply church-members.

An Orthodox Minister is either ignorant of, or he has forgotten the sect known as the Disciples, which is large and influential, numbering over half a million of communicants, and controlling several prosperous institutions of learning. This sect takes part with the evangelicals in Bible Meetings, Sabbath-School Associations, and local union services of various sorts, and is generally recognized as essentially orthodox. Now these Disciples have absolutely no written or formal creed of any kind, for any purpose. It is alleged, with truth probably, that there prevails among them so much of an unwritten creed, a kind of common-law in matters of faith, as serves to give some appearance of homogeneity to the teachings of their ministers. But this has nothing to do with the reception of church-members, and there is nothing in it to bind even its ministers. This fact is so well understood that no proof is needed.

So, then, by going to this sect, any adult or young person may escape all imposition of creed, and yet remain within the pale of orthodox Protestantism, An Orthodox Minister to the contrary notwithstanding.

Or, such an one may go to the Presbyterians with equal safety. He may become a member, and may remain a member so long as he lives, and never be asked to accept a creed. Now surely the Presbyterians are within the bounds of orthodox Protestantism. We think we are, at least. It may not be generally understood,—although it would be hard to say why—but it is true, that the applicant for admission to the communion-table in this denomination, is not asked to accept any creed as his own. He must accept the Lord Jesus, and must profess his faith in Him. He must, further, betray enough "knowledge to discern the Lord's body," as the phrase is; that is, he must not be so ignorant as to prevent his getting a reasonable benefit from the Lord's Supper. This is all. Nor does he ever give in his adhesion to the church creed, unless he chooses, on election, to accept ordination to the office of Deacon, Elder, or Minister.

Some minute sect of Presbyterians, perhaps even more than one, may be found, who exceed this law. There may be some ill-informed Sessions in each sect who do it. But their excess finds no warrant in the standards of the church, nor in any prevailing custom of the denomination.

Other denominations may require a creed of their members. But, even were it true that all the others do so, it remains that these two exceptions utterly invalidate the sweeping charge which An Orthodox Minister makes against orthodox Protestantism.

The applicant may go further, however, and fare but little, if any, worse, in this respect. He may go to the Baptists, or to the Congregationalists. He may there meet with a somewhat different *written* law, perhaps. He may find it necessary to make formal acceptance of some very brief creed; although even this is not always required in these denominations. Where it is required, however, the little creed is usually little else, to *the applicant*, than a mere instrument, a probe to reveal his piety, and his "knowledge to discern the Lord's body." The method may be somewhat different, but the aim is undoubtedly much the same in these denominations as in those before referred to. The little creed may be used, but it is used chiefly as a test or measure of the applicant's *act* in turning from sin to holiness, from self to Christ. An Orthodox Minister may assert that the instrument is an awkward one. Grant it; it still does not appear that "debauchery of conscience" and "suppression of the best convictions" are necessitated, or even that they are natural or frequent consequents. It is undoubtedly well understood that the creed

with these churches, *generally*—so far as the applicant is concerned—is a mere instrument for revealing that intelligent choice by him, without which all adult membership of any church of Christ were a mockery. And if, after the member has matured his habits of thought, he find his beliefs assuming a somewhat different garb from that worn earlier, there is no "debauchery of conscience" in permitting him to remain in good standing in the church, *always provided* that he consistently adhere to and manifest that choice of which church-membership is the expression.

These instances furnish a sufficient refutation of the sweeping accusation laid at the doors of orthodox Protestantism. Further, it is believed that they afford a sufficient specimen of the whole body to warrant the use of the assertion that "Orthodox Protestantism, *generally*, refuses to bind her communicants by explicit creeds." It certainly cannot be true, for instance, that Arminians are less liberal than the much-berated Calvinists and the close-communion Baptists!

It is believed that the *prevailing* idea—certainly the idea of several denominations, and of many churches in still other sects—is, that the church was designed by its Founder to be, in part, the home of the immature Christian, the uninstructed babe in Christ. This idea is certainly acted on by the Disciples universally, by the Presbyterians generally, and by many, at least, among other denominations. Indeed, it is believed to be the *prevailing* practice in the orthodox Protestant churches.

If it be claimed, however, that the method or methods alluded to *imply* a creed, and fetter Christian liberty, it is sufficient to reply that church-membership as indicated by the Founder of the church, is for those who turn from sin to Him. If this turning, when done intelligently, implies belief in certain facts, as it does, it is only as *all* action proceeds upon belief; and this action which Christ requires, must be required of applicants by the church, let it imply creed or not. If this will not satisfy An Orthodox Minister, he must go elsewhere than to Christ for his authority in church matters, or must take the liberty of improving on His teachings. Categorically, the requirement of whatever is essential to *turning to Christ* can impose no needless fetters on *Christian* liberty, and this is the only specific liberty which the *Christian* church is warranted in guaranteeing to her members.

We challenge another of An Orthodox Minister's facts. We do not believe of our orthodox Protestant ministry that "the majority suppress their best convictions, trim down their sermons and other productions to a rigid conformity to their creed." This is simply incredible. Not only because, as we shall see, there is very inadequate occasion for such suppression on the part of the most, but also because, if the assertion be true, the majority of the orthodox Protestant ministry are unworthy of respect as honest men. It is not proposed to make this page and its writer ridiculous by assuming the burden of proof of the question here raised. Not even the bold assertion of An Orthodox Minister can make the charge of such dishonesty, on the majority of our ministers, respectable enough to demand a proved denial.

All assertions which are based on the misstatements so far noticed, need no further disproof, and all further reference to details, in respect of them, may safely be omitted.

There yet needs to be a reference, however, to certain false notions of *rights* which An Orthodox Minister evidently holds. He seems, by his merely implying them, to hold them as axioms; they are false notions nevertheless.

One of these is, that believers have not the right to associate themselves together as a church of Christ—the right, so far as outsiders and the question of liberty are concerned—under a bond of any of the Christian creeds they may choose. Who shall deny them this right? Who shall deny them the right to forbid entrance to their circle save on the assumption of the same bond by the intrant? How is he injured by the refusal? The writer does not think this scheme of church-fellowship the wisest one. He thinks the church wiser which receives Christians to its fold while they are young and untaught in the faith, and unable, therefore, to adopt such a bond intelligently. This is the idea and habit of many—if not of most—Protestants. But if others wish to take the other course, who shall hinder them by the cry of tyranny? They are not the only Christians. They have not a monopoly of the means of grace. Let the applicant go where it suits him better. Perhaps some of the Baptist and of the Congregationalist churches, perhaps some whole denominations, act on this plan. What then? Would An Orthodox Minister be so inconsistent, while pleading for liberty, as to deny to those Christians the use of their liberty to associate together on any terms on which as Christians they might agree?

It seems also to be a notion of his that the church, in such a case, plays the tyrant on its members because, forsooth, *they do not*

want to leave it. It is "the church they love, and around which are entwined the fondest memories of their childhood and youth." Yet they doubt or reject its creed, now that their convictions have matured; but the tyranny of the church compels them to give "an outward adherence" still! Not at all. Suppose that they did not love their church, that they had no such attachment as would lead them to prefer remaining at the cost of hypocrisy: then they would want to go out. There would be no "bondage" then, would there? But the only difference in the case supposed, is because of the attachment formed to the church. Is the church responsible for that attachment? Is it tyranny to draw the hearts of the members into such attachment? And yet this is the only possible anchorage that tyranny can have in the case.

The rather, such members merit rebuke, and it is not fair to arouse our sympathy for them. That sympathy rather belongs to the church which they harm by their false attitude. *The church is no tyrant when she compels a man to follow his conscience.* The man who sacrifices his love of truth, his honor, to mere attachment, is unworthy of sympathy for his false position, however much we may sympathize with him on other grounds; and the church which shall effect his removal from that false position deserves to be applauded, not condemned. An Orthodox Minister is pleading the case of men with a very weak conscience, who, perchance, may need the very hardship which he would avert.

It is a false notion, again, that it is a useless or wanton hardship for the average minister, of orthodox Protestantism, to be pledged to a creed.

The minister has time for investigation before he need subscribe. His mind has been trained in logic, he has from two to four years of mature manhood to devote to the express work of investigation, during which period he may at any time turn aside from the ministry without dishonor or without serious loss in any way, and he may do this even at the close of this period; or he may wait still longer, until his convictions shall become settled. He is then fully, fairly and sharply examined. Even yet he may honorably and without serious loss turn from the ministry. If he do not, he is then bound, in many respects.

But shall it be expected, in ordinary cases, that there will be change of view in any matter of vital importance, after all this preparation? Certainly not; and usually there is no such change. An Orthodox Minister is pleading the case of some ministers who are very much in the ridiculous plight of certain young men in debt who plead the statute called "the baby-act."

Still, it is said, it is probable that there will be change or development in some minor matters, and there ought to be. To be sure; and the most comprehensive creed in use among Protestants permits such change and development, to the fullest extent to which most men who were well educated before ordination will care to claim it—permits it, without loss of denominational standing or influence. There is large room for development, while yet one remains honorably bound by his creed.

Yet still, it is urged, *some cases* will be found where these limits prove too narrow for honor and conscience. Perhaps so; *probably* so. What then?—Here arises to the surface another sentiment so manifestly false that it is marvelous how An Orthodox Minister could suffer himself to use it in his plea. It is urged that it is a *hardship* to any one who finds himself heterodox, to follow his conscience, and that *therefore* the imposition of a creed which shall drive the heretic out is an infringement of liberty. Perhaps this sequence was not meant; it is manifestly illogical. What, then, is meant? Is it that church-members have not the right to demand limits beyond which the religious teachers of their children shall not go? It is certainly the right of any one, knowing, as we all do know, that the young and even the old ordinarily fall in, in most respects, with the teachings of their pastor, to require of him limits and measures of his teachings; that is, a creed. Why has he not this right? Why has not an assemblage of churches—a sect, if you please—the right to agree on this basis of action? If there is no sin when one church uses it, there is none in the use of it by two churches, by a dozen, a thousand; and these unite and form the sect. If, then, the *sect* requires its ministers to subscribe to the creed which it maintains, what harm results? Whose right is infringed? Practically—in the Presbyterian church, for example—a large number of the heads of families do make this demand of the church at large, and all the other members agree with them, allowing them that right. They have it; it would be bondage indeed were they to be deprived of it. But if the church shall ordain ministers without the imposition of the creed upon them, these Christian people are deprived of a cherished right, and are made subjects of bondage, and

ey must leave the church which their oney has built on the basis of the now-olated contract. Would An Orthodox inister produce us this bondage? The ourse he advocates would most certainly re-lt in its establishment.

And yet he advocates the cause of the few they are the few, as must appear from con-lerations already adduced—who find them-lves tempted to remain in the ministry at e cost of honor. How does he propose to medy their hard lot? *By infringing upon e rights of the people* who have a right to emand, and who practically agree in de-anding, creed-subscription. He would se-re this liberty of these few ministers at the st of such wholesale "bondage!"

The rather, let them take up their hard-ip, and endure it, for conscience' sake. et them withdraw from the church against hose tenets their convictions are aroused.

At this point we are confronted with nother false notion, implied, as if it were an xiom not needing direct statement. *The mptations* which this pervert meets with, in e way of his leaving the church whose octrines he disbelieves, are so great as to duce him to bondage. And *the responsi-lity for this bondage is laid*, not upon the eak conscience which yields, nor upon the mptation which conquers, but *upon the urch!*

True, there are temptations; but shall one's anhood surrender to them? If he be not an enough to resist "the hope of prefer-ent on the one hand," and the relegation to silence and obscurity" on the other, if he fuse for conscience's sake to suffer loss—e necessary loss—of denominational influ-nce, of prospects, of place, then he is already o great a coward to be worthy the high office a Christian minister; too great a coward to e worthy a hearing when his piteous whine is ttered to the public. Let him call into ac-on that courage which his love of truth, his eedom of thought, is designed to develop, nd let him enter the lists in other company. o danger that he shall not find the company! here is almost no heresy that is not some-where maintained in the pulpit nowadays. Or, let him strike out alone, as a Luther, a Calvin, and a Knox have done before him; else let him confess that his independence of thought has not made him a man of such sturdy integrity as they manifested. Or, let him desist from preaching, if that be necessary for conscience' sake. Let him follow his trade; let him follow the plow if need be; other ministers have done the like before him, when questions of health drove them from the pulpit. God does not call all to be ministers; let him serve God in some other walk of life. Or, if he be not strong enough for this self-sacrifice, let him remain the craven that he is, and let him not charge the guilt of his dishonor on creeds or churches, but hold his peace, and bear the accusations of his conscience as his due.

It is astonishing that any man should make so pitiful a plea as An Orthodox Minister has made for so small a specimen of manhood as fills his eye. It is astonishing beyond measure that one who is himself in fellowship with them, should assert that a majority of our clergy are such poltroons. More, it is incredible. The ministry of orthodox Protestantism is composed of no such mean-spirited men. There may be a few such among them; there doubtless are; else we had not heard such unmanly complaints. It is a pity that An Orthodox Minister should have had his ear turned in their direction; more pity that he had not more fully investigated their claim before endorsing it before the public. Pity; for he runs a narrow risk, among the uncharitable, of being himself held in low esteem as one of that unhappy class of men who wear the garb of the orthodox Protestant ministry while yet they disbelieve its utterances; who are such arrant hypocrites (An Orthodox Minister is our authority for the assertion that there are such, else we dare not make it) as to "suppress their best convictions, trim down their sermons and other utterances to a rigid conformity with their creed," because they are such cravens that they cannot follow conscience at the cost of hardship.

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

VIII.

When in hours of fear and failing,
All but quite our heart despairs;
When, with sickness driven to wailing,
Anguish at our bosom tears;
When our loved ones we remember;
All their grief and trouble rue;
And the clouds of our December
Let no beam of hope shine through;

Then, oh then! God bends him o'er us;
Then his love grows very clear;
Long we heavenward then—before us
Lo, his angel standing near!
Fresh the cup of life he reaches;
Whispers courage, comfort new;
Nor in vain our prayer beseeches
Rest for the beloved too.

IX.

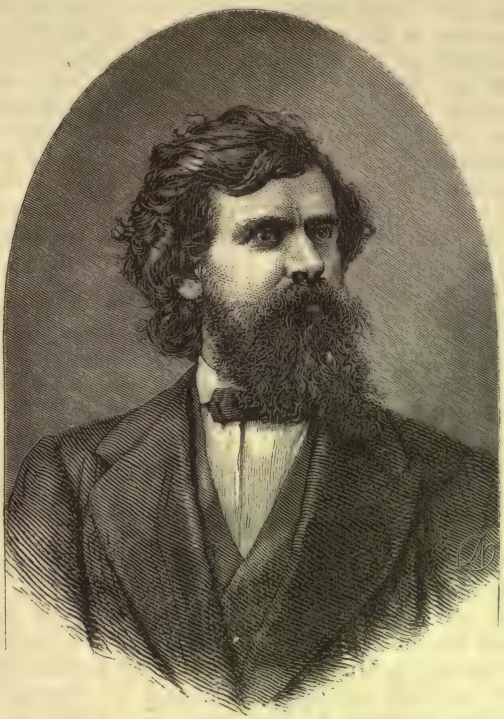
Of a thousand hours me meeting
And on life's path gayly greeting,
One alone hath kept its faith;—
That wherein—ah, sorely grieved!—
In my heart I first perceived
Who for us hath died the death.

All my world to dust was beaten;
As a worm had through them eaten,
Withered in me heart and bloom;
All my life had sought or cherished,
In the grave had from me perished;
Anguish only was my doom.

While I thus, in silence pining,
Ever wept, my life resigning,
And but waste and woe descried;
All at once the night was cloven,
From my grave the stone was hoven,
And my inner doors thrown wide.

Whom I saw, and who the other,
Ask me not, my friend, my brother!—
Sight to fill eternal eyes!
Lone in all life's eves and morrows,
This one moment, like my sorrows,
Shining open ever lies.

EDWARD EGGLESTON.



"WHO knows," wrote Mr. Beecher to Mr. Bonner, in a droll letter which conveyed his acceptance of the proposition to write a story for the *Ledger*—"who knows but that some future critic may refer to me as that celebrated novelist (who sometimes preached)?" If the critic of the future shall undertake to tell how many other things Edward Eggleston has done besides preaching sermons and writing novels, he will have a job on his hands. Though he was born in Southern Indiana, of Virginian ancestors, and never before he came to New York had lived nearer to New England than Minnesota (measuring by the scale of civilization rather than the scale of miles), he would pass very cleverly for the typical Yankee, who knows how to do everything, from the tinkering of a clock to the construction of a theodicy. This versatility of employment has been his fate rather than his choice, albeit it has brought him a knowledge of life larger than he could have gained if he had had the ordering of all his affairs.

Vevay, Indiana, a picturesque village on the banks of the Ohio river, was his birthplace, and he was born in the last month of that disastrous "'37," whose record of financial ruin has been familiar to some of us from infancy. His father, who was a lawyer of literary tastes, and who was a member of the State Senate and a candidate for Congress long before the era of salary-grabs, died when Edward was nine years old, bequeathing to him little more than a passion for books. The remaining years of his boyhood were spent in farm labor, and as a clerk in a country store; part of the time in a rude Hoosier neighborhood, where Jeems Phillips, the champion speller, yet abides, and where families by the name of Meany still worship God in a Hard-shell church; and part of the time in Milford, a town on "Clefty Creek," in the interior of the State, where the greater part of the materials for *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* were gathered.

The marriage of his mother to an eminent Methodist Doctor of Divinity in Indiana, gave him what the people of his neighborhood would call "a right smart chance of travel," and secured to him the opportunity of seeing as much of life as can be found in the river-towns of his native State. He was a sickly boy, never able to endure the con-

finement of the school-room. One year he spent in quest of health among his father's relatives in Virginia, and while there enjoyed such facilities of instruction as the sons of Southern planters were able to get in their native State; but all his knowledge of "schools and schoolmasters" was gained in a little more than two years. Apart from this he is wholly self-educated. A little Latin, less Greek, more Italian and Spanish, and of French a plenty, he has acquired without a teacher; the rest of his education has come through a wide reading of English literature.

In May, 1856, this sickly student went to Minnesota. He was supposed to be suffering from pulmonary disease, and it was thought that the dry and bracing air of the rolling prairies would provide the medicament he needed. The four months of this first residence in the Gopher State were spent almost wholly out of doors. He made himself useful on a farm; he joined the chain-gang of a surveying party; and finally he picked up the secret of the divine Daguerre, and took, for aught we know, not only in his mind's eye but also in his photographer's camera, the portraits of Mr. Plausaby and The Superior Being. Very much of what he knows about Metropolisville was obtained in this brief sojourn in Minnesota. The fury of speculation was then just raging through the State, and the mysteries of the land-grabbers were fully unveiled to his keen vision.

During that autumn he returned to his native State, and getting astride a pair of saddle-bags, rode a Hoosier "circuit" in the winter of 1856–7, having then reached the ripe age of nineteen years. Just when his theological education was acquired we do not know—his step-father had, no doubt, assisted in it; but the probability is, that the greater part of his theology was absorbed. At any rate he seems to have taken it the natural way; it is incorporated into his life; it is organized, rather than systematized, theology, and none the worse for that, to my thinking.

Dr. Eggleston always speaks with enthusiastic sympathy of the life of the pioneer preacher. The fidelity, the self-sacrifice, the sturdy heroism of the average Methodist circuit-preacher are to him worthy of all admiration. In some particulars his opinions have changed since he rode that first circuit in Indiana, but he has never unlearned his regard for the faithful men who hold forth the word of life to the dwellers on the border. The new story upon which he is now at work, and whose title is, "The Circuit-Preacher: a Tale of the Heroic Age," will illustrate this phase of life more perfectly, we may well believe, than it has yet been done. The writer has never set himself a more congenial task.

In the spring of 1857 he returned to Minnesota, and there continued his ministry in the Methodist connection, preaching in St. Paul, Winona, Stillwater, St. Peter, and other places. His health was still infirm, and his ministerial life was continually broken, compelling frequent resort to various other avocations, "always honest," as he himself testifies, "but sometimes very undignified."

In 1866 he quitted the active ministry, in which he had, in spite of his infirmities, won a good degree. His health had become so precarious that the care of a church was too great a burden. Chicago was his next halting-place, and there, as editor of *The Little Corporal* magazine for six months, and afterward as resident Bohemian, he began to make his mark in children's literature. *The Book of Queer Stories*, and *Stories told of a Cellar-Door*, found their way into covers and the children cried for them, of course. It was his love for children, and his success in writing for them, which led him at length into the Sunday-school work. As speaker at Sunday-school conventions, as manager of Sunday-school teachers' institutes, and finally as editor of the Chicago *Sunday-School Teacher*, he made for himself a national reputation. No speaker was in greater request at the anniversaries; no writer succeeded so well in impressing his ideas upon the Sunday-school workers and in getting his methods put in practice. And the best of it was, that his ideas were for the most part singularly fresh, unconventional and practicable. The cant and the clap-trap of the average Sunday-school convention he held in infinite disgust, and stupidity and sensationalism found in him an impartial foe. A very large and fruitful chapter of Edward Eggleston's life is that which describes his Sunday-school work, in which, though he is now less actively employed, he still has abundant interest.

During his residence in Chicago he became the correspondent of *The Independent*, over the signature of "Penholder." His correspondence gained him so much credit in the office of that newspaper, that he was invited in the spring of 1870 to become the literary editor, and he accordingly removed to New York. Some of the best work he has ever done was done in this department of journalism. As a critic of miscellaneous literature he is entitled to take rank among the best

merica. His perceptions are quick, his mpathies are catholic, his power of expres-on is remarkable; and by these qualifications, s well as by his wide knowledge of the world s well as of books, he is eminently fitted for e work of criticism. Since Sainte-Beuve nd Matthew Arnold have lived and writ-n, it is not necessary to say that criticism as a place in the highest order of literary ork.

In January, 1871, Dr. Eggleston became perintending editor of *The Independent*, and s success as a manager was undoubted. August of the same year he withdrew om the paper and assumed the charge of *earth and Home*, which he edited with arked ability for a year, when he retired om journalism to devote himself to the free rsuit of literature.

While in the *Independent* office, Dr. Eggle-on had written three or four short stories r SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, which were widely oted. The knowledge of life and the wer of characterization displayed in these etches encouraged his friends to believe at a larger venture in the field of fiction ould not be rash; and in the autumn of 71 he began, in *Hearth and Home*, *e Hoosier Schoolmaster*. It was at once scovered that in the description of life in uthern Indiana the writer had struck a w and productive lead, and of the skill th which he has worked it in *The Hoosier hoolmaster* and *The End of the World*, it hardly necessary to speak. His *Mystery Metropolisville*, which also appeared in the ne journal, is somewhat less real than the her two stories, partly because the rein-ced Yankee of the Northwest is less own to the writer than the promoted oor white" of the Pocket; and partly be-use the work, unless I mistake, was done h less premeditation than either of the hers.

By these stories Dr. Eggleston has estab-hed his claim to be counted among Ameri-n novelists. Of *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* ,000 copies have been sold; of *The End the World* 18,000; and of *The Mystery Metropolisville*, 11,000 were ordered be-e publication. Scarcely any American ry-writer, except the author of *Uncle Tom's bin* and the author of *Little Women*, can ow figures like these to testify of imme-te success. All of these stories have been ublished in England, in cheap editions, d *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* has had the nor of a translation into the French *Revue Deux Mondes*. This translation I have not seen, but it would be interesting to know what is French for "right smart" and "Gewhilleky crickets!"

This wide recognition may perhaps be taken as evidence that these stories are not without merit. What the public has said with such emphasis, the critics are likely to repeat, for substance; though these gentlemen are sure to put in their little qualifications. This is plain, to begin with: that Dr. Eggleston is a close and sympathetic student of human nature, and that his characters and the incidents of his stories are drawn from the life. We can scarcely point to any truer work in American fiction than some of the character-drawing in his first two stories. He has given us, thus far, chiefly *genre* pictures; but art of this sort requires as fine a pencil and as large a sympathy as that of a more pretentious nature.

As contributions to the history of civilization in America, these stories are also valuable. In *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, Dr. Eggleston has given us as faithful a picture of life in Southern Indiana, twenty-five years ago, as Bret Harte has given us of "The Argonauts of '49," or as Scott has given us, in *Ivanhoe*, of life in England after the Norman conquest. The life thus described is, like that described by Bret Harte, only one episode in this great epic of our civilization; and the description of it is only one study for the complete picture of our national life; but it is of immense value for all that to all who want to know what manner of nation this has been and is to be.

The chief defect of these stories is in the plot. In this respect they are no more faulty than some of the stories of George MacDonald, yet those who read novels for the action rather than the philosophy, may have cause of complaint against them. The characterization is careful and artistic; the author's power of criticism assures us of that: but his power of construction has not yet been so fully demonstrated. I do not think that this power is wanting. The reason why it has not been more perfectly shown may be found in the haste with which the work is done. It is less than two years since Dr. Eggleston withdrew from *The Independent*, yet in that time he has put three considerable novels within covers, and is well on his way with a fourth, besides having made large, almost weekly, contributions to contemporary journalism. For a man who lacks the robust physique of Walter Scott, it is plain that this will never do. Dr. Eggleston is wasting his resources. He must take more time for

rest, and when he works he must work under less pressure.

If he will but give his mind a fair chance, and if he will but study his plans and the unities of structure a little more carefully, he will, I am sure, prove himself not only a keen critic of life and manners, but a skillful architect of what men miscall fiction, forgetting that the ideal life is the most perfect reality.

A HOLIDAY.

One day we left our cares behind,
And trimmed our sails at early morn
And by the willing western wind
Far o'er the sea were borne.

We left behind the city's din;
We found a world new-made from night;—
At every sense there entered in
Some subtle, fresh delight.

The west wind rocked us as we lay
Within the boat, and idly scanned
The dim horizon far away
For some fair, unknown land.

And on and on we drifted thus,
Not caring whither we might roam;—
For all the world, that day, to us
Was Paradise, was home.

And as we sailed, a sweet surprise
Of comfort in the present, grew;—
We saw old things with clearer eyes,
We dreaded less the new.

The past and future seemed to blend;
Remembrance missed her shadow, grief;
Anticipation was a friend,
And hope became belief.

The strangeness vanished out of life;
Affliction dropped its stern disguise;
And suffering, weariness and strife
Were changed before our eyes.

So, but more clear, from hills of God,
Our life on earth one day shall show;
And the dim path that here we trod
With purest light shall glow.

Too quickly sped the hours away;—
The evening brought us home again;
And after that brief holiday
Came toil, and care, and pain.

Yet like a peaceful dream, that long
Will steal into the waking thought,
Or like a well-remembered song,
That happy tears has brought,—

That bright, brief summer holiday,
The willing wind, the sea, the sky,
Gave gifts no winter takes away,
And hopes that cannot die.

THE BIRDS OF THE POETS.

"In summer, when the shawes be shéne,
And leaves be large and long,
It is full merry in fair forest
To hear the fowlés' song.
The wood-wele sang, and wolde not cease,
Sitting upon the spray;
So loud, it wakened Robin Hood
In the greenwood where he lay."

It might almost be said that the birds are all birds of the poets and of no one else, because it is only the poetical temperament that fully responds to them. So true is this, that all the great ornithologists—original namers and biographers of the birds—have been poets in deed if not in word. Audubon is a notable case in point, who, if he had not the tongue or pen of the poet, certainly had the eye and ear and heart—"the fluid and attaching character"—and the singleness of purpose, the enthusiasm, the unworldliness, the love, that characterizes the true and divine race of bards.

So had Wilson, though perhaps not in as large a measure; yet he took fire as only a poet can. While making a journey on foot to Philadelphia, shortly after landing in this country, he caught sight of the red-headed woodpecker flitting among the trees—a bird that shows like a tri-colored scarf among the foliage,—and it so kindled his enthusiasm that his life was devoted to the pursuit of the birds from that day. It was a lucky hit. Wilson had already set up as a poet in Scotland, and was still fermenting when the bird met his eye and suggested to his soul a new outlet.

The very idea of a bird is a symbol and a suggestion to the poet. A bird seems to be at the top of the scale, so vehement and intense is his life—large brained, large lunged, hot, ecstatic, his frame charged with buoyancy and his heart with song. The beautiful vagabonds, endowed with every grace, masters of all climes, and knowing no bounds,—how many human aspirations are realized in their free holiday-lives—and how many suggestions to the poet in their flight and song!

Indeed, is not the bird the original type and teacher of the poet, and do we not demand of the human lark or thrush that he "shake out his carols" in the same free and spontaneous manner as his winged prototype? The old minnesingers and early ballad-writers, how surely they have learned of the birds, taking their key-note from the blackbird, or the woodlark, or the throstle, and giving utterance to a melody as simple and unstudied. Such things as the following were surely caught from the fields or the woods:—

"She sat down below a thorn,
Fine flowers in the valley,
And there has she her sweet babe born,
And the green leaves they grow rarely."

—or the best lyric pieces, how like they are to certain bird-songs,—clear, ringing, ecstatic, and suggesting that challenge and triumph which the outpouring of the male bird contains. (Is not the genuine singing, lyrical quality essentially masculine?) Keats and Shelley, perhaps, more notably than any other English poets, have the bird-organization and the piercing wild-bird cry. This of course is not saying that they are the greatest poets, but that they have preëminently the sharp semitones of the sparrows and larks.

But when the general reader thinks of the birds of the poets he very naturally calls to mind the renowned birds, the lark and nightingale, Old-World melodists, embalmed in Old-World poetry, but occasionally appearing on these shores, transported in the verse of some callow singer. Even Bayard Taylor speaks of

"Larks responding aloft to the mellow flute of the bluebird."

The very oldest poets, the towering antique bards, seem to make little mention of the song-birds. They loved better the soaring, swooping birds of prey, the eagle, the ominous birds, the vultures, the storks and cranes, or the clamorous sea-birds and the screaming hawks. These suited better the rugged, war-like character of the times and the simple, powerful souls of the singers themselves. Homer must have heard the twittering of the swallows, the cry of the plover, the voice of the turtle and the warble of the nightingale; but they were not adequate symbols to express what he felt or to adorn his theme. Æschylus saw in the eagle "the dog of Jove," and his verse cuts like a sword with such a conception.

It is not because the old bards were less as poets, but that they were more as men. To strong, susceptible characters the music of nature is not confined to sweet sounds. The defiant scream of the hawk circling aloft, the wild whinney of the loon, the whooping of the crane, the booming of the bittern, the vulpine bark of the eagle, the loud trumpeting of the migratory geese sounding down out of the midnight sky; or by the sea-shore, the

coast of New Jersey or Long Island, the wild crooning of the flocks of gulls, repeated, continued by the hour, swirling sharp and shrill, rising and falling like the wind in a storm, as they circle above the beach, or dip to the dash of the waves—are much more welcome in certain moods than any and all mere bird-melodies, in keeping as they are with the shaggy and untamed features of ocean and woods, and suggesting something like the Richard Wagner music in the ornithological orchestra.

It is to the literary poets and to the minstrels of a softer age that we must look for special mention of the song-birds and for poetical rhapsodies upon them. The nightingale is the most general favorite, and nearly all the more noted English poets have sung her praises. To the melancholy poet she is melancholy, and to the cheerful she is cheerful. The Passionate Pilgrim makes her ditty "doleful," while Martial calls her the "most garrulous" of birds. Milton sang—

> "Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
> Most musical, most melancholy,
> Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
> I woo, to hear thy evening song."

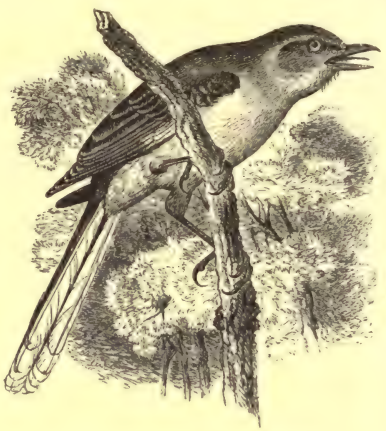
To Wordsworth she told another story :—

> "O nightingale! thou surely art
> A creature of ebullient heart;
> These notes of thine—they pierce and pierce;
> Tumultuous harmony and fierce!
> Thou sing'st as if the god of wine
> Had helped thee to a valentine;
> A song in mockery and despite
> Of shades, and dews, and silent night,
> And steady bliss, and all the loves
> Now sleeping in these peaceful groves."

In a like vein Coleridge sang :—

> "'Tis the merry nightingale
> That crowds and hurries and precipitates
> With fast, thick warble his delicious notes."

I mention the nightingale only to point my remarks upon its American rival, the famous mocking-bird of the Southern States, which is also a nightingale—a night-singer—and which no doubt excels the Old-World bird in the variety and compass of its powers. The two birds belong to totally distinct families, there being no American species which answers to the European nightingale, as there are that answer to the robin, the cuckoo, the blackbird and numerous others. Philomel has the color, manners and habits of a thrush—our hermit-thrush—but it is not a thrush at all, but a warbler. I gather from the books that its song is protracted and full rather than melodious,—a capricious, long-continued warble, doubling and redoubling, rising and falling, issuing from the groves and the great gardens, and associated in the minds of the



MOCKING-BIRD (MIMUS POLYGLOTTUS).

poets with love and moonlight and the privacy of sequestered walks. All our sympathies and attractions are with the bird, and we do not forget that Arabia and Persia are there back of its song.

Our nightingale has mainly the reputation of the caged bird, and is famed mostly for its powers of mimicry, which are truly wonderful, enabling the bird to exactly reproduce and even improve upon the notes of almost any other songster. But in a state of freedom it has a song of its own which is infinitely rich and various. It is a garrulous polyglot when it chooses to be, and there is a dash of the clown and the buffoon in its nature which too often flavors its whole performance, especially in captivity; but in its native haunts, and when its love-passion is upon it, the serious and even grand side of its character comes out. In Alabama and Florida its song may be heard all through the sultry summer-night. A friend of Thoreau and a careful observer, who has resided in Florida, tells me that this bird is a much more marvelous singer than it has the credit of being. He describes a habit it has of singing on the wing on moonlight nights, that would be worth going South to hear. Starting from a low bush, it mounts in the air and continues its flight apparently to an altitude of several hundred feet, remaining on the wing a number of minutes, and pouring out its song with the utmost clearness and *abandon*—a slowly-rising musical rocket that fills the night-air with harmonious sounds. Here are both the lark and nightingale in one, and if poets were as plentiful down South as

they are in New England, we should have heard of this song long ago, and had it celebrated in appropriate verse.

[Since the above lines were written, a friend has sent me a sonnet on the mocking-bird by the Southern poet Wilde, in which I see this trait is duly credited.]

TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

Winged mimic of the woods! thou motley fool,
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?
Thine ever-ready notes of ridicule
Pursue thy fellows still with jest and gibe.
Wit—sophist—songster—Vorick of thy tribe,
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school,
To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,
Arch scoffer, and mad Abbot of Misrule!
For such thou art by day—but all night long
Thou pour'st a soft, sweet, pensive, solemn strain,
As if thou did'st in this, thy moonlight-song,
Like to the melancholy Jacques, complain,
Musing on falsehood, violence, and wrong,
And sighing for thy motley coat again.

Aside from this sonnet, the mocking-bird has got into poetical literature, so far as I know, in only one notable instance, and that in the page of a poet where we would least expect to find him—a bard who habitually bends his ear only to the musical surge and rhythmus of total nature, and is as little wont to turn aside for any special beauties or points as the most austere of the ancient masters. I refer to Walt Whitman's "Out of the cradle endlessly rocking," in which the mocking-bird plays a part. The poet's treatment of the bird is entirely ideal and eminently characteristic. That is to say, it is altogether poetical and not at all ornithological; yet it contains a rendering or free translation of a bird-song—the nocturn of the mocking-bird, singing and calling through the night for its lost mate—that I consider quite unmatched in our literature.

Once, Paumanok,
When the snows had melted, and the Fifth-month grass was growing,
Up this seashore, in some briers,
Two guests from Alabama—two together,
And their nest, and four light-green eggs, spotted with brown,
And every day the he-bird, to and fro, near at hand,
And every day the she-bird, crouch'd on her nest, silent, with bright eyes,
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never disturbing them,
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

Shine! shine! shine!
Pour down your warmth, great Sun!
While we bask—we two together.

Two together!
Winds blow South, or winds blow North,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
If we two but keep together.

Till of a sudden,
May-be kill'd, unknown to her mate,
One forenoon the she-bird crouch'd not on the nest,
Nor return'd that afternoon, nor the next,
Nor ever appear'd again.

And thenceforward, all summer, in the sound of the sea,
And at night, under the full of the moon, in calmer weather,
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
Or flitting from brier to brier by day,
I saw, I heard at intervals, the remaining one, the he-bird,
The solitary guest from Alabama.

Blow! blow! blow!
Blow up, sea-winds, along Paumanok's shore!
I wait and I wait, till you blow my mate to me.

Yes, when the stars glisten'd,
All night long, on the prong of a moss-scallop'd stake,
Down, almost amid the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer, wonderful, causing tears.

He call'd on his mate;
He pour'd forth the meanings which I, of all men, know.

. . . . . .

Soothe! soothe! soothe!
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind, embracing and lapping, every one close,
But my love soothes not me, not me.

Low hangs the moon—it rose late
O it is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with love.

O madly the sea pushes, pushes upon the land.
With love—with love.

O night! do I not see my love fluttering out there among the breakers?
What is that little black thing I see there in the white?

Loud! loud! loud!
Loud I call to you, my love!
High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves;
Surely you must know who is here, is here;
You must know who I am, my love.

Low-hanging moon!
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?
O it is the shape, the shape of my mate!
O moon, do not keep her from me any longer.

Land! land! O land!
Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me my mate back again, if you only would;
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever way I look.

O rising stars!
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise with some of you.

O throat! O trembling throat!
Sound clearer through the atmosphere!
Pierce the woods, the earth;
Somewhere listening to catch you, must be the one I want.

Shake out, carols!
Solitary here—the night's carols!
Carols of lonesome love! Death's carols!
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!
O, under that moon, where she droops almost down into the sea!
O reckless, despairing carols.

But soft! sink low;
Soft! let me just murmur;
And do you wait a moment, you husky-noised sea;
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to me,
So faint—I must be still, be still to listen;
But not altogether still, for then she might not come immediately to me.

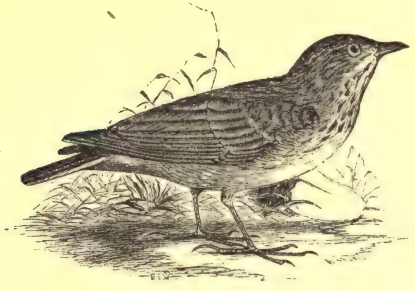
Hither, my love!
Here I am! Here!
With this just-sustain'd note I announce myself to you;
This gentle call is for you, my love, for you.

Do not be decoy'd elsewhere!
That is the whistle of the wind—it is not my voice;
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray;
Those are the shadows of leaves.

O darkness! O in vain!
O I am very sick and sorrowful.
. . . . . .

The bird that occupies the second place to the nightingale in British poetical literature is the skylark, a pastoral bird, as the Philomel is an arboreal,—a creature of light and air and motion, the companion of the plowman, the shepherd, the harvester,—whose nest is in the stubble and whose tryst is in the clouds. Its life affords that kind of contrast which the imagination loves—one moment a plain pedestrian-bird, hardly distinguishable from the ground, the next a soaring, untiring songster, reveling in the upper air, challenging the eye to follow him and the ear to separate his notes.

The lark's song is not especially melodious, but lithesome, sibilant and unceasing. Its type is the grass, where the bird makes its home, abounding, multitudinous, the notes nearly all alike and all in the same key, but rapid, swarming, prodigal, showering down as thick and fast as drops of rain in a summer-shower.



MISSOURI SKYLARK (NEOCORYS SPRAGUEI).

Many noted poets have sung the praises of the lark or been kindled by his example. Shelley's ode, and Wordsworth's, "To a Skylark," are well known to all readers of poetry, while every school-boy will recall Hogg's poem, beginning—

"Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matins o'er woodland and lea."

I heard of an enthusiastic American who went about English fields hunting a lark with Shelley's poem in his hand, thinking no doubt to use it as a kind of guide-book to the intricacies and harmonies of the song. He reported not having heard any larks, though I have little doubt they were soaring and singing about him all the time, though of course they did not sing to his ear the song that Shelley heard. The poets are the best natural historians, only you must know how to read them. They translate the facts largely and freely. A celebrated lady once said to Turner, "I confess, I cannot see in nature what you do." "Ah, madam," said the complacent artist, "don't you wish you could!"

Shelley's poem is perhaps better known and has a higher reputation among literary folk than Wordsworth's, but I like the latter best. Shelley's is too long, though no longer than the lark's song; but the lark cannot help it, and Shelley can.

Wordsworth is nearer the fact, and he uses no bird-lime either. His lark is as free and soaring as Shelley's.

"Up with me! up with me, into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me, into the clouds!
Singing, singing,
With all the heavens about thee ringing,
Lift me, guide me till I find
That spot which seems so to thy mind!

I have walk'd through wildernesses dreary,
And to-day my heart is weary;
Had I now the wings of a fairy
Up to thee would I fly.
There is madness about thee, and joy divine
In that song of thine;
Up with me, up with me high and high
To thy banqueting-place in the sky!
Joyous as morning,
Thou art laughing and scorning,
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest:
And, though little troubled with sloth,
Drunken Lark! thou wouldst be loth

To be such a traveler as I.
Happy, happy liver!
With a soul as strong as a mountain-river,
Pouring out praise to th' Almighty Giver,
Joy and jollity be with us both!
Hearing thee, or else some other,
As merry a brother,
I on earth will go plodding on,
By myself, cheerfully, till the day is done."

But better than either—better and more than a hundred pages—is Shakspeare's simple line—

"The lark at heaven's gate singing."

We have no well-known pastoral bird in the eastern States that answers to the skylark. The American pipit or titlark and the shore-lark, both birds of the far North, and seen in the States only in fall and winter, belong to this species, and are said to sing on the wing in a

HERMIT THRUSH (TURDUS SWAINSONI).

similar strain. Common enough in our woods are two birds that have many of the habits and manners of the lark—the water-thrush and the golden-crowned thrush, or oven-bird. They are both walkers, and the latter frequently sings on the wing up aloft after the manner of the lark. Starting from its low perch, it rises in a spiral flight far above the tallest trees, and breaks out in a clear, ringing, ecstatic song, sweeter and more richly modulated than the skylark's, but brief, ceasing almost before you have noticed it; whereas the skylark goes singing away after you have forgotten him and returned to him half a dozen times.

But in the West, in Dakotah, and along the Platte and Yellowstone rivers, it seems we have a genuine skylark (Sprague's Lark), an excelsior songster, that from far up in the transparent blue rains down its notes for many minutes together. It is probably a lineal descendant of the European species, and is, no doubt, destined to figure in the future poetical literature of the Yellowstone.

Throughout the northern and eastern parts of the Union the lark would find a dangerous rival in the bobolink, a bird that has no European prototype, and no near relatives anywhere—standing quite alone, unique, and, in the qualities of hilarity and musical intinnabulation, with a song unequaled. He has already a secure place in general literature, having been laureated by a no less poet than Bryant, and invested with a lasting human charm in the sunny page of Irving, —and is the only one of our songsters, I believe, the mocking-bird cannot parody or imitate. He affords the most marked example of exuberant pride, and a glad, rollicking, holiday spirit that can be seen among our birds. Every note expresses complacency and glee. He is a beau of the first pattern, and, unlike any other bird of my acquaintance, pushes his gallantry to the point of wheeling gayly into the train of every female that comes along, even after the season of courtship is over and the matches all settled; and when she leads him on too wild a chase, he turns lightly about and breaks out with a song that is precisely analogous to a burst of gay and self-satisfied laughter, as much as to say, "*Ha! ha! ha! I must have my fun, Miss Silverthimble, thimble, thimble, if I break every heart in the meadow, see, see, see!*"

At the approach of the breeding-season the bobolink undergoes a complete change; his form changes, his color changes, his flight changes. From mottled brown or brindle he becomes black and white, earning, in some localities, the shocking name of "skunk-bird;" his small, compact form becomes broad and conspicuous, and his ordinary flight is laid aside for a mincing, affected gait, in which he seems to use only the very tips of his wings. It is very noticeable what a contrast he presents to his mate at this season, not only in color but in manners, she being as shy and retiring as he is forward and hilarious. Indeed, she seems disagreeably serious and indisposed to any fun or jollity, skurrying away at his approach, and apparently annoyed at every endearing word and look. It is surprising that all this parade of plumage and tinkling of cymbals should be gone through with and persisted in to please a creature so coldly indifferent as she really seems to be. If Robert O'-Lincoln has been stimulated into acquiring this holiday uniform and this musical gift by the approbation of Mrs. Robert, as Darwin, with his sexual selection principle would have us believe, then there must have been a time when the females of this tribe were not quite so chary of their favors as they are now. Indeed, I never knew a female bird of any kind that did not appear utterly indifferent to the charms of voice and plumage that the male birds are so fond of displaying. But I am inclined to believe that the males think only of themselves and of outshining each other, and not at all of the approbation of their mates, as, in an analogous case in a higher species, it is well known who the females dress for and whom they want to kill with envy!

I know of no other song-bird that expresses so much self-consciousness and vanity, and comes so near being an ornithological coxcomb. The red-bird, the yellow-bird, the indigo-bird, the oriole, the cardinal grosbeak and others, all birds of brilliant plumage and musical ability, seem quite unconscious of self, and neither by tone nor act challenge the admiration of the beholder.

BOBOLINK (DOLICHONYX ORYZIVORUS).

By the time the bobolink reaches the Potomac, in September, he has degenerated into a game-bird that is slaughtered by tens of thousands in the marshes. I think the prospects now are of his gradual extermination, as gunners and sportsmen are clearly on the increase, while the limit of the bird's productivity in the north has no doubt been reached long ago. There are no more meadows to be added to his domain there, while he is being waylaid and cut off more and more on his return to the south. It is gourmand eat gourmand, until in half a century more I expect the blithest and merriest of our meadow songsters will have disappeared before the rapacity of human throats.

But the poets have had a shot at him in good time, and have preserved some of his traits. Bryant's poem on this subject does not compare with his lines "To a Water-Fowl,"—a subject so well suited to the peculiar, simple and deliberate motion of his mind; at the same time it is fit that the poet who sings of "The Planting of the Apple-Tree," should render into words the song of "Robert of Lincoln." I subjoin a few stanzas :—

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;

Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat,
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note ;
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings :
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

But it has been reserved for a practical ornithologist, Mr. Wilson Flagg, to write by far the best poem on the bobolink that we have yet seen. It is much more in the mood and spirit of the actual song than Bryant's poem.

THE O'LINCON FAMILY.

A flock of merry singing-birds were sporting in the grove :
Some were warbling cheerily, and some were making love :
There were Bobolincon, Wadolincon, Winterseeble, Conquedle,
A livelier set was never led by tabor, pipe, or fiddle,—
Crying, "Phew, shew, Wadolincon, see, see, Bobolincon,
Down among the tickletops, hiding in the buttercups !
I know the saucy chap, I see his shining cap
Bobbing in the clover there—see, see, see !"

Up flies Bobolincon, perching on an apple-tree,
Startled by his rival's song, quickened by his raillery,
Soon he spies the rogue afloat, curveting in the air,
And merrily he turns about, and warns him to beware !
"'Tis you that would a-wooing go, down among the rushes (
But wait a week, till flowers are cheery,—wait a week, a
ere you marry,
Be sure of a house wherein to tarry !
Wadolink, Whiskodink, Tom Denny, wait, wait, wait !"

Every one's a funny fellow ; every one's a little mellow ;
Follow, follow, follow, follow, o'er the hill and in the hollow
Merrily, merrily, there they hie ; now they rise and now th
fly ;
They cross and turn, and in and out, and down in the midd
and wheel about,—
With a "Phew, shew, Wadolincon ! listen to me, Bobolincon
Happy's the wooing that's speedily doing, that's speedily do
That's merry and over with the bloom of the clover !
Bobolincon, Wadolincon, Winterseeble, follow, follow me !"

Many persons, I presume, have admire Wordsworth's poem on the cuckoo, without recognizing its truthfulness, or how thoroughly the description applies to our own species. If the poem had been written in New England or New York, it could not have suited our case better.

O blithe new-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice :
O cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice ?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy loud note smites my ear!
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.

I hear thee babbling to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers;
And unto me thou bring'st a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listen'd to; the cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still long'd for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place,
That is fit home for thee!

The European cuckoo is a larger bird an ours and differently colored, and has fferent habits; but from Wordsworth's poem judge it is the same solitary wanderer reating its loud, guttural call in the depths the forest, and well calculated to arrest the

YELLOW-BILLED CUCKOO (COCCYGUS AMERICANUS).

tention of a poet who was himself a kind of ckoo, a solitary voice, syllabling the loneess that broods over streams and woods:

"At once far off and near."

Our cuckoo is not a spring bird, being ldom seen or heard in the north before ne. He is a great devourer of cankerorms, and when these pests appear he comes out of his forest seclusion and makes excursions through the orchard stealthily and quietly, regaling himself upon those pulpy, fuzzy tidbits. His coat of deep brown has a silky gloss and is very beautiful. His note or call is not especially musical, but is loud, and has in a remarkable degree the quality of remoteness and introvertedness. It is like a vocal legend, and to the farmer bodes rain.

It is worthy of note, and illustrates some things said further back, that birds not strictly denominated songsters but cryers, like the cuckoo, have been quite as great favorites with the poets and received as affectionate treatment at their hands as the song-birds. One readily recalls Emerson's "Titmouse," Trowbridge's "Pewee," Celia Thaxter's "Sandpiper," and others of a like character.

So far as external appearances are concerned—form, plumage, grace of manner, etc., no one ever had a less promising subject than had Trowbridge in the "Pewee." This bird, if not the plainest dressed, is the most unshapely in the woods. It is stiff and abrupt in its manners and sedentary in its habits, sitting around all day, in the dark recesses of the woods, on the dry twigs and branches, uttering now and then its plaintive cry, and "with many a flirt and flutter" snapping up its insect-game.

The pewee belongs to quite a large family of birds, all of whom have strong family traits, and who are not the most peaceable and harmonious of the sylvan folk. They are pugnacious, harsh voiced, angular in form and movement, with flexible tails and broad, flat, bristling beaks that stand to the face at the angle of a turn-up nose. Their heads are large, neck and legs short, and elbows sharp. The wild Irishman of them all is the great crested flycatcher, a large leather-colored or sandy-complexioned bird that prowls through the woods, uttering its harsh, uncanny note and waging fierce warfare upon its fellows.

The exquisite of the species, and the braggart of the orchard, is the kingbird, a bully that loves to strip the feathers off its more timid neighbors like the bluebird, that feeds on the stingless bees of the hive, the drones, and earns the reputation of great boldness by teasing large hawks, while it gives a wide berth to little ones.

The best-beloved of them all is the phœbe-bird, one of the firstlings of the spring, of whom so many of our poets have made affectionate mention.

The wood-pewee is the sweetest voiced, and notwithstanding the ungracious things I have said of it, and of its relations, merits to the

full all Trowbridge's pleasant fancies. His poem is indeed a very careful study of the bird and its haunts, and is good poetry as well as good ornithology.

The listening Dryads hushed the woods;
The boughs were thick, and thin and few
The golden ribbons fluttered through;
Their sun-embroidered leafy hoods
The lindens lifted to the blue;
Only a little forest-brook
The farthest hem of silence shook;
When in the hollow shades I heard,—
Was it a spirit or a bird?
Or, strayed from Eden, desolate,
Some Peri calling to her mate,
Whom nevermore her mate would cheer?
"Pe-ri! pe-ri! peer!"

. . . . . .

To trace it in its green retreat
I sought among the boughs in vain;
And followed still the wandering strain,
So melancholy and so sweet,
The dim-eyed violets yearned with pain.
'Twas now a sorrow in the air,
Some nymph's immortalized despair
Haunting the woods and waterfalls;
And now, at long, sad intervals,
Sitting unseen in dusky shade,
His plaintive pipe some fairy played,
With long-drawn cadence thin and clear,—
"Pe-wee! pe-wee! peer!"

Long-drawn and clear its closes were—
As if the hand of Music through
The sombre robe of Silence drew
A thread of golden gossamer;
So pure a flute the fairy blew.
Like beggared princes of the wood,
In silver rags the birches stood;
The hemlocks, lordly counselors,
Were dumb; the sturdy servitors,
In beachen jackets patched and gray,
Seemed waiting spellbound all the day
That low, entrancing note to hear,—
"Pe-wee! pe-wee! peer!"

PEWEE (CONTOPUS BOREALIS).

I quit the search, and sat me down
Beside the brook, irresolute,
And watched a little bird in suit
Of sombre olive, soft and brown,
Perched in the maple-branches, mute;
With greenish gold its vest was fringed,
Its tiny cap was ebon-tinged,
With ivory pale its wings were barred,
And its dark eyes were tender-starred.
"Dear bird," I said, "what is thy name?"
And thrice the mournful answer came,
So faint and far, and yet so near,—
"Pe-wee! pe-wee! peer!"

For so I found my forest-bird,—
The pewee of the loneliest woods,
Sole singer in these solitudes,
Which never robin's whistle stirred,
Where never bluebird's plume intrudes,
Quick darting through the dewy morn,
The redstart thrilled his twittering horn
And vanished in thick boughs; at even
Like liquid pearls fresh showered from heaven,
The high notes of the lone wood-thrush
Fell on the forest's holy hush;
But thou all day complainest here,—
"Pe-wee! pe-wee! peer!"

Emerson's best natural-history poem the "Humblebee"—a poem as good in it way as Burns's poem on the mouse; but h later poem, "The Titmouse," has many o the same qualities, and cannot fail to be ac ceptable to both poet and naturalist.

The chickadee is indeed a truly Emer sonian bird, and the poet shows him to l both a hero and a philosopher. Hardy, ac tive, social, a winter-bird no less than a sum mer, a defier of both frost and heat, lover the pine-tree, and diligent searcher after tru in the shape of eggs and larvæ of insects, pr eminently a New England bird, clad in blac and ashen gray, with a note the most chee ing and reassuring to be heard in our Janua woods,—I know of none other of our bir so well calculated to captivate the Emers nian muse.

Emerson himself is a northern hyperborea genius—a winter-bird with a clear, sauc cheery call, and not a passionate summ songster. His lines have little melody to t ear, but they have the vigor and distinctne of all pure and compact things. They a like the needles of the pine—"the snow-lo ing pine"—more than the emotional folia of the deciduous trees, and the titmouse l comes them well.

. . . . . .

"Up and away for life! be fleet!—
The frost-king ties my fumbling feet,
Sings in my ears, my hands are stones,
Curdles the blood to the marble bones,
Tugs at the heart-strings, numbs the sense,
And hems in life with narrowing fence.
Well, in this broad bed lie and sleep,
The punctual stars will vigil keep,
Embalmed by purifying cold,
The wind shall sing their dead-march old,
The snow is no ignoble shroud,
The moon thy mourner, and the cloud.

"Softly,—but this way fate was pointing,
'Twas coming fast to such anointing,
When piped a tiny voice hard by,
Gay and polite, a cheerful cry,
Chic-chicadeedee! saucy note,
Out of sound heart and merry throat,
As if it said 'Good day, good sir!
Fine afternoon, old passenger!
Happy to meet you in these places,
Where January brings few faces.'

"This poet, though he lived apart,
Moved by his hospitable heart,
Sped, when I passed his sylvan fort,
To do the honors of his court,
As fits a feathered lord of land;
Flew near, with soft wing grazed my hand,
Hopped on the bough, then darting low,
Prints his small impress on the snow,
Shows feats of his gymnastic play,
Head downward, clinging to the spray.

"Here was this atom in full breath,
Hurling defiance at vast death;
This scrap of valor just for play
Fronts the north-wind in waistcoat gray,
As if to shame my weak behavior;
I greeted loud my little savior,
'You pet! what dost here? and what for?
In these woods, thy small Labrador,
At this pinch, wee San Salvador!
What fire burns in that little chest,
So frolic, stout and self-possest?
Henceforth I wear no stripe but thine;
Ashes and jet all hues outshine.
Why are not diamonds black and gray?
And I affirm the spacious north
Exists to draw thy virtue forth.
I think no virtue goes with size;
The reason of all cowardice
Is, that men are overgrown,
And to be valiant, must come down
To the titmouse dimension.'

. . . . . .

"I think old Cæsar must have heard
In northern Gaul my dauntless bird,
And, echoed in some frosty wold,
Borrowed thy battle-numbers bold.
And I will write our annals new,
And thank thee for a better clew,
I, who dreamed not when I came here
To find the antidote of fear,
Now hear thee say in Roman key,
Pæan! Veni, vidi, vici."

One of the latest bird-poems I have met with, and one of the best, is Celia Thaxter's "Sandpiper," which recalls Bryant's "Water-fowl" in its successful rendering of the spirit and atmosphere of the scene and the distinctness with which the lone bird, flitting along the beach, is brought before the mind. It is a woman's, or a feminine, poem, as Bryant's is characteristically a man's.

The sentiment or feeling awakened by any of the aquatic fowls is preëminently one of loneliness. The wood-duck which your approach starts from the pond or the marsh, the loon neighing down out of the April sky, the wild goose, the curlew, the stork, the bittern, the sandpiper, etc., awaken quite a different train of emotions from those awakened by the land-birds. They all have hanging about them some reminiscence and suggestion of the sea. Their cries echo its wildness and desolation; their wings are the shape of its billows.

SPOTTED SANDPIPER (TRINGOIDES MACULARIUS).

Of the sandpipers there are many varieties, found upon the coast and penetrating inland along the rivers and water-courses, the smallest of the species, commonly called the "tip-up," going up all the mountain-brooks and breeding in the sand along their banks; but the characteristics are the same in all, and the eye detects little difference except in size.

The walker on the beach sees him running or flitting before him, following up the breakers and picking up the aquatic insects left on the sands; and the trout-fisher along the fartherest inland stream likewise intrudes upon its privacy. Flitting along from stone to stone seeking its food, the hind part of its body "teetering" up and down, its soft, gray color blending it with the pebbles and the rocks; or else skimming up or down the stream on its long convex wings, uttering its shrill cry, the sandpiper is not a bird of the sea merely; and Mrs. Thaxter's poem is as much for the dweller inland as the dweller upon the coast.

THE SANDPIPER.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white light-houses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
  Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
  Or flash of fluttering drapery;
He has no thought of any wrong,
  He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
  The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
  When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood-fire will burn so bright!
  To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
  The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
  Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

Others of our birds have been game for the poetic muse, as the oriole, the hummingbird, the robin, the sparrow, the bluebird, etc., but I recall no other cases in which the poets have hit their marks so fairly. Halleck did not succeed in putting in verse the charm of the bluebird, nor has Lowell caught anything characteristic of the hawk in "The Falcon." The swallow has eluded all the poets I know of who have sought to capture him, and the humming-bird escapes through the finest meshes of rhyme. One of our minor poets, however, came near securing him in a poem of which the following are the first two stanzas:—

Little green hunter in meadows of air!
  Busy, blithe buzzer 'mid odorous bowers!
Are you a bird, say, or something more rare,
  Kin to the butterfly?—flirting with flowers,
    Kissing, caressing them,
    Billing them, dressing them,
All the day long through the blue balmy hours!
  Bright little, light little, slight little hummer,
  Lover of sunshine and lover of Summer!

Never a song to the flowers do you sing,
  Only you murmur them mysteries sweet;
Then as if angered, away do you spring
  Swift as a sunbeam—your pinions are fleet!
    Strangely capricious bird,
    Darling, delicious bird,
Passions how mixed, in your bosom must meet!
  Bright little, light little, slight little hummer,
  Lover of sunshine and lover of Summer!

If the canary were a native of our tree-tops, instead of the imported parlor ornament and nuisance he so frequently is, I should be tempted to treat the readers of this Magazine again to Mr. Stedman's midsummer carol, "The Songster," which appeared in these pages two years ago. The poem is certainly a great success in the face of what has already been achieved in bird-poems. I can only wish that this poet's muse would woo with like fervor and attraction some wild unpetted thing of our own fields or woods.

The most melodious of our songsters, the wood-thrush and hermit-thrush—birds whose strains, more than any others, express harmony and serenity—have not, as I am aware of, yet had reared to them their merited poetic monument—unless indeed the already-named poet of the mocking-bird has done this service for the hermit-thrush in his "President Lincoln's Burial Hymn." Here the threnody is blent of three chords, the blossoming lilac, the evening star, and the hermit-thrush, the latter playing the most prominent part throughout the composition. It is the exalting and spiritual utterance of the "solitary singer" that calms and consoles the poet, when the powerful shock of the President's assassination comes upon him, and he flees from the stifling atmosphere and offensive lights and conversation of the house.

"forth to hiding, receiving night that talks not,
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in the dimness,
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still."

Numerous others of our birds would seem to challenge attention by their calls and notes. There is the Maryland yellow-throat, for instance, standing in the door of his bushy tent, and calling out as you approach, "*which way, sir!*" "*which way, sir!*" If he says this to the ear of common folk, what would he not say to the poet? One of the pewees says "*stay there!*" with great emphasis. The cardinal grosbeak calls out "*what cheer*," "*what cheer;*" the bluebird says "*purity*," "*purity*," "*purity;*" the brown-thrasher, or ferruginous thrush, according to Thoreau, calls out to the farmer planting his corn, "*drop it*," "*drop it*," "*cover it up*," "*cover it up.*" The yellow-breasted chat says "*who*," "*who*," and "*tea-boy.*" What the robin says, caroling that simple strain from the top of the tall maple, or the crow with his hardy *caw-caw*, or the pedestrian meadow-lark sounding his piercing and long-drawn note in the spring meadows, the poets ought to be able to tell us. I only know the birds all have a language which is very expressive and which is easily translatable into the human tongue.

A HEART-SONG.

HAST thou a song, O singer of mine,
A little song to cheer the heart;
Like well-wrung drops of the choicest wine,
Pressed in a vineyard far apart?

One that was caught in flying by—
A little song to cheer the heart;
Like the voice of a bird, on branches high,
Deep in a forest, far apart.

One that has come like morning air—
A little song to cheer the heart;
Like the breath of a kiss on the brow of care,
Blessing a life that dwells apart.

Sing me that song, O singer of mine,
That little song to cheer the heart:
Whisper it light as a word divine
Unto a watcher far apart.

A MIDSUMMER IDYL.

WITHIN the shade by willows made,
In softest summer weather,
We sat beside the rippling tide—
My love and I together.

Through clouds of white, with softened light,
The harvest moonbeams shimmered;
And on the stream a silvery beam
With diamond luster glimmered.

The summer breeze, from fragrant trees,
Delicious odors brought us;
While sounds from o'er the farther shore
In blended sweetness sought us.

And so we, too,—as in us grew
The sense of peace so gentle—
Attuned our song to Nature's throng,
Beneath the evening's mantle.

We talked not much, but the soft touch
Of hands, and eyes oft meeting,
Told more by far than words declare,
As heart to heart gave greeting.

Then, midnight come, we loitered home,—
Like brother now and sister,
"To cheat surprise and prying eyes"—
Till at the gate I kissed her.

AN EPISODE OF FIDDLETOWN.

II.

BY BRET HARTE.

"WHY, IT'S JOHN! MAMMA—IT'S OUR OLD JOHN!"

WHEN it was fairly known that Mrs. Tretherick had run away, taking Mr. Tretherick's own child with her, there was some excitement and much diversity of opinion in Fiddletown. *The Dutch Flat Intelligencer* openly alluded to the "forcible abduction" of the child with the same freedom, and it is to be feared the same prejudice, with which it had criticised the abductor's poetry. All of Mrs. Tretherick's own sex, and perhaps a few of the opposite sex whose distinctive quality was not, however, very strongly indicated, fully coincided in the views of the *Intelligencer*. The majority, however, evaded the moral issue; that Mrs. Tretherick had shaken the red dust of Fiddletown from her dainty slippers was enough for them to know. They mourned the loss of the fair abductor more than her offense. They promptly rejected Tretherick as an injured husband and disconsolate father, and even went so far as to openly cast discredit upon the sincerity of his grief. They reserved an ironical condolence for Colonel Starbottle, overbearing that excellent man with untimely and demonstrative sympathy in bar-rooms, saloons and other localities not generally deemed favorable to the display of sentiment. "She was alliz a skittish thing Kernel," said one sympathizer with a fine affectation of gloomy concern and great readiness of illustration, "and it's kinder nat'ril thet she'd get away some day and stampede that theer colt; but she should shake *you*, Kernel, thet she should just shake you—is what gits me. And they do say thet you jist hung around thet hotel all night, and pay-rolled them corridors and histed youself up and down them stairs, and meandered in and out o' thet piazzy, and all for nothing?" It was another generous and tenderly commiserating spirit that poured additional oil and wine on the Colonel's wounds. "The boys yer let on thet Mrs. Tretherick prevailed on ye to pack her trunk and a baby over from the house to the stage offis, and that the chap that *did* go off with her thanked you and offered you two short bits and sed ez how he liked your looks and ud employ you agin—and now you say it aint so? Well—I'll tell the

boys it aint so, and I'm glad I met you for stories *do* get round."

Happily for Mrs. Tretherick's reputation, however, the Chinaman in Tretherick's employment, who was the only eye-witness of her flight, stated that she was unaccompanied except by the child. He further deposed that obeying her orders he had stopped the Sacramento coach and secured a passage for herself and child to San Francisco. It was true that Ah Fe's testimony was of no legal value. But nobody doubted it. Even those who were skeptical of the Pagan's ability to recognize the sacredness of the truth admitted his passionless, unprejudiced unconcern. But it would appear from an hitherto unrecorded passage of this veracious chronicle that herein they were mistaken.

It was about six months after the disappearance of Mrs. Tretherick that Ah Fe, while working in Tretherick's lot, was hailed by two passing Chinamen. They were the ordinary mining coolies, equipped with long poles and baskets for their usual pilgrimages. An animated conversation at once ensued between Ah Fe and his brother Mongolians—a conversation characterized by that usual shrill volubility and apparent animosity which was at once the delight and scorn of the intelligent Caucasian who did not understand a word of it. Such at least was the feeling with which Mr. Tretherick on his veranda and Col. Starbottle, who was passing, regarded their heathenish jargon. The gallant Colonel simply kicked them out of his way; the irate Tretherick with an oath threw a stone at the group and dispersed them. But not before one or two slips of yellow rice paper marked with hieroglyphics were exchanged, and a small parcel put into Ah Fe's hands. When Ah Fe opened this, in the dim solitude of his kitchen, he found a little girl's apron, freshly washed, ironed and folded. On the corner of the hem were the initials "C. T." Ah Fe tucked it away in a corner of his blouse, and proceeded to wash his dishes in the sink with a smile of guileless satisfaction.

Two days after this Ah Fe confronted his master. "Me no likee Fiddletown. Me belly sick. Me go now." Mr. Tretherick violently suggested a profane locality. Ah Fe gazed at him placidly and withdrew.

Before leaving Fiddletown, however, he accidentally met Col. Starbottle and dropped a few incoherent phrases which apparently interested that gentleman. When he concluded, the Col. handed him a letter and a twenty-dollar gold piece. "If you bring me an answer I'll double that—Sabe, John?" Ah Fe nodded. An interview equally accidental, with precisely the same result, took place between Ah Fe and another gentleman, whom I suspect to have been the youthful editor of the *Avalanche*. Yet I regret to state that, after proceeding some distance on his journey, Ah Fe calmly broke the seals of both letters, and after trying to read them upside down and sideways, finally divided them into accurate squares, and in this condition disposed of them to a brother Celestial whom he met on the road for a trifling gratuity. The agony of Col. Starbottle on finding his wash-bill made out on the unwritten side of one of these squares, and delivered to him with his weekly clean clothes, and the subsequent discovery that the remaining portions of his letter were circulated by the same method from the Chinese laundry of one Fung Ti of Fiddletown has been described to me as peculiarly affecting. Yet I am satisfied that a higher nature, rising above the levity induced by the mere contemplation of the insignificant details of this breach of trust, would find ample retributive justice in the difficulties that subsequently attended Ah Fe's pilgrimage.

On the road to Sacramento he was twice playfully thrown from the top of the stage-coach by an intelligent but deeply intoxicated Caucasian, whose moral nature was shocked at riding with one addicted to opium smoking. At Hangtown he was beaten by a passing stranger—purely an act of Christian supererogation. At Dutch Flat he was robbed by well-known hands from unknown motives. At Sacramento he was arrested on suspicion of being something or other and discharged with a severe reprimand—possibly for not being it, and so delaying the course of justice. At San Francisco he was freely stoned by children of the public schools, but by carefully avoiding these monuments of enlightened progress he at last reached in comparative safety the Chinese quarters, where his abuse was confined to the police and limited by the strong arm of the law.

The next day he entered the wash-house of Chy Fook as an assistant, and on the following Friday was sent with a basket of clean clothes to Chy Fook's several clients.

It was the usual foggy afternoon as he climbed the long wind-swept hill of California street—one of those bleak gray intervals that made the summer a misnomer to any but the liveliest San Franciscan fancy. There was no warmth or color in earth or sky; no light nor shade within or without, only one monotonous,

universal neutral tint over everything. There was a fierce unrest in the wind-whipped streets, there was a dreary vacant quiet in the gray houses. When Ah Fe reached the top of the hill the Mission ridge was already hidden, and the chill sea-breeze made him shiver. As he put down his basket to rest himself, it is possible that to his defective intelligence and heathen experience this "God's own climate," as it was called, seemed to possess but scant tenderness, softness or mercy. But it is possible that Ah Fe illogically confounded this season with his old persecutors, the school children, who, being released from studious confinement, at this hour were generally most aggressive. So he hastened on, and, turning a corner, at last stopped before a small house.

It was the usual San Franciscan urban cottage. There was the little strip of cold green shrubbery before it; the chilly bare veranda, and above this again the grim balcony on which no one sat. Ah Fe rang the bell; a servant appeared, glanced at his basket, and reluctantly admitted him as if he were some necessary domestic animal. Ah Fe silently mounted the stairs, and, entering the open door of the front chamber, put down the basket and stood passively on the threshold.

A woman who was sitting in the cold gray light of the window, with a child in her lap, rose listlessly and came toward him. Ah Fe instantly recognized Mrs. Tretherick, but not a muscle of his immobile face changed, nor did his slant eyes lighten as he met her own placidly. She evidently did not recognize him as she began to count the clothes. But the child, curiously examining him, suddenly uttered a short glad cry,

"Why it's John! Mamma—it's our old John what we had in Fiddletown."

For an instant Ah Fe's eyes and teeth electrically lightened. The child clapped her hands and caught at his blouse. Then he said, shortly, "Me John—Ah Fe—allee same. Me know you. How do?"

Mrs. Tretherick dropped the clothes nervously and looked hard at Ah Fe. Wanting the quick-witted instinct of affection that sharpened Carrie's perception, she even then could not distinguish him above his fellows. With a recollection of past pain and an obscure suspicion of impending danger she asked him when he had left Fiddletown.

"Longee time. No likee Fiddletown, no likee Tlevelick. Likee San Flisco. Likee washee. Likee Tally."

Ah Fe's laconics pleased Mrs. Tretherick. She did not stop to consider how much an imperfect knowledge of English added to his curt directness and sincerity. But she said, "Don't tell anybody you have seen me," and took out her pocket-book.

Ah Fe, without looking at it, saw that it was nearly empty. Ah Fe, without examining the apartment, saw that it was scantily furnished. Ah Fe, without removing his eyes from bland vacancy, saw that both Mrs. Tretherick and Carrie were poorly dressed. Yet it is my duty to state that Ah Fe's long fingers closed promptly and firmly over the half-dollar which Mrs. Tretherick extended to him.

Then he began to fumble in his blouse with a series of extraordinary contortions. After a few moments he extracted from apparently no particular place a child's apron, which he laid upon the basket with the remark,

"One piecee washman flagittee."

Then he began anew his fumblings and contortions. At last his efforts were rewarded by his producing, apparently from his right ear, a many-folded piece of tissue paper. Unwrapping this carefully, he at last disclosed two twenty-dollar gold pieces, which he handed to Mrs. Tretherick.

"You leavee money top side of blulow, Fiddletown, me findee money. Me fetchee money to you. All lightee."

"But I left no money on the top of the bureau, John," said Mrs. Tretherick earnestly. "There must be some mistake. It belongs to some other person. Take it back, John."

Ah Fe's brow darkened. He drew away from Mrs. Tretherick's extended hand and began hastily to gather up his basket.

"Me no takee back. No, no. Bimeby pleesman he catchee me! He say 'God damn thief—catchee flowty dollar—come to jailee.' Me no takee back. You leavee money top side blulow, Fiddletown. Me fetchee money you. Me no takee back."

Mrs. Tretherick hesitated. In the confusion of her flight she *might* have left the money in the manner he had said. In any event she had no right to jeopardize this honest Chinaman's safety by refusing it. So she said, "Very well, John, I will keep it. But you must come again and see me"—here Mrs. T. hesitated with a new and sudden revelation of the fact that any man could wish to see any other than herself,—"and, and—Carry!"

Ah Fe's face lightened. He even uttered a short ventriloquistic laugh without moving his mouth. Then shouldering his basket he shut the door carefully and slid quietly down stairs. In the lower hall he however found an unexpected difficulty in opening the front door, and after fumbling vainly at the lock

or a moment, looked around for some help r instruction. But the Irish handmaid who ad let him in was contemptuously oblivious f his needs and did not appear.

There occurred a mysterious and painful ncident which I shall simply record without ttempting to explain. On the hall table a carf, evidently the property of the servant be- ore alluded to, was lying. As Ah Fe tried he lock with one hand, the other rested ghtly on the table. Suddenly, and apparent- of its own volition, the scarf began to creep owly towards Ah Fe's hand. From Ah Fe's and it began to creep up his sleeve, slowly nd with an insinuating, snake-like motion, nd then disappeared somewhere in the re- esses of his blouse. Without betraying the ast interest or concern in this phenomenon, h Fe still repeated his experiments upon the ck. A moment later the table-cloth of red amask, moved by apparently the same mys- rious impulse, slowly gathered itself under h Fe's fingers and sinuously disappeared by e same hidden channel. What further ystery might have followed, I cannot say, r at this moment Ah Fe discovered the secret the lock, and was enabled to open the oor coincident with the sound of footsteps on the kitchen stairs. Ah Fe did not hasten s movements, but patiently shouldering his asket, closed the door carefully behind him gain, and stepped forth into the thick encom- assing fog that now shrouded earth and sky.

From her high casement window Mrs. retherick watched Ah Fe's figure until it dis- ppeared in the gray cloud. In her present neliness she felt a keen sense of gratitude ward him, and may have ascribed to the gher emotions and the consciousness of a od deed that certain expansiveness of the est and swelling of the bosom that was really e to the hidden presence of the scarf d tablecloth under his blouse. For Mrs. retherick was still poetically sensitive. s the gray fog deepened into night she ew Carrie closer towards her and above the attle of the child pursued a vein of senti- ental and egotistic recollection at once tter and dangerous. The sudden apparition Ah Fe linked her again with her past life at ddletown. Over the dreary interval between e was now wandering—a journey so piteous, llful, thorny and useless, that it was no won- r that at last Carrie stopped suddenly in e midst of her voluble confidences to row her small arms around the woman's ck and bid her not to cry.

Heaven forefend that I should use a pen at should be ever dedicated to an exposi- tion of unalterable moral principle to trans- cribe Mrs. Tretherick's own theory of this interval and episode, with its feeble palliations, its illogical deductions, its fond excuses and weak apologies. It would seem, however, that her experience had been hard. Her slender stock of money was soon exhausted. At Sacramento she found that the composition of verse, although appealing to the highest emotions of the human heart, and compelling the editorial breast to the noblest commendation in the editorial pages, was singularly inadequate to defray the expenses of herself and Carrie. Then she tried the stage, but failed signally. Possibly her conception of the passions was different from that which obtained with a Sacramento audience, but it was certain that her charming presence, so effective at short range, was not sufficiently pronounced for the footlights. She had admirers enough in the green-room, but awakened no abiding affection among the audience. In this strait it occurred to her that she had a voice—a contralto of no very great compass or cultivation, but singularly sweet and touching, and she finally obtained position in a church choir. She held it for three months, greatly to her pecuniary advantage, and, it is said, much to the satisfaction of the gentlemen in the back pews who faced toward her during the singing of the last hymn.

I remember her quite distinctly at this time. The light that slanted through the oriel of St. Dives choir was wont to fall very tenderly on her beautiful head with its stacked masses of deerskin-colored hair, on the low black arches of her brows, and to deepen the pretty fringes that shaded her eyes of Genoa velvet. Very pleasant it was to watch the opening and shutting of that small straight mouth, with its quick revelation of little white teeth, and to see the foolish blood faintly deepen her satin cheek as you watched. For Mrs. Tretherick was very sweetly conscious of admiration, and, like most pretty women, gathered herself under your eye like a racer under the spur.

And then of course there came trouble. I have it from the soprano—a little lady who possessed even more than the usual unprejudiced judgment of her sex—that Mrs. Tretherick's conduct was simply shameful; that her conceit was unbearable; that if she considered the rest of the choir as slaves, she, the soprano, would like to know it; that her conduct on Easter Sunday with the basso had attracted the attention of the whole congregation, and that she herself had noticed Doctor Cope twice look up during the service.

That her, the soprano's, friends had objected to her singing in the choir with a person who had been on the stage, but she had waived this. Yet she had it from the best authority that Mrs. Tretherick had run away from her husband, and that this red-haired child who sometimes came in the choir was not her own. The tenor confided to me, behind the organ, that Mrs. Tretherick had a way of sustaining a note at the end of a line, in order that her voice might linger longer with the congregation—an act that could be attributed only to a defective moral nature. That as a man—he was a very popular dry-goods clerk on week-days, and sang a good deal from apparently behind his eyebrows on the Sabbath—that as a man, sir, he would put up with it no longer. The basso alone—a short German with a heavy voice, for which he seemed reluctantly responsible, and rather grieved at its possession—stood up for Mrs. Tretherick and averred that they were jealous of her because she was "bretty." The climax was at last reached in an open quarrel, wherein Mrs. Tretherick used her tongue with such precision of statement and epithet that the soprano burst into hysterical tears, and had to be supported from the choir by her husband and the tenor. This act was marked intentionally to the congregation by the omission of the usual soprano solo. Mrs. Tretherick went home flushed with triumph, but on reaching her room frantically told Carrie that they were beggars henceforward; that she—her mother—had just taken the very bread out of her darling's mouth, and ended by bursting into a flood of penitent tears. They did not come so quickly as in her old poetical days, but when they came they stung deeply. She was roused by a formal visit from a vestryman—one of the Music Committee. Mrs. Tretherick dried her long lashes, put on a new neck ribbon, and went down to the parlor. She stayed there two hours—a fact that might have occasioned some remark but that the vestryman was married and had a family of grown-up daughters. When Mrs. Tretherick returned to her room, she sang to herself in the glass and scolded Carrie. But she retained her place in the choir.

It was not long, however. In due course of time her enemies received a powerful addition to their forces in the committeeman's wife. That lady called upon several of the church members and on Dr. Cope's family. The result was that at a later meeting of the Music Committee Mrs. Tretherick's voice was declared inadequate to the size of the building and she was invited to resign. She did so. She had been out of a situation for two months and her scant means were almost exhausted when Ah Fe's unexpected treasure was tossed into her lap.

The gray fog deepened into night, and the street lamps started into shivering life as, absorbed in these unprofitable memories, Mrs. Tretherick still sat drearily at her window. Even Carrie had slipped away unnoticed, and her abrupt entrance with the damp evening paper in her hand roused Mrs. Tretherick and brought her back to an active realization of the present. For Mrs. Tretherick was wont to scan the advertisements in the faint hope of finding some avenue of employment—she knew not what—open to her needs, and Carrie had noted this habit.

Mrs. Tretherick mechanically closed the shutters, lit the lights and opened the paper. Her eye fell instinctively on the following paragraph in the telegraphic column:—

"Fiddletown, 7th. Mr. James Tretherick, an old resident of this place, died last night of delirium tremens. Mr. Tretherick was addicted to intemperate habits, said to have been induced by domestic trouble."

Mrs. Tretherick did not start. She quietly turned over another page of the paper and glanced at Carrie. The child was absorbed in a book. Mrs. Tretherick uttered no word but during the remainder of the evening was unusually silent and cold. When Carrie was undressed and in bed, Mrs. Tretherick suddenly dropped on her knees beside the bed and taking Carrie's flaming head between her hands, said,

"Should you like to have another papa, Carrie, darling?"

"No," said Carrie, after a moment's thought.

"But a papa to help mamma take care of you—to love you, to give you nice clothes to make a lady of you when you grow up?"

Carrie turned her sleepy eyes toward the questioner. "Should *you*, mamma?"

Mrs. Tretherick suddenly flushed to the roots of her hair. "Go to sleep," she said sharply, and turned away.

But at midnight the child felt two white arms close tightly around her, and was drawn down into a bosom that heaved, fluttered and at last was broken up by sobs.

"Don't ky, mamma," whispered Carrie with a vague retrospect of their recent conversation. "Don't ky. I fink I *should* like new papa if he loved you very much—very very much!"

A month afterward, to everybody's astonishment, Mrs. Tretherick was married. The happy bridegroom was one Col. Starbottle, recently elected to represent Calaveras County in the legislative councils of the State. As I cannot record the event in finer language than that used by the correspondent of the *Sacramento Globe*, I venture to quote some of his graceful periods. "The relentless shafts of the sly god have been lately busy among our gallant Solons. We quote 'one more unfortunate.' The latest victim is the Hon. A. Starbottle of Calaveras. The fair enchantress in the case is a beautiful widow—a former votary of Thespis and lately a fascinating St. Cecilia of one of the most fashionable churches of San Francisco, where she commanded a high salary."

The *Dutch Flat Intelligencer* saw fit, however, to comment upon the fact with that humorous freedom characteristic of an unfettered press. "The new Democratic war-horse from Calaveras has lately advented in the Legislature with a little bill to change the name of Tretherick to Starbottle. They call it a marriage certificate down there. Mr. Tretherick has been dead just one month, but we presume the gallant Col. is not afraid of ghosts." It is but just to Mrs. Tretherick to state that the Colonel's victory was by no means an easy one. To a natural degree of coyness on the part of the lady was added the impediment of a rival—a prosperous undertaker from Sacramento, who had first seen and loved Mrs. Tretherick at the theater and church; his professional habits debarring him from ordinary social intercourse and indeed any other than the most formal public contact with the sex. As this gentleman had made a snug fortune during the felicitous prevalence of a severe epidemic, the Colonel regarded him as a dangerous rival. Fortunately, however, the undertaker was called in professionally to lay out a brother Senator who had unhappily fallen by the Colonel's pistol in an affair of honor, and either deterred by physical considerations from rivalry, or wisely concluding that the Colonel was professionally valuable, he withdrew from the field.

The honeymoon was brief, and brought to a close by an untoward incident. During their bridal trip Carrie had been placed in the charge of Col. Starbottle's sister. On their return to the city, immediately on reaching their lodgings, Mrs. Starbottle announced her intention of at once proceeding to Mrs. Pulpepper's to bring the child home. Col. Starbottle, who had been exhibiting for some time a certain uneasiness which he had endeavored to overcome by repeated stimulation, finally buttoned his coat tightly across his breast, and after walking unsteadily once or twice up and down the room, suddenly faced his wife with his most imposing manner.

"I have deferred," said the Colonel, with an exaggeration of port that increased with his inward fear, and a growing thickness of speech, "I have deferr—I may say poshponed statement o' fack thash my duty ter dishclose ter ye. I did no wish to mar sushine mushal happ'ness—to bligh bud o' promise, to darken conjuglar sky by unpleasht revelashun. Musht be done—by G—d, m'm, musht do it now. The chile is gone!"

"Gone!" echoed Mrs. Starbottle.

There was something in the tone of her voice—in the sudden drawing together of the pupils of her eyes, that for a moment nearly sobered the Colonel and partly collapsed his chest.

"I'll splain all in a minit," he said with a deprecating wave of the hand, "everything shall be splained. The-the-the-melencholly event wish preshipitate our happ'ness—the myster'us prov'nice wish releash you—releash chile! hunerstan?—releash chile. The mom't Tretherick die—all claim you have in chile through him—die too. Thash law. Whose chile b'long to? Tretherick? Tretherick dead. Chile can't b'long dead man. Damn nonshense b'long dead man. I'sh your chile? no! who's chile then? Chile b'long to 'ts mother. Unnerstan?"

"Where is she?" said Mrs. Starbottle, with a very white face and a very low voice.

"I'll 'splain all. Chile b'long to'ts mother. Thash law. I'm lawyer, leshlator, and Ammerican sis'n. Ish my duty as lawyer, as leshlator, and 'merikan sis'n to reshtore chile to suff'rin mother at any coss—any coss."

"Where is she?" repeated Mrs. Starbottle with her eyes still fixed on the Colonel's face.

"Gone to'ts m'o'r. Gone East on Shteamer yesserday. Waffed by fav'rin gales to suff'rin p'rent. Thash so!"

Mrs. Starbottle did not move. The Colonel felt his chest slowly collapsing but steadied himself against a chair, and endeavored to beam with chivalrous gallantry not unmixed with magisterial firmness upon her as she sat.

"Your feelin's, m'm, do honor to yer sex, but conshider situashun. Conshider m'ors feelings—conshider *my* feelin's." The Colonel paused, and flourishing a white handkerchief placed it negligently in his breast, and then

smiled tenderly above it, as over laces and ruffles, on the woman before him. "Why should dark shedder cass bligh on two sholes with single beat? Chile's fine chile, good chile, but summonelse chile! chile's gone, Clar'; but all ish'n't gone, Clar'. Conshider dearesht, you all's have me!"

Mrs. Starbottle started to her feet. "*You!*" she cried, bringing out a chest note that made the chandeliers ring, "You that I married to give my darling food and clothes. *You!* a dog that I whistled to my side to keep the men off me! *You!*"

She choked up, and then dashed past him into the inner room which had been Carrie's; then she swept by him again into her own bed-room, and then suddenly reappeared before him erect, menacing, with a burning fire over her cheek-bones, a quick straightening of her arched brows and mouth, a squaring of jaw and ophidian flattening of the head.

"Listen!" she said, in a hoarse half-grown boy's voice. "Hear me! If you ever expect to set eyes on me again you must find the child. If you ever expect to speak to me again—to touch me—you must bring her back. For where she goes, I go—you hear me!—where she has gone, look for me!"

She struck out past him again, with a quick feminine throwing out of her arms from the elbows down, as if freeing herself from some imaginary bonds, and dashing into her chamber slammed and locked the door. Colonel Starbottle, although no coward, stood in superstitious fear of an angry woman, and recoiling as she swept by, lost his unsteady foothold and rolled helplessly on the sofa. Here, after one or two unsuccessful attempts to regain his foothold, he remained, uttering from time to time profane but not entirely coherent or intelligible protests until at last he succumbed to the exhausting quality of his emotions, and the narcotic quantity of his potations.

Meantime, within, Mrs. Starbottle was excitedly gathering her valuables and packing her trunk, even as she had done once before in the course of this remarkable history. Perhaps some recollection of this was in her mind, for she stopped to lean her burning cheeks upon her hand, as if she saw again the figure of the child standing in the doorway, and heard once more a childish voice asking, "Is it mamma?" But the epithet now stung her to the quick, and with a quick, passionate gesture she dashed it away with a tear that had gathered in her eye. And then it chanced that in turning over some clothes she came upon the child's slipper with a broken sandal string. She uttered a great cry here—the first she had uttered—and caught it to her breast, kissing it passionately again and again, and rocking from side to side with a motion peculiar to her sex. And then she took it to the window, the better to see it through her now streaming eyes. Here she was taken with a sudden fit of coughing that she could not stifle with the handkerchief she put to her feverish lips. And then she suddenly grew very faint, the window seemed to recede before her, the floor to sink beneath her feet, and staggering to the bed, she fell prone upon it with the sandal and handkerchief pressed to her breast. Her face was quite pale, the orbit of her eyes dark, and there was a spot upon her lip, another on her handkerchief and still another on the white counterpane of the bed.

The wind had risen, rattling the window sashes, and swaying the white curtains in a ghostly way. Later, a gray fog stole softly over the roofs, soothing the wind-roughened surfaces, and enwrapping all things in an uncertain light and a measureless peace. She lay there very quiet,—for all her troubles, still a very pretty bride. And on the other side of the bolted door the gallant bridegroom, from his temporary couch, snored peacefully.

(To be continued.)

MODERN SKEPTICISM.

SECOND PAPER.

WHAT OUR THEOLOGIANS CAN DO ABOUT IT.

It will be remembered, then, that by modern skepticism, as defined in our preceding paper, we mean specifically not only that negative disbelief in Christianity, but also that positive belief in some form of religious faith or another hostile to Christianity, now so alarmingly prevalent in all the transatlantic Christian countries. It will be remembered

also that we have pointed out at length the startling fact that—thanks to the seeds already so generously sown for years among us by such leading European skeptics as Strauss, Rénan, Darwin, Huxley, Seeley, Herbert Spencer, Tyndall, and the like—not only are our reading and thinking masses most thoroughly prepared for the more or less full reception of the cardinal antichristian tenets of these skeptics, but also that these masses have already very widely embraced those tenets.

Nor is this the worst; both these skeptics in person, and also their disciples, are busy night and day, and that by the formal volume, by the lecture, by the essay, by the poem, and by the very novel, to spread the flames of unbelief already fairly started. And while the Christian faith and system have not indeed thus far been so fearfully ravaged here in America, as they have already been ravaged in Germany and France and England, still if the Christian faith and system are not within the coming decade or two to be most fearfully ravaged here in America, then, as we have already intimated, intelligent, prompt and efficient action must be taken by both the Christian laity and clergy to prevent so deplorable an issue.

In undertaking intelligently to deal with modern skepticism, the American clergy should first of all endeavor most carefully to avoid all those more disastrous mistakes which were doubtless originally made by nearly all the clergy on the other side.

For example: "The learned prelates talk," said Froude in 1863, "of the presumptuousness of human reason; they tell us that doubts arise from the consciousness of sin, and the pride of the unregenerate heart." "They treat intellectual difficulties as if they deserved rather to be condemned and punished than considered and weighed." "And they affect, therefore, to drown in foolish ridicule whatever troubles or displeases them."

But those Christian men of thoughtfulness and culture who, throughout Europe, even so early as 1863, had been more or less unsettled in their religious faith by the leading modern skeptics, were in no mood or temper to submit to such a course of treatment. "Inasmuch as the clergy tell them," retorted Froude, "that the safety of their souls depends on the correctness of their opinions, they [the laity] dare not close their eyes to the questions which are being asked in louder and even louder tones." "The time is past for repression, . . . and the only remedy is a full and fair investigation." "The conservative theologians of England have carried silence to the point of indiscretion."

Forced thus to make some specific recognition of "the sincere perplexities of honest minds," now everywhere prevailing among Christians concerning many of the most fundamental features of Christianity, the next blunder of the English clergy was the proclamation that all this so-called modern skepticism was but a resurrection, in a slightly altered form and guise, of the dead and buried issues of the heresy-teeming past. "The Archbishop of Canterbury refers us," says Froude again, "to Usher as our guide. . . . The objections of the present generations of 'infidels,' he says, are the same which have been refuted again and again, and are such as a child might answer."

"The Church authorities still refuse to look their difficulties in the face; they prescribe for mental troubles the established doses of Paley and Pearson. . . . But it will not avail. Their pupils grow to manhood and fight the battle for themselves, unaided by those who ought to have stood by them in trial, and could not, or would not; and the bitterness of those conflicts, and the end of most of them in heart-broken uncertainty, or careless indifference, is too notorious to all who care to know about such things."

The truth is, that, so far from being but a resurrection in a slightly altered form and guise of the dead and buried issues of the heresy-teeming past, modern skepticism is preëminently a matter of the present, as distinguished from the past. Even in some of its most antiquated phases, *e.g.*, as it is presented to us in the original *Life of Jesus*, by Dr. Strauss, modern skepticism is not yet forty years old; and it is only within the past year that the veteran Strauss himself has given to the Christian world, in the *Old and New Faith*,—an American edition of which is just announced,—the final outcome of his religious system. Darwinism is not yet through with its first heated stages of controversy with Christianity; and it will not be perhaps before the next generation that its final issues, especially with the Christian views of Scripture, will come accurately to be comprehended. Rénan's *Vie de Jésus*, despite its almost universal circulation and reviewing, is yet so far in advance of its age, that very few have perhaps thus far even suspected what perfectly tremendous questions concerning Christ and Christianity it raises for the ultimate religious thinker hereafter to settle at his leisure. *Ecce Homo* presents us with still another aspect of antichristian specula-

tion, thus far so little known to be an antichristian aspect, that we very much question whether the Christian clergy have altogether ceased its proclamation from the pulpit as a sort of better giving of the Christian gospels, or the learned Christian reviewers altogether discontinued its laudation as a truly Christian contribution to our modern stores of thought. Herbert Spencer and his disciples, also, are at this very moment crowding the presses of both Europe and America with the gradual development of that entire antichristian system. Christian clergymen, in short, who in these days talk of modern skepticism as but a sort of resurrection of the dead and buried unbelief of other days, should also, and in the same breath, learn to speak of the steam-engine as but a sort of resurrected stage-coach, and of the telegraph as only a sort of altered post-boy. And not only so, but as will hereafter more and more appear, you might precisely as well administer your "established doses of Paley and Pearson," and the other obsolete apologists, to a very lamp-post, as administer them to any man whatever who has been once honestly and thoroughly made sick with the deep religious doubts peculiar to the present epoch.

But no sooner had the English clergy begun dimly to discover this, than they made another fatal blunder. If—for thus they seem to have reasoned—if the "established doses of Paley and Pearson" will not answer, more of the creed and more of the catechism surely will. But what was the result of the experiment? "While," says the Duke of Somerset, by way of answer, "our clergy are insisting on dogmatic theology, skepticism pervades the whole atmosphere of thought, leads the most learned societies, colors the religious literature of the day, and even mounts into the pulpits of the Church."

And worthy of record also, in this connection, is the cognate mistake made by the Archbishop of Canterbury, as quoted by Froude above, in his implied supposition that there is some mysterious logical force now carried against the religious teachings of the leading modern skeptics merely by saying, or even showing, that these skeptics are but "the present generation of infidels." Times were, indeed, when Christendom over, it was accepted almost in lieu of a valid refutation of an opinion to say it was heretical, or of a volume to say its author was an infidel. But those days are not these. So far otherwise: "Skepticism," says the Duke of Somerset again, "has been naturalized in modern society, and will not be repressed by denunciations against infidelity, or by the lamentations of sentimental piety." Professor Seeley informs us, for example, that being "dissatisfied with the current conceptions of Christ," he felt "obliged to reconsider the whole subject from the beginning, . . . and accept those conclusions about him, not which Church doctors or even apostles have sealed with their authority, but which the facts themselves, critically weighed, appear to warrant." In other words, it has very widely ceased to be of even the slightest interest to those disturbed in their religious faith, whether an opinion is orthodox or infidel. These terms imply that the opinion is to be tested by a certain religious standard, as by a given creed, or catechism, or sacred book. But what the men referred to now want to know is not what a creed, or a catechism, or even a Bible teaches, but merely what is true. To tell these men what "Church doctors or even apostles have sealed with their authority," *per se*, amounts to nothing. To tell them what the very Bible has to say about a mooted matter, *per se*, amounts to nothing also. For, to waive the question of the Old Testament and the epistolary portions of the New, altogether, Froude plumply told us in a passage cited in our opening paper, that "the truth of the gospel history is now more widely doubted in Europe than at any time since the conversion of Constantine." And so it doubtless is, not in Europe only, but also throughout the Christian world. That is to say, there is now no longer set up in the minds of the men at large who are the most deeply and the most hopelessly plunged into doubts and disbeliefs about the Christian faith and system, any fixed standard whatever by which to test the truth or falsity of any given view. If the very gospels denounce to such men a given view as heretical or false, the gospels must remember that they are themselves now on trial before these very men on the score of their own veracity.

In undertaking to deal intelligently, therefore, with the deep religious doubts now awakened in multitudes of Christian minds by the leading modern skeptics, the American clergy, avoiding some of the earlier and more disastrous mistakes made by nearly all the European clergy, will remember that these doubts can neither be set aside as puerile or trifling, nor yet can be referred either to the presumptuousness of human reason, or to the consciousness of sin, or to the pride of the unregenerate heart, but must, on the other hand, be promptly recognized as earnest and honest intellectual difficulties of

deeply thoughtful men. These doubts must accordingly be considered and weighed, not threatened with punishment or drowned in foolish ridicule. Nor must it be assumed that they appertain merely to objections against Christianity, which have already been refuted again and again, and which are only such as a child might answer, whereas the fact is that many of those objections are not so much as accurately comprehended by one out of a thousand of the professional theologians; while every one of them is the product of the most profound thinkers and the most accomplished scholars. And while, on the one hand, it is furthermore remembered how utterly impossible it is that those who have been made soul-sick with these modern religious doubts and fears should be cured of their spiritual ailment by "the established doses of Paley and Pearson," and the other obsolete apologists, it must not, on the other hand, be forgotten that, the whole pharmacopœia of dogmatic theology having been exhausted upon them, their case would still be quite as bad, or even worse than ever. Nor is it what these poor souls are longing after merely to be told, or even shown, whether this or that opinion is heretical or orthodox, but what they wish alone to know is whether it is true or false. And in determining this question it is utterly in vain to cite them, whether to the creed, or to the catechism, or even to the Scriptures, as a test or standard. All the traditional religious tests and standards of truth extant in Christendom are now, and that without exception, themselves on trial to see if *they* are true or false.

But, in addition to avoiding the mistakes already specified of the European clergy in dealing with the mooted matters started by the leading modern skeptics, a positive preparation is demanded before any old-school theologian whatever, or any theologian developed under the influences of the old-school theology, can hope for a single instant with the new schools of antichristian thought, either intelligently or successfully. The European clergy seem to have started out upon the assumption that they could extemporize their extinction of the influence over Christians of "the present generation of infidels." Just here indeed was doubtless the most fruitful source,—the very fountain-head, in fact,—of all their early blunders; and not merely of those blunders already instanced, but of many more beside. Thus, says Froude: "They do not meet the real difficulties; they misstate them, misrepresent them, claim victories over adversaries with whom they have never even crossed swords, and leap to conclusions with a precipitancy at which we can only smile." "We find only when we turn to their writings that loud promises end in no performance; that the chief object which they set before themselves is to avoid difficult ground; and that the points on which we most cry out for satisfaction, are passed over in silence, or are disposed of with ineffectual commonplaces."

But why was this? Assuredly not because the English clergy had the slightest suspicion that they were disposing of the modern skeptics, even in the estimation of the intelligent Christian partisan, only after such a very foolish and superficial fashion. They simply did not know either what their work was, or how they were to set about it. Born and bred, as they had been, enlisted, trained, disciplined and equipped, as they had been, for quite another kind of warfare, what could they do? Ready to go forth, that is to say, and clash and clatter their valiant weapons for the thousandth time against the anathematized dead-bones in the great valley of the past heresies, when called upon suddenly to take the field against the living schools of antichristian thought—they could but strike about them little more than wildly. But the result of course was, as Froude observes, that they "resolved no single difficulty, and they convinced no one not convinced already."

If the American clergy, therefore, do not desire merely to repeat *this* early *faux pas*, also, of the English clergy in their opposition to the modern skeptics, then the American clergy must resist these modern skeptics not without a special preparation.

The first thing, of course, for them to do is to single out, and study out, in all their essential features, these transatlantic foes to Christ, so that they always accurately and unerringly know them when they meet them, and that too under whatsoever American disguises they may be wearing. This is by no means to intimate either that there do not exist among us any purely indigenous forms of skepticism; or that these forms of skepticism do not demand from us a specific, intelligent and prompt attention. But what we mean to say and emphasize is this, that the really indigenous forms of skepticism now extant among us are not the transatlantic forms. It hence results that if any American clergyman means to hit these latter forms specifically, and does not expect at the same time to be firing away his shot always more or less at random among an hundred other forms, then that American clergyman must single out

and study out the trans-atlantic forms themselves, until he never can by any possibility mistake his man whenever, and wherever, and under whatsoever American disguises he meets him in the field of battle. Let the reader, for example, compare the lectures delivered in Boston in 1870 and 1871, by a number of the most eminent clergymen of New England, on *Christianity and Skepticism* with the lectures delivered by President McCosh in New York in 1870, on *Christianity and Positivism.* The former lectures will be found to be a sort of general, and almost indiscriminate broadside discharged against all sorts and kinds of skepticism now extant among us,—foreign, indigenous and mixed,—with sundry scattering shots to spare also for those other sorts and kinds not still extant among us, but long since dead both here and everywhere beside in living, thinking minds. The lectures of President McCosh, on the other hand, are aimed much more specifically at some of the more prominent and the more momentous forms of transatlantic antichristian thought. Excepting now and then a side shell, and chiefly at the Bostoners, almost his entire discharge is steadily thundered away only at the leading European skeptics.

But to him who undertakes, in anything like a masterly way, to put himself in a position accurately to know, and intelligently to grapple with, the leading antichristian writers from the other side, no foolish thought of child's play must for a single instant be indulged in. So far otherwise, listen for a moment to Rénan's account of his production of the *Vie de Jésus.* "By day and by night," says he, "I have reflected on these questions." "I believe I have neglected among ancient authorities no source of information." "To the reading of the text I have been able to add a fresh source of light, an examination of the places in which the events occurred....Since my return I have labored incessantly to verify and to test in detail the sketch which I had written in haste in a Maronite hut, with five or six volumes around me." More recently he remarks: "During the four years elapsing since the book originally appeared, I have labored incessantly to improve it. The numerous criticisms to which it has given rise have rendered in certain respects the task an easy one. I have read all having the least importance. I think I can conscientiously affirm that in no case have the outrage and calumny mingled with them prevented me from deriving advantage from every good suggestion which these strictures have contained. I have weighed all, tested all."

It is in this truly scholarly and laborious spirit, therefore, that Rénan, originally bringing to bear upon his task one of the most brilliant and accomplished minds in Europe, has likewise fairly toiled upon his *Vie de Jésus*, reflecting upon his subject day and night, neglecting no source of information in the whole range of literature, ancient or modern, exploring, in addition, the entire evangelical province, before giving his volume to the world; and after that, even, steadily searching for four entire years together through an immense and wearisome mass of criticisms, however outrageous and calumnious, for valuable suggestions, in view of which to give his work its final casting.

And what is thus true of Rénan's *Vie de Jésus*, is more or less equally true of Seeley's *Ecce Homo*, of Darwin's *Origin of Species*, of Herbert Spencer's *First Principles*, and of all other antichristian volumes, whether of these or other European authors, which have produced a powerful, wide-spread and permanent impression upon the minds of thoughtful men throughout the length and breadth of Christendom. These works have had not merely first-class genius, but long time, and deep thought, and thorough research, and the most painstaking labor, put upon them. And however thorough a master any American clergyman may be in all that makes up the triumphant Christian champion when he has merely to deal either with the infidels of by-gone epochs, or even with the various forms of still living skepticism indigenous to our own country, when he comes instead to stand confronted with any first-class antichristian leader from the other side,—at that instant, we say, only first-class genius, long time, deep thought, thorough research, and the most painstaking labor, can place the American clergyman at all upon an equal footing with the foeman in the fray. To competent judges,—even to the competent judge who is a Christian partisan,—such stalwart antichristian thinkers as the American clergyman is now supposed to measure weapons with, always cut about them with an equal ease and triumph among the merely theological empty-heads and fluent talkers. These foemen of the Christian faith must accordingly not merely be met by this latter class of theologians,—who will, however, be of course among the very first to take the field and fill it with their worse than idle clamor—but they must also be met, and, if possible, overmatched, and so over-mastered, by those

ther theologians among us who are at once ur very ablest thinkers, and at the same me our very finest scholars.

But when these last-mentioned theologians nce fairly undertake their task of prepara- on to meet the modern skeptics, great in- eed must be the patient toil they calmly at themselves to undergo, and that for a ason in a perfect silence.

During this season of initial toil and silence, ast and varied schemes of antichristian spec- lation, as presented in the formal volume, ust first of all be calmly under-thought, and, possible, out-thought. After that, and as e second stage of preparation, all these hemes of thought referred to must likewise e traced out in all their more essential forms, nd through all their countless ramifications, every department of the higher realms of uropean culture, as well as literature. ruly—*hoc opus hic labor est!* Fortunate is e, indeed, who, after many a quiet month, and ven many a quiet year of hidden and voice- ss study, begins at length to feel that he an not merely speak, but *so* speak, that, while s religious partisans will of course reward m with their plaudits, the modern skeptics ill themselves attend to what he says, and at because he forces their attention.

From this very special, this very prolonged, nd this very patient preparation, thus de- anded by the American clergy, intelligently nd successfully to cope with the leading forms transatlantic antichristian thought, it first all results that those of the clergy in ques- on who are actively engaged in the ordinary ties of their calling, have little more to do an merely to keep the whole matter alto- ther from the pulpit. The requisite time make the preparation instanced, it is sim- y impossible for them to secure by the ere snatches at study which alone are open them amidst their constant prior calls and res; whereas the common twaddle of those o,—utterly unprepared, utterly unable, in t, to give an accurate distinction whether tween a Strauss and Rénan, or between a arwin and a Herbert Spencer, or even be- een a Seeley and a Christian author,—the mmon twaddle of all such theologians, we y, is worse than idle nonsense. It may, in- ed, earn for them the cheap praise of the ig- rant religious zealot who passes under the me of Christian; but it can only pain the ally well informed among the friends of hrist, while it but disgusts the honest and oughtful skeptic. "No doubt," as Mr. owle observes, "it is a tempting thing to ount a big pulpit, and then and there, with much intellectual pomp, to slay the absent infidel—absent [that is] . . . from the preacher's argument." But, for the reasons suggested, it is to be most devoutly hoped that our average American practical pastors will hereafter leave all that sort of empty gasconading to the average practical pastors of other Christian countries.

Indeed, even in those comparatively exceptional cases where the preacher is unquestionably more or less fully competent to handle his questions like a master, silence, or comparative silence, in the pulpit would still seem, on the whole, to be the better practice. For, to begin with, no masterly handling whatever of any given vital question now at issue between Christianity and modern skepticism, can be at all successfully carried forward before a merely popular audience, such as composes the common Christian congregation. What it has cost the silent scholar many a long month, and perhaps many a long year, of the profoundest thinking and the most exhaustive researches to produce, cannot possibly be comprehended even by the most cultured Sabbath hearer at a single sitting; whereas, to the average Sabbath hearer, it will be of course the merest mass of mental chaos. Besides, Froude, as it appears to us, would plainly make far too little of "the creditable reluctance to disturb by discussion the minds of the uneducated, or half educated." It is very true, indeed, as he alleges, that "the uncertainty which once affected only the more instructed, extends now to all classes." But while the masses are doubtless thus unsettled more or less in their religious faith by the leading modern skeptics, they are the reading and thinking masses, as distinguished from those other masses congregated in our churches on the Sabbath. Nor should the practical preacher furthermore forget that other, and that very considerable proportion of his hearers, to whom all thoughts of question as it concerns their personal religious belief is positively painful: much more, to whom all discussion of the grounds of that belief is almost beyond endurance. Why should these latter parishioners be forced to sit and hear what to them is little short of torture?

Exceptional preachers, and exceptional parishes, therefore, excluded from the calculation, not in the pulpit, but rather through the press as distinguished from the pulpit, these matters should, as the guiding rule, be settled. Able discussions thrown out through the press, can not only be studied and mastered by the

cultured Christian scholar at his perfect leisure; they can also be freely circulated among those very reading and thinking Christian masses who are unsettled by the modern skeptics; while, at the same time, they are not rudely and almost cruelly inflicted upon those other Christian masses who are neither thus themselves unsettled, nor yet could hear without a pious shudder that such a thing is possible even in the case of others.

Moreover, as a mere matter of moral obligation, the active clergy have always the right to remember the fact developed in our prior paper, namely, that, speaking in the outline, it is not by the pulpit, but rather by the press, that all these recent fundamental troubles in religion have been both originated and disseminated throughout the Christian world.

Upon those American clergymen chiefly, therefore, who are connected, not primarily with the pulpit, but, whether as editors or as authors, with the press of this country, there devolves at once a very grave responsibility. With a strong tide of transatlantic antichristian thought already rushing like a mental mill-race through every possible or conceivable channel of American literature, and a perfect tidal-wave of that same antichristian thought already visible to the discerning eye in the not distant horizon, and steadily surging onward to our shores; either as strong a Christian counter-tide of thought, either as massive and mighty a Christian counter-wave of argument, must be promptly set running in those self-same channels, or else there is soon to be a terrible on-sweeping and out-sweeping of Christian faith and hope from among the reading and thinking masses of this nation, as well as on the other side.

Thus far, however, with exceptions almost as rare as angels' visits, the American clergy connected with the world of letters have been offering rather a babbling rush of irrelevant talking than a strong and steady counter-current of solid and honest thinking, rather a brilliant and flashing crest of half-angry foaming than a deep and calm and massive counter-tidal argument, to the leading modern skeptics. When will not only this end, but better things begin?

No one, indeed, is in all this thus far in the least reprehensible; for thus far, with here and there most honorable exceptions, almost no American clergyman connected with the world of letters has at all adequately suspected in the midst of what life-and-death issues connected with the Christian faith and system his lot and life are cast. But though the American clergymen in question, as a class may have been ever so innocently sleeping up to the present moment, in the midst of those issues, nevertheless the very fact that they still thus are sleeping, constitutes the very reason why some faithful Christian watchman ought at once to take them by the shoulder, and rudely shake them till they rouse, and hasten to their instant post of duty.

Next to those American clergymen connected in one way or another with the press of the country, those other American clergymen connected in one way or another with the educational institutions of the country, are palpably the most responsible for doing all that in them lies to stem and turn back the mighty inflow of antichristian thought which is steadily setting in upon our shores from the foreign Christian countries.

Prof. Seeley very truly tells us that "*education* is certainly a far more powerful agent than preaching, inasmuch as, in the first place, it acts upon the human being at an age when he is more susceptible of all influences, and particularly of moral ones, than he afterwards becomes; and in the second place, [because] it acts upon him incessantly, intensely, and by countless different methods for a series of years, whereas preaching acts upon him intermittently, for the most part faintly, and by one uniform method." Indeed, the position of power occupied by the teacher with relation to the moral and religious character, as well as to the merely mental character of his pupil, is perhaps the most absolute of any possessed by a human being—that of the mother alone possibly excepted.

And under these circumstances, it would at first sight appear to be but little less than monstrous that Premier Gladstone—a Christian statesman—should have been permitted to feel it his personal duty, in his recent speech at Liverpool College (which speech was partly cited in our former paper), specifically to warn the graduating students against those "extremest forms of unbelief," which even during that very academic year just then closing, had been but little less than rampant throughout the length and breadth of England. Among the many clerical instructors doubtless connected with that college, had there not been a single teacher not only to warn those students, but also and by a careful handling of those extremest forms of unbelief before his pupils, put them far beyond the stage of needed warning?

Or, to bring the matter nearer home

ınd the immense number of clergymen who are among our leading educators being luly borne in mind, it would again appear to ɔe but little less than monstrous that doubtess during the coming year there will not, all old, be graduated from a dozen exceptional American educational institutions, and the heological seminaries not excepted, so many s a single score of students, who either acurately know precisely what modern skeptiism is, or how they are to meet it; whereas here will just as doubtlessly be graduated he coming year, from all the educational intitutions of this country combined, students y the thousand who are more or less unsetled in their traditional Christian views by Darwin, Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, not to nstance others.

Is not this but little less than monstrous? ıre not the clergymen in question guilty, in ıort, of a glaring dereliction, as it regards the Christian care and culture of our Christian hildren? By no means. This modern skepcism is not by any means so soon as this an ntiquated matter, but scarcely in its manood. The Christian clergymen, whether of his country or even of England, who have any resent commanding position and influence, hether here or there, as educators, were proably, and that almost without exception, firm- fixed, and even firmly fossilized, in all relious matters long before either the *Origin of pecies*, or the *Vie de Jésus*, or the *First Prinples*, or any other recent antichristian volme, even saw the light, much more, almost evolutionized the entire basis of religious ought, and methods of religious thinking. So r as the mere past, or even the mere present concerned, therefore, in nothing could we be ther more unjust or more ungenerous than cast the very slightest imputation upon the hristian teachers mentioned. And not only , but, looking forward to the future, their me of life, and all other things considered, ually unjust and equally ungenerous would be to demand specifically of these instructs that they should now at length betake emselves to a thorough preparation to send rth their pupils, hereafter graduated, not nly most thoroughly informed, but also most oroughly armed, against all the more moentous forms of modern unbelief. Not for the teran American clergymen among our eduıtors, that is to say, are the trumpet-voiced erils of the Christian faith and system soundg at the present epoch. But while all this so, it is equally true that no American ergyman who, on the other hand, is but st entering upon his career at any given mental center as an educator, can either fail to hear, or hearing fail to heed, these warning voices, without a grave degree of open Christian recreancy. For not only are the American student-classes of necessity, more than all other classes combined, preëminently exposed to the incoming currents of transatlantic antichristian thought. These classes must of necessity soon go forth themselves to be, in their turn, either a most potential part and parcel of this very antichristian current, or else its most powerful Christian counterpoise. And in view of this, let every Christian clergyman now immediately in question begin to teach himself almost to tremble at the very name of modern skepticism, until, by reason of the requisite acquaintance with the subject, he can, so far as such a thing is possible, stand before his pupils confessedly its master.

Nor, as an additional mode of contending against the special antichristian foes referred to, should the American clergy, conjointly with the laity, perhaps, delay to institute and put into practical operation, at all our leading mental centers, something corresponding to the "Christian Evidence Society," recently established in London. "It was not started," says the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, "as has been sometimes said with a little irony, for the purpose of restoring a belief in Christianity. It had long been felt by earnest and thoughtful persons, both Churchmen and Non-conformists, that some combined attempt ought to be made to meet in fair argument the skepticism and unbelief which, for the last few years, have been distinctly traceable in all classes of society."

The society's mode of carrying out this design has been, according to the Lord Bishop, "first, by means of lectures addressed to the educated; secondly, by the formation of classes under competent class-leaders for the instruction of those in lower grades of society . . . ; thirdly, . . . by the circulation of useful tracts, and by the offer of prizes to such as may be willing that their private study should be tested by competitive examination. . . . Popular attention has naturally been directed more especially to the lectures to the educated, but . . . the formation of classes has answered even beyond expectation, and [judging] from the amount of competition for the prizes that have been offered, examination in Christian evidences will form a large and most interesting portion of the future work of the society."

Nor, as a still further, and, in fact, a most potential method of aiding to counteract the

influence among us of the leading modern skeptics, should the American clergyman delay to put himself in a thorough state of preparation to improve those almost innumerable opportunities which are constantly occurring to him in his comparatively private, and more or less strictly personal, intercourse with men. Here, rather than in the pulpit, the practical pastor especially, who is at once nothing more than tolerably well informed about the modern skeptics, and at the same time in a thorough state of sympathy with the reading and thinking masses, may find an almost unlimited sphere for the vindication of the Christian faith and system against those specific assaults peculiar to the present age and hour. Now it will be the lawyer, now it will be the physician, now it will be the man of letters, now it will be the humble tradesman, into whose depths of doubt and darkness such a clergyman will either penetrate himself, or be in confidence admitted. Very true is it, indeed, that the average practical pastor of the average congregation,—for reasons already suggested in part, and for others manifold and obvious,—will never of course be able to put himself in a position, even in his private conversations, to cope with any very considerable, much less with any commanding, intelligence against the modern skeptics. But while this is true, it is also true that even the practical pastor in question can daily, and as his other duties admit, devote himself more or less specifically to this object until he at length attains to something like a general understanding of all the more essential features of modern unbelief. And having done this, he will thereby be enabled at least to avoid alike all that class of blundering remark, and all that apparently cold dismissal of those who come to him with their religious doubts and fears, whereby the clergy only too often drive the doubter into disbelief, and the disbeliever into an open rupture with his early Christian faith. And while no more than this can indeed rightfully be expected of the average pastor of the average congregation, it is still most rapidly becoming, on the other hand, a much more than open question, how long the current ignorance of the American ministry at large on the leading outlines of the modern forms of disbelief, ought not to be at once, and in itself, alike considered and treated as a perfectly fatal objection to their assuming either the pastoral care, or the pastoral instruction, of any congregation whatever, where the currents of the disbelief referred to are flowing freely through the deeply troubled minds of men.

In whichever of the ways above suggested, however, or in whatever other way beside, the American clergy propose attempting to counteract the influence of the leading modern skeptics over the religious faith and hope and destiny of our reading and thinking masses, the absolute necessity of a very special, a very prolonged, and a very patient preparation, is in either case the underlying thought for each to bear in mind.

But for the clergyman in question actually to make this preparation, will of course be practically impossible, saving only in the instance of a very few. The vast majority will, on the other hand, be most rigorously interdicted from the undertaking, some by their prior obligations, others by their lack of the requisite mental qualifications, others by their more or less utter destitution of the proper capacity for a prolonged and silent course of study, and the like. And yet, for this very reason, the duty of making the preparation instanced all the more urgently, and all the more imperatively, devolves itself upon that comparatively few among the persons mentioned, to whom alone the task is feasible as well as possible.

Thus far, it has been presupposed that the problem before the clergy was to counteract the influences of the leading modern skeptics over our reading and thinking Christian masses. Let it now be supposed that the problem becomes, instead, how they are to proceed in dealing directly, whether with these skeptics in person, or with their avowed disciples.

Any effort to reconvert these persons to Christianity, in order at once to be fundamental, and at the same time to promise the least success, must, at its very basis, bear in mind that whereas they began with being Christians, they have somehow or another ended with not being Christians, but antichristians.

Now this transition from Christianity, to some form of religious faith or another hostile to Christianity, has not taken place on their part without a sufficient reason. No more will there ever be a counter-religious transition on their part so that they shall end where they began, namely, with being Christians, without a sufficient reason for that transition also.

How came these persons, therefore, on the one hand to renounce Christianity, and on the other hand to espouse some form of religious faith or another hostile to Christianity?

For their doing this, the early blunders of the theologians in dealing with the perfectly sincere religious doubts and difficulties pecu-

iar to modern times, which blunders are in part above referred to, are doubtless more or ess responsible.

Now, it is indeed true that, despite these blunders of the theologians, some of the victims of these doubts and difficulties could, nevertheless, do as Froude observes, that is, could either "thrust the subject aside and take refuge in practical work," or else could at least pause when they had merely landed "in heartbroken uncertainty, or careless indifference." But others who were beset with these peculiar doubts and difficulties, and at the same time subjected to the treatment of the clergy instanced, were thereby goaded forward, as by a sort of mental necessity, into the utter rejection of Christianity. Nor was this all, for being positive in nature, being from their entire mental constitution unable to find repose in a mere religious negation, they were likewise thereby goaded onward and onward, whether into the projection, or into the mere adoption, of some one or another of the positive antichristian faiths now current in the Christian countries.

If a practical illustration of the facile fashion which the clergy used to have of turning questioners into doubters, and doubters into disbelievers, and disbelievers into positive antichristians, be desired, the case of Rénan affords a striking instance. The first blunder was made by the faculty of the Theological Seminary of St. Sulpice, when Rénan, then a mere stripling, presented himself at the annual examination as a candidate for the deaconship, and submitted a number of questions which perplexed his mind, but without receiving a satisfactory answer to which he could not hope to enter into holy orders. Instead of even attempting to answer his questions, the faculty not only positively refused so much as to examine into them, but peremptorily commanded Rénan to leave their priestly presence.

A second theological misstep in dealing with Rénan was made by the clergy, after his elevation to the Professorship of Oriental Languages and Literature in the College of France, when, because of the religious offensiveness of his inaugural address, they raised such an ecclesiastical outcry against him, that the government felt obliged to suspend his course of lectures indefinitely.

A third theological blunder on the part of the clergy was the perfect tempest of calumny and accusation with which they greeted Rénan's *Vie de Jésus* on its first appearance.

"How," as Rénan had himself observed prior to his formal religious outlawry, "how can one cherish a half-belief in that for which he is proscribed? . . . The joy of suffering for faith is so great that more than once passionate natures have embraced opinions for the luxury of dying for them. In this sense persecution . . . has a marvelous effect in fixing ideas and banishing doubts . . . . We [skeptics] are timid, undecided; we scarcely believe our own ideas; perhaps if it were our lot to be persecuted for them, we should end by believing in them."

And, thanks to the theologians, therefore, how could M. Rénan well help ending as he did end, namely, by most firmly believing in precisely those most pronounced antichristian views, which he had only begun by holding in the form of timid and undecided doubts and queries?

Fortunately, however, the scene of a pack of theologians out upon the track of the mere religious doubter, hounding him onward and onward into an open rupture with Christianity, is now becoming rarer and rarer year by year. Indeed, the time has come when even the open skeptic can freely walk abroad, comparatively in peace, and side by side with Christians. Strauss speaks of a period when, "as if it had been an Erymathian boar, prowling round the country, every one who could carry a gun, or even spring a rattle, was up in arms against the mythical theory of the gospels." But to-day a Tyndall says: "It is my privilege to enjoy the friendship of a select number of religious men, with whom I converse frankly upon theological subjects, expressing without disguise the notions and opinions I entertain regarding their tenets, and hearing in return these notions and opinions subjected to criticism. I have thus far found them liberal and loving men, patient in hearing, tolerant in reply, who know how to reconcile the duties of courtesy with the earnestness of debate."

Indeed, that entire class of theological blundering which formerly arose, and still to some extent arises, from confounding honest intellectual difficulties about the current views of Christianity with either intellectual arrogance, or else with moral turpitude, or else with both, has not only been very widely discovered, but likewise almost universally discarded, among the more liberal-minded and advanced theologians of the present day. May a tree that has hitherto borne only evil and bitter fruit for souls in deep religious doubt and trouble, be withered more and more by the hottest scorn of every Christian scholar!

Here, then, is at least one powerful cur-

rent, which has hitherto been doing little more than drifting immense multitudes of honest and thoughtful questioners about Christianity away into positively antichristian forms of faith, now fairly turning, and, like a swinging tide, endeavoring to redrift these antichristians back again to their original Christian starting-point.

But will either the leading modern skeptics, or their avowed disciples, for this reason alone, be drifted back again to Christian ground? Let us beware of thinking so.

And in order to get at the underlying reasons for this let us begin by considering still farther the special case of Rénan. And, first of all, let it be supposed that, instead of rigidly repressing and forcibly ejecting him merely because of his submitting to them certain religious questions which perplexed his mind, when he stood before them as the thoughtful Christian candidate for the deaconship, the faculty of the Theological Seminary of St. Sulpice had, on the other hand, adopted the counter-course of being "liberal and loving men, patient in hearing, tolerant in reply." Even then it is very probable indeed that M. Rénan would not have at once received that satisfactory solution to his religious questioning which he devoutly sought for, but without receiving which he could not hope to enter into holy orders. Having, however, been once taken kindly and sympathetically into the seminary, as at least a student on probation, and given the constant privilege of frankly conversing with his professors on the points that most perplexed him, it is scarcely to be doubted,—at all events, it is supposable,—that, instead of ever standing, as he does stand before the Christian world to-day, confessedly one of the most formidable foes ever thus far raised up against Christianity, M. Rénan would, on the contrary, have quietly passed forth from his pupilage at St. Sulpice, one of the most devout and devoted of the Romish priesthood. But imagine such a thing as M. Rénan's now being transformed into one of the most devout and devoted of the Romish priesthood by the simple expedient of being received into some Romish theological institution by liberal and loving men, patient in hearing and tolerant in reply, and having accorded to him the constant privilege of frankly conversing with its professors until his graduation!

No: since the day when he was so rigidly repressed, and so rigorously rejected from St. Sulpice, M. Rénan, among other things, has undergone a thousand most radical revolutions in his entire method of religious thinking; has come to regard Christianity with a positively hostile, instead of a positively friendly, bias; and has furthermore become accustomed to reject as the sheerest sophistry almost everything in view of which he was in those early days prepared to say that the current Christian views at least possessed a valid claim upon his credence. And for these, as well as other kindred reasons, the M. Rénan who was at one period in his religious history the thoughtful and reverent Christian candidate for the Romish deaconship, and the M. Rénan who is to-day the antichristian author of the *Vie de Jésus*, are two very different men indeed, for the theologians to try their kindness, their forbearance, and all their most persuasive priestly methods of conviction with.

And what is thus true of M. Rénan, in particular, is more or less equally true of all the modern skeptics.

And, first, these skeptics always approach the discussion of any cardinal religious question with a positively antichristian bias.

The root-bias of these skeptics against Christianity is a most pronounced repugnance to the supernatural. As early as 1835, Strauss, in behalf of the leading German thinkers, gave expression to a very prevalent impression when he said: "The totality of finite things forms a vast circle, which, except that it owes its existence and laws to a Superior Power, suffers no intrusion from without." When this was said by Strauss, in 1835, however, it probably would not have found a very full response outside of Germany, excepting only here and there in widely isolated minds. But now, in all the Christian countries, there are tens of thousands to whom the above language of Strauss would seem timid and conservative by way of denial of the supernatural. So far from conceding that the totality of finite things even owes its existence and laws to the specific intrusion from without of a Superior Power, the persons in question would rather side with Tyndall when he says: "Nothing has occurred to indicate that the operation of the law [of the permanence of force] has for a moment been suspended; nothing has ever intimated that nature has been crossed by spontaneous action."

But not only has this modern tendency to the utter negation of the supernatural become a broadcast matter in all the Christian countries. It is also a most deeply-rooted, and a most prejudicial bias, among the skeptics, in the conduct of all investigations, where the

upernatural comes in question. One of the xtremest illustrations of this is given by trauss, in his final *Vie de Jesus*, when he lumply says: "No single gospel, nor all the ospels together, can claim that degree of istorical reliability which would be required n order to make us debase our reason to the oint of believing miracles." Another illus- ration of the same thing is given by Rénan hen he says: "It would be departing from ght historic methods to listen too much in is to our repugnances, and, in order to evade bjections which might be raised against the haracter of Jesus, to suppress facts which n the eyes of his contemporaries were of the ery first order." For Rénan means by this hat, in order to escape the conclusion that esus was a real wonder-worker, we must not ther hesitate or scruple, as the *dernier ressort* f those most doggedly determined to have othing to do with miracles, to adopt the hy- othesis that Jesus, like all other wonder- orkers, performed his prodigies by conscious ickery and fraud. So very repugnant as is to the modern skeptics is the supernatural. That the gospels are a myth, that esus is a common thaumaturgic trickster, is, or anything beside, is much sooner to be nceived of, than it is to be conceded that e belief in the miraculous becomes a mod- n *savant*.

After the theologian has discontinued repress- g, proscribing and persecuting "the present eneration of infidels," therefore, and after he s furthermore become a liberal and loving an, patient in hearing, and tolerant in reply, must not be surprised to find that the calm d candid arguments with which he fondly pes to reconvert these "infidels" to Chris- nity, produce absolutely no impression. hose arguments are, at least in their un- rlying thought and principle, every one them more or less distinctively postulat- upon the presupposition that they will be eived and estimated by persons having positive bias toward the supernatural. ey are all adapted, that is to say, to that ndition of religious thought peculiar to he present generation of infidels," before y had ceased being Christians; but they by no means adapted to that other con- on of religious thought in which those ptics now live and move and have their ntal being.

t hence results that, even after coming to se quarters in calm and careful argument h the leading modern skeptics and their wed disciples, either the theologians will er make the slightest headway in their efforts to reconvert their opponents to Christianity, or else the theologians must, at the very threshold of their undertaking, utterly abandon, as a fundamental dependence in the effort instanced, every one of the traditional arguments in favor of Christianity. For it is not merely true, as has already been said, that these arguments, every one of them more or less distinctively, presuppose that there exists, in the mind of the party to be convinced, a positive bias toward a belief in the supernatural; but it is likewise true that these arguments are every one of them perfectly familiar to the intelligent modern skeptic, and that they have been, as perfectly familiar arguments, long ago rejected by him, as being not convincing. He has become, that is to say, in some form or another, an anti-christian in his religious belief, despite all those traditional arguments in favor of Christianity. And what was thus utterly inadequate to arrest his becoming a skeptic, while he yet retained at least some traces of his early Christian bias toward believing in the supernatural, most certainly cannot now be adequate to reconvert him to Christianity, when all his leanings are most utterly repugnant to the slightest credence in the supernatural. For instance: take a person in the attitude of mind whether of a Tyndall, who places "witchcraft, and magic, and miracles and special providences," all upon a perfect parity; or of a Rénan, who says: "We do not believe in miracles, as we do not believe in ghosts, . . . in sorcery, in astrology." Imagine the usual theological arguments, however remodeled, and however modernized, having any, even the very slightest perceptible tendency to reinstate either a Tyndall, or a Rénan, in his early Christian credence, whether in miracles, or in special providences! The mature Christian of average intelligence can as easily conceive it possible that he could himself now go back again to the credulous days of early childhood, and once more become a believer in hobgoblins, centaurs and hippogriffs, merely because such things traditionally figure in the rhymes and tales of chambermaids and nurses.

That we neither mistake the truth here, nor even state the case too strongly, is readily demonstrable. For why does the mature Christian of average intelligence now almost indignantly refuse even so much as seriously to hear about such a thing as a hobgoblin, or a centaur, or a hippogriff; whereas, at a prior period of his development, he could actually be convinced, whether by the ditty or the story of the ignorant and superstitious, of

their veritable existence? One reason for this, doubtless, is the fact already suggested, namely, that the mature Christian of average intelligence now has, unlike the child, no mental bias toward believing in such purely imaginary beings as hobgoblins, centaurs and hippogriffs, but rather the reverse. But if you ask such a Christian why he now has no such mental bias, but rather the reverse, he will at once tell you that it is for two principal reasons: first, because he is now much higher up in the scale of mental development than any child can boast of being; and, secondly, because he now possesses a much larger experience in, and knowledge of, the actual world of facts and laws, as distinguished from the visionary world of fancies and caprices, than any child possesses.

Precisely the same thing is true, in principle, of the leading modern skeptics, and their avowed disciples. Thus: "The savage sees," says Tyndall, "in the fall of a cataract, the leap of a spirit; and the echoed thunder-peal was to him the hammer-clang of an exasperated God. But observation tends to chasten the emotions, and to check those structural efforts of the intellect which have emotion for their base. One by one natural phenomena have been associated with their proximate causes, and the idea of direct personal volition mixing itself in the economy of nature, is retreating more and more." "Before these methods were adopted, the unbridled imagination roamed through nature, putting in the place of laws the figments of superstitious dread. For thousands of years witchcraft, and magic, and miracles, and special providences . . . had the world to themselves. . . . Mr. Mozley concedes that it would be no great result for miracles to be accepted by the ignorant and the superstitious. . . . But he does consider it a great result that they have been accepted by the *educated*. In what sense educated? . . . Like nine-tenths of the clergy of the present day, they [Mr. Mozley's educated people] were versed in the literature of Greece, Rome and Judea, but as regards a knowledge of nature, which is here the one thing needful, they were 'noble savages,' and nothing more."

If the Christian should now accordingly go over for a moment to the mental stand-point of the antichristian of the present day, as it concerns the supernatural, the Christian then would at once perceive that, when he comes thus to personate the antichristian, he is, for the time being, merely rejecting miracles, and special providences, and all the other supernatural features of Christianity, for precisely the same reason, considered only in its underlying thought and principle which formerly had induced him, in his proper character of Christian, unhesitatingly to reject, whether hobgoblins, centaurs, or hippogriffs; that reason being, as it now appears to him in his present assumed character of modern skeptic, the two-fold reason pointed out above, namely, first, that he now possesses a much higher order of mental development, and, secondly, that he now possesses a much larger experience in, and knowledge of, the actual world of facts and laws, as distinguished from the visionary world of fancies and caprices, than comports with the possibility of his present belief, whether in miracles, special providences, hobgoblins, centaurs, hippogriffs, or in any other conceivable figment of the mere emotions and imagination, or special aspect of the supernatural.

How, therefore, shall the partisans of Christianity now proceed in the effort to lay before the modern skeptics and their avowed disciples some satisfactory proof that the supernatural features of Christianity demand acceptance?

"The alterations in the minds of men which the tendency of modern thought has effected in respect of evidence," says the Rev. Mr. Fowle, "may be summed up under two heads: First, the nature of the evidence required is altogether altered, and a great many arguments that would in former days have gone to the jury, are now summarily suppressed. Fact can only be proved by facts. . . . And, secondly, the minds of the jury are subject to *à priori*, and, on the whole, perfectly reasonable prepossessions before the trial begins. The existence of changeless law; the regular, the natural and orderly march of life; the numerous cases in which what seemed to be the effect of chance, or miracle, have been brought within the limits of ascertained causation; all these things predispose the mind against pleadings for the supernatural."

"The lines of a long, and perhaps never ending, conflict between the spirit of Religion and . . . the spirit of Rationalism," continues Mr. Fowle, "are here defined. Neither of the two being able by mere argument to convince the other, they must rely upon gradually leavening the minds of men with prepossessions in the direction which each respectively favors. . . . The predisposition will be created solely by moral means . . . Rationalism will approach mankind

rather on the side of the virtues of intellect. . . . Religion will appeal to man's hopes and wishes [and the like]. . . . All attempts to confute the 'skeptic' by purely intellectual methods are worse than useless."

Now, if these remarks of Mr. Fowle—originally appearing in the *Cotemporary Review*, and being thence transcribed into the pages of *The Popular Science Monthly*—are indeed well founded, then they are of a very evil omen for the future prospects of the Christian faith in every Christian country. For, in the first place, as Mr. Fowle himself observes: "It is as clear as day that, as science is getting a more and more practical hold upon men's minds by a thousand avenues, and mastering them by a series of brilliant successes, this temper [this spirit of Rationalism] is rapidly passing from the few into the popular mind. . . . Sooner or later we shall have to face a disposition in the minds of men to accept nothing as fact but what facts can prove, or the senses bear witness to." And thus does it become at once apparent that, if the method of dealing with the modern skeptics proposed by Mr. Fowle is indeed the one to be adopted, as the *dernier ressort* of the partisans of Christianity, then these partisans must be prepared hereafter to see Christianity more and more declining in its influence over the reading and thinking masses; and that precisely in proportion as the spirit of Rationalism becomes more and more extended, and more and more a "part of the furniture of the human intellect."

Besides, having once fairly entered upon the career of endeavoring to reinstate a belief in Christianity among the leading modern skeptics, and their avowed disciples, merely in the manner mentioned, where shall the matter stop?—with miracles and special providences? But suppose the spirit of Religion should become too greedy of the supernatural to be content with that? Suppose that, over-riding all the virtues of the intellect, and ignoring all the world of facts, the spirit of Religion should, under the full whip and spur of the mere religious hopes and wishes, and the like, carry back the minds of men again into believing, not merely in miracles and special providences, but also in witchcraft and magic and hobgoblins and centaurs and hippogriffs?

No, not in the manner suggested by Mr. Fowle, but after quite another method, must the partisans of Christianity now rally to the rescue of their religious faith; and that other method is precisely the one which Mr. Fowle above rejects as worse than useless, namely, the purely intellectual, or at least the mainly intellectual. In an age when men of the foremost intelligence are everywhere freely classing witchcraft and magic and miracles and special providences together, even Christians cannot go half-way. If they say that witchcraft and magic have been obliged to flee the world of facts and strictly intellectual scrutiny, they must not merely say that miracles and special providences are still to be believed in merely, or even as an ultimate reason, because of certain predisposing hopes and wishes of the mere religious order.

Conversely, the only proper thing for miracles, and special providences, and all the other supernatural features of Christianity just now to do, is simply this, that is, frankly and fearlessly to place themselves before the bar of modern thought and culture for a calm and careful testing. If, as matters laying claim to a proper name and place in the world of real facts and figures, they can give no more valid reason for their continued hold upon the faith of men of modern thoughtfulness and culture, as belonging to the world of fact and figures, than witchcraft and magic can give, then those men of modern thoughtfulness and culture can, in their turn, give no more valid reason for putting their faith in the features of Christianity referred to, as belonging to the world of fact and figures, than they can give for putting their faith in witchcraft and magic, as belonging to the world in question.

In taking up the problem of the supernatural features of Christianity from a purely intellectual stand-point, we are indeed never to forget that, germinally considered, the German philosophers, especially from Kant downward, doubtless did well-nigh everything to produce that almost inveterate predisposition not to believe in the supernatural which has in these days become so very widely rooted among the reading and thinking masses. But Rénan doubtless represents those masses at the present epoch in saying: "It is not, therefore, in the name of this or that philosophy, but in the name of constant experience, that we banish miracle from history. We do not say a miracle is impossible; we say that there has been hitherto no miracle proved." "None of the miracles with which ancient histories are filled occurred under scientific conditions." "And by scientific data I do not merely mean," says Huxley, "the truths of physical, mathematical, or logical science. . . . For, by science, I understand all knowledge which rests upon evidence and reasoning of a like character to that

which claims our assent to ordinary scientific propositions. And if any one is able to make good the assertion that his theology rests upon valid evidence and sound reasoning, then it appears to me that such theology must take its place as a part of science."

Here, therefore, is the gauntlet which the leading modern skeptics, and their avowed disciples, have almost defiantly thrown down at the feet of the partisans of Christianity, at the present moment. Putting aside all mooted matters of philosophy, they say: Either place the supernatural features of Christianity upon a basis of evidence and reasoning of a like character to that which claims our assent to ordinary scientific propositions, or else we can have nothing whatever to do with those features of Christianity.

Who, then, among the modern partisans of Christianity will take up this gauntlet?

Why, the professional theologians, of course, will take it up. So it would seem. But, upon mature examination, the fact may on the other hand turn out to be that, before the problem now presented to them of placing the Christian faith and system upon a truly scientific basis, the professional theologians not only stand to-day, but must forever stand, but little more than powerless.

And if this be so, then either the Christian laity must take up the gauntlet instanced, or else the partisans of Christianity must in a body confess that they have no truly scientific basis on which to rest their credence in any supernatural feature of their religious system,—a subject which we must, however, reserve for a special treatment in our concluding paper.

BAUM, THE CORNET-PLAYER.

In the old University Theater of B— there was once an orchestra of surpassing strength and brilliancy. Its principal performer and its strongest stay was an old-fashioned white-haired gentleman, who was fastidiously ancient in his dress and deportment. He was a pianist, and he was blind. He was also a part proprietor of the theater. His name was Krömer. He always wore a blue coat with large brass buttons, a wide collar which half enveloped his closely-cropped head, and an amplitude of flowing skirts which when the wind was high made a sail of such persuasive power that his thin legs could hardly hold their own against it. His neck-cloth was always large and purely white. Golden seals depended from his yellow vest, and he carried a cane which bore a silken tassel and a serpent in carnelian.

In his younger days people had told him that he resembled Burr, for his face was excellent, his chin sharp, and his complexion beautifully clear. He often sighed that custom forbade him a wig, and as a compensation he brushed his thick hair straight up from his forehead, and even in his sixtieth year steadfastly continued to be a dandy. He occupied choice apartments with his daughter, the bright remnant of a large family, and upon the whole lived a happy life until the thought of a son-in-law arose to disturb his peace of mind and to plague his ambition.

His sad infirmity had early demanded that he should have a companion in the busy streets through which he was obliged to pass on his way to the theater, and the skillful cornet-player, Frederic Baum, at once offered his perpetual services, for he lodged in the same house. These services were gratefully accepted, and for several years the two men tramped backwards and forwards between their homes and their places of work, walking arm-in-arm; Frederic tenderly supporting his cornet-case, and Krömer constantly tapping the walk in front with the iron ferule of his cane.

Baum was an ugly man. His eyes were gray, his nose was large and red, and the constant blowing upon his difficult instrument had raised puffs of muscles and flesh which resembled the effects of drink, though a more abstemious man than Baum never lived.

All the unhandsome attributes of Baum's person were, however, thickly gilded; one soon forgot his unhappy eye and dismal face, and learned to sum him up from what they heard rather than from what they saw; and the result was generally favorable to Baum, for he had a rich voice and a graceful tongue.

Krömer's daughter gradually became a beautiful woman, and it began to dawn upon the father that he now had another duty to perform besides thrumming upon his piano in the orchestra.

Baum, being in full possession of his sight, had marked the advance of Krömer's daughter upon the stage, and had formed the natural plan of marrying her, though as yet he kept his hopes tight within his own bosom. He was by no means sure that his path to Margaret's affections would be the clearest that man had traveled, and he contented himself at the outset with treating her with the most scrupulous respect.

With Krömer, however, he kept on with better success. Baum was a careful man, and he therefore set himself to the task of discovering the true state of his friend's affairs before he made any real onslaught upon the wayward affections of the daughter.

The revelations were pleasing in the highest degree. The old gentleman had made excellent profits out of his music, and had fingered the keys of his mighty piano to some substantial good. Baum was delighted, and the sole subject of conversation between the two men now became lands and bonds, and the pleasures of the orchestra faded into the background.

But Krömer's mind often reverted to his daughter; she was now twenty-one, and was fit to be married. She cared little or nothing for company, and seemed happiest when she could find some new pleasure or comfort for her father. Krömer knew that this was a mistake, and so he began to cast about him for a candidate for his treasure. He determined to call in the aid of that keen reasoner and clear seer, his friend Baum.

Therefore, in consequence of an arrangement made between them, Baum presented himself in the apartments of Krömer on a pleasant evening after the performance at the theater. It was moonlight, and the lofty parlor which constituted the main apartment of Krömer's suite had no other illumination. Upon a table in an embrasure of a long window stood a large decanter and a pair of long-stemmed glasses.

Krömer felt the brilliant glow upon his face and was silent, while Baum quietly contemplated a picture made by a beautiful church-spire opposite.

Presently Baum reached for one of the glasses and began to turn it around and around in his fingers, for he began to reflect upon the subject of his visit. Nervousness filled him to the brim as he asked himself what right he had to expect that Krömer would pitch upon him, and still he could bring no one else to his mind who had ever met the notice of either the old gentleman or his daughter. Now his hope arose and now it sank.

He observed the calm face of Krömer from the corners of his eyes. The old gentleman sat with folded hands in the soft moonlight, smiling gently at his own conceit.

"My dearest friend Baum," said he finally in a deliberate whisper, but with the buoyancy of a man who has a treasured secret in reserve, "I trust you have a high idea of what we are about to decide. It is the welfare and happiness of my most lovely daughter. Reach me your hand over the table."

Baum did so reluctantly, for he felt that it was damp with perspiration, and that it was tremulous in spite of himself.

"Now let us go on rapidly," continued Krömer, readjusting himself. "I will mention several promising men, and you will be kind enough to say anything which strikes you concerning them; that is, if you know them; if not, you will say nothing. I have the peace of my daughter so nearly at heart that I will listen as closely to what you say as if you were an oracle."

"May I light a cigar before we commence?" asked Baum.

"Certainly," replied Krömer.

By this artifice Baum got his hand to himself and kept it. He also retired a few inches from the table in order to be able to tremble without chance of discovery; that is, supposing Krömer should agitate him by what he was about to say.

Krömer began by calling the name of a certain rich cabinet-maker who lived over the way. Baum laughed immoderately at this mention, and another smile flitted even over the serious face of Krömer.

"I hardly wonder that you laugh, now that I think of it," said he. "It would indeed be an ill-judged thing to ask Margaret to be strictly light-hearted with a man who has the shape of an elephant and the soul of a fox. He is very rich, but he is also very ugly. No, the cabinet-maker will not do. What do you say to that young Frenchman who makes those ingenious artificial flowers?"

"He makes too many artificial flowers," replied Baum; "and he makes them too well. He is infatuated with his art, and labors at it incessantly. He would only use a wife to decorate as a milliner does a lay-figure. She would share his affection with his linen-roses and his foliage of Paris-green. That would not do."

"No indeed," responded Krömer promptly; "I thought of that myself. To be the best of husbands one must not think wholly of business. What do you say of that stout young Englishman who imports linen?"

"Oh, he thinks too little of business. He is constantly off playing cricket on summer afternoons, and he will soon be poor."

"That's very true. To be a good husband one must not forget to work. Love requires as much money as misery does. Now I incline a little towards that popular romancist who writes so charmingly."

"Then you make an error, friend Krömer. He is not methodical. He believes in inspiration, and consequently he is generally out at the elbows. Besides that, he is lean."

"Yes, that is an objection," responded Krömer slowly. "A woman dislikes a lean man; and besides that, they are inclined to have poor tempers, and their love is as thin as their bodies. This reminds me of the malt-dealer in the next street. He knows Margaret, and I know she attracted him. I do not recall a bad quality there."

"Then you must be singularly misinformed," said Baum with anxiety; "for he is very stout, and he belongs to one of those third or fourth generations spoken of in the Bible."

"Good Heavens," exclaimed the other, "what do you tell me! Is there, then, no one of those I have mentioned who would be a fit husband for my daughter?"

"Not one," said Baum decidedly.

Krömer seemed to reflect for a while, and then he mentioned two other personages; but it happened that Baum had never heard of them, and so he was obliged to allow their names to pass without remark. His spirits rose. He felt sure that his own claims must have occurred to Krömer long before any of these, and he fancied the old gentleman was merely holding the announcement of his name in reserve as a shrewd mother secretes a toy from her child until his desire is aroused to such a pitch that he will enjoy the gift as it deserves.

What Krömer next said tended to increase his hope to a point which was nearly equivalent to certainty.

"We must not stray so far away, friend Baum. How often it is that mankind hunt abroad for rare virtues which have always lain under their noses at home. Now all we want is a sterling heart, a cheerful hand, and a clean conscience; and no one can persuade me that we cannot find them at hand if we look hard."

"I quite agree with you," replied Baum; "no doubt all these virtues, with the additional ones of a comfortable income and a fair amount of talent, not to say genius, are to be had for the mere asking."

"Ay, who knows," responded Krömer thoughtfully. "And besides, how much better it is to select one who has been for a long time under your notice, a friend of some years' standing, and in whose character you cannot pick a flaw."

"True," said Baum with a gasp; "very true."

"What is wealth or beauty," continued Krömer in a flush of generous enthusiasm; "what is wealth or beauty to the sublime qualities of a high ambition which never flags, an ardor which never fails, and a sincerity which never entertained the slightest savor of untruthfulness or double-dealing!"

"Ah, what indeed!" murmured Baum.

"I have met with one such case," said Krömer.

Baum looked out at the steeple with complacency but said nothing, because he felt it would hardly be suitable for him to do so under the circumstances. He was delighted. Here was comfort and joy about to fall into his hands, and his ready imagination made hosts of glowing pictures concerning his future life and the adorable Margaret's. He looked reverentially upon Krömer. He became possessed with a sincere interest in his white hair, and he gazed tenderly upon his handsome face. Who would not be proud of such a gentlemanly father?

Krömer finally resumed. His lip quivered.

"My dear Baum, it will be hard for you to understand the joy which fills me as my reflections confirm the justice of my decision. I know my daughter will ratify it, for she is devoted to me and she has a great faith in my discretion. She would marry the devil if I advised her to do so."

"I am sure she would," whispered Baum.

"But when I point out a true and generous man, I know she will love him with devotion." Krömer's voice trembled with agitation, and the other could not speak, for his mouth was as dry as a corn-husk. "Baum, my dear friend Baum," cried Krömer, "give me your hand again across the table, and congratulate me. You are acquainted with Reinhold Mayer?"

Baum glared like a tiger.

"Then," said Krömer, without waiting for a reply, "that is the man."

The fragile glass which Baum still held shivered to fragments in his fingers, and clattered loudly upon the table and the floor. His hand had closed upon it, and the flesh of his palm was pierced in several places. The pain distracted him for a moment, and while he employed himself in stopping the flow of

blood he forgot all about Krömer's daughter and her fate. When, however, he was able once more to turn his mind upon her, he found himself tolerably calm, though in a rage at the deceit he had practiced upon himself.

He by no means abated his intent. Here was an obstacle, but it presented itself in no stronger light.

So, as a necessary preliminary to his future conduct, which he felt must be subtle, he contrived to restrain the smallest exhibition of anger or disappointment. He explained the catastrophe of the goblet with a ready invention, and appeased his startled friend.

"But why did you fix your mind upon the strange character you have named?" he asked.

"Because he is a man after my own heart. I am told that he is handsome, and that is an advantage. He has played the first violin in my orchestra for five years, and has never missed a performance or a rehearsal. I hear his kind voice now and then appeasing the infamous quarrels which arise, but I always notice his delightful playing. It is magnificent. He never misconstrues the writer, he never is unfaithful and slack, and he never insults his master by adding flourishes of his own. Such a man will make a good husband, and I know he is ambitious, for he told me he hoped to succeed Kauntz as leader when he dies, and you know the old man is enfeebling himself very fast by overeating."

Baum remained silent, ruminating over this phase of his affairs and wondering how he might best go on. This thought suddenly occurred to him:

"Why, friend Krömer, this boy does not yet know your daughter."

"There," hastily responded the other, "that is it; that is the very thing I was coming to. No, he does not know her, and it is somewhat important that he should if he is ever to become her husband. Now, I have thought of a merry little plan to bring them together naturally and socially. To-morrow we shall have no music to play, for, thank Heaven, it will be Sunday. Now, in the afternoon we four can go out together for a day in the Park; and as you and I will be well content to sit under the green trees and listen to the singing-birds with our pipes in our mouths, the other couple will be left entirely free to stroll off wherever they choose, and chatter and ogle as much as they please. They can't help but feeling an interest in each other at once, for they will be stimulated by all the exhilarating charms of nature; the calm and sparkling water, the fragrant summer winds, the blue sky and rustling foliage. Come, Baum, I tell you that is a skillful plan. We shall enjoy ourselves by watching them walk to and fro, and by marking their strengthening acquaintance as they pass before us at various times. Eh! what do you say?"

"I am afraid it will be dry work for us," replied Baum.

"O no, it cannot be dry, for it will be amusing. We will sit and chat, and if conversation flags, we can both drop off into a nap. It will be shady, and they have the very best beer that can be had in the country. We shall enjoy ourselves."

Finally, the plan was agreed upon, and Baum carried an invitation to Mayer, who lived frugally in a garret with a little brother, whom he was teaching to play the violoncello as a primary step to that most divine of instruments, the violin.

Mayer accepted the invitation with profuse thanks, which were as evident in his animated eyes as in the words of gratitude which he showered upon his visitor.

Baum went home full of chagrin.

He felt that the labor he was about to enter upon, namely, to induce Krömer to consider him instead of Mayer, must be elaborate and ingenious. At the moment he felt no particular amount of jealousy towards Mayer, for he was too much absorbed in anger at Krömer, whose oversight of him appeared malicious.

As the night passed on, however, he began to look at matters in a more rational light. He began to imagine that he had been overlooked by Krömer simply because he had been too close a friend and companion to him; that is, Krömer regarded him as merely a very good brother, and therefore ineligible as a son-in-law.

This was comprehensible, and eventually Baum entertained the idea to the exclusion of all others. But the effect was not a happy one, for he no sooner began to excuse Krömer then he began to hate Mayer.

This passion was about as well suited to Baum's temperament as any other on the list. It grew apace, and he cherished it carefully, as a morbid person does a bodily ailment.

His lack of power to recall a blemish in the life and character of Mayer only added fuel to the already noisome flame; and when he was obliged to acknowledge to himself that the young man was a far better and a more aspiring musician than himself, his mortification and rage were hardly restrainable.

But still he went to the picnic with a placid countenance and a voice of uncommon suavity.

The day was a brilliant one.

They traveled to the Park by a small boat, which also conveyed a troop of pleasure-hunters like themselves. There was a flageolet-player in the bow, who would cease playing now and then in order to point out the beauties of the scenery as they went along. Occasionally a quartette of very heavy men would sing love-songs, which would echo from one side of the river to the other, and then die away among a hundred distant crags. The sun was bright, and every one seemed happy.

Krömer and his daughter stood together with his arm drawn through hers, and both inhaling the cool air with great delight. The buttons of his coat were refulgent, his neck-cloth unusually white, and his carriage was even gay. But his daughter was in her glory; she reveled in the music, in the joy of a cloud-like dress, and in the knowledge that the crowd gazed upon her admiringly. She smiled, and blushed, and chatted, and looked askance upon Mayer with significance.

He sat talking to the observant Baum, who was full of poetry and gall, only the first of which, however, being apparent.

Mayer was handsome but grave. He tried hard to prefer the seductions of Baum's wit and conversation to those of Margaret's glowing eye and airy form, but he failed. She achieved a signal victory, and when they landed they both dissolved their old partnerships and walked off together, leaving Krömer and Baum to go on in company towards a preconcerted rendezvous under the shadow of a pinewood at the water-side.

"Tell me," said Krömer in a whisper; "tell me how matters are going. Have they both struck fire? How do they get on together?"

"Devilishly well," responded Baum, staring hard after them.

"Good. That is really gratifying," said the old gentleman. "She whispered to me in confidence that she knew she must respect him after a short acquaintance. Come, Baum, let us sit down in the shade. Here comes a waiter who will bring us some beer, and I trust you have your pipe."

They did sit down, and before they arose again Krömer was a miserable man.

Baum's circumstances were something like these. He was poor; but he had an elder brother at home who had received the favor of the government for some fine acts of bravery and skill in a certain war, and who had been shrewd enough to turn his position and honors to considerable profit; enough, indeed, to bring into great prominence a score of loving relatives who had hitherto kept themselves secluded. But the brother retained an affection for but one of his family, and had turned his back upon all the rest; this person was our Baum. Baum having quitted his country to try his fortunes in this one, had shown a spirit of independence which only enhanced his brother's respect for him, and therefore Baum's chance of inheritance increased rapidly. It would be a flagrant untruth to say that Baum was at all oblivious of the delights of wealth, or that he was in the least careless of the reports of the effects of age and unaccustomed ease upon his brother's chances for long life. He watched; for Baum was uncommonly hungry for money.

It has been told that he had discovered Krömer's prosperous condition. He had seen that thirty years of unremitting labor and twenty years of parsimony had produced a good state of comfort for the old man and his daughter, and now, having become enamored of Margaret, it was merely necessary to enamor her father of him in order to carry his point. To do this, he began systematically to excite his cupidity.

This, then, was his task when he sat down beside Krömer upon the bench by the river-side on that sunny day.

The stream before them was wide and peaceful, the air was soft, birds sang in the trees, children strolled by over the patches of grass, and Krömer was fain to throw open his blue coat, if not to take it off altogether.

Everything was calm. Young men and young women sauntered by in the broad paths, holding each other's hands; gay colors abounded, and the distance was thick with groups of lovers.

Presently Margaret and Mayer appeared. She with downcast eyes, and he swinging his cane as though he was an ancient with a sling.

"Ho, ho," said Baum; "here they come. He is whispering to her some of that poetry, no doubt. He is full of poetry."

"And does she listen?" hastily demanded Krömer.

"O yes, yes. She drinks it in, as it were. It's poison, dear Krömer, deadly poison. But I tell you it's a pretty sight to see them. She leans upon him, she looks into his face; he softly gesticulates and looks into hers; it's a great pity that they do not own the grounds or one something like them. What delicious pleasure it would be to stroll in one's own garden!"

"Ah yes, indeed," sighed Krömer.

Baum permitted him to meditate upon is until the couple reappeared in another nd of the serpentine walk.

"Now I see them again, friend Krömer. ow delightful it is! Now he stops and ps to a flower-bed. The happy dog. ow he has picked a rose, and he gives it to r. I can see her cheeks burn from here. t wait—here comes a man in a gray coat th black buttons; he motions towards the sh from which the flower was taken. May- is in difficulty. Margaret is ready to cry. op—now Mayer slips some money into e man's hand; there—now the man goes ay. Doubtless that rose has cost poor ayer a whole day's earnings. It will pinch m terribly."

"Poor boy," said Krömer. "It is dread- l to live from hand to mouth."

Baum smiled and said nothing. He was eased to see his friend allow his face to grow ave and his pipe to go out.

Presently the pair came again into view, t this time they were walking away, and eir backs were therefore presented to Baum d his companion.

"What a very decent figure Mayer has?" id Baum.

"Has he?" asked Krömer somewhat ldly.

"O yes, very tolerable, though he dresses badly; his trowsers bag at the knees, his t is very old, and his coat is misused by me. But Margaret is charming. There is grace of carriage about her which is intoxi- ting. Look at the art of her dress, the set her head. Ah, Krömer, one would imagine u must be a king from the bearing of the ughter."

Weak and foolish Krömer actually aroused mself from his comfortable position and rust up his head, and in the course of a few oments began acting the king by crossing s arms and keeping his chin in the air. um pretended that his attention was drawn a flower on the edge of the pathway, and began to deduce from it:

"How often one sees a man or a woman parated from their kinds and planted im- ovably in the dirt and mire! Some gentle art or tender soul struggling like this poor isy in rasping gravel; isolated, bruised, odden upon and fading for want of company. ove cannot survive when comfort is strait- ed. Conscience demands compliance, but e soul revolts, the affection grows thin, and l the beauties die away." Baum stopped r a moment, meanwhile observing that Krömer was listening to him with great attention, and then he added with a much lighter manner: "Daughters are flowers of the tenderest description, my friend. To transplant them is one of the great responsibilities of life. Humor their old happinesses and don't put them in a scrimping soil." Baum encircled his head in a thick wreath of smoke and hummed an air, while Krömer, leaning upon his cane, began to think he had made a mistake.

A part of the conversation of the other two was interesting, not the whole of it by any means, for the talk of lovers has as defined a taste as milk, and about as much substance. For a single moment both were decently formal, as new acquaintances should be. Then having got out of earshot, said Margaret blithely:—

"O, what a load of wickedness is swept from my overburdened soul by being able to talk with you openly!"

She beamed upon Reinhold, who looked amused.

"And my worn-out brain," said he, "is now relieved from the invention of more subterfuges. We now have no need of that wretched letter-writing, which aggravates rather than assuages. I am sure he never dreamed of what was passing under his eyes."

"Eyes?" said Margaret pathetically; "you know he has no eyes."

"Well, then, his nose."

"No; I am sure he trusted me implicitly."

"Let me think," pondered Reinhold; "we have been engaged now two months."

"Yes, two months; and have been acquainted ten weeks."

"Very true. Now upon the whole, I am very glad that matters have gone on as they have. We are free to love or hate as we choose; whereas, before, the delight of cheating somebody, which is human, compelled us to endure each other. But as for my part, I shall keep on as I have commenced, and love you extravagantly."

"And I shall do the same."

"What, Baum to the contrary?"

"Certainly! I detest Baum."

"You are quite right, for Baum is a scoundrel. I have his complete story from first hands, and a miserably bad story it is. To begin with, his name is not Baum, but Kirchoff. He is already married, and his ugly wife was at home in their native town three months ago. He fled from her because, between them, they soon spent all the money she brought, and she was not beautiful enough

to suit his fastidious taste. Besides that, she was a shrew of the most savage sort. Kirchoff has a brother who is a rich and newly-fledged baron with forty orders of merit and forty bodily complaints, which causes the gleam of prospective wealth to fall upon the path of our friend of the cornet. To his credit, my heart's-germ, he perceives your virtues, and at this moment he is doubtless bringing his own to the mind of your father, as they sit together upon the bench yonder. You should tremble when you realize that your beauty has persuaded a man to become a bigamist—if he can."

"Now this is disagreeable," said Margaret, with tears in her eyes. "You talk very rudely to-day; so put this man out of your mind and let us walk down by the water and imagine all this beautiful place to be our own."

"How Baum watches us."

"Then let us delight him by endeavoring to entrance each other."

"I am entranced already," said Mayer helplessly.

"Well," responded Margaret thoughtfully, "I think that I am too. You are a delightful man, Reinhold."

It was at this point that the conversation assumed its milk-like character; all vigor and sense departed, and for a third pair of ears it possessed no charms. They wandered hither and thither like two children. The music seemed to them to be the music of Heaven; the distant grassy hills, the bright flowers on every hand, the happy faces all about them, the sweet perfume of the air, appeared to be a part of Paradise. They chirruped like birds, and while counting the prospects of future troubles upon their fingers, they imagined untold thousands of perpetual joys. They were both ready to sing, but they contented themselves by merely flitting to and fro, chatting and smiling, and wishing the sun might never go down.

The politic Baum contrived to unsettle the peace of Krömer's mind before the time arrived for the party to return.

The pleasures of wealth were never presented so carelessly and yet so powerfully. The vanity of the old man burst out again, and he imagined himself surrounded by luxuries without qualification or stint. He fully regretted his selection of Mayer.

Baum reached his chamber burning with jealousy. No passion is so quick to nerve the languid wickedness of a bad man's heart as this. A man of brains is always harmless under its attacks, but a jealous fool is the most dangerous of brutes. He entered [his] room pale with the excitement which he [had] repressed all day. He had been reared [un]der the shadow of a German university, [and] had caught the spirit of its ruffianism witho[ut] any of its profitable lessons; consequent[ly] when he felt his antagonism to Mayer, [his] cowardly nature made him instantly dread personal conflict.

He did not know how to fence, and as [he] had known disputes to be settled by swo[rd] in the German community in which he move[d] he felt sure that any quarrel which might arise between him and his enemy would have the same appeal.

Therefore, before he could safely insult [his] rival, he must take some lessons.

On the succeeding day Mayer led the [or]chestra at the rehearsal in the morning. This was a new honor, and the young man acquitted himself nobly. Baum's hate was inflamed, and he ran home almost demented. In the afternoon he set out to hunt up a fencing-master, and was directed to one whose rooms were over a wheelwright's shop.

He passed up the stairs and entered. The apartment was hung with gloves, masks, and foils. Targets ornamented the walls, and several padded vests were hung upon hooks bearing their owner's names.

A boy presented himself to Baum and informed him that his master was out, but that the assistant-teacher would wait upon him. The assistant-teacher entered promptly, and Baum turned around to meet him.

It was Mayer.

Baum felt himself blush, but still he contrived to smile and put out his hand.

"What, are you fencing-master besides?"

"Yes, I play at night, rehearse at eleven in the morning, and come here at two in the afternoon. It keeps me employed, and I earn money. I shall get rich, as sure as your name is Baum."

Baum would like to have flown at him and torn him to pieces, but he wisely restrained himself and endeavored to discover his meaning by staring at him. Mayer, however, was imperturbable.

"Did you come to be taught fencing?" he asked.

"No," replied Baum; "I came to—to ask the rent of the vacant loft overhead. I think of loaning some money to a house painter to start in business. But your master is not in?"

"No," responded Mayer with a bow; "he is not present."

Baum caught the emphasis, and with a

ficant gesture he turned towards the door. ayer followed him to the passage and laid inger on his arm.

"I am sure you came to learn how to fight th me. I have watched your conduct. I ew the state of your mind when we return- from the park yesterday, and I assure you s a dangerous one for you to indulge in. o not make an enemy of me, for a man who s secrets such as yours are, should confine attention to friends, not enemies. I ad- e you to relinquish all hopes of marrying argaret."

"How do you dare——"

"Go down-stairs, Kirchoff!"

Baum's knees knocked together, and, seiz- the balustrade, he looked at Mayer, who od above him.

"Go down," cried Mayer. Without think- what he did, Baum did so. Presently he ind himself in the street, bewildered. He ndered off, and by some instinct found his y to his lodging in a state of mind verging on a stupor.

His long-hidden and unsounded name had len upon him like a blow, and hours ssed before he began to recover.

He was awakened by a boy who brought a letter. He threw it into a corner of room and went out into the cool air of evening.

That night Krömer hired an escort to the ater, and while there he heard a story out Baum which was floating about among musicians, and which set him on fire. blundered in his playing, and Mayer uld have scowled upon him had he not the spect of being his son. As for Krömer, scowled upon Mayer, and declined his arm the way home with a vehemence which htened the young man, who could imagine excuse for it.

Krömer found Baum awaiting him in his mber, and Krömer's cordiality bordered on affection. He put his arm over his ulder and pressed his hand.

"My dear friend Baum," he said slowly, ne may make errors even about things ich lay nearest the heart."

Baum pricked up his ears and a thrill of asure passed through him from top to toe.

"In the night you are likely to reflect upon at has been said in the day."

"Yes," added Baum with a trembling voice; remember that I said something on Sun- ."

"That is what I mean," whispered Krömer.

"I believe in comfort," ventured the other.

"And so do I, Baum," cried Krömer with rapture. A flush of delight overspread his face and he caught his friend in his arms. "I believe in you. You are a wise man, and I have just begun to find you out. Let me explain myself, for what I have already said is the result of reason and not whim. I have thought it all out, and I conclude in your favor."

In a moment he had the anxious Baum by the lappel.

"This life," said he softly, "all we practical men agree, is a life of business. Love has or should have its commercial aspects. I say to myself, here is a lovely daughter who must have a husband, and being her father I am bound to look about me to find the required party. One person presents himself to my mind, and I rather fancy him; he has certain quantities of even temper, musical ability, and worldly prospects; my daughter has certain quantities of money, education, beauty, and refinement. Do they balance? Do they weigh evenly in the scales? Tolerably, say I, and consequently I fix my mind upon him. But, my dear friend, I find I have made a mistake. I was actuated by no species of love for that young man; my conclusion was purely one of arithmetic, but still my calculation was wrong. One fine day I go out for an airing with an acute companion, a friend of several years' standing. This companion converses with me and argues. He is clear, forcible, and shrewd. He points out the desirabilities of wealth and position, and he evinces a respect for the substantial joys of money which my son-elect does not possess. I sum up as I lay my head upon my pillow in the dead of night, and I think, finally, that I had better make a change."

Krömer coughed a little behind his hand. Baum held his breath and was filled with joy.

"Am I a mercenary old man?" resumed Krömer pathetically; "do I trade my daughter? Does she hold the position of Joseph? No, I am a man of pure judgment; love is not for me, affection is for others. Baum, my dearest and oldest friend, can you doubt that it is you whom I mean?"

"Krömer," responded that worthy man in a broken voice, "I understand you." The two then wrung hands in silence.

Baum soon left the apartment and ascended the staircase, shaking his fist in the direction of Mayer, while Krömer went hurriedly to bed, conscious of having made a good transaction.

Baum entered his chamber in ecstasy. The prospect of triumph over the detested Mayer caused him to remain awake.

It was fully two hours before his eye rested upon the letter, which still lay in the corner of the room whither he had thrown it.

He went and picked it up. It was foreign, and bore the well-known seal of his brother's attorney. He turned white. A singular mixed expression crossed his face.

He opened the letter, read it hastily, and then permitted it to drop to the floor. He rested his hands upon his hips. "Hum," he murmured in ecstacy, "Baum the cornet-player now expires, and the wealthy Kirchoff, the brother of the late famous baron, comes into existence."—The baron is dead!

He stood petrified for an hour, and then sinking into a chair, he sat and exulted the livelong night without removing an article of clothing. It was quite late in the morning before he came to his senses—that is, back to his actual position and surroundings. He was now worth a quarter of a million of thalers, and one could forgive him for reflecting on his wonderful possibilities. The first thing he did was to look down upon the floor towards Krömer's room and smilingly shake his head.

"Ah! you venerable calculator," said he, "you knew of all this when you cast off Mayer and adopted me. You heard it at the theater or in a wine-garden, and flew with a corrected judgment to make me commit myself in advance. No, no, Krömer; I regret, but Margaret has few charms for me now. I resign her to the fiddler."

At ten he drank some brandy, and, disheveled and excited, and haggard with the violent emotions of the night, he descended to Krömer's apartment to amuse himself with dallying with the old gentleman. He found the two together; the daughter standing beside the fireplace weeping silently, and the father sitting in his chair dressed to a nicety, with the most entrancing of smiles upon his face.

Baum was high-strung and entirely careless. He spoke to Margaret loudly; she turned aside. He spoke to Krömer, who rose and took his arm with a manner suggestive of fawning.

"I have had a night of happy dreams, friend Baum. Come and sit down and make one of us."

But Baum stood erect; his bearing, his look, and his tone were insolent.

"Krömer, my good pianist, I've been thinking over your proposal to me, and I am inclined to close with it; I—"

"Supposing we step into the window, dear Baum; this is business."

"No, no," responded the other, waving his hand; "why run away? Let us do everything above-board, Krömer. It is merely a matter of arithmetic, as you once observed. Who need be afraid of figures?"

"But, my—"

"O, don't tease, my good man. Let us be commercial. I have qualities, your daughter has qualities. Suppose we just run over these once more together. If they balance, then all right; if they don't balance, why then I can't take the daughter."

Baum smiled, while Krömer's face exhibited the greatest trepidation; he endeavored to place himself between Margaret and Baum and in an agitated voice begged for silence. But in vain. Baum continued for some moments dealing out misery and discomfort on all sides with his pointed tongue, and yet by no means discouraged Krömer, who danced hither and thither in an agony of suspense and doubt.

"No," said Baum finally, with a raised voice; "I should admire and relish a wife very well; I often regretted that I have not married earlier; but when one decides at a time of life to make a choice, he cannot be too particular. Now Margaret is a little too tall; I—"

"Kirchoff, I must again order you out of the way."

Kirchoff turned around and beheld Mayer beside him. His face at once became red with anger. Margaret advanced and stood behind Reinhold; while Krömer, speechless with surprise, remained silent.

"You have no right here, and your purpose in coming is simply to insult Margaret and her father. You comprehend me when I again repeat that you have no right. You are a married man, and fled to this country because you could not live in your own."

"That is a falsehood!" shrieked Kirchoff. "You don't know me; you are an impostor. What a scoundrel you are, to attack me so! Why do you tell such stupendous lies? Why do you call me Kirkoff—Kircholdt—Kirchoff!"

Mayer laughed, while Krömer's face assumed an expression of great indignation.

"Go out of the room," mildly said Mayer, raising his hand towards the door.

Kirchoff's red cheeks grew purple.

"Defend me, Krömer, or I shall pitch him out of the window. Look at him standing there. What an impertinence! what an outrage! what an insult!"

He began capering about the room with fury. Two or three times he seemed about to precipitate himself upon Mayer, who finally began to get angry himself.

'Let me put my hands upon you," screamed Kirchoff; "and I will show you how to and harass an innocent man."

He shook his fists in Mayer's face, who, ting out of patience, turned suddenly und and walked to the door and opened it. There instantly walked in a short, fat, mid-aged woman, with a small red face and a all sharp eye. She carried her bare arms led before her, and occasionally slapped m with her hands. Upon the top of her d were a pair of black flouncing feathers, ich danced up and down at every step. fixed her eye upon the ceiling at the her end of the room, and walked straight the middle of the floor and stood still.

'Madame Kirchoff!" shouted her husd.

'The same," replied she in German, with- removing her gaze from the ceiling.

'Now, Kirchoff," said Mayer, "here is the e you ran away from. She came in the sel which brought to you and all the Gerns in the city the news of your good luck. ey tell me that she ruled you at home, and came to hunt you up and take you back order to make you pay something for deing her into marriage with you. Is that e, Madame Kirchoff?"

'Every word," responded the woman.

"Then take him away," said Mayer.

Kirchoff's knees shook under him. All courage had vanished, and he looked woegone. His wife advanced and seized him the arm and began to march him off.

"Stop! is all this true?" demanded Krör; "are you really married, and is this wo- n here your wife, friend Baum? And is your true name Kirchoff; and are you being carried off?"

"Yes, I expect so," replied Kirchoff.

"Then you have deceived me," said Krömer; "but," he added reproachfully, "I hope God will bless you, after all."

"I hope he will," replied Kirchoff. Then he disappeared in the clutch of madame.

"Now," said Mayer to Krömer, "there is a difficulty removed, and now all is plain. Margaret and I have arranged matters between us; and as I know you look at affairs in their substantial lights, I have the pleasure to say that to-day I was selected as leader in the orchestra of the new Opera-House, at the best salary paid to any musical man in the country. My overture has been splendidly received, and I am to be President of the Conservatory."

Krömer listened attentively.

"I will think it over," said he; "come to-morrow."

The next day Mayer presented himself. Krömer's face was wreathed in smiles.

"Mayer, my friend, you have won my approbation. I have counted up your various incomes and emoluments, and I calculate they surpass Margaret's by a considerable amount. I will make it even at some future time, though I cannot say precisely when. We thus arrange our business. I am told that there are other features which are only attended to by the parties themselves. You can now proceed with those. Here is Margaret."

Margaret held a fan, for the day was warm, and Mayer advanced, and they both disappeared behind it, but came to light again in an instant, blushing.

THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS.

A COMMENCEMENT ADDRESS.*

I WISH, under favor of your patience, to part a little from the accepted custom of e occasion. I venture to ask you, on this gh-day of the Dartmouth year, to abandon holastic themes for the hour, and pass to e broader plane of public affairs. The pic has not, indeed, been always thought ateful to academic ears. The scholar has been assumed to dwell apart, and to consecrate himself to higher than every-day affairs. He was to do noble thinking; he was to rule in the realm of ideas; he was to adorn the learned professions. But I am emboldened to a more practical discussion of duties more vital, by an address delivered before these very societies, perhaps in this very building, by an American scholar and thinker, who, while yet flourishing among us in his green and honored old age, has been translated before his time, but not before his

* Delivered before the United Literary Societies of rtmouth College. Also, in substance, before the cieties of Amherst College and the Alumni of iami University.

desert, to our American Walhalla. "The scholar may lose himself," said Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, before the United Literary Societies of Dartmouth College, in 1838,—"the scholar may lose himself in schools, in words, and become a pedant; but when he comprehends his duties, he, above all men, is a realist, and converses with things." Fortified by that high teaching, I may, with less hesitation, invite you to consider the duty of the American Scholar to be a Politician, and his duty as a Politician.

The time is convenient. We are at the placid ebb of what, a year ago, was our angry flood-tide. There surged about us then too heavy a sea of passion. The recurrent national mania, the paroxysm of the Presidency, was upon us. Grant a tyrant, Greeley a traitor;—these were the crazy shibboleths of the hour. Believe either and lustily proclaim it, and you had a certain following and support. Calmly disbelieve both, and you would better have a care,—the people were not in this great crisis to be mocked by time-servers who concealed only to betray! Few serious, considerate words got a hearing. It was the quadrennial national craze.

Well,—it is all happily over. The vanquished live to fight another day, and meantime do not find their condition quite intolerable. The victors—perhaps it will not be considered partisan if I venture to suggest that as they contemplate the fruit of their labors, after all they do not feel quite so happy as they expected. It is a good time for victors and vanquished alike to turn aside from the personalities which necessarily transfuse yet infinitely degrade such contests, and consider their abstract duty as citizens.

Is it an exaggeration to assume that this duty is the very highest—those of religion alone excepted—of all that can possibly press upon you? I know very well the snobbish idea to the contrary,—every man knows it, who has ever passed a week within college walls. It has been the habit of the educated classes, the custom of colleges, an effect of the atmosphere, to foster only sentiments of pity, or worse, for the man of letters who so far forgot himself as to stoop to politics. In many a New England college it has at times been somehow felt as involving a loss of caste to display a marked tendency to political discussions; and more than one luckless undergraduate, whose fervid disputations about the Kansas-Nebraska bill or the rights of Freedom against Slavery in the Territories disturbed the scholastic air, never fully attained the standing of those wiser students who confined their talk to Ten[illegible] son and society. The other day a [illegible] whose name is held in honor throughout [illegible] country, for his generous gifts to the high[illegible] education of our time, bemoaned his misf[illegible] tune about his son. He had wanted to [illegible] the boy up in business as a banker; but [illegible] perverse fellow had gone into politics, a[illegible] when last heard from, had actually taken [illegible] seat in the Legislature. The good [illegible] looked upon that son of his hope as lost [illegible] him, and almost regarded the family name [illegible] disgraced!

To wrest statutes for the protection [illegible] rogues, and wield technicalities to aid [illegible] escape of assassins,—that is respectable, [illegible] is it not a part of the noble profession of [illegible] Law? To spend your time applying rem[illegible] dies whose value every year makes you mo[illegible] doubtful of, for diseases whose real natu[illegible] every year makes you more uncert[illegible] about,—that is respectable, for it is a rec[illegible] nized feature, Dr. Holmes would say a ma[illegible] feature, of the foremost of the humane pu[illegible] suits. To spend days and nights in stealt[illegible] scheming to persuade your neighbor to b[illegible] your Pacific Mail on the belief that its [illegible] creasing value is not yet recognized, wh[illegible] you secretly know it to be worthless and a[illegible] only anxious to unload it on him before t[illegible] final crash comes,—that is eminently hon[illegible] able, for it is one of the recognized metho[illegible] of shrewd business management adopted [illegible] essential by well-nigh every speculator w[illegible] does a thriving trade anywhere in the Unit[illegible] States, or, for that matter, in Christendo[illegible] To devote like attention to the honest a[illegible] economical administration of the affairs [illegible] the whole community, to strive for equ[illegible] laws and exact justice among your fellow[illegible] to seek a public policy that shall promot[illegible] alike the interests of the citizen and t[illegible] greatness of the Nation,—it has long be[illegible] one of the snobbish freaks of the most highl[illegible] educated classes in our Democratic co[illegible] munity to hold the pursuit whereof these a[illegible] the legitimate ends a business too degradi[illegible] for gentlemen and scholars.

Yet the same people have always reverse[illegible] their judgments when they got far enou[illegible] away from the politician to see him. The[illegible] know little of the Philadelphia banker wh[illegible] periled his private fortune in carrying the Gov[illegible] ernment through the war of the Revolutio[illegible] —the very name of Robert Morris scarce[illegible] conveys a suggestion to-day to the avera[illegible] reader; but the fame of the politician who[illegible] he named for Secretary of the Treasu[illegible] widens with the generations, till Alexand[illegible]

Hamilton is recognized throughout the world s one of the few first-rate men of his cen-ury—as perhaps the one supremely great ctor and thinker whom this continent in the ighteenth century produced. The men of spectable pursuits—the mere physicians, wyers, bankers, gentlemen, and scholars of at time,—how do they rate now in the es-mate of our fastidious friends who despise olitics and politicians, by the side of the lad f eighteen who used to desert their worship-l company to write political pamphlets, or hare in local political struggles? Illinois as had many shrewd, far-seeing men through he half-century of her history,—profound rists, accomplished scholars, incomparable en of business,—the miraculous work of hose hands is to-day the wonder of the hole country. Thousands of them have ated through most of their lives, in the esti-nate of this politics-despising aristocracy, r above the lank, uncouth Springfield law-er who couldn't mind his business and keep ut of politics, and who was always getting eaten in politics. But how they all fade out f sight, in the splendid fame of the Martyr-President! Respectability mourned long and ore over the promising Cincinnati lawyer ho threw himself away on fugitive-slave ases and futile attempts to organize politi-al parties on humanitarian ideas, and could nly get recognition from negroes for his ains; yet this same respectability mourns gain, and just as sincerely as the whole ountry besides, at the open grave of the reat Chief-Justice. We are all of us ready nough to honor the politician, like the pro-het,—when we have got through stoning nd come to know him.

And after all it is very natural, this low pinion of politics in the abstract. A pur-uit is certain to be long judged by the verage character of the men who follow t; and the average character of your ward olitician cannot be drawn in attractive olors. He is nearly sure to be a demagogue. He is apt to take liberties with the truth. He s in great danger of taking liberties with the ublic purse—if he can get a chance. Good r bad himself, he is reasonably certain to e often figuring in what seem to be bad situ-tions. There can be no question about the ad company he keeps—especially when he elongs to the opposition. Generally he is pt to seem a politician in that bad sense which, as one of our essayists has pointed ut, has actually degraded the meaning of the word from which the name is derived, and led us to look upon a politic man as merely a cunning man, largely endowed with caution instead of conscience. Of this average bar-room manager, this township wire-puller or ward demagogue, you shall use no word of disapproval which we cannot all heartily re-echo. It is precisely because the men whose duties and whose interests demand from them an active participation in political affairs have fastidiously ignored duty and interest alike, that, in the common mind, politician has come to mean "office-seeker;" and the "Man Inside Politics," whom *The Nation* is so fond of satirizing, is universally understood to be a man professing an anxiety for the good of the country or the good of the party—in his mind convertible terms—in order that he may the more conveniently fill his pockets.

It is at once the weakness of our form of government and the shame of our intelligent classes, that the demagogue, at the outset, has the advantage, and that the office-seekers mainly give the impulse to political movements. It is a bad impulse. They are a bad set who give it, and a not much better set who, in Congress, and especially in State legislatures and small elective offices in great cities, constitute the average outcome. The fastidious father who wants his college-bred son to keep out of politics is altogether right, if he means by politics only this vulgar struggle of vulgar men through vulgar means for petty offices and plethoric but questionable gains. Looking only at such agencies, and such results, we may well marvel at the national prosperity, and fall back in our bewilderment upon Heinrich Heine's witty adaptation of Boccaccio's wicked epigram for an explanation: "The same fact may be offered in support of a republic as of religion;—it exists, in spite of its ministers!"

Yet where is the government that does better? Where is the government that does so well? And no matter whether it does well or ill,—paint our politics as black as you will,—all the more I say you make it the duty of better men, in their own interest, to enter in and take possession.

What I wish then, first of all, to insist upon, is the essential worth, nobility, primacy indeed of the liberal pursuit of politics. It is simply the highest, the most dignified, the most important of all earthly objects of human study. Next to the relation of man to his Maker, there is nothing so deserving his best attention as his relation to his fellow men. The welfare of the community is always more important than the welfare of any individual, or number of individuals; and

the welfare of the community is the highest object of the science of politics. The course and current of men in masses,—that is the most exalted of human studies, and that is the study of the politician. To help individuals is the business of the learned professions. To do the same for communities is the business of politics. To aid in developing a single career may task the best efforts of the teacher. To shape the policy of a nation, to fix the fate of generations,—is this not as much higher as the heavens are high above the earth? Make the actual politician as despicable as you may, but the business of politics remains the highest of human concerns.

There is a special reason why, in our country and time, it should more than ever command the best abilities of our best men. That reason, in a word, is that the age of the sentimental in politics has passed. We have ceased to conduct campaigns on fine feelings. Emotional politics went out with the war. Instead of questions about God-given rights and bursts of pathos over the claim of every being God created to the free air of heaven, and thrills at the unfurling of the flag, we have serious reasoning as to the effect on national prosperity of putting a duty of a fourth of one per cent. ad valorem on imported pig-iron; or the power of compelling railroads to carry passengers for three cents a mile, and freight in proportion, without reference to the number of times you have to break bulk. All this is but a change that we see in all our institutions, that is in the times. Even the undergraduates about us have felt it. Ten or fifteen years ago, the staple subject here for reading and talk, outside study hours, was English poetry and fiction. Now it is English science. Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Huxley, Darwin, Tyndall, have usurped the places of Tennyson and Browning, and Matthew Arnold and Dickens. The age itself has changed, and the politics change with it. We are no longer sentimental; we have mines to develop instead of fugitive slaves to fight over; Congressmen to watch instead of United States marshals; the percentage on our funded debt to calculate instead of a percentage for a draft; Pacific railroads to inspect instead of army corps.

Naturally the sentimentalists die hard. They have had an easy and a powerful sway over the national feeling, and they do not surrender it without a struggle. It was a great principle on which they rode into public esteem. Ever since thee have been hunting for hobbies which they might try to persuade the public were great principles too. One screams about the Chinese; another about the slavery of our mothers and sisters; another about the serfdom of labor in a country where every laborer may become, in a small way, a capitalist, in the second or third year of his continuous work. The great orator of the anti-slavery epoch, the greatest popular orator indeed of our time, has been floundering in such Serbonian bogs ever since the northward wave from Appomattox left him stranded in Boston, with his vocation gone.

The Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby solemnly observed to me, the other day, that he no longer took any interest in politics. He will do better, by and by—he is one of the improving kind; but in that he stands as a type for the whole race of the sentimentalists. And yet our politics seem to me to offer more now than ever before to fascinate the intellect and tax the best culture of the time. To hate slavery, to love the flag,—that, happily, required no scholarship. On issues like that the people needed no intellectual leadership. On questions that involve learning and study, the better educated may lead; where an honest conscience is sufficient, they will lead themselves, and lead—as for fifteen years they did—their leaders.

Nowadays the would-be leaders are bewailing the lack of "great issues." They seem to me to mistake the case. The issues are greater than ever—only now they demand thought instead of feeling. It is no longer a case of inspiring sentiment about the God-given right of the black man to the free air of heaven; it is the knottier problem of keeping the free black man from stealing the State of South Carolina bankrupt, or from uniting with his inferiors among the white men transiently resident in Louisiana, to fan into fresh flame the hates of the civil war, and thus prolong its ruin. The black man's right to his child—that was a claim if needed no ghost from college walls to enforce: the Congo as a legislator,—there is a problem to tax the coming Cavour or Bismarck of our country—a problem, indeed, that might well demand for its solution some new Plato, or Bacon, or Montesquieu.

Here then is the special claim of the country upon her scholars. Now more than ever before she has need for, and therefore the right to demand the best service of her best-trained men. Anybody could understand sentimental politics; it takes thought and training, and all the scholarship you can

et for it to master the more difficult issues f this more critical time. On mere ques- ons of justice to the enslaved or loyalty to e flag, there was no fear of the people; ith or without the active co-operation of eir best-taught men, they were sure to take e right course. But the issues that are now on us are as grave and more complicated. ow to efface the scars of a civil war; how preserve safe relations between slaves ddenly made citizens and masters suddenly ade paupers; how to repair the financial aste of an inflated currency and an enor- ous debt; how best to adjust the burdens an exhausted revenue to the needs of ruggling industries; how to protect labor m capital, and how to control the corpo- tions that absorb and dominate both,—these e problems worthy the best thought of our st-trained thinkers; and in handling them government of the people has the right to e aid of the finest culture and highest intel- ctual power that people has been able to velop.

It is not an aid in the way of office-holding at is here meant—though that too may be duty. Rather it is that continuous, oughtful care which every man gives to his ivate affairs and the State has the right to aim for *its* affairs from every worthy citizen. nd therefore it is that I have made bold to k your attention to your duty, as scholars, become politicians—a duty as explicit as y taught by these professors, as command- g as any enforced from the sacred desk,— duty indeed as sacred, as absolute, as con- uous as any enjoined in the decalogue.

We deplore the evils of politics. Our stes are offended by their turmoil, our orals outraged by their deceit and dishon- ty. They are coarse, they are vulgar, they e demoralizing, they are degrading. It is l true; and all the more it is your duty to into politics! The man who complained his termagant wife that there was no ing with her or without her, was the act type of the American scholar who nds outside the political arena, daintily iffing at the odors of the struggle and won- ring how he can get beyond their reach. hat is just what he cannot do. He can irk his part, and entail upon himself, his ends, and his descendants an added misfor- ne; but one of two things is imperative: must bear the ills of politics yearly grow- g more corrupt and unbearable through his glect, or he must take hold to make them tter. He must suffer the errors of an norant policy, or he must help to shape a wise policy. He must permit the less intelli- gent to govern, or he must bring intelligence to the affairs of government.

Prince Albert, in a moment of unprincely frankness, said of his own country, "Repre- sentative government is on trial." There was tremendous uproar at the audacious ar- raignment: to this day men call it an un- lucky speech. But was he wrong? How has representative government worked in New York? When you read of the Ring, and remembered that, year after year, it swept the city by majorities which, after all allowances for fraud, were still overwhelming, did you reckon representative government there much better than a riot, or the cholera? Consider the condition of Louisiana to-day, or of Arkansas, or of South Carolina. Is it the favored citizen of either of those fa- vored examples of the beneficent working of representative government who can afford to throw stones at Prince Albert's modest suggestion that the system is on trial?

You know Carlyle's analysis of representa- tive government: "If, of ten men, nine are recognized as fools, which is a common cal- culation, how in the name of wonder will you ever get a ballot box to grind you out a wisdom from the votes of these ten men?" Of course the superficial answer to this extravagance is "Educate the other nine." But it is an un- satisfactory answer. You cannot always edu- cate them. They are not always willing to take education if you have the power to give it. They have not always the ability to re- ceive it, however willing they may be to take, and able you may be to give. At the best it is a remedy for the next generation, not for the one in which, for us and ours, representa- tive government must succeed or fail. Mr. Herbert Spencer has a better answer, and it is one that deserves special note in a consid- eration of American politics by American scholars: "Those who elaborate new truths, and teach them to their fellows, are nowa- days the real rulers, the unacknowledged le- gislators, the virtual kings. When the dicta of the thinker cannot get established in law until after a long battle of opinion—when they have to prove their fitness for the time by conquering time, we have a guarantee that no great changes which are ill-considered or premature can be brought about."

There, then, is our hope. With the scholars of the land rests the real control of its demo- cratic representative government. If the thinkers are doing their duty, they are the real rulers. But they fail in their high place, and are false to the country that claims their

best service, as well as their own interests, if they keep daintily out of the actual strife. Their place is in the market and the court with Pericles, quite as much as under the plane trees with Socrates.

To all this two objections are sure to be urged. One will deny that, in the high sense, there *is* a class of scholars in America. The other will question whether, in a country where the most ignorant prides himself on being as good as you, or a little better, there can be any chance for scholars to exert a legitimate influence.

Well, as to American scholarship we shall gain nothing by playing the children's game of "Make believe we're grown folks now." Eton is doubtless nearly as good as Dartmouth—more's the pity; Harvard and Yale scarcely reach beyond Rugby or the best of the German gymnasia;—we have no approach to the real Cambridge or the real Oxford this side the Atlantic. And yet a country that, in the first century of its existence, can point to linguists like Hadley and Drisler, and Tyler and Whitney; to men of science like Henry and Agassiz and Draper; to colleges that nurture professors, like that one at Dartmouth, who develops and almost recreates the spectroscope, or that one in Amherst, who gave to natural science some of the finest cabinets on the continent; a country that has Lowell and Longfellow, that had Hawthorne, and has the promise of his lineal successor in Howells; that matches Carlyle with Emerson, and Froude with Motley; that has given to pure scholarship a series of translations of the great world poems, begun by Longfellow and Bryant, and nobly concluded by Bayard Taylor,—to be followed, in due time, by an English Theocritus from Wall street, well worthy to end the splendid series,—may ignore sneers at the incoherent nature of its scholastic apparatus, and dismiss the question as to whether there is such a thing as American scholarship.

But can it get a hearing in politics?

"The finding of your Able Man," says Carlyle, "is the business, well or ill-accomplished, of all social procedure whatever in this world." The power and real rule of the Able Man is to-day as absolute as ever. "The tools to him that can use them,"—more and more, as civilization grows complex, that becomes the inexorable, unvarying rule of every successful business in life. Only the character of the Able Man has changed. Carlyle found him generally a soldier. Now he is never such; or if by chance a mere soldier drifts into the Able Man's place, he is an anachronism. But, year by year, in business, in law, in politics, in all other intellectual and social activities, more and more the man of the highest intellectual equipment and the best disciplined faculties comes to the front and takes command. The scholar does have his place, and can get his hearing, if he will.

Is it then worth while? Are there, in the daily business of this infinitely degrading politics of yours, questions that deserve the attention of scholars?

I have tried already to show how in a democratic government the base will rule if the better, who can, will not; and how the better must themselves suffer in consequence. Whether you shall take active part in politics is doubtless a question of conscience and duty; but it is also a question of a lower and more biting kind—it is one of self-interest; and it is always worth while whether scholars or not, to take care of yourselves. But more than ever before, the questions that rise on our political horizon do deserve the best attention of scholars. We have seen that the epoch of the sentiment in politics has gone by. Has it occurred to you to consider what unsentimentally perplexing problems, demanding your best thought, and the best aid you can get from the thinkers of all time, are looming upon us?

1. How are you going to punish crime? Or, specially, how are you going to punish murderers so as to discourage murder? In a great commercial metropolis, where every week, and sometimes every day, brings a new murder, the problem stands out in a lurid coloring. One day it is a truck-driver killing the man who casually gets in his way in a crowded street; the next, it is a bully, inflamed with drink, braining a man who objects to his insulting a woman; the next, an uncle shooting a dissolute niece to reform her; and the next, a son planting, one after another, four bullets in the body of his father because the doomed man didn't live harmoniously with his mother. Sometimes in a paroxysm of justice we hang one or two. Often we dawdle for years over the trials, till the crimes are forgotten; or we apply the latest knavery of science, and discover emotional insanity; and then we sometimes make the murderer a United States Minister to a first-class foreign court. Steadily the crime increases. What are you going to do about it? Will you still pretend to hang, and practically turn loose; will you pretend to imprison for life with the same result—since the average dur-

ion of imprisonments on life sentences under he farce of our system of pardons is scarcely en years; will you take away the pardoning ower; will you agree with the author and inisher of emotional insanity that, neverthe- ess, the best use you can put a crazy mur- lerer to is to hang him;—what will or can ou do?

2. How are you going to stop official steal- ng? Perhaps it is as well that we should ot enter into particulars; since that might ouch untenderly, and on all sides, parti- an sores. But the general fact everybody nows. In New York, in Albany, in Wash- ngton, and nearly every great city, in the apitals of most of the larger and some f the smaller States, corruption and theft ave been running rampant. It is not an ffair of one party. Every party that has had chance has taken its share in the plunder. Congress has been demoralized; State legis- atures have been debauched; municipal gov- rnments have become co-operative thieving ssociations, with the police as their tools for ontrolling elections, and the judges (in New ork and Philadelphia at least) as their tools or wresting the law to their purpose. With ll this has come a demoralization of the en- ire civil service, which there is no time here o depict, but which, in a word, has made ivil service reform at once the most crying ecessity and the most pitiful burlesque of he day. What remedy has Mr. Carlyle's Able Man, or Mr. Herbert Spencer's unac- nowledged legislator and virtual king, the Thinker, to propose?

3. How are you going to control your cor- orations? They have spread over the land ith a growth like that of Jonah's gourd, but ith a texture that no hot sun yet seen can ither. To them you largely owe the ruin f legislative virtue, and the dangerous tempt- ng of judicial honor. Creatures of the State, hey control and command the legislation of he State, the interpretation of its laws, and he election of its law-makers. Servants of he people, they are making themselves the asters—are threatening, indeed, under the orms of republicanism, to subvert entirely he government of the people for the people. lready the western masses are in revolt, nd they promise, in their rage, to go to ex- remes quite as unwarranted as their antago- ists have dared, and far more violent. In he heat of this passion there is little hope of just solution of the great problem—for reat problem it is, and one to which our best hinkers may well give their best thoughts— What shall we do with our corporations—the railways, for instance? Shall we cripple them by invidious legislation, thus retarding the development of the country and repelling the investment of foreign capital, or shall the government go into the railroad business on its own account, as young Charles Francis Adams has proposed? How shall the rights of the people be protected without impairing their interests? How shall the power of the corporation be diminished without destroying its usefulness?

4. It is but another phase of the same great problem that is already pressing at the East: What shall be the relations between the man with labor, skilled or unskilled, to sell, and the man with money to buy it? What relations exist now you know. They are merely those of armed observation and truce. Every month or two the truce is somewhere broken, with varying fortune for the contestants, but generally with waste- ful cost and no substantial profit to either. Year by year the hostility grows more marked, the conflicts are more frequent, the feeling is more bitter. In Great Britain, boards of arbitration serve to ameliorate the primitive barbarism of the contest; here we employ little save the brute strength that struggles to see which can hold out the long- er. Very rarely do we yet see, on either side of the water, an application of that be- neficent principle which Horace Greeley en- dured infinite abuse for first introducing to American attention, and in which, as the most of those who have carefully considered it believe, is yet to be found the true solution of the labor problem. I mean the principle which was long made odious to American ears by raising after it the mad-dog cry of Fourierism,—the one vital tenet of the phi- losophy of the half-crazy, half-inspired Fran- çois Charles Fourier,—the doctrine of co- operation among laborers, who thus become their own capitalists. But meantime we have strikes, and combinations of capitalists, and riots by strikers, and great suffering, and demagogues rushing into politics to gain place as the friends of the laboring-man. What is the true and just solution of the la- bor question?

5. We have started down an inclined plane on the question of suffrage. Are we going to stop before we get to the bottom? The land-greed of the Anglo-Saxon race is still at work. We have absorbed the best part of Mexico; but we have plenty of prop- agandists—mainly in the army, and with in- fluential voice near the head of the govern- ment, clamorous for the rest. We have

taken a foothold in the West Indies; it will be of God's mercy if we do not find the whole West India archipelago crowded upon us, to tax an already overloaded national digestion. What are we to do with the turbulent, treacherous, ill-conditioned population? They have shown no faculty for self-government hitherto; are we to precipitate them in mass into the already sufficiently degraded elements of our national suffrage? We are trying the powers of Anglo-Saxon self-governing digestion upon three millions of slaves; are the gastric juices of the body politic equal to the addition of the Mexicans, the Santo Domingans, the Cubans, the "Conks" of the Bahamas, the Kanakas, and the rest of the inferior mixed races of our outlying tropical and semi-tropical dependencies? Having thus given the overwhelming preponderance to ignorance, will you, in the effort to preserve a balance, add intuitional, not to say emotional politics, by doubling the voting population in the interest of the women? Do you mean to stop at any point whatever short of the equal right of every human being over 21, or more probably over 18 years of age, of whatever race, sex, capacity or condition, educated or ignorant, pagan or Christian, virtuous or debased, the highest product of Yankee school-houses, or the spawn of the tropics, to an equal share in the direction and conduct of the government? The Union which Puritan ascetics and chivalric planters combined to form can endure much;—can it endure all this? Upon this generation, with such help as the scholars of the land may be able to give, is to rest the responsibility of the answer.

6. Will you prepare for this coming trial of our institutions by compulsory education? Are you willing to surrender the doctrine of individual liberty to the extent of admitting that the father shall *not* have the right of bringing up his children to the age of responsible citizenship in such ignorance that they cannot read the constitution, under which they are to vote, or the laws whose makers they are to vote for? It is a grave question; it involves points of constitutional right, as well as of public expediency. It is a problem too serious for any sudden answer, or for any answer to which the scholars of the land do not give the hearty assent, not merely of their wishes but of their judgment. And it presses upon us in the near future.

7. Closely allied with these is another question of our future politics no less grave. This is essentially an Anglo-Saxon government. Are we willing, do we think it safe to make what we consider inferior races to every extent, and to the end of time, free of its privileges and power? Are we willing, for instance, to harden the doctrine of our Declaration of Independence into national law and practice, by accepting the casual Chinese immigrant as a citizen and equal voter with ourselves. Shall we adopt the broad principle that immigrants of any race or condition, color, religion or character, convict or citizen, black, yellow, or white, shall to the end be impartially welcome as immigrants to equal citizenship and rights with ourselves? Nominally, we say so now; but labor unions, State legislatures, State courts, even the most extreme advocates of negro rights, revolt when admission is claimed for yellow as well as black. Are we ready to face the practical issue?

8. What shall be done with our Indians? We have about exhausted on them the possibilities of our national permutation of policies. We made treaties with, we made war upon, we granted peace to these incoherent, helpless, barbarous Indian wanderers within our own borders, just as we might have done with France, our traditional, or Great Britain, our natural friend and ally. A gang of breech-clouted stragglers stole horses and scalped an occasional captive along the frontier. If they had been white we should have thrown them into jail; as they were copper-colored we straightway opened diplomatic negotiations with them, sent embassadors to them, entreated them with gifts, made a treaty with them. Presently, of course, they robbed or scalped somebody else, exactly as more intelligent and responsible criminals are wont to do when they get out of the clutches of the law. Then we made national war upon them, conquered them (sporadic Capt. Jacks meantime giving us many a hard struggle over it), and then negotiated fresh treaties with them, which were ratified with fresh gifts. And then the stragglers went upon their reservations, whence when the grass for their horses was green again, they emerged for fresh raids, to be followed by fresh fights, fresh treaties, fresh returns to the reservations, and thence again and yet again, as the musicians say, *da capo*. Does any rational being doubt that all this was from the beginning, nearly a century ago, and is now the quintessence of civilized, organized, Christianized, Congressional and Presidential foolery? But what will you have? If these half-starved, irresponsible, worthless wanderers are not an independent

ation, mysteriously existing within the limits f another, yet retaining their autonomy and heir independence, to be dealt with under he sanction of treaties and the law of na- ons, what are they? Are you ready to ac- ept the obvious, as the wise, solution of the roblem that has perplexed two centuries of nglo-Saxon rule on this continent?—to ipe out with one stroke your historic policy f national treaties with wandering gangs of agabonds, and the application of interna- onal law to casual thieves and murderers hat belong in your police courts? In one ord, are you ready to treat Indians who annot support themselves like white men of ke condition—the peaceable as paupers and he hostile as criminals?—to provide poor- ouses for the one and penitentiaries for the her?—to bring both under the equal appli- ation of equal laws, to be adjudged by the earest justice of the peace instead of the ecretary of War, or a major-general com- anding a Department, or an Indian com- ission sent, for their sins, to afflict both?— nd to remand the army peremptorily to its gitimate business of supporting the civil thorities when, and only when, legitimately lled upon? That is the heroic treatment the Indian question. Is it the wise one? it adapted to our conditions? Has it en found practicable by other nations in eir dealings with similar trials? Is there any case a larger opportunity for bringing lture and conscience, Christian humanity d common sense, into politics for the undo- g of a national crime and the suppression a national scandal?

9. How may we best appoint our civil icers? Do we in most cases get the best rvice and the best men by electing them? the ballot in the hands of ten thousand ters, who cannot possibly have any per- nal knowledge of the subject, for every ndred who have, the surest way of getting e very best man, say for Police Commis- oner, or for Controller of the Treasury? ill you get the man out of all those at the r of the five or six adjoining counties best ted by profound knowledge of the law, by uable temper, balanced judgment, instinc- e recognition and love of justice, to be the dge of the circuit, by asking the entire pop- ation of these counties — nine-tenths of em not knowing and having no means of owing personally anything about any of e men named—to say at the next general ection whom they would rather have? If elective judiciary does not promise the st results—and surely its results at the East have been sorry enough—what does? If, in general, the lottery of a miscellaneous election, with twenty or thirty names on a ticket, and no possibility of the average voter's knowing anything whatever about one in ten of them, has not proved the surest means of discovering and drafting into the public service the peculiar qualifications specially needed for peculiar and exacting posts, what better means can the scholar and thinker suggest?

And here we must pause. At such a transition stage in our national history it is well to look about us, and gather together a few of the greater questions that already rise, large and vague, through the mists of the near future. Are they, then, worthy the attention of scholars? Rather let us declare that scholar unworthy of his opportunities, untrue to himself, his class, or his time, who neglects them. Well may we revert to the declaration with which we began, and accept this business of our practical politics as simply the highest, the most dignified, and the most important of all earthly objects of human study.

What is the legitimate function of scholars in this business?

It is a notable tendency of the men of the highest and finest culture everywhere to antagonize existing institutions. Exceptional influences eliminated, the scholar is pretty sure to be opposed to the established. The universities of Germany contain the deadliest foes to the absolute authority of the Kaiser. The scholars of France prepared the way for the first Revolution, and were the most dangerous enemies of the imperial adventurer who betrayed the second. Charm he never so wisely, he could never charm the Latin Quarter; make what contributions to literature he would, he could never gain the suffrage of the Academy. While the prevailing parties in our own country were progressive and radical, the temper of our colleges was to the last degree conservative. As our politics settled into the conservative tack, a fresh wind began to blow about the college seats, and literary men, at last, furnished inspiration for the splendid movement that swept slavery from the statute-book, and made us a free nation. "The very freedom of literary pursuits," says a philosophical observer, "leads men to question the excellence of the ruling power; and thus despotism and democracy alike find enemies among the highly gifted of those who live under their sway." No higher service than this can be rendered the State. Of all things for a nation to dread is that passionless, un-

changing calm, which for cycles has brooded over and stifled the East. "Tell me," exclaims Walter Savage Landor, "whether mud is not said to be settled when it sinks to the bottom, and whether those who are about to sink a State do not, in like manner, talk of settling it?" The sentence with which the next great story-teller who followed Macaulay in his incursions upon English History, has concluded his splendid work, fitly and weightily teaches the same lesson. "The worst legacy," says Mr. Froude, as his conclusion of the whole matter, "which princes or statesmen could bequeath to their country, would be the resolution of all its perplexities, the establishment once and forever of a finished system, which would neither require nor tolerate improvement." While the scholars of a land do their duty no such system will be created. Wise unrest will always be their chief trait. We may set it down as, within certain needful and obvious limitations, the very foremost function of the scholar in politics, *To oppose the established.*

And the next is like unto it. Always, in a free government, we may expect parties, in their normal state, to stand to each other somewhat in the relation described by Mr. Emerson, as existing between the Democratic and Whig parties, both now happily extinct. The one, he said, had the best cause, the other the best men. Always we shall have, under some new name, and with new watchwords, the old Conservative party, dreading change, gathering to itself the respectability of experience and standing and success, having in its ranks most of the men whom the country has proved on the questions of yesterday, and therefore, by that halting conservative logic which is so natural, on one side so just, and yet so often delusive, prefers to trust on the wholly different questions of to-day and to-morrow. Always, again, we shall have the party of revolt from these philosophers of yesterdays,—the party that disputes the established, that demands change, that insists upon new measures for new emergencies, that refuses to recognize the rule of the past as the necessary rule for them. It is the party that gathers to itself all the restless, all the extravagant, all the crack-brained, all the men with hobbies and missions and spheres. Here, too, as of old unto David, gather themselves every one that is in distress, every one that is in debt, every one that is discontented. And so we have again, just as in the old Democratic days, just as in the old Free-Soil days, just as in the old Republican days, before Republicanism too in its turn became powerful and conse vative, the disreputable party of conglom erate material, repulsive appearance, an splendid possibilities, the perpetual antagonis of conservatism, the perpetual party of to morrow. Need I say where it seems to m the American scholar belongs? He has to rarely been found there as yet. Mr. Bright Cave of Adullam has not seemed an invitin retreat for the shy, scholastic recluse, or fo the well-nurtured favorite of academic au diences. But Mr. Bright and our scholar have alike forgotten their history. The di reputable Adullamites came to rule Israe As for the scholar, the laws of his intellectu development may be trusted to fix his plac Free thought is necessarily aggressive an critical. The scholar, like the healthy, re blooded young man, is an inherent, an organi an inevitable radical. It is his business t reverse the epigram of Emerson, and put th best men and the best cause together. And we may set down, as a second function the American scholar in politics, *An intell tual leadership of the radicals.*

No great continuous class can be alwa in the wrong; and even the time-honor class of the croakers have reason wh they say that in our politics the former tim were better than these. We do not have many great men as formerly in public lif De Tocqueville explains the undeniable fa —far more conspicuous now, indeed, th in his time—by what he calls "the ever-i creasing despotism of the majority in t United States." "This power of the majo ty," he continues, "is so absolute and ir sistible that one must give up his rights as citizen, and almost abjure his qualities as man, if he intends to stray from the tra which it prescribes." The declaration extravagant, yet who that has seen ostracism of our best men for views where they were only in advance of their times, w doubt that the tyranny of party and intolerance of independent opinion amo political associates constitute at once one the most alarming symptoms of our poli and one of the evils of our society to most strenuously resisted. We deify th who put what we think into fine phras we anathematize those who, thinking the o posite, put it into equally fine phras and we crucify those whom we have deifi when they presume to disagree with us. it needful on New England soil to look for an illustration? The great New E land senator, whose fame is a national hon as his work is the national heritage, and w

as a foremost example of American scholarship applied to American politics, may fairly count on generous regard from scholars, whatever their partisan predilections,—who needs to be reminded of what befell *him*, when without stain on his character or change in his principles, he came to honest difference in opinion from the generation he had educated and the party he had helped to create? Or take an earlier shame, and one that comes nearer to Dartmouth. Who has forgotten how the very party which had hailed him Prophet, turned to rend the first judicial officer of the nation, because, neither degrading his high place by apologies, nor yielding to partisan demands, he manfully did his duty in a great State trial? He never did a higher duty. No citizen can do a higher duty than to resist the majority when he believes it wrong; to assert the right of individual judgment and maintain it; to cherish liberty of thought and speech and action against the tyranny of his own or any party. Till that tyranny, yearly growing more burdensome, as the main object of an old party becomes more and more the retention or the regaining of power, instead of the success of the fresh, vivid principles on which new parties are always organized,—till that tyranny is in some measure broken, we shall get few questions considered on their merits, and fail, as we are failing, to bring the strongest men into the service of the State. Here then is another task in our politics, for which the scholar is peculiarly fitted by the liberality and independence to which he has been trained; and we may set it down as another of the functions whose discharge we have the right to expect at his hands, *To resist the tyranny of party and the intolerance of political opinion, and to maintain actual freedom as well as theoretical liberty of thought.*

A great difference between the man of culture and the man without it, is that the first knows the other side. A great curse of our present politics is that your heated partisan never does. He cannot understand how there should be any other side. It seems to him disloyal to have any other side. He is always in doubt about the final salvation of the man who takes the other side, and always sorry that there should be any doubt about it. We have good warrant to expect from the scholar a freedom from prejudice, an open hospitality to new ideas, and an habitual moderation of thought and feeling—in a word, what Mr. Whipple has felicitously called a temper neither stupidly conservative nor malignantly radical, that shall make it among the most valuable of his functions to bring into our politics the element they now so sadly need: *Candid consideration of every question on its individual merits; fairness to antagonists and a willingness always to hear the other side.*

Perhaps it is only the ideal scholar, whom no Dartmouth, or Yale, or Harvard has yet graduated, who will faithfully discharge these various functions in our politics. I frankly confess that, all along, as I have been enumerating the details of his work, there kept rising to my ears the moan of the Irish tenant about his grass land. "That bit o' meadow," he said, "doesn't turn out so much as I expected; and I always knew it wouldn't!" But if he fails, it is the fault of the scholar himself. "No government can afford,"—it is a scholarly New Englander (Mr. Geo. S. Hillard), ill lost to New England politics, who gives us the word—"no government can afford the ill-will of the men who make the books its people read," who utter the speeches its people hear, who lead the progress its people make. Least of all will a government of the people afford it. Let us remember the pregnant warning given by as true a friend of free institutions as ever lifted pen in their behalf—the lamented John Stuart Mill. "The initiation of all wise or noble things comes, and must come, from individuals, generally at first from some one individual. No government by a democracy"—these are his words of warning to us—"either in its political acts, or in its opinions, qualities, and tone of mind which it fosters, ever did or could rise above mediocrity, except in so far as the sovereign Many have let themselves be guided (as in their best times they always have done) by the counsels and influence of a more highly gifted and instructed Few."

To that "Few" I have ventured to address myself. It is an old platitude that the Republic cannot endure without the church and the school-house. I have proposed to myself little else than to emphasize and extend that platitude. Without a Christian scholarship actively concerned with the affairs of the State, this Republic can never rise above mediocrity, nor even survive the gathering evils that at times seem sufficient to engulf it.

Scholars ready thus to dedicate their attainments to the highest work that awaits scholarship in a democratic land—there is the primal, overmastering need of our time. One such, whose noble fame Dartmouth claims as her own, must rise to every memory. He brought to practical politics all that

Dartmouth could give, all the vigor and grasp of a singularly powerful intellect, all the persuasions of a massive and cogent eloquence, instinct with fine thought and finer purpose, an inflexible will, stainless character, and the loftiest aims. He had all the shyness of the scholar, all the inaptitude for the vulgar arts of the average politician, every scholastic disability. But he had learned, with Emerson, that the scholar should "grudge every opportunity of action passed by as a loss of power." And what a work he wrought! Foremost of American statesmen, he rescued the question of restricting and abolishing human slavery from the sentimentalists and the impracticables, planted it immovably in the domain of practical politics, laid such stress upon hostile parties, first Democratic, then Whig and Know-Nothing, that they were coerced into accepting it and him as its exponent, forced the organization of a new party about it, led that party in the West, till it attained national dimensions and final triumph. Ever in the van, he led again in the fearful struggle that followed, took for himself (as was his custom) the heaviest burden, and so bore it that in the judgment even of the enemy, to him more than to generals, or soldiers, or cabinets, or any but the great, brave, patient, nameless people themselves, are due the triumph and the safety we won.

But there is no time to pronounce his eulogy, and there is no need. He was the chief organizer of the party that freed the country; he was the chief support of the struggle that saved the country; he was the apostle of peace and good-will to our returning countrymen. The history of the Republic thus becomes his eulogy, a free nation his monument. Long may Dartmouth continue the work that breeds and nurtures such men! Soon may Dartmouth enrich a sorely-needing country with successors worthy of her and of him, her son!

A FAN STUDY.

"HERE'S yer Japanee fans! Only ten cents!" The stridulous call is as common in each public conveyance and place of popular resort as that other monotonous song that hath for its burden the saline or sugary virtues of "pop-corn." All over the Great Republic are scattered these multitudinous leaves. They ripple and wave in every breeze, and their bright barbaric colors gleam in parlor, church, opera and bar-room; by the sea the Japanese fan flaunts "like a banner bathed in slaughter;" and we question if the moose-flies of the Adirondacks or the shy sandpipers of the Isles of Shoals know not the gay banner of Oriental progress in America. For, if these bright oriflammes be nothing else, they are the silent ambassadors which relate to us the wonders of the Far East, as well as the queer goings-on of the people. The continent is covered with these pictured pages, every one of which has its story if you will choose to hear it. One ship lately brought to San Francisco a million of these fans as a single item of her cargo. How many millions must now be agitating the air from the piney woods of Maine to the tepid bays of Florida!

Yet very few people probably ever took up and studied a sheaf of these humble leaves. Here is one, for example, which the young ruffian who just went howling through the saloon-car left us for the modest sum of ten cents. What a very moderate wage must suffice the far-away fan-maker! The young ruffian aforesaid made his profit, for you shall buy the fellow to this for five cents, if you will go down to Nassau street and take a dozen of them. Then as the long procession of middle-men, commission-takers, freighters, forwarders, brokers, and other necessary nuisances of our sort of civilization, stretches away to the Sun Kingdom, each taking toll of your fragile paper fan, you see what a pitiful fee at last reaches the swart child of the sun who made it. Observe how deftly he has tossed together these slight materials. He selected a straight, clean bit of bamboo for the blade and handle. With a thin, sharp knife he slit the bamboo lengthwise to the joint which rings the top of the handle of your fan; every sliver is just as thick as every other, and though there are more than fifty of them each is a perfect fiber of cane. Next, the cunning workman has carefully spread out these fibrous splits, fan-like, and has woven a thread across them, connecting the curved ends of a bit of rattan which has been passed through a hole bored in the bamboo handle. Lift the lower paper edge of your fan and see how nicely he has done his work; he has made the skeleton of your fan. It looks like

le odd coral forms which are fished up bout the Micronesian Islands. The brightly ainted paper face of the fan is now laid own, its back covered with rice-paste; the keleton is laid thereon; more rice-paste, and hen the neutral-tinted back is slapped on—firm pressure is given; the edge is trimmed ith a keen blade; a bit of paper binding is asted on the raw margin; and you have our "Japanee fan—only ten cents."

But you must not fancy that one man has one all this. To tickle your fancy, a score f artists, some of whom died a hundred ears before you were born, have kneaded heir brains for odd and curious designs. Even hen the materials have been gathered, they assed through many hands before they were eady to send your fan to the young barbarian ho hawks it through the saloon-cars on the rie railway. Each fan has its little niceties f construction, too. The most carefully ade have the fibers which form the skelton, or blade, alternated one by one and rned flatwise as they lie; the cheaper sorts ill show you these fibers or slits laid in groups f four or five.

Not only does each fan have its individual istory, but it tells a little story. By them we earn something of the sights which meet the yes of the dwellers in Japan; and, if we know omething of the literature of the country, we atch here and there a gleam of their gentle umor or odd conceits. Here are flowers. hese are purple morning-glories—convolulus, some would call them. They are tudies from Japanese nature; but you shall ee just such as these growing in the watery ands of Cape Cod; and their counterfeit preentment done in sumptuous water-colors by nn Ophelia, and hanging in great state in he "fore-room," is not half so well executed s this from Kioto. Here are carnations, leurs-de-lis, daisies, asters, and even roses. f you study these carefully you may at least ee what flowers of our own are common to ar-off Japan. Of course, you already know hat the waxy, soulless camellia japonica which Laura Matilda wears in her raven resses, is a present from the Sun Land in which it was born. For the most part, however, you will observe that the Japanese fan faithfully substantiates the report of travelers hat the flora of the country is almost identical with that of the north-eastern part of he United States. Here is one exception: Turning to the landscape fan, we notice several roofs decorated with the blue blossoms of a little plant. The Japanese belles use a delicate perfume extracted from this flower for the glorification of their head toilettes, which are most elaborate. Ages ago, so they say, the paternal government of the country, seeing how much valuable soil was given up to the cultivation of this luxurious weed, made solemn decree that it should thenceforth be grown only in the scanty mould which feeds the moss and lichens on the thatched roofs. It was not fit that the much-needed fields should bear an article of luxury when so many millions must be fed and clothed with the products of the sacred earth. So, according to the edict, the lilies, emblems of woman's luxury, were sown "on the tops of houses, in a place impossible for other uses; and there, even as they beautify the hair of the women, they become the living crown of the paternal roof." And, to prove that I tell no lie, behold them waving on your ten-cent "Japanee fan."

We were looking at the fan landscapes. Notice that the artist invariably puts in a high horizon. By means of this little trick he has more scope for his work, which usually covers about three-fourths of his surface. If it is a city scene, observe how it is crowded with figures; the market-place is busy as a hive; the bridges are thronged with people and processions; the rivers are dotted with craft, and the city is mapped out, block beyond block, into the distant high range of hills which invariably skirts the horizon. If the artist had been less generous, he would have put his vanishing-point low down in the picture and the fan would be one-half sky.

Here is a characteristic landscape. This is evening; the sky is red, save where a long roll of mist is curling down from the top of the picture, dividing midway the verdurous mountain which fills the middle distance. In the foreground is an humble dwelling, in the rear of which is a shed; a cow persists in thrusting her hind-quarters out at the door; a man is awkwardly jamming her back with a wooden spade. A little way off is a spring sheltered by a bamboo roof; from this come two barefoot women bearing each two pails of water slung over their shoulders. Beyond is a bay, the blue waters of which break white and foamily on the beach. A considerable town is built on a tongue of land which shuts in the bay at the left; over this rises the fog-divided mountain; and the perspective melts away in several successive promontories, the last lying purple and harsh against the orange horizon. This, you see, is pastoral; it is evening; and there is a quiet tone and feeling in the picture, rude as it is, which impresses you. The quaint figure struggling

with the cow has its story; and the barelegged but brightly dressed girls might have been discovered in Illinois, so far as their occupation and thoughts go. They are barefoot; but they have taken fine care that their hair shall be "done up" in the height of fashion.

Now turn your fan and look at the reverse. These are always painted in lightly and with neutral tints. The back of this evening pastoral is a night-scene. A pale full moon in a patch of ashy blue tells you this is midnight. The wild tangle of reeds and the marshy ground show forth a solitude, in the midst of which an animal, brown-backed and white-bellied, is sitting on its haunches. Its mouth is open wide, eyes half-closed; one paw is raised in air; the other smites its side; you can see that this night-beast is baying the moon; and you may be sure that the artist who has given him so much character with these few rapid touches has laid awake o'nights in the distant town listening to the dismal ululation of this prowler.

Here is another landscape; the hour is later in the night, for the upper sky is purple and the horizon is crimson. The sea is indigo, and the sandy foreground is leaden and gray. As usual, the artist has placed his horizon so high that his picture rises two-thirds of the way up the fan. So we see the bay belted with interlacing promontories along which a few lone trees stand sadly against the twilight sky. Nearest us, the freight-boats are snugly moored and sails are furled; beyond, others are just at anchor with sails half-way down; and, further out to sea, two belated craft creep up with the dying breeze, making their welcome harbor. There is some little poetry in the picture; but not enough to move two Japanese girls, who, dressed in green and purple, hobble about the damp, sandy foreground on clumsy wooden clogs. They wear the universal smirk of the universal ideal woman of the Japanese fan. They are looking at the boats; but there is neither sentiment nor speculation in their eyes. The reverse of this fan is a characteristic street-scene; it might have been a quarrel of a tourist with a Niagara hack-driver; it is a dispute of two Japanese gentlemen with their cango-bearers. One of the bearers sits patiently on his vehicle, mopping his bald pate, while his partner wrangles with the fares. These gentlemen are walking off jauntily, one of them jerking his thumb over his shoulder as who should say: "What a dolt is this fellow to think he can extort more than his lawful fare from us!" His companion laughs assent with his dot of a mouth; but the leer of his eye is inexpressibly funny. And all this character, even to the half-implor ing, half-threatening shrug of the followir cango-bearer, is dashed in, apparently, with few strokes of a brush charged with warm brown color.

This, now, is a mid-day view on the wate It is near some foreign settlement; the light house, gabled and whitewashed buildings sea-wall and distant square-rigged ships ar not Japanese. But the boat in the fore ground is unmistakably native. See tha brawny, ugly boatman standing in the stern He is half naked, and his huge, sinewy leg which holds firmly the rude treadle by whic he works his oar, is uncomfortably near or of the two young ladies whom he is ferryin across the harbor. But the fair damsels loo on unabashed, perhaps admiringly; they wea the conventional woman's expression. Bo one carries her paper sun-umbrella jaunti and the other holds on each side of the boa with a mild expression of feminine terror a tually conveyed into her otherwise vacan face. The boatman is plainly a brute; hi head is covered by the blue cotton clo knotted over his forehead; and his big mou in profile might have furnished a model fo the regulation "Mick" of Mr. Thomas Nast But the boat is pre-Raphaelite; you se the seams and joinings as in a photograph and the undulating lines of the rippling wave are almost perfect.

Ever and ever the Japanese artist return to his bird's-eye view. We have groups o figures, flowers, shops, interiors, soldiers an street-scenes, but the designer is most at home with the broad effects of light and col or, the high horizon and the sometimes vio lent perspective. You will see, too, that h is curious of local color; and, though in thes coarse prints the effects are necessaril heightened to exaggeration, there is no mis taking the quality of the atmosphere and th time of day. Here, for example, by succes sive printings, the artist has given you ove all the landscape a somber purplish olive the water is ashy blue, and the horizon is dull purple. This, you say at once, is lat evening. There is the conspicuous volcan of Fusiyana in the distance. Those of yo who have seen much of Japanese ware mus recognize the familiar and beautiful cone o this mountain, sacred in the Shintu religion That long, rocky neck of land connecting th mountain with the mainland on the righ must be Inosima; and you know enough o Japanese geography to perceive that thi map-like picture spread out below us is Wod

ara Bay. In the gathering twilight, suggested by the dull color, you see the bay actually *below* you; the illusion is admirable. Yet, he picture is probably as accurate as a chart; he bay, dotted with sails of differing size but ne shape, is also studded with craggy islands; nd the names of these latter are designated y minute Japanese characters; the far-off ills, through which you have a glimpse of the ea, are also thus carefully marked. Though he somber scene is only a bit of topographial art, the gentle humor of the artist gives s a touch of fun in the foreground. The ged bonze who is explaining the view to two oung persons who have evidently come from far (for they have their slender baggage in heir hands) is gesticulating and pointing vith his pipe. Overhead, and at so great a eight that they appear dwarfed, are other igures. One youth has crawled to the shelvng edge of the rocky crag which projects wo-thirds of the way across the picture; he s vainly craning his neck that he may see vhat passes below. Another, smiting his orehead as he runs, is swiftly moving to warn he curious youth of the dangerous brim of he cliff. Here is nature and the natural ouch of homely humor; you feel that the artist has very nearly expressed his thought; that he has seen what he has tried to express.

The fan-artist seldom ventures upon a foreign subject; but here is evidently a Chinese scene. It is a long, straight street, the linear perspective of which leads the eye to the vanishing-point directly in the center of the fan. The bazaars on either side are gay with various wares; the paved walk in the center of the avenue runs straight through a roofed gateway in the distance; the gravelly spaces on either side are dotted with purchasers. In the right middle distance rises from among the pink-flowering trees a porcelain tower, like that famous one of Nankin, destroyed by the Taiping rebels. You see in the foreground an odd mixture of Chinese and Japanese figures, their garments and hair-dressing readily distinguishing each race from the other; and in the crowd on the balcony of a tea-house on the left you may detect an unmistakable English or American "stovepipe" hat; but the wearer is decked in a bright purple coat; the artist is not quite sure of his subject; that coat never saw London or New York.

This next is an out-door study. It is a garden; a lady of quality, shaded by a gayly-decorated canopy, which is carried by a female attendant, has been affronted by a *ronin*, or rough. One of the attending women has promptly knocked him down, and, while she punches his head with her wand of office, she belabors him lustily with a bough from some flowering tree. Notice the "keeping" of the whole picture. The little umbrella-holder, in her excitement, is likely to drop her swaying burden; the noblewoman looks on the contest with dignified apprehension; another serving-woman is making ready her wand and bough to "sail in" if reinforcements are needed; the prostrate rowdy is struggling with his fate, vainly attempting to parry with both hands the resolute punching of the irate handmaiden. Even the little details of the picture are not forgotten. The blows have broken off the blooms from the girl's flowery whip, and they dot the air and the ground about the figures. The whole composition is refined in tone, though the subject is grotesque and comical. The picture seems crude in color, according to our Western ideas of art; but, as in all Japanese works, we must observe that something like the harmony of nature underlies it all. To the Japanese no combination of color is improbable or impossible. The brilliant contrasts and violent juxtaposition of the broken masses of flower-beds and field-flowers are repeated again and again. Here, for example, is a barbaric hurly-burly of color that at first seems like a wild maze of inharmoniousness. Miss Araminta doubtless says, ignorantly, that it is "perfectly horrid." Study it for a moment, and out of the confused jargon of blue, purple, scarlet, crimson, orange, yellow, green, black and white, emerges a group of six half-length figures which crowd every inch of space in the fan. This black-and-scarlet robed gentleman (*samurai*) on the left has been stabbed in the arm before he could draw one of his own two swords which you see hanging at his girdle. The blow was given by this motley rascal on the right, who is putting his weapon back into its sheath preparatory to a speedy exit. The wounded man twists his aperture of a mouth with pain as he runs his hand up his crimson sleeve to feel the gash. His shoulders writhe, and the fingers of the hand of the wounded arm are contorted; you see no cut, no blood, but you know by the position of the man's hand inside his garment just where the wound is. Looking in with sympathetic curiosity are several passers-by; one is a gayly dressed woman, who was reading from a scroll as she walked; a white-haired old man who is just drawing one of his swords, and two coolies carrying

burdens, complete the group. The picture is not confused any more than a street encounter would naturally be; and the wild blaze of color softens and blends as you study it.

Many of these fan-pictures are illustrations of national classics, fairy tales, and historic legends. On this neutral-tinted reverse, for instance, a curved line dashed across the disk is a slack-rope; on it is a nondescript dancing, and below a half-kneeling figure represents the juggler or showman. He is gesticulating wildly with his fan, his mouth is wide open with well-simulated astonishment at the antics of the creature on the slack-rope. This performer is like a badger; yet it resembles a tea-kettle. Its body is the kettle; one cunningly curved paw is the spout; another, which swings the inevitable umbrella, is the handle; and the tail and hind legs form the tripod on which the kettle sits. The story of The Accomplished Tea-kettle is very old, and numberless versions of it form a staple dramatic, poetic or artistic diversion of the Japanese. Briefly, it is related that a company of priests, who dwelt by themselves in a temple, were affrighted by their tea-kettle suddenly becoming covered with fur and walking about the room. It bothered them very much by its pranks, being part of the time a useful and sober culinary utensil and partly a mischievous badger. Catching it and shutting it up in a box, they sold it to a traveling tinker for a trifle, thinking themselves well rid of it. But the tinker, though sorely affrighted when he found what a bargain he had gotten, shrewdly put his bewitched tea-kettle to good account. He traveled far and wide exhibiting his wonderful beast, which diligently performed on the slack-rope. Princes and nobles came in throngs to see his show; and so he made himself very rich by his unique entertainment. The lucky tinker and his accomplished tea-kettle furnish forth adventures for the Japanese play-goer as numerous and various as those of our own Humpty Dumpty, dear to the heart of every English-speaking child. On the reverse of another fan you discover an illustration of fairy lore. A hare and a badger, grotesquely dressed in watermen's garb, are each paddling about in boats on a small sheet of water. They glare at each other defiantly, but the hare, notwithstanding he keeps his simple expression, seems to have the advantage of the other. The hare and the badger, in the story of The Crackling Mountain, were old foes, and had many a tussle, in which the hare usually got the better of his adversary. Finally the hare, having built a wooden boat, set off on a voyage to the capital of the moon, inviting his enemy to accompany him. The wary badger refused but building a boat of clay, he followed the hare. The waves washed the clay so that it began to dissolve; then the hare, paddling his craft full upon the luckless badger, crushed his sinking boat, and the wicked animal perished miserably in the waters. In these fanciful pictorial conceits the Japanese greatly excel. Hoksai, a Japanese artist, says an intelligent writer on Asiatic art, has modestly protested that it is more easy to draw things one has never seen than to represent objects with which everybody is familiar. But these fantastic creations of the imagination are all so carefully and characteristically limned that they deceive by their realism. You think that these odd creatures must have been studied from life. You pay an unconscious tribute to the artist's wise interpretation of nature; for his fundamental idea is natural.

In single groups the Japanese artists are very effective. Here you see a morning call; the ladies, brilliant in brave attire, sit or stand on a balcony that overlooks the sea. One is dressed in vermilion, orange, green and purple. With gentle satire, her curious garments are fashioned like a butterfly, the wings of which rise and fall on her shoulders while the blue-and-purple barred body is formed from a sort of cape on her back. Another women's tea-party shows four separate and distinct styles of feminine dress; there are the tea-service, sweetmeat-jar and brazier for tea-making on the floor. A departing guest holds her entertainer's hand as she pauses for a few last words after having closed the low-latticed gate. Here is another, in which the three women, as they sip their tea in a bamboo-lined room, look out on the charming view framed in the wide-opening window. The picture is of a river, boats, bridges, hills, groves, and Fusiyama in the distance, all compressed in a few inches of space. Another group is composed of a learned bonze seated on a cow, and reading diligently from a book while two young boys are leading the animal. A bare-legged boy by the roadside, his hands hanging carelessly behind him with his toy-cart, and curiously regarding the passing procession, is a genuine touch of nature. Here is an awkward Japanese whose misadventures subtly furnish a lesson to those who are too swift to adopt foreign customs. He has an English umbrella, as you may see from its curved handle and cloth cover; but not knowing how to

rry it, he has caught the ferule in the queue a startled and struggling Chinaman and has rown himself down. On the back of a gor- ous group of fleurs-de-lis, observe this aracteristic scene. An inoffensive China- an, passing along, has been caught by the eue by an American or Englishman, who, lf-kneeling, grins with coarse glee as poor hn raises his hand to his head, unconscious what is happening behind him. The long iskers, ugly hat and pantaloons determine e non-Oriental type of the persecutor; d the light, firm touch of the artist has un- trusively made its silent protest against e ignorant brutality of the conceited West- ner.

Time would fail us did we attempt to note ny of the various classes of designs which orn these humble fans. They illustrate the ily life, manners and surroundings of a most interesting people. Here you shall see their furniture, domestic utensils, tools, ornaments and toys. With the introduction of foreigners into their country, they are beginning to catch glimpses of a new and strange form of civiliza- tion outside of theirs. And you may already see the good-natured caricature of the foreigner as he drifts across their vision with his long whiskers, strange clothing, multitude of trav- eling trunks and gear, and his restless curi- osity. When we read these crabbed inscrip- tions we find fragments from the native classics, pithy sayings, scraps of local slang, religious proverbs, and always the name of the artist whose designs are honored by this infinity of reduplication. His humble name you may never hear; but, from his far-away workshop in the Land of the Sun, he sends these curious pictorial messages to you and me.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Outlook.

If any of our thoughtful readers have omitted the rusal of Mr. Blauvelt's article in the August number *Scribner's*, on "Modern Skepticism," we beg them recall the number, and read every word of that per. They will there obtain a view of the infidelity the day which will give them food for reflection, and ggestions for action. No paper published during the t five years has presented the extent and nature of dern skepticism with such faithfulness as this. It ght to attract universal attention to the two papers ich follow it from the same pen, and summon the ole Christian host to battle under leaders who know nething about the basis of Christianity besides the ditional "apologies." It is not a form of Chris- nity that is now in question. It is not a question tween sects. It is a question which involves Chris- nity itself, and the authority of the Bible. Have a divine religion at all? Is Christianity anything tter than Buddhism, or of any higher authority? the Christian optimist supposes that these questions e to be met and decided by the "pooh-pooh" of taries, or the dicta of professional teachers, or the olutions of conferences and councils, he is very much staken. We are inclined to think that the pulpit d the distinctively religious press will have very tle to do with the matter, and that the question will last be settled where it has been unsettled. The lpit can do very little in any direct struggle with fidelity, because—not to mention other reasons— fidelity does not come within its reach. The reli- ous press can do very little, because infidelity does t and will not read it. Both these powers must be content to preach Christianity as well as they can, and leave the struggle to be decided among those who have a common desire to get at the truth, what- ever that may be.

It may as well be understood among Christian men and women that they are every day doing that which brings their religion under suspicion with the unbelieving world. The world does not see the fruits of that divine influence which is claimed for the Chris- tian religion by its professors. Nothing is more no- torious than that the educated men of France, Italy and Spain are infidel; and nothing has been better calculated to make them so than the whole policy of the Catholic Church in those countries. They have seen a populace kept in ignorance and poverty through many generations by a Christian Church. They have seen that populace fed with traditions, machine-miracles, shows, processions, humbugs, by a priesthood that is foolish if it knows no better, and knavish if it does know better; they have seen that priesthood taking side with tyranny against every popu- lar struggle for liberty and liberal institutions; they have seen that priesthood grasping at wealth and power, and intriguing for temporal influence all over the world. This is the Christianity they have seen; it is all they have seen; and their conclusions, when made against the Catholic Church, are made against Christianity itself. Does anybody blame them? Not we.

The influences of the prevalent form of Christianity in England are very little better than in the nations mentioned. The world looks on and sees livings bought and sold like commissions in the army—places

made in the church for younger sons—wine-drinking, pleasure-loving men in the pulpit; and then, when it sees any action, it is with regard to candles, and vestments, and rites and ceremonies that have no more vital relation to the redemption of mankind and the service of God than they have to the policy of the Czar in Turkey. Is it supposed that men of common sense do not and cannot see through all this stuff and nonsense? Four hundred of these clergymen have just petitioned for what they call "sacramental confession." Drifting toward Romanism, grasping after new and old machinery, busied only with husks and human inventions, quarreling over baubles, excommunicating their own free thinkers and free speakers, obsequious to worldly grandeurs, mingling in politics, frowning upon non-conformists as social inferiors, the great majority of the English clergy are doing what they can to manufacture infidels out of all Englishmen who do their own thinking.

And here in America, how much better are we doing? We fritter away our energies and waste our substance in building costly churches for the rich, in multiplying sects and keeping up the differences between them, and in aping the wretched religious fooleries of the Old World. Our organization into a hundred religious sects amounts to the disorganization of Christianity. There are thousands of towns lying religiously dead to-day because there is not Christianity enough in them to unite in obtaining the services of a minister who has brains enough to teach them; and, as a rule, there are from three to six religious societies in all these towns—starveling churches—monuments only to the ambition of the sects which they represent. The world looks on and scoffs. The world looks on and recognizes the lack of power in Christianity, or of such Christianity as it sees, to unify the church in feeling and effort, and it learns only contempt for it. Every pulpit, as a rule, is a party pulpit. Every religious press is a party press—published in the interest of a sect and supported by it. So unusual is the spectacle of various bodies of Christians coming together for the accomplishment of a common Christian purpose, that it is noted as something remarkable, and pointed at with self-complacent boasting. We have fashionable churches, and churches made attractive by music that costs enough to support Christian teachers in half a dozen barren districts, and enough of the exhibition of a worldly spirit to show to keenly-observing outsiders that the Christian spirit of self-sacrifice and the Christian faith in the hereafter are not in us—are hardly in the best of us.

We would not be harsh, but we ask, in all candor, if there is not in every Christian country enough in the aspect of Christian people to make their religion seem a hollow pretense, a thing without vital power, a system not half believed in by those who profess it. Does not the world find us quarreling about non-essential things, striving for sectarian precedence, and practically ignoring the fact that the world needs to be saved through simple faith in and following of Jes Christ? Really, when the scientist and the natura come, with their scalpels and crucibles and blo pipes, and tell us they will believe in nothing they ca not see and weigh and measure, there is but little le for them to do. Whose fault is it that they find the work so easy? Why is it that there is such a flutt when they speak, except that those who profess be Christians do not half believe in Christianity, a have no rational comprehension of the basis of su belief as they possess?

Two things must come before skepticism will overthrown, viz.: 1st. A perfect willingness to into an examination of Christianity for the truth sake alone. Any man who is interested as a partisa either for Christianity or against it, is unfit for the i vestigation. So far as the claims of Christianity to be settled by investigation, *they are to be settled men whose supreme desire is to find the truth, whe ever it may lead or land them.* 2d. Christiani must be better illustrated in life by those who profe it. When Christians everywhere are controlled by love that takes in God and every human being; wh "divine service" consists of ministry to the poor a the suffering and not of clothes and candles; wh the Christian name is greater than all sectarian nam and obliterates them all; when benevolence is la and humblest service is highest honor, and life becom divine, then skepticism will cease, and not till then.

The New York Board of Education.

We trust that the friends of the New York Pub Schools have not been alarmed in consequence of t cent attacks upon the Board of Education by prominent New York weekly. These attacks mea very little. They are only growls over the fact t the clerk of the preceding Board still holds his offi and that the outside political candidate for that offi has not secured it. The talk about Catholic influen is all dust for the eyes of the public. It is a disa pointment, of course, to the little cabal who were i strumental in procuring the displacement of the Board and the institution of the new, not to get t offices they were after; but as nobody suffers themselves, they ought not to expect very much of popular sympathy. So far as the present clerk concerned, we presume the Board is convinced that cannot better itself by a change, and so refuses elect one to displace him. There is probably no m outside of the schools, in the city of New York, w can fit himself in one year to be as competent a cle as Mr. Kiernan is to-day; and his services to a ne ly constructed Board, even though a number of members have already been connected with t schools as commissioners and trustees, are invaluab A graduate of the public schools and of the pub college, thoroughly sympathetic with the educatio policy of the city, and eminently intelligent concer ing all the educational legislation of the city and t

tate, he has better qualifications for his place than ny other man the Board can find. If he is willing, nder the circumstances which surround him, to re- ain in his place, the Board of Education and the ity are to be sincerely congratulated. It will be like a misfortune and a shame if the Board shall feel ompelled to throw him over at last, as "a sop to Cerberus."

In the article to which we have alluded, the Board s represented to be under mortal fear of the Romish riesthood, like their predecessors, and as unwilling o reform the policy of their predecessors. Now, ustice to the old Board, as well as the new, demands hat the truth be told concerning them and their re- ations to each other. We do not hesitate to say that New York was never served by a more honest and evoted Board of Commissioners than that which ex- ired a few months ago, with the name of the Board f Public Instruction. They reformed the abuses of he previous Board—abuses so far in the past that it is seless to unveil them now, unless those at present ngaged in bullying the Board of Education insist on aving it done—and sacrificed years of precious time o the city, for which they never received so much as Thank you." Judge Fancher knows whether it was n honest Board, for he was one of its members. udge Van Voorst knows whether it was an honest Board, for he was a member also. Mr. William Wood, Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Beardslee, Mr. Jarvis, Mr. Smyth, Mr. Lewis—none of these names are to be handled ghtly. We do not say that this Board made no istakes, but we know that it stood in fear of no sect hatever, desired to serve no sect whatever; that it as honest and clean handed in the administration of s financial duties; that it loved the public schools, nd gave them its best service at a high personal ost.

It was a misfortune of the old Board to be associated n administration with a number of local boards of trus- ees who were entirely unworthy of their position. Many of them were ignorant, some of them were brutal; ome were liquor-dealers and some of them were the ictims of liquor-dealers. There is no doubt that ome of them were strongly in the Catholic interest. f to get rid of these local boards it was necessary to proot the whole system, and inaugurate a new central ommission, we have no fault to find. The old Board was not responsible for those trustees, and not esponsible for the teachers with which they filled the chools; and there is no worthy member of the old Board who does not rejoice in the change which has been made in the local boards under the new order— change which they had no power to make. The eachers of the city of New York know whether the old Board of Public Instruction were their friends, nd whether they tried, in all possible ways, to help hem and make their schools prosperous; and we ven- ure to say that its administration will live pleasantly n their memories for many years.

So much in justice to a Board that has received but shabby treatment for faithful service; and now a word about the new Board, for whose success we, in common with the whole city, entertain the heartiest good-wishes. It was their misfortune to come into office under the impression that great reforms were possible to them, and expected of them. They, or some of them, expected to find nothing but a Catholic intriguer in their clerk, and are pleased to learn that he is not only a competent and faithful officer, but a gentleman who minds his own business. Some of them expected, we suppose, to make notable retrenchment in the expenditures of the department, and are surprised to find retrenchment so difficult. Even the most anti-Catholic among them find it very difficult, we imagine —more difficult than they had supposed—to make the schools any more Protestant than they are, save by a crusade against Catholic teachers, which would convict them of a more bigoted, sectarian spirit than that now charged upon the Catholics themselves. The truth simply is, that a board of men, the majority of whom are honest and supremely desirous to do right, have taken the place of another board of precisely the same character and intentions; and their way will be very much simplified by honestly and respectfully studying the policy of their predecessors as one that sought the same end which they desire to reach. It is quite possible for them to improve upon it, for they have some advantages which their predecessors did not possess; but the sooner they relieve themselves of the idea that *they must do something* to justify the change which placed them in office, and satisfy the clamor of such journals as that to which we have alluded, the better for them, the better for the public, and the better for the schools.

Ownership in Women.

A MAN was recently hanged in Massachusetts for taking vengeance on one who had practically disputed his property in a girl. The man was a brute, of course, but he had an opinion that a girl who had given herself to him, in the completest surrender that a woman can make, was in some sense his—that her giving herself to another involved his dishonor—and that his property in her was to be defended to the extremity of death. A prominent newspaper, while recording the facts of the case, takes the occasion to say that this idea of ownership in women is the same barbarism out of which grow the evils and wrongs that the "woman movement" is intended to remove. If we were to respond that ownership in women, only blindly apprehended as it was by our brutal gallows-bird, is the one thing that saves us from the wildest doctrines and practices of the free-lovers, and is one of the strongest conservative forces of society, it is quite likely that we should be misunderstood; but we shall run the risk, and make the assertion.

There is an instinct in the heart of every woman which tells her that she is his to whom she gives herself, and his alone,—an instinct which bids her cling

to him while she lives or he lives—which identifies her life with his—which makes of him and her twain, one flesh. When this gift is once made to a true man, he recognizes its significance. He is to provide for her that which she cannot provide for herself; he is to protect her to the extent of his power; she is to share his home, and to be his closest companion. His ownership in her covers his most sacred possession, and devolves upon him the gravest duties. If it were otherwise, why is it that a woman who gives herself away unworthily feels, when she finds herself deceived, that she is lost?—that she has parted with herself to one who does not recognize the nature of the gift, and that she who ought to be owned, and, by being owned, honored, is disowned and dishonored? There is no true, pure woman living who, when she gives herself away, does not rejoice in the ownership which makes her forever the property of one man. She is not his slave to be tasked and abused, because she is the gift of love and not the purchase of money; but she is his, in a sense in which she cannot be another man's without dishonor to him and damnation to herself.

Our gallows-bird was, in his brutal way, right. If he had been living in savage society, without laws, and with the necessity of guarding his own treasures, his act would have been looked upon as one of heroism by all the beauties and braves of his tribe. The weak point in his case was, that his ownership in what he was pleased to call "his girl" was not established according to the laws under which he lived. He was not legally married, and had acquired no rights under the law to be defended. What he was pleased to consider his rights were established contrary to law, and he could not appeal to law for their defense. He took the woman to himself contrary to law, he defended his property in her by murder, and he was hanged. He was served right. Hemp would grow on a rock for such as he anywhere in the world. There is no cure for the man who seduces and slays but a broken neck.

There is nothing more menacing in the aspect of social affairs in this country than the effort among a certain class of reformers to break up the identity of interest and feeling among men and women. Men are alluded to with sneers and blame, as being opposed to the interests of women, as using the power in their hands—a power usurped—to maintain their own predominance at the expense of woman's rights and woman's well-being. Marriage, under this kind of teaching, becomes a compact of convenience, into which men and women may enter, each party taking along the personal independence enjoyed in a single state, with separate business interests and separate pursuits. In other words, marriage is regarded simply as the legal companionship of two beings of opposite sexes, who have their own independent pursuits, with which the bond is not permitted to interfere. It contemplates no identification of life and destiny. The man holds no ownership in woman which gives him a right to a family of children, and a life devoted to the sacred duties of motherhood. The man who expects such a sacrifice at the hands of his wife is regarded as a tyrant or a brute. Women are to vote, and trade and practice law, and preach, and go to Congress, and do everything that a man does irrespective of the marriage bonds. Women are to be just as free to do anything outside of their homes as men are. They are to choose their careers and pursue them with just as little reference to the internal administration of the families as their husbands exercise. This is the ultimate and logical end of all the modern doctrines concerning woman's rights. The identification of woman with man, as the basis of the institution of the family, is scoffed at. Any ownership in woman, that comes of the gift of herself to him, and the assumption of the possession by him, with its life-long train of obligations and duties, is contemned. It is assumed that interests which are, and must forever remain, identical, are opposed to each other. Men and women are pitted against each other in a struggle for power.

Well, let it be understood, then, that men are opposed to these latter-day doctrines, and that they will remain so. They are determined that the identity of interest between men and women shall never be destroyed; that the sacred ownership in women bestowed in all true marriage, shall never be surrendered; that the family shall be maintained, and that the untold millions of true women in the world who sympathize with them shall be protected from the false philosophies and destructive policies of their few misguided sisters, who seek to turn the world upside down. Political conventions may throw their sops to clamoring reformers, but they mean nothing by it. They never have redeemed a pledge to these reformers, and we presume they have never intended to do so. They expect the matter to blow over, and, if we do not mistake the signs of the times, it is rapidly blowing over, with more or less thunder and with very little rain. In the meantime, if the discussions that have grown out of these questions have tended to open a broader field to woman's womanly industry, or obliterated unjust laws from the statute-book, let every man rejoice. No good can come to woman that does not benefit him, and no harm that does not hurt him. Humanity is one, and man and woman rise or fall together.

"The Liberty of Protestantism."

AN article in our issue of July, bearing the above title, has attracted wide attention, excited much comment, and called forth a reply which appears in the present number. We are glad that the name of the author of that article did not appear, for, judging by the spirit which it has excited, it would ruin him to have the authorship known. How far this apprehension confirms his views of the tyranny of Protestantism, we leave our readers to judge. It seems, too, that the magazine which publishes such articles is to be placed under ban. The *Christian Advocate*,

weekly religious paper published in New York, says, speaking of American magazines, "None seem to to meet the requirements of our evangelical Protantism. For a time, we had some faint hopes that CRIBNER'S might answer to this felt want, though e scarcely had the right to expect that the author of Bitter Sweet' could bring the needed relief. If e had entertained such a hope hitherto, it would nish on reading the article named at the head of is paper," etc.

So it seems that the editor of this magazine, having ken the liberty to write something in a book that ppened to be at variance with the common orthox opinion, is unfitted for his office, or is under a damging suspicion! And what has SCRIBNER'S MONTH done? It has vindicated the liberty of Protestantn by giving to a man who felt himself to be aggrievthe privilege of public protest! It vindicates the erty of Protestantism again in this issue by publishg a reply to his protest! If *The Advocate* means ything, it means that a Christian magazine shall not open to discussion, or to the statement of anything t orthodox views. What kind of liberty of Protantism is that?

In the same number of the magazine that contained the article with which *The Advocate* finds fault, was a careful, nay, a perfect, vindication of the Christian character of President Lincoln, which had been assailed by infidel pens, and had found no sufficient champion in the public press. Yet *The Advocate* can say, "It is with more regret than surprise that we find SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, which in many things has pleased us beyond all its rivals, made the vehicle of such sentiments as those which make up the totality of the article to which we have referred. It is indeed lamentable that a large share of the periodical press of the country, when treating of religious and theological subjects, *so largely caters to the semi-infidelity of the times*."

A paper so bigoted that it does not know its own friends is in a bad way; and when it accuses SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY of largely catering to the semi-infidelity of the times, it is guilty of a breach of Christian charity, not to say common courtesy, for which it ought publicly to ask pardon. SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY has undertaken to be a Christian power in literature, and if, in its career, it must meet such coarse and cruel assaults as the above, from a press nominally Christian, it will only prove that it has a wider field and answers to a deeper need than it supposed.

THE OLD CABINET.

AMONG the different kinds of people that go to ake up a queer world are the following:—

The people who get under other people's umbrellas. he ferry-boat is favorable to the development of the st specimens of this class. If you stand on the ward deck, toward the end of the voyage, of a izzly afternoon, you will, no doubt, see several exllent examples of the species. I noticed a fine felw this afternoon. He had two large brown paper ndles in each hand, which, together with his own rson, were entirely protected from moisture by ing jammed up against the form of a meek little ntleman, who was compelled to hold his blue silk mbrella uncomfortably high in order to accommote his uninvited guest.

You see that is an invariable feature of the case; e calm security, I may say the magnificent reise, of the intruder is never more marked a phemenon than the pathetic air of resignation that wraps the always meek and always little gentleman us imposed upon. It only imperfectly expresses the uation to say that the gentleman with the brown per bundles gives evidence of a cheerful faith in the ovidence of his neighbor's umbrella; and that the wner and bearer of the umbrella accepts his fate in e same religious spirit.

It is a very suggestive sight. I often wonder what the right thing for the little gentleman to do—for *you* to do, supposing you to be the little gentleman: especially when the other man not only is a nuisance as to odor, and the weariment of the uplifted arm, and the inconvenient pressure upon the body; but becomes additionally obnoxious by stepping upon your toes. Are there not moments even in the lives of little gentlemen—no matter how meek by nature—when it is not only possible but praiseworthy and safe for them to kick? Are there not improvident, self-conceited, busybody vagabonds in this world to whom a sharp surprise of this kind may be the appointed means of saving grace?

But, ah me! I fear it is easier to be "mellow" than to be hard. I am afraid you (and I) will weakly suffer the scrouging rather than exert ourselves sufficiently to be eased of the thousand impositions of the life that now is.

Would it not be an odd bit of tragedy if some day we should find the brown paper bundles in our own hands, instead of the blue silk umbrella?

THE people who say that all they want is a chance—are you old enough to have found them out? Of all miserable souls these used to appeal most quickly to my sympathies. Of course there are plenty of genuine cases—I think I am expert enough now to detect them at a glance. But I am inclined to think that

the vast majority of chance-wanters are the people most active in throwing chances away. I never saw an earnest man long in want of a chance. The trouble is in the man, not in the situation. The individual of all others who has talked to me with the most persuasive pathos about the lack of fortunate circumstance, is the man whom I have found most ingenious in evading his opportunities. If the poor devil had pursued the art of action with the same inflexibility and industry that characterized his cultivation of that of inaction, the world might have mistaken him for a genius. I have seen him occupy days and weeks in the most remarkable series of moral, mental, and physical skirmishes with duty and opportunity, in which his inexhaustible fertility of resource, perseverance, and valor in a bad cause proved ever victorious.

In fact, a chance could never approach nearer than the outposts—he knew well the enemy's colors, and took him at long range.

. . . "Speak of the devil," and so forth. I was about to carry out the above striking military simile, when my young friend called to borrow a little matter of $—, and to say that he had been looking all summer for a situation, that he was willing to do anything honorable, and that all he wanted in the world was a ——

— Excuse me, sir,—here's some money for you, but I am busy and can't talk.

THERE are certain people with whom I used to think myself wonderfully congenial: we liked the same books, pictures, and what-not; had set ourselves to the accomplishment of much the same objects in life; never quarreled about the slightest thing,—and yet for some mysterious reason I could never endure their company more than half an hour at a time. There were my old chums whose mature tastes and aims were very different from mine, yet near whom I could spend days and weeks and years with the utmost serenity.

How to account for this difference I did not know, —until, at last, I found that the trouble lay in the fact that these congenial uncongenial friends were all in the same tone. It was like living in some monotonously gorgeous Yellowstone country, than which I could imagine nothing more wearing to the soul. You see, ordinary people like you and me cannot stand a constant strain upon the higher emotions,—I doubt whether anybody can. If there is not an abounding humor to make a variety in the experience of your grand, solemn natures, there is at least a grim savagery that takes its place, and answers the purposes of recreation. If we do not hear of Milton's laughing much, we are well aware that he knew how to call hard names; and as for the mortal who, having seen Hell, never smiled again, are we not told that the little Guelf boys and girls were in danger of being pelted with stones flung by that frantic Ghibelline!

I WONDER if there are not souls whose qui sympathies, whose very clearness of moral visio whose easy assumption of heroic moods, is their sn and their doom. I think that is one of the most m terious of moral mysteries—a thing that should ma us all ashamed and fearful. Perhaps you know o or two characters thus vaguely indicated. Their c versation, their whole tone, when you are present wi them, never fails to touch the highest, but when y get away into yourself, there comes to you a subti indefinable sense of insincerity,—you drive from y with scorn the ghastly suspicion in your own min you defend them with sudden heat against the coa insinuations of those who know them not so well as y do; their recurring presence at least dissipates all haun ing doubts; but in absence, these return and retu again, until the bitter cup is drunk,—their once gr cious companionship has no longer power to exorc that demon, and you go on with your lives, hidin new pain in your hearts. Well for you and me th if, smitten with dismay, we turn back into our o souls, and search with trembling for the shadow of c Sin.

My Violet.

A VIOLET lay in the grass,
A tear in its golden eye;
And it said, Alas and alas!
The night is over and gone,
Another day is anigh,
And I am alone, alone!
There is none to care if I die,
There is none to be glad that I live;
The lovers they pass me by
And never a glance they give.
And I could love so well, so well!
If one would but tarry and tell
A tale that was told to me only:—
My lover might go his ways,
But through all the nights and the days
I should never again be lonely!

Then sudden there fell a look
Into that violet's heart.
It lifted its face with a start;
It arose; it trembled and shook.
At last, O at last! it cried;
Down drooped its head, and it died.

Is God in Heaven! Is the light
Of the moons, and the stars, and the sun
His,—or the Evil One's!
Is he cruel, or mad, or right!

The Pansy that grew by the wall,
Its heart was heavy with bliss.
In the night it had heard a call;
It listened, it felt a kiss;
Then a loving Wind did fall
On its breast, and shiver with gladness:
The morning brought love's madness
To light,—and the lover fled.
But the eyes that burned in his head
Shot love through each and all,
For the Pansy that bloomed by the wall

Shone sweet in every place,—
In the sky, the earth, and the air,—
And that lover saw never the face
Of my dead violet there.

Hush! Hush! Let no sorrow be spoken!
Though it perish, no pity shall flout it.
Better to die heart-broken
Of love than to live without it!

HOME AND SOCIETY.

The Basis of Etiquette.

It is quite common among certain social malcontents to ridicule all rules of etiquette as unnecessary and foolish. But if they would for a moment consider the ordinary customs of society, it would be patent that a substratum of common sense underlies these laws. They complain that the habit of taking soup but once at dinner is arbitrary and irrational, when it is actually based on the nicest of reasons. Probably not more than one of a party would desire soup a second time—soup, at a formal dinner, being the merest preliminary to substantial food. Therefore, while this solitary mortal is taking his second plateful, the entire company must wait in grim expectancy, and the hostess endure tortures, lest the fish should be crisped, which, but for this unconventional guest, would have come to the table done to a turn. Surely it is reasonable and not arbitrary that etiquette should prevent such derangements.

These dissatisfied people denounce the use of visiting cards as superfluous; contending that verbal messages answer every purpose. Yet, what is more likely to prevent unpleasant mistakes? You call on your friend, and, if you have no card, you must trust your name to the servant, who, it is more than probable, will make a mistake, and your friend comes down under the impression that you are a stranger or a peddler, perhaps a thief in disguise. But if you send in the card you ought to have provided, there is no opportunity for misapprehension. Then, if your friend has a daughter on whom you have called before, you turn the corner of your card, which indicates your desire to see the younger as well as the elder lady, and involves no words with the servant beyond the inquiry if they are at home. Should your call be the first you have made upon the young lady, you send a separate card to her, as you would to a guest of your friend; but, after the first visit, this is unnecessary, unless your visit be to her alone. It seems the easiest possible way of indicating your departure from town, to write P. P. C. on the corner of your card, and while the letters are the initials of French words (pour prendre congé), everybody knows they literally mean to take leave. And the leaving of a card is undoubtedly the most convenient method of showing your absent friend that you have called.

Should you receive an invitation to a party with R. S. V. P. in the corner, it is certainly the scantest courtesy to observe this request for a reply, and inform your hostess whether or not she may count upon your attendance. Heedless persons sometimes fancy that answering an invitation makes no difference; but, if every one of a hundred or two guests should happen to think the same, imagine the predicament of the hostess! Not hearing from any of her invitations, she might justly presume that not more than half the company would attend, and order her supper and servants accordingly. Then fancy her chagrin and the discomfiture of the careless hundred or two when they should arrive unexpected and unprepared for.

Most of our social customs come from the French, whose society is nearer akin to our own than that of the more phlegmatic and conventional English. From the French we get the custom of both sexes rising together from the dinner-table, which is infinitely pleasanter and more refined than the British mode of the ladies leaving shortly after dessert, for the originally avowed purpose of permitting the gentlemen to drink more deeply and talk more freely than they were willing to do in the presence of women they respected. Happily, this fashion has never been in vogue here, despite certain attempts to introduce it.

Now and then Europe sends us the suggestion of a mode so absurd that practical Americans are loth to adopt it. Such, for instance, is the carrying of "crush" hats into drawing-rooms. There is really no more reason for carrying a hat into a room full of people than for taking an overcoat over one's arm, or for dangling a cane from one's little finger. On the score of convenience, there is as much in the one as in the other; and on the score of politeness, there is little in either. To use a homely phrase, it has too much of an "eat and run" look, which good taste certainly does not dictate. A passing mode like this, however, does not affect the statement that, in general, rules of etiquette are based on sound common sense, and that comfort and convenience, not less than courtesy, demand their observance.

Capital Deformity.

The head is a long-suffering feature of society. It has been more seriously wronged by fashion than almost any part of the human frame. It has its rights; but they are seldom regarded. Its chief right is to be simply, becomingly and unobtrusively dressed, and of this it fails most signally. It is not allowed to carry merely the burdens Nature has placed upon it; it must bear what other heads ought to bear. Should it resent this treatment by the ghost of an ache, it is doctored, and the ache called disordered nerves, when

it is only the poor head protesting against its wrongs. To-day it is compelled to have half a peck of braids stuffed with horse-hair or jute, heavy and hot, pressing and dragging on the little engine called the brain, which runs the human machine. To-morrow it must be piled high on its crown with strange masses of hair, till any beauty of outline it may have had is irretrievably lost. Instead of the center of attraction, it might well be regarded as the point of repulsion, in the make-up of a modern woman.

We are talking of art, of the classical, in dress; but it is merely talk. If we actually cared about art, we should begin by pulling to pieces the hideous mysteries known as French coiffures. There is no law which forbids a woman to have her hair arranged as befits her style and face; but anybody would suppose, so studiously is it avoided, that heavy penalties attached to wearing one's own locks plainly and becomingly. However, there is hope of better things. Already nearly half the false hair that was once prevalent has been discarded, and the hints of Autumn modes show a tendency to diminish rather than increase the size of the existing coiffure. The present manner of combing the hair high up from the neck, and braiding it in a flat coil on the crown, while very convenient and comfortable for hot weather, so seriously interferes with hats and bonnets that cool days will probably modify the style. The Récamier, a design just introduced for full-dress occasions, will be much worn in the Autumn. It is composed of a very high chignon surmounted by rolls and puffs in front, and fringed by curls behind. Braids daily grow in favor, and promise to exclude curls entirely from all day-time use. They are satisfactory, because dampness does not destroy them, besides dispensing with pins, hot irons and slate-pencils; and they look nice and tidy, which much of the crimpy and fluffy arrange- or derangement does not.

When young women begin to realize that the injury they are doing their pretty locks by burning and breaking and wearing them off on hot irons and hot pencils cannot be repaired by years of extreme care, perhaps they will cease to use such instruments of deformity.

Maids and Mistresses.

It should be plain enough that examples are as much to servants as to children; since in manners and social training servants are as children. The peasant-girl reared in an Irish cabin or German cottage can hardly be expected to be a model of politeness or of personal neatness. It is quite possible, however, to teach her by example alone. If the mistress be courteous to every member of her family, and they in turn to her, the maid soon feels the atmosphere of good-breeding, and unconsciously becomes amiable and respectful. But let the mistress speak sharply to her husband, or scold the children in public, or let the master constantly find fault in the presence of the servant, and she will shortly discover that courtesy is not one of the essentials of the establishment, and will, most likely, add black looks and uncivil words to the general disharmony. Servants being imitative, there is more reason that the conduct of employers be worthy of imitation. If the mistress of a house be careful of her dress, her speech, her daily habits, her handmaid will, in all probability, grow more careful of her own. But the woman who comes to her breakfast-table with disheveled hair and rumpled gown, has no right to find fault with the maid for attending the door-bell in a dirty calico and slovenly shoes. Like mistress like maid, as well as like master like man. Unless a good example be set, there is no cause to complain of servants for following a bad one. As a rule, they are ready to learn, though they may be dull and slow of comprehension. They would rather improve their condition than degrade it. They would rather be ladies than servants. Their ignorance makes them mistake the false for the true, the bad for the good. If every mistress would take pains to set a fair example to her maids, and aid them, now and then, by timely and delicate hints, she would soon have servants who would be, in fact, the help they are in name.

Foot-Coverings.

To be well booted and well gloved, the French say, is to have accomplished more than half the essentials of a perfect toilette. Aside from this æsthetic view, to be well booted is a matter of personal comfort and pedal health. The mistaken notion that only a small foot can lay claim to beauty, even though its smallness come by compression and not by nature, is slowly but surely giving way; and the shoemakers will hasten to avail themselves of the change.

Last Summer an attempt (it failed, we are sorry to say) was made to introduce broad soles and square, English toes. Standing in the shop-windows, their effect was not so pretty as the effect of the dainty narrow-tipped, pointed-heeled French gaiters. Therefore they were scouted as ungainly by the happy mortals whose feet, despite a long siege of French boots, were still tolerably sound. This year, however, some relief is looked for; and the only permanent relief will come, not with plasters and lotions, but with wide, sensible soles, and low, broad heels. The way has already been opened by the introduction, this season, of these desirable alterations into the low shoes called indifferently "Croquet slippers," "Oxford ties," "Newport ties," and a variety of other names. These are to be followed in the Autumn by buttoned walking-boots of kid and goat-skin, having square toes with rounded corners, broad soles,—the widening from toe to joint being scarcely perceptible,—and low heels, not more than half the height of the absurd French ones. But it must not be supposed that, in thus obtaining comfort, good looks are abandoned. Anybody who has worn these ease-giving shoes knows that they are vastly more becoming than the strictly Parisian gaiter. The breadth of sole,

ermitting a corresponding narrowness of the upper-
ather, so sustains the foot that, even in an old boot,
is not inclined to spread, as it must where the up-
er is wide, and the sole slender. A well-shaped foot,
hough it be large, is beautiful; and a misshapen
oot, as small as Cinderella's, is ugly. No foot can
emain beautiful where the toes are unnaturally
ramped, or when the entire weight of the body is
hrown on the toes by exaggerated heels.

Beyond this important change in form, there will
e but little difference in the new Fall boots. But-
oned gaiters are such decided favorites that it is un-
kely they will be displaced before another Spring,
hough balmoral boots, lacing on top, and kid gait-
rs, lacing on the inside, will be somewhat worn by
hose who prefer novelty to grace.

Fern-Pressing.

THE girls should not forget that this is the time to
ather and press green ferns. They are so pretty and
efreshing to have in the house in cold weather, so
asily obtained, and so little trouble to prepare, that
is a pity any one should be without a few bunches
hen the flower-season has passed. There are many
odes of preserving them; but the one that seems
ost successful is to pick the ferns when they are
oung and tender; lay them between newspapers, or
large, flat books, and place them under very heavy
eights, until the sap has entirely dried. Persons who
ather them in August often leave them in press till
hanksgiving or Christmas; asserting that this long
bjection to the weights keeps the color better than
ny other method. The safest way to secure perfect
rns is to take a book to the woods, and lay each one
etween the leaves as soon as broken from the stem.
ven in a few minutes, ferns will curl at their tips,
nd after an hour or two, it is almost impossible to
y them flat. This process is very good for bright
aves, and makes them look less artificial than when
ey are varnished. Bunches of Autumn leaves are
ry beautiful evening decorations, if a lighted candle
e set behind them. This brings out their brilliant
nts, and gives them the appearance of having been
eshly gathered.

Fancy-Work.

THE practical use of fancy-work is shown in the dull rooms, brightened by gay bunches of wax leaves and flowers; in the old chairs, made fresh and attractive by pretty, wrought coverings; in the hard sofa-arms, rendered inviting by sleep-enticing pillows; in the eyes, saved from aching by cunningly-contrived lamp-screens; in the colds, prevented by the warm lounge-blanket; in the papers, kept in order in the simple wall-portfolio; and in the small but tender gift, which no money could be spared to buy. It need be only the idlest of idle hours that are given to fancy-work, and yet a great deal that is charming and useful can be created. Every housekeeper with limited means and artistic tastes knows what such work can do for her rooms. Every girl whose life is trying and hard is conscious what a real luxury it often is to fashion with deft fingers some dainty nicknack. To begin fancy-work with any definite time for finishing it, is to make labor out of what should be recreation; but to have it lying on the table, to catch it up for five minutes before tea, or during a neighborly call in the evening, is the way to do it enjoyably.

Fans.

FANS, which, half a year ago, began to enlarge and grow pretentious, are larger and more pretentious now than ever. Some of them measure three feet from tip to tip, and the indications are that even these dimensions will be expanded in the Fall. They are chiefly of white and black silk and satin, with a spray of flowers painted in the left corner. Those who can afford to follow every passing fashion have a fan made of the color of each costume; but this is very expensive, and not at all needful. The fans are suspended by a fanciful chain from the belt on the right side and opposite the châtelaine which now holds card-case, vinaigrette, porte-monnaie, umbrella, and anything that can possibly be attached. Even in full-dress these great white fans are fastened by a silver chain to the girdle, which, on the whole, is a good idea, for they are much too big to hold.

To use a fan gracefully is an art that needs to be cultivated. Saxon women do not take kindly to it as do the Latin races, to whom it seems to belong by right; but they can, if they choose, greatly improve upon their present proficiency.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

The Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts.

WITHIN the last four years the English Government
as supplemented its well-developed systems of afford-
ng free and unlimited access to the Public Records of
he Realm, and publishing from time to time historical
nuniments of the nation, by a special commission,
he duties and aims of which are best described in the
ircular issued by its Secretary. "Her Majesty has been pleased to appoint under her Sign Manual certain Commissioners to ascertain what MSS. calculated to throw light upon subjects connected with the Civil, Ecclesiastical, Literary or Scientific history of this country, are extant in the collections of private persons and in corporate and other institutions."

On the expression from any individual of a willing-

ness to submit any paper or collection of papers within his possession or power to the examination of the commissioners, they caused an inspection by one of their representatives upon the information derived, from which a private report to the owner was drawn up of the general nature of the papers in his collection, and was subsequently condensed and published in the Blue Book which commemorates the labors of the Commission. Advice has also been freely rendered as to the best means of repairing and preserving any papers or MSS. which may have been in a state of decay, and were of historical or literary value.

By a judicious foresight the commissioners took every means in their power to declare that the object of the Commission was solely the discovery of unknown historical and literary materials, and in all their proceedings directed their attention to that object exclusively.

Title deeds or documents of a private character were scrupulously set apart, without further comment.

The several MSS. were inspected at the residence of their owners, but, in one or two cases, collections were temporarily deposited in the Public Record Office, London, and treated with the same care as if they formed part of the public muniments.

It is not our purpose here, nor have we adequate space, to describe in any detail the operations of the Commission. It has inspected, by its official deputies, more than 300 collections, and some idea of the extent, variety, and choice character of the work accomplished may be gathered from the following list of collections set forth in the second report of the commisioners issued during the past year :—

England and Wales.—Duke of Bedford, Countess Cowper and Baroness Lucas, Earl of Dartmouth, Earl Spencer, Earl of Mount Edgcombe, Earl Cathcart, Earl of Bradford, Earl Cawdor, Viscount Dillon, Lord Camoys, Lord Arundell of Wardour, Lord Lyttelton, Lord Calthorpe, Lord Wrottesley, Lord Leigh, the Hon. G. M. Fortescue, Sir Charles W. Dilke, Bart., Sir Henry Dryden, Bart., Sir Baldwin Leighton, Bart., Sir George Osborn, Bart., Trustees of the late Sir R. Puleston, Bart., Miss Ainslie, J. C. Antrobus, Esq., W. R. Baker, Esq., C. M. Berington, Esq., Colonel Myddelton-Biddulph, Colonel Carew, Mrs. Collis, Richard Corbet, Esq., W. Bromley-Davenport, Esq., M.P., C. Cottrell Dormer, Esq., J. R. Ormsby Gore, Esq., M.P., John Harvey, Esq., Dr. Hoskins, H. B. Mackeson, Esq., Charter Chests of the family of Neville of Holt, F. Peake, Esq., Mrs. Prescott, J. J. Rogers, Esq., W. J. McCullagh Torrens, Esq., M.P., W. H. Turner, Esq., Mrs. Willes, W. W. E. Wynne, Esq. ; St. Lawrence's College, Ampleforth; Clare College, Gonville and Caius College, Jesus College, and Trinity Hall, Cambridge; Carlisle Cathedral, St. Mary's College, Oscott; Corpus Christi College, Exeter College, Jesus College, Lincoln College, New College, Oriel College, Queen's College, Trinity College, and Worcester College, Oxford; Stoneyhurst College; Monastery of the Dominican Friars at Woo chester; Corporation of Abingdon; Petyt MSS. i Inner Temple Library; and Chetham Library, Ma chester.

Scotland.—Duke of Montrose, Duke of Suthe land, Marquis of Huntly, Earl of Crawford and Bal carres, Earl of Morton, Earl of Strathmore, Earl of Dalhousie, Earl of Airlie, Earl of Stair, Earl o Rosslyn, Earl Cawdor, Lord Forbes, Lord Torphichen Sir J. H. Burnett, Bart., J. Guthrie, Esq., A. F. I vine, Esq. and J. F. Leith, Esq.; University o Aberdeen; Catholic College of Blairs; Trinity Co lege, Glenalmond; University of St. Andrews, an Royal Burgh of Montrose.

Ireland.—Marquis of Ormonde, Earl of Granard Earl of Rosse, Major-General F. P. Dunne, Robe D. Lyons, Esq., M.P. (Archbishop King's collec tion), The O'Connor Don, M.P., and Rothe's Regi ter of Kilkenny.

While these collections are all replete with doc ments of the highest archæological value, the literar world can best appreciate the results of these i quiries by glancing at those portions of the inspector returns which treat of the MSS. of W. R. Bake Esq., of Bayfordbury, in the County of Herts, an which we present in the exact words of the return.

Mr. Baker is one of the descendants of the n torious Jacob Tonson, the friend and publisher of th wits and poets of the 17th century, and the founde of the famous Kit-Cat Club, which comprised th ruling oligarchy established by the literary men o the age of Queen Anne, who were wont to meet in public-house in Gray's Inn Lane, Holborn, Londo having the sign of a cat, and the man who kept being called Kit. The name of the Kit-Cat Clu was retained even when the club removed to th Devil or Rose Tavern, Temple Bar.

The MSS. under our notice consist of a collectio of letters of the 17th century, and a few of the 18t century, mostly addressed to the elder Tonson; the are in good preservation, and we have made a sele tion of the most striking of the series, containing, the inspector phrases it, so many radiations fro those who have left "long trails of light descendin down."

The first letter is from Addison to Jacob Tonson. "At th Judge's Head, next Temple Bar, in Fleet Street, February (no year): I was yesterday with Dr. Hannes. I told hi Dr. Blackman, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Boyle and myself h engaged in it, and that you had gained a kind of promise fro Dr. Gibbons. The Doctor seemed particularly solicitou about the company he was to appear in, and would fain he all the names of the translators." (The reference is to a tran lation of Herodotus.) "Addison does not like his Polymnia, a will, if Tonson pleases, translate Urania. Was walking thi morning with Mr. Yalden, and asked him when he might expe Ovid 'de arte amandi' in English. Told me he thought you h drop the design since Mr. Dryden's translation of Virgil h been undertaken; but he had done his part almost a year ag and had it lying by him. Was afraid he has done little of but believes a letter from Tonson about it would set him work."

2. "Addison to Tonson, March 13. (No year). Not bein

able to find Dr. Hannes at home has left his part with his servitor. Shall have his Urania by the beginning of the week."

4. Addison to Tonson, May 28.—Mr. Clay tells him to let Tonson know of the misfortune Polymnia met with on the road; the carrier was in fault. Tonson's discourse about translating Ovid made such an impression on him that he ventured on the second book, which he turned at his leisure hours. Ovid has so many silly stories with his good ones that he is more tedious to translate than a better poet would be.

5. 1735 (should be 1705), August 28. "My friend, I intend, God willing, to leave the country on Sunday next, with hopes of London next evening. I suppose by the news I receive per post that you are alive, but a certificate of health under your own hand would have been most acceptable to your old friend, Roger de Coverley."

6. Atterbury (also concerned with Tonson's translations) to Tonson, dated at Oxford, November 15, 1681, asks for the Oxford prologue and for Dryden's Satyr, which he says he will return without transcribing a line. "My Whole Duty of Man waits for yours, and if you think it worth your while to have the first miscellany, the piece of Spencer in 4to, which you know I owe you, sent up along with it, it shall be done."

. We cannot but arrest the course of our extracts to point out that the secrets of the bookseller's calling are as graphically displayed as if Smollett himself had catalogued them. Here are the underpaid authors, the authors in fashion, with their airs and assurance, and close at hand is the hard bargain the successful bookseller drives whenever he can. Coleridge's terrible words, which he puts into the mouth of the Devil, in his Devil's Walk, come unforbidden into our mind, "I myself, like a Cormorant, sat hard by the tree of knowledge."

7. Aphra Behn (a collection of her coarse but eccentric plays has just been republished) to Jacob Tonson, August 1st, 1685. Tonson has bound himself for 6*l.* which she owed Mr. Baggs. She empowers Zachary Baggs, in case the debt is not paid before Michaelmas, to stop it out of moneys in his hands "upon the playing her first play."

8. The same to the same. Thanks him for the service he has done her with Dryden, in whose esteem she would rather choose to be than in anybody's else in the world. Angry with Creech; thinks her verse worth 30*l.*; hopes he will find 'em worth 25*l.*; asks him to speak to his brother to advance the price 5*l.* more. Cowley's David lost because it was a large book; Mrs. Philips's plays for the same reason. Begs hard for 5*l.* more.

10. Wm. Congreve to Tonson, August 8th, 1723.—His kinsman, Col. Congreve, wishes that Tonson would lend Wm. Congreve's picture to have a copy.

12. The same to the same, August 20th, 1695. Requests him to ask Sir G. Kneller to finish his picture. (It may be remembered that Tonson paid for and possessed portraits of the members of the Kit-Cat Club, and these portraits, or the majority of them, are in the collection owned by Mr. Baker.)

16. Copy of some of Congreve's last verses from the Harl. MS. 7318. An epistle to Lord Cobham.

18. Thomas Creech (neither date nor address). About his Juvenal; contains criticisms on the chronology of the Satires.

19. Wm. Davenant (Shakespeare's grandson), at Frankfort, to Tonson, April 20th, 1702. About subscription to the Cæsar. "Send to my father the productions of our English poets, who are all your friends, and never fail to communicate to you their verses. You can't imagine how, at this distance, one hankers after London lampoons. Pray give my service to Mr. Congreve and desire him to let me be remembered in the dressing-room" (of the theatre) "at Lincoln's Inn Fields."

The next letter is from Pope's rugged and untiring enemy, who, with all his vague and windy criticism, certainly saw more into Pope's meanness, duplicity, and conceit, than any other of their contemporaries.

20. J. Dennis to Tonson, June 4th, 1715.—Is concerned at the attempt to lessen the reputation of Dryden by "small poets." Abuses Pope; Pope has always the same dull cadence and a continual bag-pipe drone; contrasts between Dryden and Pope. Five pages and very amusing.

22. Dryden's receipt for 30*l.* for copyright of Cleomenes.

23. Dryden's receipt, March 24, 1698, for 268*l.* 15*s.* for about 7,500 verses or less, of 10,000.

27. The same to the same (no date).—Three days since he finished the 4th Æneid. The 6th is his greatest favorite. Mentions that money was then very scrupulously received, and that clipped money and 40 brass shillings were in some change sent to his wife.

29. The same to the same. October 29 (no year).—Has done the 7th Æneid in the country; intends in a few days to begin the 8th; when that is finished he expects 50*l.* in good silver, not such as he had formerly. "I am not obliged to take gold, neither will I; nor stay for it beyond 24 hours after it is due."—(They were evidently then on bad terms.)

30. The same to the same (no date).—An interesting letter. He says that the translation of the History of the League was the best translation that ever was. Mentions Lord Roscommon's essay; mentions his own verses; corrects a line—"let it be, 'That here his conquering ancestors were nurs'd.'" Will lay by the Religio Laici till another time. Will have four odes of Horace and 40 lines from Lucretius. The story of Nisus and Euryalus and 40 lines of Virgil in another place to answer those of Lucretius. "I mean those very lines which Montaigne has compared in those two poets." Has no leisure for an act of the opera. Talks with Betterton about actors and the characters they were to have in the two new plays.

32. The same to the same.—Asks him to say what is the most he will give for his son's play, "and if you have any silver which will go, my wife will be glad of it."

33 and 34. The same to the same.—In the latter he mentions Lady Chudleigh's verses (apparently to the Virgil). These, Wycherly thinks the best of any. . . . Mentions his own translation of Ovid, "de Arte amandi." Asks Tonson to get him three pounds of snuff. . . . Let the printer be very careful or he shall print nothing more. . . . his son Charles is ill; the doctor fears a rupture; . . . has great love for his son; . . . requests him to ask Mr. Fraunce to enclose a letter, he (Dryden) will pay for double post. The post can't be trusted. Ferrand will do by them as he did by two letters which he sent his son about dedicating to the king, of which they received neither.

35. The same to the same.—About his handwriting failing; so he writes a short letter.

36. The same to the same.—Has broken off his studies for the Conquest of China, to review Virgil and bestow more certain duty on him. Dr. Chetwynd; his promise of the ode on St. Cecilia's day, which he desires Tonson to send him forthwith.

37. The same to the same.—Thanks him for Sherry, the best he ever had. Asks him in the ode on St. Cecilia's day to alter *Lais* to *Thais* twice. Wants to send a Virgil to Rome, and to send 20 guineas to Rome to his son.

39. The same to the same.—"Send my MS. of the Æneid to Sir Robert Howard to read in the country, and bring back when he comes to town."

40. A promise by Tonson to pay Dryden 250 guineas for 10,000 verses, 7,500 already in Tonson's possession. The 250 guineas to be made up to 300*l.* on a second impression of the 10,000 verses. (This payment reaches the amount of nearly 6¼*d.* per line). Dated, 20th March, 1698, signed and sealed by Tonson. Witnessed by Ben Portlock and W. Congreve.

42. Mr. Russell's bill for the funeral of Dryden. Among the items are:—Double coffin, 5*l.* Hanging the hall with a border of bays, 5*l.* Six dozen paper escutcheons for the hall, 3*l.* 12*s.* Ten silk escutcheons for the pall, 2*l.* 10*s.* Three mourning coaches and six horses, 2*l.* 5*s.* Silver desk and rosemary, 5*s.* Eight scarves for musicianers, 2*l.* Seventeen yards of crape to cover their instruments, 1*l.* 14*s.* Achievement for the herse, 3*l.* 10*s.* The total was 45*l.* 17*s.* (Dryden died in 1701, aged 69.)

50. From Sir G. Kneller (the painter of the portraits of the Kit-Cat Club).—Is sorry he shall not see him that afternoon, but will on Sunday next.

61 (*a*). Thomas Otway, June 30, 1683. Acknowledges that he owes 11*l.* to Jacob Tonson.

Pope does not appear in a pleasant light to any one who reflects over the contents of our next quotations. Here he is, as usual, with his querulous complaints about other people using his labors, and his greediness about literary enterprises. Who will not remember that he invariably allowed those about him to accredit him as the sole translator of the Odyssey, while his subordinates Brome and Fenton did more than half the work, and corrected his imperfect performance of the remainder? And yet to every hundred pounds paid to Pope, these two unfortunate hacks did not receive twenty pounds! Then again we see Pope's nervous horror about reputation and personal standing with the world, while he incessantly protested that "no man ever cared less for literary reputation."

62. Alexander Pope to Tonson, Nov. 14, 1731.—"Almost ready to be angry with your nephew for being the publisher of Theobald's Shakespear, who according to the laudable custom of commentators first served himself of my pains, and then abused me for 'em." Suggests a scheme (to be talked over) for a Shakespear and other English poets that will "beat all others." In a postscript: "You live not far from Ross; I desire you to get me an exact information of the Man of Ross, what was his Christian and surname, what year he died, and at what age, and to transcribe his epitaph, if he has one; and any particulars you can procure about him. I intend to make him an example in a poem of mine."

63. Copies of two letters from Pope to J. Tonson, Jun., and two from J. Tonson, Jun., in reply, 1731. In the first, Pope expresses a hope that, in Theobald's proposed edition of Shakespear, Tonson will not publish any impertinent remarks on him (Pope). In the second, Tonson says that he will never do anything to forfeit Pope's opinion of him. In the third, Pope says, "All I should be sorry for would be if you were made the publisher of any falsity relating to my *personal character*." In the fourth, Tonson reassures him.

64, 65 and 66 are from Pope; the first dated in 1732, the second no date, the third in 1735. In the first Pope thanks Tonson for information about the Man of Ross; mentions why he made the Man of Ross better in reality. Has no thought of printing the poem (which is an epistle on the use of riches) this long time. Mentions his portrait by Dahl sent to Tonson's nephew. Asks for a copy of his old friend, Dr. Garth. "As to Dr. Bentley and Milton, I think the one above and the other below criticism."

67. Matthew Prior, Haye, Sept. 23, 113, 1695, to Tonson.—Sends some verses, "if worth printing," translated from Boileau.

74, 75 and 76. Letters from the Duke of Somerset to Tonson, two of them being dated in 1703. The first is a long one about Addison's being tutor to his son; his duty and salary. In the second, he says that as Addison seems to consent, but wants to know particulars, he wishes Tonson to come and talk. In the third, he says that Addison has in effect declined. "Our club is dissolved until you revive it; which we are impatient of."

79. Richard Steele (Sept. 26, 1718) to Tonson.—Has heard a good character of Caulfield, the barge-builder, and understands he is the only one now on the river; has been asked to speak in his behalf to the Duke of Newcastle for him to be barge-builder to his Majesty. Asks Tonson to speak for him.

84 to 95. Twelve amusing letters from Sir John Vanbrugh to Tonson, dated from Paris, Amsterdam and Herefordshire, in 1703, 1714, 1722, and 1725, containing anecdotes and gossip of the club and friends, town news, and a little on politics. In the fourth, to Tonson at Paris, June 5, 1719, he congratulates Tonson on his luck in South Sea Stock (the gambling mania for which was the severest ever known in England). In the fifth, Feb. 18, 1719–20, he says that stock is rising, but he is only a looker-on. Sir R. Steele is grown such a malcontent, that he now takes the ministry directly for his mark, and treats them in the House for some days past in so very frank a manner that they grow quite angry, and 'tis talked as if it would not be impossible to see him very soon after expelled the House. He has quarreled with the Lord Chamberlain, that a new license has been granted to Wilks, Cibber, and Booth, which they accepting of and acting under, have left him with his patent, but not one player. And so the Lord Chamberlain's authority over the play-house is restored, and the patent ends in a joke. A notice of the opera; 20,000*l.* subscribed; the King gives 1,000*l.* a year. He (Vanbrugh) is going to Heidegger's masquerade that night. (Heidegger was manager of the Italian Opera in London at that period.) In one dated July 1, 1719, he mentions his own recent marriage. In the next, a few lines in the middle are written and signed by Harriet V. (his wife). Vanbrugh abuses the Duchess of Marlborough, mentioning the money that was owing to him for Blenheim (the Duke's palace voted by Parliament for the French victories). Old Madam Sarah was mean or munificent as the fit took her. In one dated Oct. 25, 1725, he is very uncomplimentary to the Duchess of Marlborough, by reason of her getting an injunction against him by her friend, the late good Chancellor, who declared that Vanbrugh never was employed by the Duke of M., and therefore had no demand on his estate for services at Blenheim. But he got his debt by Sir R. Walpole's help out of a sum she expected to receive. In one of Jan., 1722, he mentions the Duke of Marlborough's disposition of his property. The opera is supported half a guinea for pit and boxes.

96. E. Waller (Jan. 22, 1679) to Jacob Tonson, at Mrs. Tonson's shop at Gray's Inn Gate, by Gray's Inn (the site of the house and part of the house was occupied by the Gray's Inn Coffee House, a tavern celebrated for its choice port wine).—A short letter. Has the gout. Asks for any of Cambray's (Fénélon) works, if new.

99. Autograph draft of J. Tonson's will, March 19, 1731, 2 pp. 4to.

Then follow three volumes of letters by Tonson; hints for verses on Dr. Hobbs, surgeon, cousin to J. Hobbs, of Malmesbury. Wycherley and he were of the same age, and born in the same town. Drafts of verses, several.

Tonson's will in his own handwriting, 27 Jan., 1734.

Bill for Tonson's funeral, March 31, 1735. The amount is 124*l.* 5*s.* 9*d.*

Comment about the interest, information, and reality of the details, small and personal as they are occasionally, is superfluous. The student of the times of Queen Anne, and her brilliant men of letters, can but be thankful that the manuscripts are in the possession of such a liberal trustee of Jacob Tonson's reminiscences as Mr. W. R. Baker, of Bayfordbury. And for ourselves, we do but echo, in cordial sincerity, the confident hope that the labors of the Royal Commission of Historical Manuscripts will tend greatly to the advancement of historical literature, by bringing to the notice of the world important papers and manuscripts, the existence of which might possibly be unknown to the majority of those who may be interested in the inquiry. The commissioners, with much reason, are inclined to think that a continuation of their efforts may be the means of preventing those casualties to which valuable collections of MSS. are liable from various causes,—casualties arising not unfrequently from changes in families, from removal of MSS., and ignorance of the localities to which they have been tranferred. It may also be of importance

he possessors of valuable documents to know where ers allied with, or relating to, those in their pos- ion are to be found, and into what direction the s of correspondence consequent on family alliances intermarriage may have diverged; while to those o are engaged in biographical, historical or political earches, no greater boon can be offered than well- henticated information, where materials which are ispensable for the due prosecution of their inquiries preserved.

t is with no little satisfaction that we are able to nounce that the New York Genealogical and Bio- phical Society appears inclined to perform the y same offices for the citizens of the United States, t the British Government has so laudably instituted the subjects of Her Majesty Queen Victoria.

"Love in the Nineteenth Century."*

F Henri Beyle could have read this novelette while ting his description of the ways of love and lovers different nations, he would have paused before dis- sing America with the epigram that a people so ional and regulated can know nothing of its mys- es. It is only to such a race indeed that its title perly applies. The 19th century has not yet freed ths and maidens in continental Europe from pa- tal control over their future interests, nor enlarged r chances for discussing the reasonable grounds of sonal choice. Perhaps it is too broad even if its ning be restricted to this hemisphere. The persons sented are both a little apart from the representative erican of either sex. The girl leads rather too se- led a life of mature thought to be a fair example her countrywomen outside the borders of Massa- setts. The lover himself insists that the training of class he belongs to is quite special and one-sided. we are to judge of journalists by his description personality, it would seem that until a woman's uence transforms them, they do not gain in breadth liberality by dealing with a rapid rush of facts and nts, any more than a banker's clerk grows rich from constant flow of money through his hands.

n truth, cultivation does not depend on close con- t with the changing activities of the world, and is y likely to suffer by it. The variety of material forming the intellectual character derived from such tact is very great, but not of the choicest kind, nor sented in the best proportions. Individual force taste, as in the case of all other pursuits, must ermine its selection and assimilation. Still, these the most convenient figures the authoress could e chosen through which to express her views on ain subjects likely to continue much discussed ough the rest of the nineteenth century. By beginning of the twentieth we may hope all women be more like her heroine, and all men as ready the hero to accept much needed improvement n her. For, as is natural, she has sharper in- sight than her admirer, and more prudent hesitation in surrendering her calm life while the result of the change remains uncertain.

Yet the whole purpose of this little volume is not expressed by its title. Its object is to show how lovers in a democratic society, which means all the lovers of the future, may come to an understanding with each other, for they must hereafter reason out the whole subject, without brushing off all the bloom of romance in the process. And so long as man is man, and woman is woman, and youth is youth, sovereign nature will maintain her rights, and not permit the union of two souls to sink into a mere matter of business. Through such discussions the meaning and conditions of such a union will be clearly determined. If we have laughed away the illusion that woman is a goddess and man a hero, it will yet be replaced in time by the sober certainty for all, of what is now a vision of Paradise for the few, revealing in the humanity of both something divine that commands reverence. To reach that height the world is slowly struggling in its rough and clumsy and selfish way, through the same debate pursued by the young people of this story with refined thoughtfulness. What the true relations of the sexes to each other are—how social pleasures and repute may be enjoyed, while social shams are frankly rejected—what is the essence of religion which must remain, though its dissolving forms become a thing of the past,—these questions gain intense personal interest and demand individual answers, whenever one life is absorbed in another. Miss Preston has succeeded better than we should have thought it possible to do, in combining sentiment naturally with the flow of this discussion, and proving that love in the nineteenth and the coming centuries need not be passionless because it is reasonable, and that open-eyed intelligence is a surer guide to happiness than the blind god of fable.

Johannes Olaf.*

THIS is a strange book, written with a great deal of irregular power, pitched in too high a key, and grasping vaguely at questions never to be solved—at least by novels. It has no other construction than the plan of grouping about a colossal figure, vigorously drawn, a variety of half-sketched persons who guide the circumstances of his life without affecting its character. Its moral is indefinite, and its influence might be bad or good, according to the receiver. With much outcry about fate and the gods, after Carlyle's fashion, it mingles precepts of religion and worldly-wise maxims that seem to inspire the diverse lives of those who utter them with scarcely any wholeness or satisfaction. Certain strong touches of landscape and customs show the author to be most at home in the fringe of islands upon the north Holland coast, where the story begins; any description of scenery or conditions beyond these wearing the unreal air of repetition

Love in the 19th Century. A Fragment. By Harriet W. ston. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

* *Johannes Olaf.* A novel, by Elizabeth de Wille. Translated from the German by F. E. Bunnett. Roberts Brothers.

from books or drafts on fancy. It has a quarrel with society which does not go quite so far as to say that its laws are wrong for all in the present state of humanity, and a discontent with Providence just short of denying its oversight and substituting some impersonal necessity deduced from the guesses of science. In a word, its hero talks much as Schiller's Carl Moor might have done, if he had been born a century later and had read Darwin.

To set him so much at odds with both the visible and invisible world he needs early experience of the cruelest hardships and darkest problems of life, gained by an instinct for questioning and defying its common ways, stronger than his will, and springing, according to the modern solution, from the mystery of inheritance. On the pure sturdy Frisian stock his mother was grafted as a wilding slip by a wandering Icelander. Utter misery and fierce struggle for life among the sands and waves harden him, until his grandfather comes by chance to his rescue. Thorson, the old man, is extremely well drawn. He is the ideal scholar of that Ultima Thule where learning found so strange a refuge. A physician and antiquarian, an enthusiast for free nature and bold inquiry, he lives the widest intellectual life in the narrowest outward one, and dies, after doubting of everything but beauty and action, a convert to a sort of pietistic Romanism, in the monastery of Iona. But while still an old heathen, he shapes his grandson and thrusts him out into the world. No wonder that Johannes Jakob finds it expedient to disguise his name as Olaf, after committing an early murder through jealousy, escaping from Hamburgh jail in the great conflagration, falling into close relations with a monster of an ex-pirate, and eluding him by saving from wreck the yacht of an English nobleman, who is thenceforward his friend and patron. In such a field for his battle of life he must necessarily be beaten at all points by society, and it is a very high reach of skill that enables the author to command our respect and interest for this outlaw of human government who naturally grows half a rebel to the divine. It is done, and barely done, by endowing him with extraordinary mental strength, perfect sincerity, and a fixed will to do what seems to him independently right. All this would not suffice to make him anything more than a dangerous savage, but that he has also good-will to his fellowmen, and a respect for something either within or without him that forbids selfishness, which yet he refuses to call conscience.

Such a hero, of course, finds no paths through the smooth places of the world. If he is to offend all laws and justify the offense, the combinations that bring about his actions need to be most unusual, and they are made so, far beyond the limit of likelihood.

It is a poor explanation of the wild improbability involved in the existence and appearances of the woman who impels him to crime, to call her his fate and his mystery. Some of the secondary characters, whose quiet movement along the grooves of habit serves for a contrast to his eccentric course, are v conceived, but left quite incomplete. The nove crowded with them to confusion. It displeases, t with its straggling episodes, its level passages of ever day description, and its wearisome monologues. Fro the mass of material so inartistically managed the a thor might have chosen several separate subjects for display of her unquestionable talent by their more ished treatment in a more natural tone.

Bryant's Orations. *

THE production in a collected shape of Mr. Bryan public addresses reminds us in a very striking man how, of our many countrymen distinguished for de tion to literature or art; that one of them has outliv who is perhaps best fitted to judge wisely and spe eloquently of genius in those who have gone bef him. Not only because his assiduous cultivation the special art that gives him fame has quickened perception and strengthened his admiration of wh ever is high and noble, but also because his calm te perament aids discrimination, and his mental view been widened by life-long consideration of large p lic questions. Only the poet and the publicist co render so impartial and generous a tribute to the pai er, the novelist, and the critic.

The oration delivered in commemoration of C gives a natural occasion for slightly sketching early history of painting and painters in this cit This is done so simply and effectively as to leave a gret that it could not have been extended into s an essay on the rise and progress of art in America yet needs to be written. The speech touches ligh on Cole's technical merits, judging him from depths of his nature, with due regard to his pecul surroundings. It treats frankly, yet without any the sham independence that pleases the half-educat of the effects of foreign examples upon a genius most self-trained. And it avoids entering into any the vexed questions about the true range of landsca painting, taking it for granted in a rather quiet w that Cole's success in imparting a moral interest his work justifies the methods and aims of allegoric art. The discourse on the life and genius of Fe more Cooper comprises a brief criticism of almost his writings, dwelling on the occasions of their appe ance, and the reasons for their success or want popularity. It was almost by accident that Cooper came a novelist, and quite without any careful liter study that he continued one. Bryant does him mo exact and ample justice, both as to his merits as author and as to his personal character, than he of received while living, giving him deserved credit patriotism too warm and honest to care if it offend his countrymen while reproving their faults. T address relates fairly and temperately that passage his life by which he is most widely and unfavora

* *Orations and Addresses.* By William Cullen Bryant. P. Putnam's Sons. New York.

hown as a man, and praises with honorable frankness
)th the purpose of his contest with the press and his
anner of conducting it.

The career of Verplanck is delineated with the
armest sympathy and the nicest study of the mingled
urdiness and refinement that gave his character its
culiar Knickerbocker quality. He stands out among
e rest as the man of action—the jurist who bright-
ed black-letter with general culture, the legislator
nfounding modern congressmen by taste and learn-
g, the philanthropist without bigotry or cant, the
litician who never broke a promise nor wronged a
end. What a phenomenon is this, and yet just
)ne from among us! We know from his own
ornful lips what this Cato for honesty and Cicero for
egance among public men thought of the clowns and
eats who now wriggle into Congress. His example
roves, as does his eulogist's, that strenuous practical
evotion to business need not exclude fine cultiva-
)n, and that eagerness for gain or notoriety is sure
struction to a literary workman's hopes of fame.

The last two authors, together with Irving and
alleck, the remaining subjects of these eulogies, be-
ng to the same generation with Mr. Bryant, for
though the youngest of them all, he is separated by
ly eleven years from Irving, the eldest; and what a
oup of vigorous intellects, of fruitful faculties, they
rm! Sound, old-fashioned training in youth, culti-
tion gained from travel, and the stimulus of fame in
city proud of their early promise, contributed to
erfect and maintain their working power. We
)unt no men in our day who do so much, so steadily,
id so well. The profession of literature numbers
ller ranks, but fewer chiefs, than it did forty years
go. The hurried education and restless habits
f our rapid age produce a wider diffusion of aver-
ge merit, with less concentration upon achievement
iat will live. The causes of this change are evident
nough, and its coming is probably a necessity. We
ish that Mr. Bryant (our sole survivor of the classic
eriod), who has watched the decline of literary pro-
uction from the high standard aimed at in his youth
) the facile mediocrity of the thousand who write for
ie million, would point out the tendency of this prog-
ss, and suggest the means for its correction.

"Bits of Talk about Home Matters."

LIFE is so made up of little things that a highly
uccessful class of writers consists in those who have
ie loving sense of seeing and the rare talent of de-
cribing the imponderable atoms which constitute our
ioral atmosphere. Is this statement too laborious
id semi-scientific? Put it another way: Few men
r women have the gift of writing so well of the small
)ncerns of life (which are such a large part of life)
s "H. H.;" and that is the reason why her work al-
ays pleases. This dainty volume of *Bits of Talk about Home Matters*, issued by Roberts Brothers, il-
ustrates exactly the truth of what we have been say-
ng. In her *Bits of Travel* the author forbore to fill her portfolio with the broad effects of light and shade of foreign travel. There were no gorgeous masses of color, nor long-drawn aisles of solemn disquisition on art and politics; but the sketches of the temporary home-life and every-day experiences in strange lands were so pre-Raphaelite that the untraveled reader rises from their study half-certain that he, too, has been among the pots and pans of a Roman kitchen, and has been kindly nursed by a German landlady.

In this little book the author chats earnestly but agreeably of sundry home matters which are too much overlooked. Undoubtedly, the writer would fain gossip about the flowers and music and poetry of home; but there are serious, even severe things to be said of home affairs, and she says them. If the protest may sometimes seem too bitter and the scalpel merciless, we must remember that the hand is loving, and only a warm, generous, and sensitive nature can be so stung by the rank injustice which walks in velvet slippers, while it desolates a world of homes. So we have the domestic tyrants, the inhuman parents, the joyless Americans, the journalistic old-clothes mongers, and all the rest of the ill-favored brood of nuisances, haled before the bar of public opinion to give excuse for their being. In sooth to say, when "H. H." is through with them, they have not so much as a leg to stand upon.

For the rest, however, the book is warm and sunny, with such touches as that which gives us the gentle one who has "A Genius for Affection" and "The Good Staff of Pleasure." It is hard for "H. H." to long continue in the severe *rôle* of the reproving moralist. The world is richer for the bright and cheery thoughts which she has here set in order; such a book as this, well conned and laid to heart, will sweeten many lives.

"Hap-Hazard."

IN the confused rush of summer books—bright trifles which are read when stupid talent bores one—we recall none now that is so flavorous as Miss Kate Field's *Hap-Hazard*, brought out in tempting dress by J. R. Osgood & Co. These sketchy papers are gathered from divers experiences at home and abroad; and the writer, airily gay and blithe, whatever happens, finds objects for satire in the Old World and the New, and fun in everything. Here she goes skyrocketing through the House of Lords; and there she is poking solemn fun at the average audience of an American lecturer. She is a fierce democrat withal, and her sparkling pen strips the gleaming humbug from aristocratic shams as with a magic touch. An unrelenting foe of pretense and mediocrity, this keen critic goes up and down the earth terrorizing all sorts of lies and musty old precedents. But there is in all her fierce crusade against mere seeming and gilded humbug a certain chivalric candor which charms while it slays.

Hap-Hazard is bright, witty, and never, under any

consideration, dull. More than this, the versatile and graceful writer has that not common gift of characterization by which persons, things, and places come and go on her canvas with all the vividness of reality. This little volume is no prim, hot-house bouquet; but as a careless knot of garden and wayside flowers flung together, the gay gatherer gives it you, receiving your praise or blame with the same apparent cheery unconcern and insouciance.

"Guyot's Physical Geography."*

PROF. GUYOT'S latest work completes the series of geographical text-books to which he has given "half a score of his best years," and which have so successfully withstood the severest of tests—extensive use in schools.

To review the book fully would involve a critical survey of the entire series to which it belongs, since one can no more estimate fairly the worth of such a work by itself than a detached square-foot of a great painting, or a section of a piece of mosaic-work; the part might seem perfect when alone, yet be a blotch on the whole canvas; or it might seem incomplete and unfinished by itself, while exactly suited to its intended place, and fulfilling an important function there. It is not merely the matter and style of a school-book that determine its real character, but its fitness for the place it is to occupy in a scheme of instruction, its adaptation to the age and development of the pupils who are to use it.

However delightful it might be to examine Prof. Guyot's long delayed work from the text-book point of view, however deserving the book may be of such an examination, it is quite impossible to do it here. The most we have space for is a very brief notice of its plan and purpose, with perhaps a word or two touching its peculiar merits.

The task which the author set himself when he took up the work was to furnish the pupils of the higher common-school grades with an outline of the Science of Physical Geography at once simple, concise, and suited both to the measure of their knowledge and to the time allowed them for the study.

What was wanted was not a popular treatise on the wonders of the world, but a systematic arrangement of the more important facts and laws of the earth's physical organization and of the living forms which inhabit it, linked together by their natural ties, and so presented that when once well understood and thoroughly mastered, the pupil should have not only an accurate understanding of the latest results of scientific research in this department, but a sound basis for subsequent growth in knowledge. This Prof. Guyot has provided, leaving to the intelligent teacher his rightful privilege of clothing the skeleton given with life and beauty.

The first thing that strikes one on opening the book is the excellence of the charts representing the structure and relations of continental masses and islands, the natural arrangement of mountain systems and river-basins, the motion of tidal waves and ocean currents, the laws of atmospheric and climatal phenomena, the distribution of animal and vegetable life, the aspects of nature in different latitudes, and the like. These charts are fresh and original. The engraved illustrations are equally commendable. The scenes represented are real and characteristic, the animal figures are drawn from life, and the illustrations of race-types among men are actual portraits. The text concise, clear, and in keeping with the latest discoveries and generalization of the science. In every part of the work a strict geographical point of view has been preserved, only such facts and principles being drawn from kindred sciences as seemed necessary to illustrate geographical phenomena.

* Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York, publishers.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

The Westward Movement in Cities.

M. FLAMMARION, in his work on the atmosphere, says: The wealthy classes have a pronounced tendency to emigrate westward, leaving the eastern districts for the laboring populations. Mr. W. F. Barrett thereupon asks: Whence arises this tendency? It can hardly be an accident, nor can it be due to the direction of the river beside which the town may happen to be built, for where they exist they run in different directions. M. Flammarion thinks the western movement is caused by the direction of sunset, towards which people feel disposed to form their gardens, build their houses, and in that direction most incline to walk; the evening and not the morning being their usual time of recreation. Is not a more probable explanation to be found in the general dislike of an easterly wind? And, moreover, it has been pointed out that a westerly wind usually causes the greatest fall in the barometer, and thus the eastern portion of a town becomes inundated with the effluvia which arises on such occasions. Another and perhaps more potent cause may be the prevalence in Europe of south-westerly winds during the greater part of the year, whereby the smoke and vitiated air of a town is carried to the north-east more frequently than elsewhere; so that it is notorious that the west end of a city is freer from smoke than the east end. Possibly all these causes may combine to produce this curious

cidental march of the fashionable quarter in all great ies.

Affection of Monkeys for their Dead.

FROM James Forbes's *Oriental Memoirs* the follow- g interesting account is extracted: One of a shoot- g party, under a banian-tree, killed a female monkey d carried it to his tent, which was soon surrounded forty or fifty of the tribe, who made a great noise, d seemed disposed to attack their aggressor. They treated when he presented his fowling-piece, the eadful effect of which they had witnessed and ap- ared perfectly to understand. The head of the oop, however, stood his ground, chattering furiously; e sportsman, who perhaps felt some little degree of mpunction for having killed one of the family, did t like to fire at the creature, and nothing short of ing would suffice to drive him off. At length he me to the door of the tent, and finding threats of no ail, began a lamentable moaning, and by the most pressive gesture seemed to beg for the dead body. was given to him; he took it sorrowfully in his ms, and bore it away to his expecting companions. ey who were witnesses of this extraordinary scene olved never again to fire at one of the monkey e.

The Eyes in Deep-Sea Creatures.

IN his "Notes from the Challenger," Wyville Thom- n says: The absence of eyes in many deep-sea animals d their full development in others is very remarkable. ave mentioned the case of one of the stalk-eyed stacean, *Ethusa granulata*, in which well-devel- ed eyes are present in examples from shallow water. deeper water, from 110 to 370 fathoms, eye-stalks present, but the animal is apparently blind, the es being replaced by rounded, calcareous terminations the stalks. In examples from 500 to 700 fathoms, another locality, the eye-stalks have lost their cial character, have become fixed, and their termi- tions combine into a strong, pointed rostrum. In s case we have a gradual modification, depending parently upon the gradual diminution and final dis- pearance of solar light. On the other hand *Munida*, m equal depths, has its eyes unusually developed, l apparently of great delicacy. Is it possible that in tain cases, as the sun's light diminishes, the power vision becomes more acute, while at length the eye comes susceptible of the stimulus of the fainter light phosphorescence?

Errors in Spectrum Analysis.

CONCERNING the coincidences of certain lines in spectrum, Professor Young remarks: Some of se are too many and too close to be all the result accident, especially those of iron with calcium and tanium. Two explanations of these coincidences given: first, that "the metals operated upon by servers who first mapped out the spectra were not solutely pure," and second, that there is some simi- ity between the molecules of the different metals that renders them susceptible of certain synchronous periods of vibrations.

In criticising these opinions, W. Mattieu Williams observes: If we are driven to this second explanation, the received inductions of spectrum analysis, and the deductions of celestial chemistry based upon them, are shaken at their foundation; for if more than one known terrestrial element can display identical lines in the spectrum, the suggestion that other unknown celestial elements may do the same thing is freely opened. It is therefore very desirable that the spectroscopist should receive all the aid which the studies of chemical specialists can afford him towards the solution of this problem.

As regards the instances mentioned by Professor Young, I may say that, in making a large number of analyses of various brands, I have never found a sample of iron or steel quite free from some trace of iron. As I operated for the most part on superior qualities of iron that had been submitted to the utmost practicable degree of commercial purification, my results render it probable that Professor Young's first explanation is correct, so far at least as iron and calcium are concerned.

Double Fertilization of Female Flowers.

MR. ARNOLD, of Paris, Canada, has shown that if the female flowers of an Indian-corn plant are submitted to the action of pollen from male flowers of different kinds of corn-plants, each grain of the ear produced shows the effect of both kinds of pollen. In an experiment related, a given female flower was subjected first to the action of pollen from a yellow variety of corn, and then to that taken from a white variety; the result was an ear of corn each grain of which was yellow below and white above. The conclusion presented is, not only that there is an immediate influence on the seed and the whole fruit-structure by the application of strange pollen, but the more important fact that one ovule can be affected by the pollen of two distinct parents, and this, too, after some time had elapsed between the first and the second impregnation.

Improvement in Photography.

M. MARION, of Paris, has discovered that if you take a bichromate image printed in the sun, and put it in contact with another bichromate surface, you produce upon the latter a similar impression. You can, in fact, take a carbon picture fresh from the frame and employ it as a printing-block, from which any number of impressions are procurable. It is a most singular fact that a solarized surface should be capable of setting up an action upon another sensitive surface placed in contact with it. But it is so. The impression made by light upon a bichromate film is capable of transmission to another surface of like nature merely pressed against it. We have, as it were, stored up in the original print a quantity of sunlight which

has been absorbed and may afterwards be communicated to other surfaces.

The importance of this discovery can scarcely be overrated, and there is no doubt but that it will work an era in the matter of carbon-printing. We need secure but one single photograph printed in the sun in order to obtain a large number of copies, all of which shall be as delicate and vigorous as if they had been printed by sunlight. (H. Badler Pritchard.)

Effects of Cold on the System.

FROM a report of the Croonian Lecture, delivered this year by Dr. Benjamin W. Richardson, we extract the following interesting observations: Previous to the time of John Hunter it was supposed that cold was the most effective agent for destroying muscular irritability. The effects of cold employed in various ways in the author's experimental researches were detailed systematically. The effects of cold in suspending the muscular irritability of fish, reptiles and frogs was first described. On all these animals it was shown that cold could be made to suspend the muscular irritability without destroying it, and that in fish the restoration of irritability could be perfected to the extent of restoring the living function.

In the case of warm-blooded animals the power of cold to suspend without destroying muscular irritability was further evidenced by drowning young animals in ice-cold water. It was shown, in the case of the kitten, that muscular irritability may be restored to the complete re-establishment of life after a period of two hours of apparent systemic death, and although the muscles when the animal was first removed from the water give no response to the galvanic current. This same continuance of irritability after apparent systemic death by drowning in ice-cold water has been observed in the human subject, in an approximate degree. An instance was adduced in which a youth who had been deeply immersed for twelve minutes in ice-cold water retained muscular irritability so perfectly that he recovered, regained consciousness, and lived for a period of seven hours.

Condensation of Steam mixed with Air.

IN a paper on this subject, read by Professor Reynolds before the Royal Society, London, the following conclusions are presented:

1. That a small quantity of air in steam does very much retard its condensation upon a cold surface; that, in fact, there is no limit to the rate at which pure steam will condense but the power of the surface to carry off the heat.

2. That the rate of condensation diminishes rapidly, and nearly uniformly as the pressure of air increases from two to ten per cent. that of steam, and then less and less rapidly until thirty per cent. is reached, after which the rate of condensation remains nearly constant.

3. That in consequence of this effect of air, the necessary size of a surface-condenser for a steam-engine increases very rapidly with the quantity of allowed to be present within it.

4. That by mixing air with steam before it is us the condensation at the surface of a cylinder may greatly diminished, and consequently the efficiency the engine increased.

5. That the maximum effect, or nearly so, will obtained when the pressure of the air is one-te that of the steam, or when about two cubic feet air at the pressure of the atmosphere and the tempe ture 60° F. are mixed with each pound of steam.

The Perfect Engine.

JUST as water has no "head" unless raised ab the sea-level, so heat cannot do work except with t accompaniment of a transference from a hotter t colder body. Carnot showed that to reason on subject we must have *cycles* of operations, at the of which the working substance is restored exactly its initial state. And he also showed that the test a perfect engine (*i.e.* the best that is even theore cally attainable) is simply that it must be *reversi* By this term we do not mean mere backing, but t whereas, when working directly, the engine does w during the letting down of heat from a hot to a c body, when reversed it shall spend the same amo of work while pumping up the same quantity of h from the cold body to the hot one. (P. G. Tait.)

Memoranda.

THE fishery treaty between the United States Great Britain permits the admission of fish-oil fre duty, while all other oils pay ten per cent. The qu tion has thereupon arisen whether the oil obtai from seals should pay duty. From a zoölogical po of view, it is not a fish-oil; but since it is the gen practice of commercial nations to consider all oils tained from marine creatures as fish-oils, the gov ment will probably be obliged to regard seals as fi

F. Buttgenbach of the Neusser Iron Works made a series of experiments on *tuyères* for blast-f naces. He concludes therefrom that bronze tuy are the best. The most perfect of these, obtai from a firm at Düsseldorf, would, however, occasion crack. By employing phosphor-bronze all difficult were surmounted, and according to the experimen an ironmaster once using *tuyères* of phosphor-bro will be so convinced of the advantages of this m that he will never employ any other.

W. Saville Kent shows that in certain spine-fin fish as the Bream, and especially in the male, color increases in depth and often in brilliancy dur the spawning season.

After an experience of some years I can only that though I do not worship either lectures or exa nations (especially the latter) with a blind "id try," I believe without them the majority of yo students are very apt to become slipshod and slov in their work. (Professor Bonney, Cambridge.)

Sir John Lubbock states that the Strepsiptera or parasites found on bees and wasps pass through all their transformations in the bodies of these insects. The males and females are very dissimilar; the former are active, minute and short-lived, while the females are bottled-shaped, never leave the body of the insect, and, except that they occasionally thrust the head of the bottle out between the abdominal rings, they appear to be almost motionless.

A new industry, that took its origin in the war, is now attracting a great deal of attention in the South. The cotton-seed, which formerly was waste and worthless to the producer, now brings from nine to ten dollars per ton. It is extensively used in the manufacture of oil and for many other purposes.

M. Zulkowsky finds that the deterioration illuminating gas undergoes, in passing through rubber tubing, is so great that it may be perceived without the help of a photometer after it has passed through a length of four and a half yards of such tubing. M. Zulkowsky also holds that only the heavy hydro-carbons and vapors in the gas are absorbed.

As the result of a series of experiments on the cause of the rupture in the skin or covering of various fruits during prolonged rain-storms, M. Joseph Boussingault finds that it is produced by the endosmose of moisture through the skin of the fruit, and not by the moistened state of the air preventing evaporation through the skin, and so causing an accumulation of fluid in the pulp.

ETCHINGS.

WHAT'S-HIS-NAME?

MR. EDITOR:—There are more than a thousand million people in the world, and each one of them has a name. Of course, nobody is acquainted with all these people, but everybody knows a great many of them. I, for instance, am acquainted with—say a hundred persons. One hundred persons and one hundred names. Now, how, at a moment's notice, is a man of average memory to get all these names and these people to fit? I can't do it.

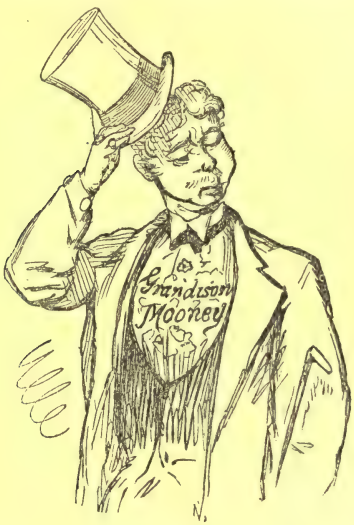
I meet a man in the street. I know his face very well. That's easy enough. He carries it in a conspicuous place. But how about his name? Ten to one I can't remember it,—why should I? There's nothing about him to suggest it. If there was any system of nomenclature which should correspond with personal appearance it would help matters. If all the fat persons were named Jones, all the lean ones Brown, all the tall folks Robinson, and the short ones Thompson; if people with jimber-jaws were named Ferguson, and hooked-nose persons were all called Ramsey, a great part of the difficulty I speak of would be removed. You might not know just which Brown or

Robinson a man was, but you could come near enough; and such a thing as totally forgetting the names of two of your friends just as you are going to introduce them would be less likely to happen than it now is. Why, I'd rather risk calling by name a rare plant in a flower-pot than one of my friends who has suddenly come upon me. I might pull up a stick from the flower-pot and see that the plant was *anexcoidus mosmoria*, but there's nothing sticking out of my friend to remind me that his name is Samuel B. Wilson.

It is one of the saddest things in life that there is absolutely no way to find out a friend's name, when you are alone with him and have forgotten it. You can't ask a man, when you have eaten at his table, and slept with him, and perhaps gone to his grandmother's funeral, what his name is! And those indirect,

zig-zag ways of trying to coax his name out of him seldom amount to anything. "By the way," you say (after a violent mental process of "a, a, a; b, b, b; c, c, Cox, Campbell,—no; d, d, d; e, Emerson; f, f, f;—etc., etc.), "*how* do you spell your name?" And, ten to one, he says, "With two Ts." And then, after a frantic struggle in your mind with Tuttle, Tattle, Tottle, and almost anything else with three Ts, you mildly smile, and say, "Oh yes! certainly," and remember the name the instant your friend is gone. There are plenty of stratagems of this kind, but where is the good of them? I never could see it.

Why it's often easier to tell the name of every bone and muscle in a man's body than to remember the name of the man himself. There is generally a reason for naming a bone, and if you've once heard it you may remember it, but there's no reason at all for



people's names. I never saw a man or woman who looked in the least like his or her name.

Now, there should be some way to remedy this social wrong—for it is a wrong to conceal one's identity, so to speak, by cutting off all means of recognition except that which depends on the memory of one's friends. The law should be called in. We are obliged to put numbers on our houses where everybody can see them, and why not put names on the dwellers in the houses. In fact, every man should have his name placed in some conspicuous place on his person. This plan was suggested to me by a friend, and I am sure it would work well. For instance, what could be more ornamental, as well as useful, than a breast-pin with one's name on it? Or, if people preferred a permanent arrangement, the old fashion of tattooing in India-ink might be revived, and put to some practical use. Such lettering would last a long time.

In case of ladies (for I would apply this system to both sexes) it might be necessary, owing to occasional change of name, to leave room for alteration when this method of marking was adopted. But when a more simple plan is desired, nothing is more easy than to put a man's name on some part of his clothing. For instance, shirts are generally marked. Now, why not mark them where one can see not only to whom the shirt belongs, but who belongs to the shirt?

One thing is certain, something of this kind must be done, even if a "what's-his-name" plank has to be inserted in one of the political platforms. There's no earthly good in universal suffrage, or anti-popery, or local option, or wooden pavements, or anything else, when you can't remember the name of the man you're talking to.

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THE GEYSERS OF CALIFORNIA.

VIEW FROM WITCHES' CALDRON.

YOSEMITE, the Big Trees and the Geysers are thought by California tourists to be the great wonders of the Golden State, next to her matchless climate and the modesty of her people. Much has been written about the marvelous gorge in the Sierra, where rivers are flung over granite precipices, and the diameter and altitude of the giant Sequoia are familiar enough to the ordinary reader; but less has been said about the Geysers, although they possess features of remarkable interest. Geysers they are not, in the sense in which the word is usually understood; and the traveler who expects to see, on reaching their locality, high fountains of boiling water like those in Iceland and the Yellowstone region, will be disappointed. Yet are they richly worth the journey, as the journey itself is its own sufficient reward without any other motive than the scenery along the route. Suppose, reader, you have crossed the Sierra Nevada, breathed its exhilarating air, scented with the aromatic odor of its magnificent pines and cedars; been enraptured with the softer beauty of the level valley at its base, hazy with the heat of its golden summer, or stretching far the clear perspective of its verdurous and flowery spring, and then have met on the Bay of San Francisco the cool air that blows in from the Pacific through the Golden Gate; you still have not exhausted the contrasts and pleasures of Californian scenery. Resting awhile in the many-hilled metropolis, which sprawls over a narrow peninsula of sand and rock, resolve to go to the Geysers before you try the all-else-belittling grandeur of Yosemite. This is the route. Besides the broad Sacramento Valley, two narrow Coast Range valleys open from the bay on the north—the Sonoma and Napa—each some forty miles long by an average width not exceeding three miles, nearly level, and bounded by high ridges of metamorphic rock of cretaceous age, which sometimes break down into low-rolling hills that invade the plain, giving its surface a picturesque variety. Napa Valley—named from a nearly extinct tribe of aborigines—is the inner one of the two. Like its companion, it is traversed for a part of its length by a creek, navigable as far as the tide extends, which empties into the bay through a wide expanse of salt marsh. Through either valley the mountain-road that leads to the Geysers may be reached. The usual route, however, is through Napa Valley.

A steamboat sail of twenty-five miles from San Francisco to Vallejo begins the trip delightfully, affording a fine view of the city—dusty, gusty, and gray on its vaporous heights; of the grimly fortified Alcatraz island, which lies like a snag in the mouth of the harbor; of the Golden Gate, with its red-brick fort on one side, its white lighthouse on the other, and its brown or green headlands, fleets of inward or outward bound sails pass-

ing between; of Mount Tamalpais, that lifts its purple cone in tender beauty to the right nearly 2,600 feet above the sea it overlooks; of the Alameda slopes and ridges that bound the eastern shore, topped by Mount Diablo, a still higher peak; of the red-rock islets in the upper bay, whitened on their tops by the clouds of birds that hover or settle there; of the bare, low, mound-like hills that open as the boat approaches Mare Island Straits, and that are either brown or green according to the season, but always graceful in outline and suggesting crumpled velvet, with their slight indentations and mottled shadows; over all this varied scene a blue sky dashed with gray, which reflects its own hue in the dancing, sparkling waters of the bay, and melts into hazy lilac around the hilly horizon. Mare Island, the site of what is at present the most important navy-yard in the United States, is a long flat body of land, very slightly elevated above the water, and on the western side of the Straits. The opposite shore is hilly, its lower slopes covered with the thrifty town of Vallejo, once the capital of the State, and now the railroad and track center of the northern coast-valley region, hopeful that it may rival or eclipse San Francisco as a commercial port.

Here we take the cars for Napa and Calistoga, beginning a railroad ride of forty-four miles through the Rasselas Valley of reality, whose charms surpass those of Wyoming as much as the rich tints of this semi-tropical clime surpass the cold colors of the north. The trip is usually made toward evening, when the atmospheric effects are most beautiful. As the valley is filled with settlers and contains half a dozen pretty towns, its surface is marked with cultivated fields, with rich masses of green or golden grain, orchards laden with blossom or fruit, vineyards whose cleanly kept vines shine in the sun as though they smiled over the genial harvest they are maturing. The natural features of the valley are park-like groves of oak, growing thickest where they belt the course of the creek, and there mixed with sycamore, alders, willows, and a plentiful undergrowth of wild vines and bushes. The spaces in the oak-openings which are not cultivated are free from underbrush, the soil bearing a native crop of wild oats and flowers, the deep orange tint of the large California poppy (*Papavera eschaltzia*) being conspicuous among the latter in spring and summer. When the oat-crop is ripe its brilliant gold colors the landscape in every direction over the valley, far up the lower slopes of the adjoining ridges, and often even to their very tops. The several varieties of evergreen-oak, with their short trunks, cauliflower-shaped masses of intensely dark foliage and sharp shadows, then seem like oases in the hot expanse, grateful islets of verdure in a sea of shimmering yellow light. On the rolling lands most exposed to the sea-winds, the oaks, contorted, dwarfed, and thorny-leaved as the holly, nestle together in groups and fit their slanting boughs to the outline of the hills, making cool, sequestered bowers of the most inviting character. Toward the upper end of the valley the massive trunks, tall forms and expansive foliage of the deciduous oaks present a striking contrast to these hardy dwarfs who have to struggle for life. The willow-oak, remarkable for the pendent strips of leafage nearly touching the ground, from which it derives its name, is particularly conspicuous. One notes, too, the great rounded masses of mistletoe clinging to several varieties of oak, and the scarlet-leaved vines that sometimes cling about their gray trunks, rivaling the plumage of the woodpecker who digs his acorn-holes in the bark above. Darting through one of these noble groves, venerable with mosses, one has charming views of the mountains on either side the valley, their ravines dark with timber, their upper slopes clad with pine and fir, their northern and sea exposures luxuriant with forests of the redwood, own cousin to the *Sequoia gigantea*. The outline of the ridges is sometimes made very picturesque, not to say fantastic, by outcropping masses of metamorphic sandstone, cut into mural or battlemented shapes by the elements. When the atmosphere wraps them in its haze and they recede into skyey blendings of all violet and purple tints, their contrast with the softening gold and green of the valley-levels is most exquisite. And when the sun sinks behind the more distant mountain-masses, they glow through and through as if molten and transparent, or no more substantial than the clouds that may be burning above them, until the sun gathers back to himself all the arrows he shot over the plain, and the slant shadows spread, mingle, and deepen into twilight.

At the head of Napa Valley stands Mount St. Helena, the culminating point of the ridges between the Bay of San Francisco and Clear Lake. It is a mass of volcanic rock 4,343 feet high; the apparently single point of its cone, like nearly all volcanic peaks, separating into two as it is approached or circled. Most of its bare bulk is visible, rising like an irregular pyramid at the end of the long valley-vista,—a grand

object far or near, whether in its customary suit of gray or flashing in the splendor of its evening robe; continually shifting its color and form as it is seen close or far, on this side or that; opening its rocky breast at last to nature's softening touch of spring and brook and tree, and drawing up about its awful flanks some of the verdurous beauty of the valley. One of the best views of this mountain, on its southerly side, is that from Calistoga, where the cars leave the tourist at night, and where he takes a coach for the Geysers. Calistoga is at the head of Napa Valley, and the mountains here enclose a small circular plain, studded with large oaks and charged with thermal springs that send up little puffs of vapor, filling the air with mineral smells. The thriving and pretty town found here grew about the hotels and cottages first erected to accommodate visitors to these springs. It owes its existence to the enterprise of one man, Samuel Brannan, who took the little valley a solitude and has peopled it with a prosperous community of farmers and traders and millers. His expenditures here cannot have been less than a quarter of a million dollars, and include such objects as vineyards, wine and brandy vaults, and mulberry plantations for silk-culture, to say nothing of the railroad, of which he was a prominent projector. The planting of ornamental trees and shrubs about the springs was thought a doubtful experiment, by reason of the alkali and heat the springs diffuse through the soil. But the plantings throve, slowly, and Calistoga is growing fast under the shadow of its grand mountain, which the plain mimics by a small isolated cone (Mount Lincoln) that rises from its center. Soda and sulphur are the principal mineral constituents of the thermal waters, whose heat rises to the boiling-point. In the hills near by are the remains of a petrified forest, the stony trunks of oak and conifer being quite numerous. When growing anciently they were buried by an earthquake shock, exposed to a watery solution of volcanic matter, which silicified them, and subsequently elevated again and partly uncovered by the washing away of the enveloping earth. Mount St. Helena was once the center of volcanic disturbance in this region, and threw its ashes and lava over a good part of the surrounding country. The hot springs at many points in the valley and hills, the pumice and obsidian scattered widely over the surface, the masses of volcanic rock observable, all indicate a time when this was a volcanic center. And these indications extend northward at least as far as Clear Lake, some forty miles distant, where deposits of sulphur and a lake charged richly with borax are found. The earthquakes still occasionally felt through this region are not alarmingly severe. In December, 1859, a tremendous explosion was heard at Mount St. Helena, which shook the earth; but this the State Geologist, Prof. J. D. Whitney, thinks may have been caused by the falling of heavy masses of rock in some of the subterranean cavities known to exist in these volcanic regions. During the past winter a new hot spring burst out of the eastern side of Mount Lincoln, scarcely more than fifty feet above the valley-level, and has continued to puff away ever since. This circumstance excited less comment in the vicinity than the increased number of trout in the mountain-streams and the abundance of wild pigeons. Your true Californian is never much surprised or dismayed at anything. When the terrible earthquake at Inyo, in the south-eastern corner of the State, was at its height, the survivors of the first shock amused themselves by inventing names for the various phenomena, the heaviest of the artillery-like discharges from the vicinity of Mount Whitney being called "the hundred-pound parrott of the Sierra," while, as the ground began to heave and shake again, the bold fellows would cry out, "There she goes! Brace yourselves!"

Mount St. Helena was ascended in 1841 by a Russian naturalist, Wosnossensky, who named it in honor of his Empress, and left on the summit a copper plate, inscribed with the names of himself and companion. This plate is now preserved in the museum of the California Geological Survey. The Russians did a good deal of exploring in California in early days, not alone for scientific purposes, but with some eye to commercial and political aggrandizement. They left their name at several points in the northern interior, including Russian River and the lovely valley it waters, which opens north of Sonoma Valley and lies across the ridge to the northwest of Napa Valley. The tourist who is acquainted with these facts regards the country on the route to the Geysers with more interest.

Early in the morning a stage leaves Calistoga for the Geysers, distant twenty-eight miles. This "stage" is simply a very strong and comfortable open spring-wagon, seating nine to twelve persons. Last year it was not uncommon for half a dozen such wagons to make the trip daily. The road soon quits

BRIDGE OVER PLUTON CREEK.

the valley, ascends a range of wooded hills to the northward, crosses it at a height of three or four hundred feet above the valley and seven hundred and fifty above the sea, and descends to the north-west into Knight's Valley, which is drained into Russian River. There are numerous creeks in this region, leading to many picturesque side valleys heading in the hills. Broad natural meadows are dotted with groves of oak, and in the spring months the green levels and slopes are spangled thick with flowers, including the blue lupin, larkspur, purple primrose, yellow poppy, and a profusion of buttercups and daisies. The streams run tinkling over gravelly beds, larks and linnets sing joyously, flocks of blackbirds chatter musically as they whirl in gusty flights together, and the clear morning air exhilarates like champagne. Mount St. Helena is kept to the right, revealing its sculpture boldly as it is neared, but never losing its magic tints. The ridges dividing a series of intervales are thickly wooded with oak and pine, with here and there a fir or redwood astray, a madrona or manzonita, whose smooth brown or red bark and waxen leaves make them very striking objects. If it is spring, big clumps of buckeye will thrust out their bristling spears of scented bloom. Where the soil is bare it is red, except in the valleys, where it is black or brown, while the rocks are stained with lichens. Thus there is a constant feast of color—gold and purple predominating in summer, emerald and red and violet in the spring, but always an undertone of pearly gray, which St. Helena's cone seems to give out as the key for the whole beautiful composition.

As the Geyser mountains are neared the valleys narrow to ribbons, run into hills, and end in a dense forest-glade, where lighter wagons are taken for the ascent. From this point teams are not allowed to travel in opposite directions; the road is too narrow and dangerous for two to pass. Hence the teams going out and in meet in this glade, composed of lofty firs in great part, and having the hushed air and soft carpet of a true forest. The summit of the first range of hills is about 1,700 feet above the station at its foot, or nearly 2,300 feet above the sea, and the ascent is made in a distance of about four miles. These hills form the lower slope of Geyser Peak, which is 3,471 feet high, and forms one of the triangulating stations of the United States Coast Survey, being plainly visible from the Ocean and from San Francisco. It is a conical peak, like all the dominating points of this range, and commands a magnificent view. The stage-road ascends its flanks very deviously, passing alternately through dense thickets of underbrush or bits of coniferous woods; then across deep gulches, watered with clear trout-streams; then emerging into open spaces, and winding along the edge of a precipitous descent, opening far vistas of colossal scenery, rank on rank of diminishing hills thrusting up sharp tops of fir or pine, until these are lost in the blue gulf nearly two thousand feet below. Everywhere, except in the forest belts and thickets of brush, the more or less rounding hills of the first range bear a luxuriant growth of wild oats. When these are ripe, the thought occurs of a harvest-field lifted high in air by volcanic energy, and left in fixed waves of gold near the blue sky. The clumps or masses of tree-verdure relieved against these golden slopes present an indescribably brilliant effect, which is enhanced by the dark blue of the chasms below and the purple or violet of the remote ranges beyond.

Resting the sweating horses for a few minutes on one of these wild harvest-spaces, and

looking about, the stage-load of passengers have a view never to be forgotten. Across a gulf to the east rises the commanding bulk of Mount St. Helena. To the west and south descend the hills we have been climbing, and others beyond them, leading the eye to Russian River Valley, where the stream makes a sharp turn and can be traced on its gleaming course for many miles. The receding hills, with their shaggy coating of forest and chemisal, are softened with a violet haze. The valley shimmers in its heat, and through a cleft in the far blue wall of the outer Coast Range the sunny Pacific is seen melting into heaven. The air is wonderfully clear and luminous, lending the charm of its tints to the magnificent landscape, without obscuring it, so that we seem to be looking at it, almost dizzily, through a transparent medium which only reflects an image. Such a sight intoxicates the senses almost to pain. The world never appeared so lovely, nor our own nature so capacious and receptive. It is with a sigh of regret that we feel the wagon start and dash onward; but the extreme beauty of the woods is another delight. The madrona has become a tree, and its smooth mahogany limbs and large waxen leaves are rich beyond any other tree in the forest. Then the laurel and the bay, with their perennial green, the maple and alder in moist places, and the blooming buckeye, fill up the spaces between the leather-colored columns of redwood and cedar, and the straight shafts of fir and pine towering above all. As the road winds higher toward Geyser Peak, it leaves the forest, and passes through a dense thicket of chemisal shrubbery, oak, laurels, small bays and ceanothus. The last, called California lilac, is covered till late in the spring with powdery blossoms that give forth honeyed odors. Masses of stained and blackened rocks, serpentine, sandstone and trap, rise here and there, giving the nearing summit a desolate look, which is increased by the few contorted pines that suck a feeble life from the crevices where they grow. A narrow ridge called the Hog's Back — just wide enough for the wagon—connects two spurs of the range at this point, separating Sulphur and Pluton Creeks. It is the parapet of a wall whose sides slope at sharp angles a thousand feet, and riding over it at high speed one looks into a chasm on either hand, catches breath, and hopes the harness and wheels may be strong. The Hog's Back, however, forms part of the old road which is not traveled now, except by daring tourists who insist upon going back by that route especially to enjoy a sensation. The new road keeps more to the flank of the ridge, and curves about precipices instead of crossing them. Both roads approach within two or three hundred feet of the summit of Geyser Peak, and then plunge suddenly down its farther and steeper flank to the cañon of Pluton River, on whose right bank are the Geysers. The greatest elevation either road attains is about 3,200 feet. As the Geyser Hotel is 1,692 above the sea, the descent is about 1,500 feet. This is made on the old road in a distance of two miles. Foss, the proprietor of the road and stage line, and one of the celebrated "whips" of California, used to call this steep descent "the drop," and as he began it would tell his passengers to look at their watches and hold on to their seats and hats. He would then crack his whip, and the horses—sometimes six to a wagon—would start at a keen run and make the distance in nine and a half minutes. There are thirty-five sharp turns in "the drop," and the road, just wide enough for the team, frequently hugs the edge of steep rocky precipices, whose sides and bottoms make a green concavity of bristling fir-tops, hiding the stream whose murmur comes faintly up. The new road makes the descent to the cañon of Pluton Creek, or River, by a longer route, with more curves, in a lighter grade; but is equally narrow, and follows closely for long distances the steep precipices that line the creek. Over this, too, the teams are driven at a rate of speed frightful to timid persons unaccustomed to mountain stage-travel in California. But, dangerous as these roads seem, not a single accident has occurred on them, for the wagons are kept very strong, the horses are of the best roadster stock, and the drivers masters of their trade. The great speed maintained, instead of increasing the danger, lessens it. Yet there are persons in almost every wagonful of passengers who pale and shrink as the vehicle dashes wildly down, and as they see below them, under the very wheels, as it were, the yawning chasms that threaten death. Women sometimes sink into the bottom of the wagon, and hide from their eyes the spectacle so dreadful to them that is so sublime to cooler heads and calmer nerves. When the wagon reaches the hotel, however, all its tenants have a half-wild-look, as if they had just come down in a balloon and were thankful it had "lit." Nothing can be more wildly romantic than the scenery of the Pluton Cañon. On one side rises a steep mountain-rock ribbed and clad with stately firs, mixed with evergreen-oaks, bay-trees, and

madronas; on the other side sinks a precipice into a deep gorge, crowded with a richer variety of foliage, through which are caught glimpses of a stream making foamy leaps over rocky rapids, or expanding into still pools, in whose depths fishes can be seen like images fixed in glass. Here a small brook comes tumbling down the mountain, creaming a mass of black rock a hundred feet high, which is margined with ferns, splotched with lichens, and shadowed by arching trees, out of which the cascade seems to leap. There, on the right, far across the cañon, other mountains rise, sparsely timbered with oak, yellow or green with wild oats, according to the season, scarred with deep red gulches from summit to base, and—yes, actually smoking like a volcano from many an ashen heap or hollow. The air is charged with sulphurous smells, and as the sweating horses swing rapidly around the last curve of the road, by the last dizzy brink, we realize that there are the Geysers.

The Geyser Hotel is a lightly-constructed frame house, L-shaped, with double piazzas on all sides. It stands amid a grove of tall firs and massive evergreen-oaks, on a narrow bench about one hundred feet above the bed of Pluton Creek, the mountains rising straight behind it. This creek is a tributary of Russian River. It heads up toward Mount St. Helena, and until it comes within the influence of the Geysers is a charming trout-stream. Its banks and bed are extremely rocky. Huge bowlders of granite and sandstone choke its course, and black volcanic masses rise in frowning cliffs by its side, sometimes softened with a drapery of vines, and bearing trees on their creviced tops. Great blocks of conglomerate, apparently formed almost *in situ* by the mineral constituents of the waters percolating through the diluvium, are also seen obstructing the creek. Occasionally it has cut through a bed of this conglomerate, which forms its banks. For all this ruggedness the creek is very picturesque, and has many spots of gentle beauty where the sun beams athwart quiet pools, and maples and pepper-trees mix their gentle grace with the somber foliage of fir and bay and evergreen-oak. Pleasant paths wind along its banks under archways of green, where ferns and flowers thrive and coax the hand to pluck. Between the rocks round plats of tuft-grass make soft stepping-places. The quail is heard calling his mate in the thicket, and the robin chants his song at morn and eve in the tree-tops.

The best time to visit the Geysers is early morning, before the sun has risen above the mountain-tops and drank up the vapors. From the red riven side of the ridge facing the hotel columns and clouds of steam may then be seen rising to a height of two hundred feet or more, obscuring the landscape like a fog just rolling in from the sea. The same phenomenon is visible, but in a less degree, toward night. It is pleasanter to take a good rest at night, to enjoy the concert of the birds in the grove about the house, listen to the soughing of the firs, the soft roar of the creek, and the distant puffings and gurgitations of the Geysers; and then, from your bedroom opening upon a piazza, gaze out, as you lie with open door and window, in that balmy climate, at the keen stars beaming with their eternal quiet over that strange scene. Up before the sun, don an old suit, swallow a cup of coffee, and join the laughing party of tourists gathered about the guide on the fenced space before the house. Every one takes a "Geyser pony,"—that is, a stout stick to help him or her over the rocks and springs,—and then all start down the trail, Indian file, to Pluton Creek. Before reaching it, the guide, who perhaps is the jolly landlord himself, points out a chalybeate spring of fine tonic properties, whose waters his guests imbibe, mixed with soda-water. The banks are charged with iron salts for a great distance up and down, and their solutions have given the earth its red tinge, and hardened the gravel-beds into a semi-metallic mass. In curious contrast, at the crossing to Geyser Cañon, is the whey-like tint of the water in the creek, which for a quarter of a mile or more is affected by the sulphur discharges, some of which bubble up through the very bed of the creek itself. Thermal springs of various sorts are numerous along the creek, especially on its right bank, for several miles; but the most remarkable are those facing the hotel. The prevailing rocks are metamorphic sandstone, silicious slates, and serpentine. Their stratification is boldly exposed, and dips at a sharp angle to the line of the creek. Through the lines of fracture or cleavage, from the water's edge to a height of fifty or a hundred feet up the slope opposite, where the creek is crossed by a rustic bridge, numerous springs and steam-jets escape, coloring the face of the slacking rocks vividly with the yellow, red and white salts of sulphur, iron, lime and magnesia that they deposit. The springs are of various temperatures, some of them exceeding 200°. One forms quite a large stream, and is led by troughs into a row

VULCAN'S STEAM-WORKS, FROM PLUTON CREEK.

of small shanties, where its steam is used for bathing, the bather jumping immediately after into a rocky basin of the creek two or three feet off, the waters of which are almost shockingly cool. Where no heated waters flow from the rock the steam issues under a high pressure, intensely hot, and shrieking or hissing. From one hole a foot or two wide, at the base of the bank, it escapes with a noise like that of a high-pressure steamboat "blowing off;" and this vent is appropriately called the Steamboat Geyser. For a hundred yards here the rocks are hot under the feet, and as they are also slippery with moist mineral salts and puffing from numerous small vents, the spectacle they present is in sharp contrast to the sylvan beauty of the creek. Yet grasses grow in these heated rocks, out of the very salts, and one or two thermal plants dare to blossom at the edge and in the very breath of the hottest springs, whose waters are sometimes greened with low forms of microscopic plant-life, which also slime the rock where they overflow.

Following down the right bank of the Pluton for a short distance, the trail turns to the right and enters a gorge densely embowered by shrubs at its mouth, but soon opening into the desolate regions of the Devil's Cañon. The nomenclature, like the scenery, from this point, is all infernal, suggestive of Dante and his awful journey, except that the tourist hither seems to have reversed the course that Dante took, approaching Pluto's sphere from the regions of elysian beauty, instead of passing through that to these. Much of the nomenclature fastened to various points in the cañon is arbitrary and impertinent enough, and one wishes it were possible to see the place dissociated from all names that suggest superstition and cruelty. Climbing up a ledge that crosses the cañon, we suddenly gain a view of the principal Geysers. The gorge for half a mile up the side of the mountain lies before us, a steep ascent, filled with steam and noise, its bare sides painted many colors, its bed obstructed with bowlders, around and under which turbid waters gurgle and smoke; at the very head of all the apparent combustion and explosion an abrupt and tall cliff of red rock, bearing a flag-staff. The ascent of this gorge is toilsome but exciting.

Before the crusts of salt and sulphur and decomposed rock had been disturbed, and a trail marked out where the footing was known to be solid, the ascent may have been dangerous. It is certainly not so now, although to many persons very unpleasant. The hot ground under the feet; the subterranean rumblings; the throbs and thuds near some of the largest and most energetic steam-vents; the warmly moist atmosphere, filled with acidulous and sulphurous vapors, sometimes charged with strong odors of sulphuretted hydrogen; the screaming, roaring, hissing, gurgling, and bubbling of the various springs; all contribute to make the scene as repellent to some natures as it is grand and exciting to others. Where the vapors are thickest, and the noises loudest, the guide says, "This is the Devil's Laboratory;" and so his Satanic Majesty gets the credit all the way for some of the most curious and instructive of the inner workings of that kindly power whose most terrible forces are instruments of good—manifestations of laws that operate through all time and space with impartial grandeur, without vindictiveness or hate.

There are no spouting fountains in the cañon, but numerous bubbling springs, that sink and rise with spasmodic action. These number a hundred or two, and are of varying temperature and constituents. A few are quite cold, closely adjoining hot springs; while others have a temperature of 100 to 207 degrees. Some appear to be composed of alum and iron, others of sulphur and magnesia, while a few are strongly acidulous. Here the water is pale yellow, like that of

ordinary white-sulphur springs; there it is black as ink. The mingling of these different currents, with the aid of frequent steam injections, intensifies the chemical action, the sputter and fuming, that are incessantly going on. These phenomena are not confined to the narrow bed of the gorge, but extend for a hundred or two feet in places up its sides, which slope at a pretty steep angle. These slopes are soft masses of rock decomposed or slacked by chemical action, and colored brilliantly with crystallized sulphur, and sulphates of iron, alum, lime and magnesia, deposited from the springs and jets of steam, which are highly charged with them. As the rocks decompose and leach under the chemical action to which they are subjected, the soft silicious mass remaining, of a putty-like consistence, mixes with these salts. Some of the heaps thus formed assume conical shapes. They have an apparently firm crust, but are really treacherous stepping-places. One of the most remarkable steam-vents in the cañon is in the top of such a pile, fifty feet up the steep slope. It blows like the escape-pipe of a large engine. The beautiful masses of crystallized sulphur which form about it, as about the innumerable small fumeroles that occur along both banks, tempt one to dare to climb, and face the hot steam. The mass shakes beneath the tread, and is probably soft to a great depth. Wherever in these soft heaps a stick is thrust in, the escaping warm air soon deposits various salts. Of course a walk over such material is ruinous to boot and shoe leather, while the splash of acid waters often injures the clothing. Everybody stops to gather specimens of the various salts and rocks. The guide presents to be tasted pure Epsom-salts (sulphate of magnesia), and salts of iron and alum, of soda and ammonia. Few care to taste the waters, however, which rival in their chemical and sanitary qualities all the springs of all the German spas together. Perhaps the most remarkable of the Geyser springs is that called, happily enough, the Witches' Caldron. This is a black cavernous opening in the solid rock, about seven feet across, and of unknown depth, filled with a thick inky liquid, boiling hot, that tumbles and roars under the pressure of escaping steam, emitting a smell like that of bilge-water, and seems to proceed from some Plutonic reservoir. One irresistibly thinks of the hellbroth in *Macbeth*, so "thick and slab," and repeats the words of the weird sisters:

> "Double, double, toil and trouble,
> Fire burn and caldron bubble."

THE DEVIL'S CAÑON. VIEW LOOKING UP.

A clever photographer, Mr. Muybridge, conceived the idea of grouping three lady visitors about this caldron, with hands linked, and alpenstocks held like magic wands, in which position he photographed them amid the vaporous scene with telling effect. Another notable spot is the Devil's Gristmill, where a large column of steam escapes from a hole in the rock with so much force that stones and sticks laid at the aperture are blown away like bits of paper. The internal noises at this vent truly resemble the working of a gristmill. Milton's hero is sponsor for another spring called the Devil's Inkstand, notable for its black waters, specimens of which are taken off in small vials, and used at the hotel to inscribe the names of guests on the register. Dr. James Blake, who has read before the California Academy of Sci-

ences several papers giving the results of his observations on the Geysers, says that the water of the Devil's Inkstand contains nine per cent. of solid matter in the form of soluble salts and sediment, the former being in the proportion of 2.7 per cent., the remaining ingredients being in the form of a dark black sediment. The matter has a thoroughly acid reaction, which it owes to the presence of free sulphuric acid. It would seem that a large portion of the soluble matter is composed of ammoniacal salts, probably the sulphate of ammonia. This salt, which rarely occurs in the natural state, has been found by Mr. Durand, another academician, precipitated in large quantities from the vaporous exhalations at the Geysers. Dr. Blake's analysis of the water of the Devil's Inkstand shows that about fifty per cent. of the saline ingredients consists of volatile salts, the remainder being salts of magnesia, lime, alumina and iron. The presence of so large a quantity of ammoniacal salts in the water of a mineral spring is quite exceptional. These salts have long been recognized as occurring in the fumeroles, in the neighborhood of volcanoes, and their origin, particularly in such large quantities as at these Geysers, opens up some very interesting questions as to the nature of the strata from which so much nitrogenous matter can be derived. The sediment in the above water, in the proportion of more than an ounce to a quart, is probably some compound of iron and sulphur. Prof. Whitney, of the Geological Survey, accounts for the black color and villainous smell of the water in the Witches' Caldron, as follows: the iron held in solution comes in contact with water holding sulphuretted hydrogen, when an ink-black precipitate of sulphuret of iron takes place.

Wherever one treads, going up the Devil's Cañon, the step slips or crunches on some of the chemical products of these springs. It is a relief, after a while, to emerge from the heated vapors and sulphurous smells, and, standing on the flag-staff cliff (called the Devil's Pulpit, of course), look down the cañon and across to the hotel. Phenomena of the same sort, on a smaller scale, however, are visible in the higher slopes, and in the lesser gulches, up and down the creek. One place, called the crater, a circular cavity of considerable depth, with a level, hollow-sounding floor, is evidently the site of exhausted thermal action, where the mineral constituents in the rock had all been slacked out and the ground had sunk in; though about the lips of this "crater" one or two vigorous steam-vents are still in operation, and sulphur continues to be deposited in fine needle-crystals. Half a mile below Geyser Cañon are a large sulphur heap, incrustations, and other evidences of former activity, some heat still remaining in places. A ravine near by contains a clear hot spring, which was formerly built over with stones and sticks by the Indians, and the steam used as a sanitary agent. It is still known as the Indian Spring. Just without the rude wall enclosing it, runs a cold spring of excellent drinking water. Four miles up the Pluton Creek occur what are called the "Little Geysers," similar in character to the larger ones, except that they issue from a gently sloping hill-side, instead of a deep gorge. The rocks and the chemical action are the same.

As to the origin of the phenomena we have been describing, it may be said that there are two theories—volcanic and chemical. Prof. Whitney says (in his *Report of Progress*, vol. i., page 95) that there will be no difficulty in understanding them when we consider that they are displayed along a line of former volcanic activity, and where even now the igneous forces are not entirely dormant. "The dependence of the Geysers for their activity, in part, on the recurrence of the rainy season, indicates clearly that the water, percolating down through the fissures in the rocks, meets with a mass of subterranean lava not yet entirely cooled off, and becoming intensely heated, under pressure, finds its way to the surface along a line of fissure con-

DEVIL'S TEA-KETTLE.

necting with the bottom of Geyser Cañon; in this heated condition it has a powerful action on the rocks and the metallic sulphurets which they contain, especially in the sulphuret of iron everywhere so abundantly diffused through the formation, and so dissolves them and brings them up to the surface, to be again partly redeposited as the solution is cooled down by contact with the air." Prof. Whitney adds that phenomena of the same kind as those observed at the Geysers, and sometimes even on a larger scale, are exhibited all throughout the now almost extinct volcanic regions of California and Nevada. Even on Mount Shasta the last expiring efforts of this once mighty volcano may be traced in the solfatara action still going on near the summit, and which is undoubtedly due to the melting snow finding its way down to the heated lava, or other volcanic materials below, in the interior of what was once the crater, from and around which a mass of erupted matter has been poured forth and piled up to the height of several thousand feet. We know, on other authority, that earthquakes have frequently been experienced at the Geysers, accompanied by loud noise. Two smart shocks on the night of February 20th, 1863, were followed by the bursting forth of new openings of steam and boiling waters. Such an outburst, on one occasion, caused a gush of steam up the left side of the cañon so hot as to kill all the trees and shrubs in its course.

PETRIFIED TREES.

The chemical theory asserts that all the phenomena are ascribable to the action of water percolating through mineral deposits, and creating heat, expansion, and explosion by simple chemical decomposition; without the aid of a heated volcanic mass. The two theories may be harmonized, for the mineral matter is probably of volcanic origin, and whether it is heated before the water acts upon it is not very material.

In spite of the hot water, the steam, and the saline deposits, vegetation flourishes far down the slopes of Geyser Cañon, about the margins, and in some of the very waters. The evergreen-oak thrives almost within reach of the exhalations, and maples and alders are found on the banks of the creek close to some of the steam-vents. A grass called *Panicum thermale* grows near the hot springs. Animal life dares to invade the scene, for dragon-flies of great beauty may often be observed, while birds build their nests and sing in the adjacent trees. Dr. Blake found two forms of plant-life in a spring having as high a temperature as 198 degrees. These were delicate microscopic confervæ. In a spring having a temperature of 174 degrees, many oscillariæ were found, which, by the interlacement of their delicate fibers, formed a semi gelatinous mass. In a spring of the temperature of 134 degrees, layers of filamentous green and red algæ were freely formed as the water flowed over the rocks. Unusual masses of oscillariæ flourish in the waters of Pluton Creek. Their presence in the highly mineralized waters of a spring with a temperature of 174 degrees, shows how great is the range of the conditions in which these forms of plant-life can be developed.

One returns to the hotel after a morning tramp through Geyser Cañon and along Pluton Creek with an enormous appetite, and is glad to rest for a few hours. Afterward there are delightful strolls up and down the creek, and good trout-fishing for those who will go far enough. Deer and grizzly bear are to be had for the hunting in the mountains—the grizzly sometimes without hunting. But the sportsman had better be accompanied with some one familiar with the country, unless he is a good forester and can find his way without a path. A San Francisco lawyer was lost for several days on a hunting trip, and nearly starved to death before he was found. It was a roving hunter, of the true Leatherstocking sort, named Elliot, who

first, of white men, found the Geysers, in 1847. Coming suddenly to the edge of the cañon, he was amazed at what he beheld, and on returning to his companions told them, in his rough way, he had found the mouth of the infernal regions. Elliot fell in a fight with a tribe of Nevada Indians, not many years ago—a true border-hero to the last. The mountain over which he probably approached the Geysers, called Cobb's Peak, commands one of the grandest views obtainable in California. Northward, only fifteen miles off, lies Clear Lake, divided in two parts by the purple bulk of Uncle Sam Mountain, and surrounded by the rugged spurs of the Coast Range. On a clear day, one can see in that direction two hundred miles in an air-line, where the snowy crown of Mt. Shasta, 14,440 feet above the sea, floats in the sky like a fixed cloud.

Mount St. Helena and Napa Valley lie nearer at hand, and to the westward the eye takes in the Pacific Ocean for a hundred miles along the coast. Mount Cobb can be ascended on horseback. The timber is not thick on the way, and many charming outlooks are obtained. Another scenical treat may be had by returning from the Geysers to San Francisco Bay, by way of the old road across the Hog's Back, to Ray's Station, and thence into Russian River and Sonoma Valley. These valleys, though more extensive than Napa, have similar characteristics. They are very fertile, contain a number of pleasant and thriving towns, are traversed by a railroad, and are very picturesque. Reaching San Francisco by this route, the tourist will have gained a very good idea of the northern coast-valleys of California, and the noble bay into which they partly drain. No trip equaling it for variety and beauty of scenery can be made in the same time, at so little cost, and with so much comfort. It can be done in three days, but the lover of nature will want to give more time to the trip, and the invalid, who seeks the Geysers for the medicinal use of their waters, must stay longer to test their certain efficacy.

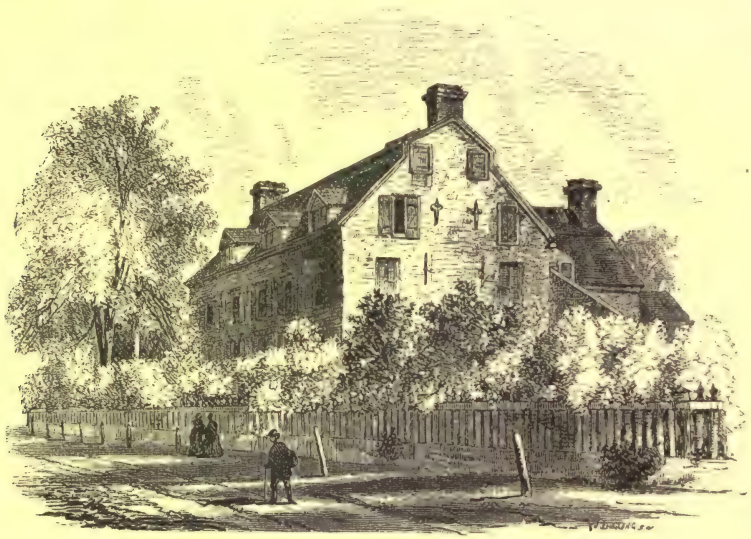
THE OLD VAN RENSSELAER MANSION.

On the east bank of the Hudson River, just below the village of Greenbush, opposite the city of Albany, stands the Old Van Rensselaer Mansion. A dense hedge of lilacs, rich in the profusion of spring flowers, borders and overtops the picket-fence which fronts the house and runs nearly parallel with the road and river. In the distance, down the long avenue that skirts the river, may be seen the former residence of Colonel Cuyler, an officer of the English Army. This house, built by the Colonel more than a hundred years ago, has long been owned and occupied by a branch of the Van Rensselaer family. Across the river, directly opposite the old mansion, Corning's Blast Furnace, a picturesque foreground object of an unobtrusive red color, relieved by a cool hazy background, attracts the eye. A little further down, on an elevation rising above the surrounding foliage, is the Seminary of the Sacred Heart; further still the Helderberg, and in the remote distance the Catskill Mountains.

Aged trunks of willows almost dead, with here and there a green sprout appearing at the top, to show that life is not entirely extinct, stand like silent sentinels to guard the house. The fences, like everything else around, are fast going to decay. Within the hedge which fronts the modern portion of the house, a lawn, once kept with cultivated taste, attracts the attention of the passing traveler, as he looks through the openings with a longing desire to enjoy the cool and quiet seclusion of its retreat. From the locust, around whose trunk for many a year it has upward crept, until it reached its top, hangs the woodbine, waving to and fro in the gentle action of the breeze. The robin hops in playful freedom and security upon the ground, and the sparrow comes, as did its progenitor before, to make its abode in the artificial little dwelling which the hand of love has placed among the branches of the trees. The pine, the mountain-ash, the cedar and the locust, in close proximity, surround the inclosure on the north, and almost shut out from view the village, while the eye of the spectator rests pleasantly upon a dilapidated rustic summer-house, covered with creeping vines and embowered in foliage, and then moves on agreeably to quiet walks and well-laid garden-plats. It is a fine old mansion, delightful in location, with the broad, silvery Hudson washing its bank, and the sad and joyous associations of more than two centuries clustering around it.

The quiet village of Schaghticoke, where the venerable Domine Van Bunschooten smoked his pipe in peace, and preached to the inhabitants in the only language they could comprehend, and perhaps ever heard, had become an ancient Dutch town, when a few enterprising New Englanders passed through, and made a settlement of the village of Troy, more than a hundred and twenty-five years after this old mansion was built. We may imagine the surprise and indignation of the good old burghers of Albany, when they found that "Big Jacob," grandson of Derick Van Derheyden, had fallen into the hands of the Philistines and sold a portion of the farm of 490 acres, leased from the Patroon, "at an annual rent of three bushels and three pecks of wheat and four fat fowls," Originally a pearl or diamond merchant, he was appointed a director of the Dutch West India Company, and one of nine Commissioners at Amsterdam, whose business it was to look to the interests of the company he represented.

Sagacious and enterprising, he availed himself of his position, through an act passed by the Dutch Government, to have his agent Krol purchase for him extensive tracts of land, consisting of what is now comprised within the bounds of Albany, Rensselaer, and Columbia Counties. All the directors in fact appear to have been inspired with an ambition to possess large farms in New Netherland. Godyn and Blommaert were pleased to announce to their associate directors, at the first meeting of the Amsterdam chamber, that



VIEW OF THE OLD MANSION FROM THE SOUTH, 1663.

to the Yankees, on which to build the city of Troy.

In this land of enterprise and wonderful progression everything appears new, and yet, as time is measured here, antiquity may claim this old land-mark. When it was erected, the Merry Monarch sat upon the throne of England, Louis XIV. ruled the gorgeous court of France, and John, the great-grandfather of George Washington, cultivated the alluvial acres of his broad plantation in the county of Westmoreland, Virginia.

The first ancestor of the Van Rensselaer family, who came to America in 1637, was Kiliaen, born in the dorp or village of Niewkirk, province of Gelderland, Netherlands. they had advised Peter Minuet, and charged him to register in their names "a tract of land on the south corner of the Bay of South River, extending northward about thirty-two miles, from Cape Henlopen to the mouth of the said river, and inland about two miles in breadth." Peter in New Netherland faithfully managed this matter to the entire satisfaction of his friends in Holland. The original patent was found at Amsterdam, and is now deposited in one of the public offices at Albany.

Another director of the Amsterdam chamber, Michael Pauw, seeing how matters were going, and unwilling to be considered worse than an infidel, naturally concluded that he might as well make some provision for the future, and hastened to secure for himself the

THE NORTH DOOR.

ract called Hobokan-Hacking, "lying opposite the Island Manhatas, and bounded on the east by the North River, and on the south by Ahasimus." A few days after Pauw added to his possessions, by purchase from its Indian owners, the whole of Staten Island, and the following autumn lengthened his cords and strengthened his stakes by an additional purchase of all lands extending along the river Mauritius and Island Manhatas on the east side, and the Island Hobokan-Hacking on the north side, surrounded by marshes serving sufficiently for distinct boundaries.

Kiliaen Van Rensselaer came to America, but returned to Holland and died at Amsterdam. Wouter Van Twiller, Director-General of New Netherlands, was nearly related to Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, and from the same place. Mr. Van Rensselaer had a sister Maria, who married Rykert Van Twiller. He also had a son Johannes, who married his cousin Elizabeth, sister to Wouter Van Twiller. This Johannes it was without doubt who built the old mansion, or that part of it known in history as the "Old Fort." From Johannes, according to Holgate's *American Genealogy*, descended the once numerous and wealthy family of Van Rensselaers on both sides of the river. Whatever the period may have been when the house was erected, it is evident that it has from time to time received additions. One of the most remarkable and interesting features connected with its history is, that in this age and country of rapid changes it should have remained from the time it was built, for six generations successively, in possession of the same family.

That the building was erected as early as 1663 there appears to be no reason to doubt. Possibly it may have been at a period anterior to this, as will appear from the following facts communicated by a member of the family. "The stone on which is inscribed the date is at the side of the north door, opposite and similar to the one which bears the letters I V R. It is now concealed by paint, but I saw it some years since, and traced the figures 74–, the last one I forget. The first, 1, was under the framework of the door, which probably had been altered. But that date, 1740, only referred to that new part of the house, the L, which comprised the large hall, the dining-room to the left, and the small building. The original house comprised the western front on the river, two large rooms separated by a hall, and another dwelling of the same size for the slaves, placed a little further back on the south side. The mark of it was very visible on that side of the house, when the paint was worn off. That dwelling was removed when the 'new' part was added to the north. The date of the older house was variously given me by two of the brothers. One said it was built in 1640, the other at a later period. The Patroon of that day dwelt on the island opposite the old mansion, just below Albany. A heavy freshet swept away his summer-house. In his vexation he vowed that he would no longer live there. He then built our house. In the summer-house thus destroyed was a round mahogany stand, which was carried down the flood. A Dutch skipper spied it from his sloop and caught it. He at once recognized it as belonging to the Patroon, as it was the only mahogany table in that part of the country. We still have the stand. From that time the mansion was occupied by the descendants of the Patroon until 1825 or 6. It was then rented to different persons. President Duer had it for several years. In 1852 Dr. Van Rensselaer removed to it with his family. Dr. Van Rensselaer's father was John J. Van Rensselaer, who died in 1828. His grandfather, Jeremiah, died at the early age of 22 years at Charleston, S. C. His great-grandfather, 'Old Hansem,' as he was familiarly called,

CHIMNEY OF BED-ROOM ON SECOND FLOOR.

was, I believe, the builder of the house. His English name was probably John. The two stones which now lie on the sides of the north door, and are similar to those containing portholes, in the front wall of the main building, were probably removed from some part of the old house, when the new portion was built. They were found under the north porch when it was repaired a few years since. A curious feature of the house is the construction of the chimneys on the south side. Ignorant of the use of flues, the builder placed the chimney of the bedroom on the second floor in front of that of the library beneath, thus forming those deep recesses, which until 1852 were filled with large dark closets. It is observable that the older building is far plainer in style than the new one; all the tiles and wainscoting are to be found in the latter. The window-frames in the library and drawing-room were put in by General John Van Rensselaer in the early part of 1800, in lieu of the small old-timed diamond panes. From the latter, the drawing-room, and the room above it, he also removed the high wooden mantel-pieces, and replaced them by the present ones of Italian marble; small and insignificant as they now appear to us, in those days from their novelty they were the wonder of the country round. Two hundred years since, the 'entire manor and lordship of Rensselaerwyck,' as it is termed in a will of Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, dated 1686–7, must have been almost a wilderness. The dependence on the mother country was so exclusive, that every year our ancestors, with the broad Hudson rolling at their feet, sent their linen to Holland to be washed. I have the heavy wooden chest in which it was thus sent. When the need of a church was felt, the proprietor of that day sent to the old country for timber to build it. A difference of opinion arose as to the location of the church. Mr. Van Rensselaer wished to place it on Douw's Point, which was then included in the manor. His opponents urged that the proper site was at 'Fort Orange,' the present town of Albany. They carried the day, and erected the 'Old Dutch Church' which long stood at the very foot and center of State street. Foiled in his purpose, Mr. Van Rensselaer refused to give them the timber, and built therewith a barn, the heavy rafters of which might yet have lasted for years had it not been burned down in 1840–3."

UPPER CHAMBER IN NEW WING.

There is some ground for the supposition from the following lease, Sept. 7th, 1646, by Antonio De Hooges, as agent of Kiliaen Van Rensselaer, to Thomas Chamber, that the main building fronting the river was erected at an earlier period than 1663. After designating in the lease "a certain parcel of land lying right opposite the Bouwerie, called the Flatt, on the east bank of the river between the two kills, which land he, Thomas aforesaid, shall occupy as a bouwerie for the term of five successive years commencing the fifteenth of November, anno 1647," the conditions follow—one of which is that "Thomas Chamber shall build, free of all cost and charges, and without claiming a doit in return from the Lord Patroon, at his own expense, a farm-house sixty feet long, twenty feet wide in the clear, the projection and all in proportion as occasion may require, all faithful and firm work, without specifying the same." This lease must have been cancelled or possibly never signed, for it appears that Jehan Van Weely and Wouter Van Twiller, guardians and tutors of Johannes Van Rensselaer, in 1647, leased unto Aren Van Curler the same Flatte Greenbush as above mentioned, for six successive years. There was a house upon the Flatte at this time, but whether it was any part of the old mansion, and if so, whether it was erected as early as 1640, appears doubtful. That the main building was erected as early as 1663 is conclusively proven from the fact, as stated by Broadhead in his history of New York, that when the Indians attacked and massacred many of the inhabitants of the village of Wiltwyck, June 10th, 1663, the farmers fled to the Patroon's new fort "Cralo," at Greenbush, for protection. Other authorities, no less reliable, state that the house was erected and used as a fort as early as 1663. That the building was so used, is evident from the fact that some of the stone portholes still remain visible in the walls, while others, worn away by time and the elements, lie exposed at the north door. A careful examination of the building leaves no doubt as to the fact already stated, that the addition

HALL OF THE OLD MANSION, ADDED WITH NEW WING.

aid to have been made in 1740 was many ears after the erection of the fort or main ructure.

The timbers in the cellar of the old build- g are hewn and very large, being by meas- ement sixteen by eighteen inches, while ose of the addition are comparatively small. n entering the hall, at the north door, on the ght hand of the hall, the wall is of brick or one, twenty inches broad, and on the left of e same hall there is a partition of only four ches. Ascending to the rooms above, and the garret, the same difference is observ- ble. Going still higher, the roof of the old ilding, covered with long, quaintly formed ingles, in a good state of preservation, rms an inclined partition which plainly de- es the new addition of 1740.

Around the fireplace, in one of the upper ambers of the new addition, are a number tiles, of a dull purple color, and in a good ate of preservation, all of them containing cripture illustrations. Drawings of a few of ese are given. One of them is intended to elineate the three unclean spirits like frogs, seen in the Apocalyptic vision, coming out the mouth of the dragon. Another repre- nts the flight of Joseph into Egypt. An- her still, from the tenth chapter of the Rev- ation, is a crude attempt to picture a vision eyond the power of art to portray. The ost quaint and original treatment of all the bjects, however, is that of Dives and Laza- s, in which the latter, as will be seen, re- oses in the clouds in the bosom of Abra- am, while the rich man, thrust down to artarus, suffers for the commission of evil the omission of good deeds. His spiritual dversaries, having him now more fully in eir power, are actively engaged inflicting tribution. One from below encircles his ast, dragging him down to deeper woe. Another from above pours upon his devoted head the concentrated fury of a well-charged vessel of wrath. On the right still another inflicts upon his person with a lash of scorpions a part of the punishment due for his shortcomings, and on the left, with the same instrument of vengeance, an old Dutch lady —or rather her upper part, for she appears without body, save only a wing, arms, and a head, the last of which is encased in a night-cap which she has neglected or forgotten to remove—lashes the exposed shoulders of the poor man. Another of the tiles represents the baptism of Christ in the river Jordan.

There are altogether between forty and fifty of these tiles, all of which have Scripture subjects upon them. A sufficient number is presented to the reader to give a pretty correct impression of the whole. When we consider the relationship that existed between Wouter Van Twiller and his ward Johannes, who was also his cousin and brother-in-law, it is not unreasonable to suppose that they may have spent many a happy hour together in the library of the old house, and that Wouter, as Dederick Knickerbocker in his history of New York describes him—"a model of majesty and lordly grandeur, exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet six inches in circumference"—reposing in his chair, may have seen, in the curling smoke that ascended from his "long pipe," visions of the incoming power of Keift, or of Keift's successor, Peter Stuyvesant.

The only tablet in the village church is that placed to the memory of Dr. Jeremiah Van Rensselaer, through whose agency the church was founded, and who, from the time it was built to the day of his death, held the office of Senior Warden. A gentleman of the old school, distinguished for his large-hearted charity and courteous bearing towards all, the fragrance of his gentle Christian character will long remain to justify the appropriate

LIBRARY OF THE OLD MANSION, 1663.

inscription upon his tomb—"the memory of the just is blessed." With the exception of the tablet referred to, very little of special interest attaches to the church, unless it be to "The Taking Down from the Cross"—a large oil-painting which hangs within the chancel on the right side of the altar. Some degree of romance is connected with the history of this picture. A highly intelligent and beautiful young lady, while traveling with her family in Europe, was taken seriously ill, and died. Before she died, she requested her father, who was possessed of large wealth, to purchase this picture, which she had seen and admired in her travels, and present it to the Church of the Messiah, at Greenbush. The request was at once complied with by the indulgent and loving father, though at a cost, we are informed, which exceeded that of the church itself.

TILES IN THE NEW WING OF THE OLD MANSION.

A short distance below the house, which is built of brick brought from Holland, is the old burying-ground of the Van Rensselaer family. The remains of many members of the family have been interred elsewhere. Those who have been buried here lie side by side with their humbler neighbors, commingling with the common dust originally fenced off and designed for their own use. The few gravestones that appear are plain and simple, in keeping with the characteristic prudence of the early settlers and their descendants. In the library of the old mansion was found an amusing little book, entitled *A Tour in Holland, in* 1784, *by an American;* with a preface by the author of McFingal. This book was printed at Worcester, Mass., by Isaiah Thomas, in 1790, and is interesting from having been written probably by the great-grandfather of the present owner of the house, and from the reference it makes to the custom of the Dutch in disposing of their dead. "In the Church of St Lawrence, at Rotterdam," writes this author, "we saw a grave where bones and some old Dutch skulls were sticking out at the sides, apparently eager once more to catch the light. The old sexton was busily employed in collecting the bones, and packing them up in separate boxes, of about three feet square, to be reinterred in this compact way, which I find is a custom."

There is one stone in this little family inclosure of the dead which possesses peculia

interest. It is over the remains of a member of the family who died lately, at the age of 76 years. Minding his own business when upon this earth, he has left a bright example for the busybodies and gossips of country villages. Some said he was niggardly and penurious; the poor declared he was kind and generous, and forbearing and indulgent to a fault. That he was averse to improvements or changes of any kind, the dilapidated condition of the house in which he lived, and the decayed and tottering fences around, most clearly proved. With pure, rich, and phlegmatic Dutch blood flowing in his veins, he was true to the constitutional characteristics of the nation of his forefathers. No railroad was ever constructed, no manufactory ever built upon a foot of his land, save under protest. Owing to a disappointment in early life, due to the opposition of his relatives to his marriage with a young girl in the humbler walks of life, to whom he was warmly attached, he lived and died a bachelor. His former neighbors will recall his dim and shadowy figure, almost unearthly even when in life, and that of his little dog, always by his side, as they stood together at his gate, in the darkening twilight of the summer evening, looking anxiously in wrapt silence towards the glimmering lights which twinkled in the city on the opposite side of the river—that city the ground of which was unlawfully wrested from his forefathers by the willfulness of Peter the Headstrong; that city the streets of which his unwilling feet but rarely trod—musing upon what had been, and congratulating himself, perhaps, that no encroachments had thus far reached his favorite abode to dislodge him from his homestead, from which, for generation after generation, so many hordes of hungry invaders had been kept at bay. The General Government had essayed many years ago to tempt him by a munificent offer to sell a portion of his lands for the establishment of an arsenal. The prospect of increased wealth, the assurance that the sale of his lands, and the erection thereon of buildings by the United States Government, would greatly enhance the value of his large estate surrounding, had no effect. His refusal to sell was positive, and the purchase of land was made, and the arsenal erected, at Watervliet, opposite the city of Troy.

But a darker hour came. A passenger who crossed from Albany on the Greenbush ferry-boat brought the startling report that it was in contemplation to construct a railroad along the east bank of the Hudson river from the city of New York through Greenbush to Albany. When the survey was made for this road, it took in five acres of the Van Rensselaer land, which yielded the owner little or no profit. Efforts were made by the directors of the road, but without success, to effect a purchase of the land. Persistent refusal to sell on the part of the owner compelled them to call upon disinterested parties living in the neighborhood to appraise the land. The sum fixed upon as a fair valuation was three hundred dollars per acre, which was offered to the owner, but peremptorily declined, under protest, with the assurance added, that if the company took his land he would never touch a dollar of their money.

The land was taken, the road completed, and nearly a quarter of a century passed away; and though on many occasions greatly pressed for ready money, he was faithful to his promise even unto death. To the surprise of his executors, a short time after his decease, they were notified by an officer of one of the banks in Poughkeepsie that fifteen hundred dollars had been on deposit to his credit since the road was first surveyed, and was then subject to their order. Thus, for that long period, was the interest, which, added to the original amount, would have accumulated to a handsome sum, entirely lost to this eccentric man while living, and to his heirs after his departure. Some persons, in speaking of this particular act of his life, are so uncharitable as to designate it an exhibition of Dutch obstinacy; but we incline rather to the gentler side, which holds in admiration the characteristic national consistency of a man, who, "when he said he would not, did not."

Lands which he permitted the poor to work for years, without their paying even the taxes, in the course of time were filled in, or leveled down, and it is said in some cases lie beneath railroad-tracks. Strange, incomprehensible man! of many virtues and few faults; better fitted, may we not hope, for another world than this. He has gone where the terrific belching of the blast-furnace, the shrill whistle of the locomotive or the prying innovation of Yankee enterprise will disturb his peace no more forever.

There are gossiping tales associated with the manes of this man, as well as with the old mansion in which so many of his ancestors lived and died. Mysterious whisperings of an old horse-shoe nailed somewhere over one of the doors in a by-place, to keep off witches, with legends of strange noises and

stranger sights, are used, it is reported, by the visionary matrons of the neighboring village, in a vain effort to keep their unruly urchins within doors at night. The full, round, wondering eyes of one of these good-natured country dames met the author of this article shortly after he had removed with his family to the old house, and looking him earnestly in the face, exclaimed:

"So you are living with your family in the old mansion. Have you heard anything?"

"Yes!" we answered, in a solemn monosyllable.

"Is it possible! Have you seen anything?"

With the same important and measured manner we replied, "Yes, many, many things."

Then sinking her voice to a whisper, she said, "Dreadful! dreadful! is it not? Tell me, Domine, is it true, as reported, that human bones have been found in a box in the cellar?"

"It is, madam; I have seen and handled them myself."

"And human skulls in the garret?" said she, while her eyes stood out in bas-relief.

"And human skulls in the garret," was my reply.

"Shocking! How can you remain in such a place with your wife and children? It would be death to me."

I assured the good old lady that the place was very pleasant to me and my family—just such a place as we all enjoyed—and left her to learn from some other quarter, that the skulls and dry bones of which she had heard, and which she so much dreaded, had been the property of a worthy physician, once owner of the house, but now deceased.

Nor are the surroundings of the old mansion without their legends of midnight visions and airy visitants. An old apple-tree, that stands solitary and alone in the open field, between the family grave-yard and the railroad, has its mystical story of a figure having been seen in its shadow, on more than one occasion, gazing with a sad countenance at the midnight train, as it dashed over the road in its mad career. One bright moonlight night this figure, it is reported, was seen by the engineer and some of the passengers on the road. His right arm was raised and stretched out, as if in condemnation of past injustice or warning of future retribution. Two farmer-boys, out upon the hills hunting, or detained by the fond persuasion of youthful friends up to the witching hour when graves do yawn, in taking a short cut across fields to strike the river-road on their way home, saw, as they aver, the same figure and the same startling warning.

We have seen many happy hours in the old mansion—have heard many strange sounds, such as may be heard in every old house when the winds of heaven hold high carnival around. Even now, at this writing, we look out of the south window of our study, on a beautiful afternoon, as spring merges into summer, upon a landscape of garden, broken beyond into hills, and meadows and the glittering river, and the eye rests upon that veritable apple-tree, beneath which the shadowy figure with its outstretched arm of admonition is said to have appeared. We have seen the tree before, barren and leafless in midwinter; we see it now, proud in its attire of rich foliage, promising a harvest of fruit; yet have we never seen it when the midnight moon throws its weird and ghostly light athwart the earth, and cannot therefore offer a word of testimony as to whether a disembodied spirit mars or helps to make the shadows which it casts.

FREE MARRIAGE.

To undo all their old doings, and make an absolutely fresh start, is a desire known to many mortals, perhaps to most, at some period of their existence. To turn over that blessed new leaf, and fasten down with some everlasting glue all the abominably blotted old leaves,—if we could but do this, ah! what a lovely volume would we then make of all the rest of our book of life!

One needs not to have been particularly wicked, or preposterously weak, to have had reason to wish this even in young years; for, besides our own inexperienced blunders and follies and sins, most of us are born into such a plentiful inheritance in the results of these behaviors in others, that a passionate longing to take the wings of a dove and fly into the uttermost parts of the earth, from those very

worst parts of it where we began to be, and never hear the fatal regions mentioned again, —an impulse like this has, verily, large justification.

But that being has lived very lightly, who has not also learned that a yet deeper law somehow strangely compels us back; that this abolishing of the past is a thing mysteriously forbidden to us; that even when the burden beneath which we sink may not be of our own piling, but may be laid on us in what seems the last blind cruelty of fate,—even this load of doom very seldom is it permitted us to take up like a mill-stone, and go drop it in the sea; yea, ordinarily, not in the escaping from, but in the recasting even of the accidental mould of our dark fortunes, does the true soul at last find its true work to lie. For the fact is, that in the mysterious and quite awful sequence of things which forever links penalty to fault, this throwing off of burdens is generally not abolishing them, but merely shifting their weight to other shoulders.

Thus has it come to be held as one of the prime requisites of character, that a man shall stand by his deeds; hence, too, is the eternally recognized virtue of confession, that whereby the transgressor assumes his Past, acknowledges as the indispensable first step towards an honest future—Thus have I done.

We say then, in general terms, that all social theories which tend to make secondary the question of obligation, of responsibility, and to give the first place to the selfish, reckless impulse to escape, we affirm that such theories contradict the whole ideal of right human conduct, at least as that ideal has been hitherto built up in the moral growth of the race.

It would seem needless to state, that of all human relations the marriage relation is that where the liberty of the individual is most deeply involved with the question of the rights and interests of others; nevertheless, from the very nature of this relation, a certain class of social philosophers are arguing more and more loudly every day, that in this especial affair of marriage the true law of moral action everywhere else is reversed, and that here the personal inclination becomes paramount to all claims, duties, obligations whatsoever. It is this doctrine which we propose to examine as the limits of these columns may permit.

We suppose that no uncorrupted mind disputes that reciprocal sentiment between the parties is the only true foundation of marriage, or believes it possible for the yet unmarried to have too ideal a standard in these things; but the question is,—A mistaken, a false marriage having been made, shall it then be unmade; and on what conditions? The favorite metaphor whereby our philosophers describe an unloving husband and wife, viz., that of "two corpses chained together," is striking, no doubt, but happens to be untrue; the unfortunate thing is, that these subjects are alive, yea, both of them; since if only one would consent to be dead, why there were no case at all, the road being rolled smooth by the funeral-train for the survivor to "anew life's journey pursue" with his or her perfect mate in peace. This inconvenience of having two living parties to consider greatly complicates the case, which is still farther complicated by the likelihood of their being yet other living parties, equally related to this pair, perfectly guiltless of their quarrel, too young to decide anything for themselves, or to take care of themselves,—to express all this intricacy of things, we find the pet simile of the corpses rather inadequate.

Corresponding, however, with this selection of metaphors, in the same marvelous strain of assuming that to break the mistaken bond is the be-all and end-all of the difficulty, is the following, as an argument for free divorce, by a conspicuous and long-known journalist: "Marriage without love is a sin against God, which, like other sins, is to be repented of, ceased from, and put away."

Do we, then, put away other sins in any such sense as that of cutting loose from the liabilities to which they have brought us? A mere spendthrift who has squandered his substance, and all the substance of other people that he could borrow, in riotous living, if he make a reform that has one particle of genuineness, must not his first step be to pay his debts? No matter in what folly, yea, wickedness, they were contracted, the fact remains that he owes the money. To put away the spirit of transgression is most carefully *not* to put away the burden of its consequences. To take that up, to search and see what power may yet be left us to stay the mischief which ramifies from all wrong-doing, whether willful or merely ignorant, this is honor; and in proportion to the seriousness of the matter involved is its neglect dishonor.

We remark, parenthetically, ere applying this truth to our present subject, that we leave outside of this discussion that flagrant class of offenses for which divorce is now granted in the New England States. It may be that such limited divorce provisions are, on the whole, in the interests of morality, having a

peculiar claim in respect to one of the offenses to be so considered; and as to all the others, they are mostly confined to a debased class in community, where women—who are the chief sufferers, of course, for whose relief these statutes have been framed—absolutely need material protection for themselves and their children against their miserable mates, which can perhaps be efficiently rendered only by some such legislation. But divorce-laws whose conditions are a heinous disgrace in one party, and willingness to expose it in the other, are manifestly most limited in their application and very rarely liable to abuse; while demoralization would ensue from the top to the bottom of society with the dissolving of marriage on the mere incompatibility plea, when not only the sinned against but the sinner could bring suit; and justice, remanded from the plain question of deeds to the utterly uncontrollable one of sentiments, could do nothing in short but insure the fullest liberty to the most perfectly unscrupulous.

We return to our statement, that the putting away of things as though they had never been, is not permitted by honor in our deeply related life; and we add, that if this sentiment is wanting in the individual, then in all life's serious engagements, of which marriage certainly is one, society, public opinion, law, have agreed to force the faithless person to fulfill all that material part of the contract whose fulfilling can be so enforced.

Now both the material, and what we may call the immaterial, claims of these relations, viz., those dues which the heart and conscience should render, would be alike jeopardized under the *régime* of free marriage.

There is one justice everlastingly owed to the person who at *some* period of one's responsible life has been voluntarily chosen to such a place as that of a marriage partner, and that is, that when weighed in the balances of a disappointed affection, no possible new mate, waiting on the discarding of the old one, shall disturb the scale. This principle, however, forms no part of the creed of the reformers; we confess that here we find their utterances simply monstrous. A writer in a respectable journal before us, apostrophizing the "chained" husband who has become indifferent to his wife, having "met some not impossible she who can command his soul," thus delivers himself:

"Something jangles in your wife's voice; *the voice is well enough*, the discord is because you hear at the same time *another* voice in your ears," &c., &c. Now this is not written in a tragedy or novel, in that opening up of the heart's adytum of secrets unbreathed and sacred, which is the legitimate province of the romancer; it is set down in a social essay as a perfect practical rule of proceeding that no absolute untunefulness of voice but a mere relative jangling shall decide the going out of wives and the coming in of not impossible shes!

It is granted us, even by Mr. Darwin, that a good many years have now elapsed since the man-monkey first descended from his tree-nest and began to walk upright, and tutor his social instincts into something called justice. So much time should show more progress than this.

Most solemnly far would we be from affirming that there are no cases of unhappy marriage whose best adjusting might not be for the parties to lead separate lives. Incompatibility is a woe which has very terrible depths in this relation. But the right to depart out of intolerable misery is one thing, and freedom to enter untrammeled on some coveted happiness is altogether another; and what atrocious wrong would wait on the establishing of one of these permissions as including the other in matrimonial troubles, is sufficiently suggested by the illustration of the poor woman whose voice "is well enough" till that of the affinity puts it out of tune.

This whole question, be it distinctly noted, is one not of *un*marrying, but of *re*marrying: this is the vital thing for which the reformers really clamor; and just here is the point where their dispute with the rest of the world begins.

We go on to say that this liberty of forming new unions on the living wreck of old ones is to be disputed, not only as bringing the false elements which we have indicated into the position of the married, but because of children whose case it would involve in endless possibilities of misery and wrong.

To begin with, will any one who knows the tortuous windings of the human heart assert that a bad husband or wife is necessarily and always so bad a parent, that their children should be forever taken from them into that one place impossible for them to enter, the home of the new man or woman with whom dwells the other parent of those children as wife or husband? Until incompatibility between man and woman is a less subtle and relative thing than it is, we should say that no pass to which it had brought the father and mother of a child with respect to each other

gave either of them the right to bring the other into such an outraged position with regard to the bond that might yet be held dear and sacred. This is to speak only of the right of parent to child; while turning to the right of the child to its parent we have the whole strength of the material claim added to the other dues of the relation, added too with the highest force possible to any human responsibility. Yet this claim also would be universally compromised, and in a vast number of cases utterly destroyed, under the reign of free marriage. For while the demoralization of the parental conscience would be infinitely increased, the law would be powerless to compel the maintenance of children by their natural providers, for the simple reason that the vast majority of men are absolutely without means to support more than one family.

We have been careful to omit from this sum of objections to remarriage any mention of the instinctive argument against union with a new mate while an old one still walks the earth, lest in these days such abstract question of delicacy be flouted as mere superstition; but if the plain matters of obligation to others, noted above, are superstition, is there anything called by the name of right which is not superstition?

Thus do the reformers stand as to principles, while as to their ideal of sentiment (their boasted reverence) we find nothing more false and degraded. It could not be otherwise. The capacity of any nature to love is most emphatically measured by the strength and nobleness of those very qualities which the new theories of what is profanely called love utterly deaden and destroy. There never was a love-story on earth with one particle of the divine breath of tenderness in it, where duty and honor did not have at least the recognition of remorse. Even in what we reckon the very disorderly days of old romance, the Sir Knights, or whoever, eloping with wedded ladies, in a time, too, when wedded ladies had little or no choice in the making of their uncongenial bonds—these free lovers, if they had conscience and sensibility enough to be really lovers, were wont to wind up in convents and monasteries, to spend the balance of their erring lives praying each other's souls out of purgatory; yea, in every age where these things have story, grief sobs through passion, the unutterable yearning of a repentance, repenting for another yet more than for one's self, thrills in all tales of ungoverned hearts whose sentiments were really true enough to have blessed more fortunate fates.

Nor were these scruples arbitrarily foisted on conscience by priest-craft or by husband-craft: infallibly with humanity's first crude recognition of the principles of all that we call social virtue, viz.: personal desires limited by others' rights and welfare, infallibly with any grasping of these truths, would the relations whereof we write, reaching so far and involving so much, be the first to be guarded without and within by civil rules and sentiments of honor. Impetuous, lawless ages there have been, overriding convictions of right here, as they overrode all other convictions where temptation was strong, and the habit of self-government weak; but the standard existed, and when they did up their repentance, they counted these behaviors among the sins, and the great sins—things which it required much fasting, and flagellation, and wearing of hair shirts to settle the account of. Other ages there have been, far more corrupt and baneful, ages of a sophistical philosophy, seeking, by explaining away all differences between vice and virtue, to annihilate convictions; but so far as they succeeded in their aim here, they steadily annihilated all the loveliness of love; in no other field of spiritual destroying is the soul of beauty so completely plucked out with the soul of goodness. The best that such ages ever have to show is a refined materialism, whose utmost refinement bears no manner of resemblance to the delicacy of the heart, a flower that never bloomed, or will bloom, save in the soil of principles.

As for our own day, and its progressive doctrines on this subject, they hideously combine the spirit of feudal license and classic sophistry with some insufferable new mixture of pharisaism proper to the spoilt Puritan. This last trait, by the way, crops out in some remarkable methods of attack by the reformers, which we pause to notice. Taking their stand as high moral accusers, they not only hurl unlimited charge of hypocrisy on the marriage institution because some who are under its vows break them by leading lives of covert immorality, but they sweep into the same catalogue of perjured sinners all those who, entirely faithful in life and conduct, yet wander in any inmost thought from perfect allegiance to their married mates.

Their favorite proof-text for this dogma is a saying of our Lord, rebuking gross imaginations, whose monstrous perversion to such an application is a sufficiently fatal betrayal of what is their conception of love. And

on this dogma they raise an unspeakable creed whose whole practical outcome, so far as it can be spoken, is, that inasmuch as by the wandering thought above described marriage is instantly broken, and inasmuch as to remain in a broken marriage is a deadly sin, therefore the aforesaid wandering thought of another is not merely a permission, but of the nature of a divine injunction to flee out of the false bonds into the new ones, as from the wrath to come. And such a programme of virtue is wound up by one of the reformers with the sober assertion—"We are austere moralists on marriage!"

So was Henry the Eighth. He austerely cut off the heads of his series of wives as fast as they dropped out of his fancy; if there was anything that pure spirit was scrupulous about, it was to have the old love well murdered as soon as he fell in with the new.

As it is our striving endeavor to answer these people seriously, it may be, after all, that this infidelity-in-thought business, because of the mixed nature of our mortal life, has something in it to which a farther glance should be given.

We suggest, then, that to follow the ideal truth and beauty, as seraphs, for instance, might follow it, is wholly unrequired of man, not only because he does not possess the nature of angels, but because he does not live in the sphere of angels. He lives in a world of tragic mistakes, in a world where circumstance is too complex that the life of the truest soul should always be quite simple; and considering how matrimony, as old St. Francis de Sales has it, "is an order where profession precedes the novice-ship," and what is the period of life at which these unproved vows are generally taken, does any rational being deny that they are often taken in an error whereof later wisdom *cannot be* wholly unaware?

To charge sin upon this mere fact of consciousness, is an impertinence to Heaven, which never yet made it the condition of any virtue that one should be a fool.

Where unfaithfulness begins in these veiled silences of the heart, is a question that has to do with depths of human experience beyond the soundings of a plain prose essay; suffice it for these paragraphs and their purpose to note that there are two orders of what we call affection, not to be confounded by the poor sophistries of the reformers.

There is a supreme enthusiasm of the heart whose rendering is commanded by no law, human or divine, to the being whose qualities do not spontaneously awaken it; in marriage or out of it, the eternal verities of the soul are not so falsely taxed. But there is another regard, name it how we will, due to those whose lives are so bound with our own that we stand nearer to them than any one else to do them good or ill, and with the fidelity of this regard, will and conscience have something to do. And surely when the beings whose existences are thus solemnly involved with ours, have come into this relation toward us by a tie of our own making, like that of marriage, can any scrupulous, sensitive soul forget what tribute is due them to the end, even of what may be called affection, how far soever they may have fallen by their own natures out of the love which, from its very essence, cannot be commanded?

We find, again, in these facts of the soul, refutation of yet another argument of the reformers, viz., that people are necessarily careless about retaining the heart which they consider secured to them for life by law. We have seen that there are two senses in which true hearts are retained, but does any being ask which of these is the ideal possession?

The whole subject of these pages is no attractive theme for women to take up even for the most general treatment. We fancy that more than one daughter of this time looks back with a half sigh to the days of her great-grandmothers, wondering if there was not a more effective womanly protest against immorality in the ignorance, or at least silence of her sex on many facts of this ill world, than in all the open discussion of our time; whether the cold horror which would have frozen the vitals of the male Puritan, had he dropped any such reading as all our newspapers must now furnish, where the female Puritan could pick it up—whether these ancient reserves were not more profitable, as they certainly were more pleasing, than the new-fashioned blurting out; one task at least would have been spared us, that of writing any such article as this in days when the sex was so unquestioningly reckoned as the reserve force of virtue that no man would have thought it any more necessary to have the expression of respectable women concerning temporary marriage, than to ask the Virgin Mary how seemed to her the old cities of the plain.

"New times demand new measures and"—we suppose we must add—"new women." There are certainly new women of one stamp, and as their measures are to be extremely vocal on all matters in earth and heaven, and the place under the earth, which concern their sex, the newness must be so

far adopted by the otherwise minded among us, as to express, in short, our different convictions on these matters.

We have nothing to say as to the many superior and excellent women who are advocating woman's right to the ballot, to labor, etc., unmixed with loose social theories; they have been at pains to deny these in their speeches and newspaper organs, and we should therefore consider it superfluous, but for their sensitiveness on the matter, to say to this branch of the Woman Suffrage party, as we hereby do, that it will please to consider itself *not* addressed in the remarks which follow.

It certainly will not be denied that the degree of respectable advocacy which these marriage doctrines obtain at this time, has to do, in some quarters, with the movement of our day known as the woman movement; that its doctrines are preached by both men and women as the chief part of what they call the emancipation of the sex. All the reading which has moved us to this writing we have found in respectable journals; into the depths of the disrespectable organs of this philosophy we have not dived; they do not circulate in our town. And in these respectable columns, to say nothing of what various females write there, whose signatures may be real or fictitious, we do not know, but their articles we should have supposed to be indictable under the law for suppressing corrupting publications;—to say nothing of these unfamiliar contributors, we find beside them women, said to be ladies by birth and breeding, and of unblemished personal character, who write over their own well-known names, in language too wholly unreserved for quotation even in this article, their denunciation of legal marriage, and endorsement of the whole new theory of what is called marriage. And the disrespectable papers are edited and owned by women, who have so far succeeded in getting within the pale of respectability, that they have the intimate alliance of ladies of exemplary character who may not share their social views, but who immeasurably help to give those views decent currency by embracing their shameless advocates as co-workers elsewhere in woman's cause. (We know very well that this last position would be denied, by quoting the masculine precedent of party action, but this setting up of masculine precedents, and bad ones at that, as a perfect rule for women, is only another of the bad signs of the times.)

We find in this conjunction of facts, indications that notions of a more or less impossible female liberty are so afloat in the air, that they turn heads even where they do not corrupt hearts; and inasmuch as this kind of converts are ever, in many respects, the most fatal disseminators of evil, in that their good practice, which is in spite of their theory, is held up as the result of their theory, in view of these things, we think our theme should not be dismissed without calling the attention of these wild dreamers to the fact that all such emancipation of woman tends directly to her slavery, a bondage that, in a degree, would affect every member of the sex.

Since liberty is the watchword, let us leave out of sight all the abandoned wives and mothers, and imagine, for a moment, the social fetters, not freedom, under the proposed *régime*. In the most innocent compliments and attentions paid to a charming woman, would lurk a tinge of suspicion if she or the men of her acquaintance were married only to change partners at the first fancy. Needs would be to proclaim with the sound of a trumpet, "The heart of Mrs. Lovely still trusteth in her husband: fresh matrimonial proposals will, therefore, not be received at this date," ere a charming woman could go forth to her social triumphs. Seriously, attractive and virtuous women could not go into society at all, organized on such a basis. They never have done it. Social freedom for woman requires not one condition, but absolutely two, viz.: character in herself, and character in those about her. For lack of the former, the women of the East are shut up; for lack of the latter, women as pure and lofty-souled as have ever lived, have been more or less shut up (and welcomed their cage) in all ages of the world marked by a certain condition of general morals. To-day, and in all the days the sun will ever shine on, the freedom of women from false and dwarfing restraints is as society is rooted and grounded in the principles of true restraint, or at least trained and tutored in all its outward observances.

There is a word to be said just here concerning that usage on which the reformers exhaust their whole store of invective, viz.: the banishing of immoral women from society, while immoral men suffer no such exclusion. If what they urged was the equal reprobation of these offenders, well and good; but since it is rather their equal social acceptance which they contend for, the square truth must be said, that however

these parties may stand before Heaven, such are the facts of earth, that it is the presence of immoral women, and not men, in society which would instantly fetter there the freedom of every virtuous member of the sex. It is because the line is so strongly and inexorably drawn between reputable female society and the disreputable, that a man of careless life is compelled to leave his careless manners behind him when he enters the former, certain else to be promptly kicked out of it for his failure in virtuous etiquette, even by men who might think very lightly indeed of his lapses from virtuous character elsewhere. Odious were that society where a lady must bristle with the airs of a prude, to be certain of respectful behavior from the other sex, and into such bondage would modest women inevitably come in all general companies were the meretricious of their own sex common and unmarked there. It is idle to sentimentalize about the unmistakable air of innocence; it is hateful to women to be mistaken, even afar off, in such matters; they feel slurred by the speculation of a glance, and it is the sifting of their own sex which saves them from such annoyances, even in a world of unsifted men. Under present social rules, virtue is not obliged to proclaim itself, firstly, because it *is* virtue, and, secondly, because it is in the place of virtue; and the second reason would be important to Diana if she went among people who had never personally heard of Diana, and who were disqualified, by having lost their own purity of soul, from knowing her by instinct.

It is not pleasant to expound these matters. Nothing of our present subject is pleasant to expound; but it is time somebody undertook to point out that all the old womanly traditions are not founded in sheer nonsense, or hardness of heart, and women have been especially censured for this unequal discrimination against their own sex. We say they have at least this one most logical and necessary reason for such discrimination, viz.: that free social range for bad and good women cannot exist together. When Greek courtesans went abroad, Greek wives stayed at home, and were compelled to the ignorance, the rusticity, the meager, half-developed life and character which are the result of a caged existence.

This is an existence which none of us desire, and to which the daughters of this republic have never been wonted. American women have had an unexampled freedom, because American men have had, on the whole, an unexampled respect for, and belief in, women. The soil of old Puritan morality made the open, confident ground where the women of this country have walked; and however that foundation may be sinking through the growing dissipations of men, our highway of liberty, as we have endeavored to show, would be far more fatally ruined by the similar diffusion through society of corrupt women.

It is not to be apprehended, for all their sanguine prophecies, that the reformers will be able to destroy, or, in a formal sense, even shake, the institution of marriage; but the evil work which they do accomplish is, so far as their influence extends, to break every conviction on which its inner integrity rests, giving a complete charter to all these ways of darkness, which they pretend, after a manner, to condemn. Affecting to uplift fallen women, the whole tendency of their teaching is to lead down the yet unfallen. These latter are the souls whose ransom is precious, for it ceaseth forever. Heaven forbid that all sympathy and encouragement should not be given to the special efforts of a really genuine kind which are also made in our day to restore these nameless unfortunates, but alas! what does the wrecker bring up from any deep of sin, above all from this one, compared to what went down there? And oh, yet on the hither shore of such destruction, in how many unknown straits of want and loneliness and ignorance, with the half-formed moral sense which accompanies ignorance, stand young girls, to whom the treacherous breath of these reforms, gliding swiftest and surest to the ears in which they will be most fatal, will be as the last quittance of conscience to launch them on shame's dark whirlpool. It is inevitable that with all weak, untaught beings, the views of others should make the largest part of principle, and the views of one woman of personally unchallenged name and fame will count their weight in who shall say how many lost souls among these poor young wanderers.

At the virtuous foundations of society, dig ever the gross and vile with such open menace to destroy them,—the builders keep some constant eye on such foes; but the sentimentalists and the sophists, the whole army of flowery and specious and reckless speculators in moral truths,—these sap the pillars of conscience itself, whose silent fall may be unnoted, till in the choking dust of ruin one finds that they struck at the beams whereby all things stood.

PAYING DEBTS.

MR. MICAWBER thought that an income of twenty pounds a-year, with an annual outlay of nineteen, nineteen, six, was bliss; with an outgo of twenty pounds, nought and six, misery. It is a little odd—a sort of alliterative coincidence—that the four demoniac factors, the constituent elements which go to make up the diabolism of earthly existence, should all begin with *d:* Debt, Disease, Disgrace, Death. There you have them all—four dreary variables in the melancholy function of *de*-struction, if I may be allowed an innocent play on words. And of these four the first, in some light, will almost seem the worst. At all events it is the least poetic, and least relieved by graceful or ideal surroundings, by kindly and humane compensations. In sickness we have the care of nurses and physicians, the watchful solicitude of sympathizing friends. Soft hands smooth our fevered pillow or bathe our aching brow. Anxious inquiries keep pace with the progress of our malady, and endless gentle messages and graceful or soothing testimonials fill the sick-room with fruits and flowers, with light and color and perfume.

As for death, to say nothing of the Christian's hope or the philosopher's attitude of calm inquiry, the ancients at least insisted on robbing it of its imaginative gloom. To them it was a quiet slumber, a soft repose after labors done, and welcome surcease of earthly trial. One of the most beautiful of sepulchral inscriptions is one I picked up in Rome some years ago: *Omni soluto labore.* They made its emblems and insignia, too, festal, not funereal, and instead of the grisly king of terrors—the ghastly and grinning skeleton of modern asceticism—adorned their tombs with the figure of a graceful youth with inverted torch and crowned with garlands. Even disgrace—especially if unfairly earned or manfully borne—may be grand, dramatic, or picturesque. Œdipus, Rhiloctetes, Belisarius and Socrates, Wallenstein and Wolsey and Raleigh are among the noblest figures of imaginative or of historic tradition. The greatness of their fault, when fault there was, is overbalanced by the magnitude of its penalty, and our condemnation of their weakness is swallowed up in pity for their suffering, or admiration of the dignity with which it is borne.

But debt has none of these compensations: it is neither dramatic nor poetic nor dignified. It is simply ignoble, harassing, paralyzing. Nobody pities you for getting in, no one sympathizes while you are in, and few, alas! are ready in helping you out. The general attitude of your multitudinous acquaintance mutely or explictly reaffirms the wisdom of Molière's famous phrase: *Que diable allait-il donc faire dans cette galère!* In plain English, Why did you do it? As nothing, we know, succeeds so well as success, so nothing, naturally, is so pitiably discreditable as its contrary. Mr. Emerson declared that a sick man is a rascal; and, reversing the order of causation, it is equally clear that a man in debt and difficulties must be a fool. "Don't tell any one you are in debt," said a friend to whom I once applied for help in the straits incident to our Grub-street existence; "You will get no sympathy for your troubles, but condemnation instead. Every one will but think it your own fault, and despise you accordingly."

Matters were a great deal worse in old times, if that is any consolation. The history of all nations, of every grade of civilization, shows how universal and obstinate in human beings is this determination to exact its material and tangible rights. The bond which is now largely a moral one was then physical and peremptory. Every schoolboy remembers the scene in Livy where the plebs are roused to insurrection against the aristocracy by the old man who rushes into the forum and shows the marks of the stripes and fetters inflicted on him by his cruel creditors the great capitalists. In barbarous nations the failure to pay monetary obligation works forfeiture of personal liberty, or even perhaps of life; and Shylock, with his knife and scales, was not nearly so shocking to cinque-cento humanity as to our own. Nothing more clearly marks the progress of modern social culture than the gradual limitations it has imposed on the rights of the creditor over the person of his debtor. Novel-readers of the last generation can tell what a pathetic force they found in the unmerited sufferings and imprisonment of Mr. Aubrey in *Ten Thousand a Year.* The "sponging-house" has hardly yet vanished from either fiction or fact in English social life, and one of the greatest of Dickens's many services to humanity lay in his touching pictures of the inside of the debtor's prison.

Common sense and humanity have bettered all that, and there are few circumstances, now-a-days, under which a well-meaning debtor, in our civilized age and country, need fear prolonged imprisonment or entire spoliation of

his few remaining goods. The humanity of later legislation has thrown its mantle around the misfortunes of the impecunious and deserving, and even, as some cynical people maintain, extended its shelter to the undeserving as well. What with assignments, and bankruptcy courts, and homestead-laws, and the like charitable provisions, the honest debtor—to say nothing of the dishonest—not only escapes the lock-up which awaited his ancestors, but may generally count on keeping some relic of his property to cheer his calamity or to retrieve it. Naturally enough, this leniency sometimes works detriment, and there are plenty of honest men painfully earning their bread and walking afoot, who need not do either if they could but clap the thumb-screws of the law on the shrewd and wealthy swindlers who roll by them in their carriages. The fetter, then, which to our great ancestors was physical, as we said before, is to us moral, but not the less strong for that. Here, however, the greatest difference of temperament, character, and mental habit comes into play. The world might be classified under two divisions: those who find debt an evil, and those who do not; and while a large majority of right-thinking men evidently dread and detest it as the very root and sum of mischief and misery, a very considerable class of less scrupulous folk accept it with the reckless determination or easy *insouciance* of utter lack of principle. The annoyance felt by the former is complex and manifold. A good fellow who gets into debt is miserable for a variety of reasons, some objective, as the philosophers would say, some subjective,—some prospective, some retrospective. First, and most evident, there is the material hampering and privation of actual economy, the steady necessity—until accounts are squared—of self-renunciation in every indulgence, every convenience not absolutely indispensable; for, as hinted above, the moral obligation needs no material enforcement, and a sensitive temper, under this pressure, will watch every detail of expense, and save as carefully in the creditor's interest as if with a constable and a writ at the door. This objective ill is supplemented by the subjective annoyance of feeling that all the trouble is *ex post facto*, not so much to insure future good as to make up for past ill. Psychologically, nothing can be more dreary and depressing. Crying over spilt milk is useless enough, no doubt; but that does not make the slow and painful spooning it back into the pail either a hopeful or an invigorating process. There is a wonderful truth in the familiar picture of the donkey in full gallop after a bunch of carrots dangling from the stick which his mischievous urchin of a rider holds just before his nose. Hold but a prospective profit before the nose of our poor humanity, and it will go at any pace and endure almost any exertion. The same donkey *recalcitrating*, with ears back and legs forward, against the kicks and punches and nettle-stings of its driver, is a fair illustration of our sulky unwillingness under the propulsion of duty and necessity. It is such melancholy up-hill business, this working to make up for lost time or lost labor! The ground does so seem to slip from under our feet; and like a horse in a saw-mill, or Jerome Ravel with his famous ladder, we can't imagine how with all our effort we don't get on. "Jack," said a sailor watching a militia company, which had halted and was "marking time" to the music, "seems to me there must be an awful strong tide runnin', for them poor fellows has been *warpin'* there this half-hour, and they haint got ahead a foot yet!" That's it, precisely! The poor fellow with old scores to clear warps and warps, but the current is terribly strong against him, and well for him if he goes up-stream instead of down.

Then, to supplement all this practical embarrassment, and the dull, haunting, wearing sense of responsibility it brings, comes the reprobation of one's cleverer or more fortunate friends before alluded to, and what is worst of all, in nine cases in ten, the feeling that one deserves it. For that, after all, is the ugliest pinch in the whole business. Anything for a clear conscience. Misfortune one could stand, if it came undeserved, and in such guise that fair prudence or average care and self-denial could not have averted it. But how to bear the crushing and wearing weight of misfortune which we feel to be our own fault! Of the large proportion of those troubles which come in the inevitable chances and perils of business and speculation we need not speak for the moment; but a very large share of our embarrassments is due clearly to the simple fact that we have not properly ciphered our petty cash. In plain English, we have spent more than we ought.

It is a bitter retrospect, when we come to pay for madame's new silk, or Angelina's music lessons, to find the wherewithal lacking, and have to reflect, in the keener light of an awakened conscience, that pleasant and innocent as the indulgence seemed at the time, we had just one thing to do about it—namely, to go without. Our philosophy is a little materialistic, and on the fami-

liar principle that a sin is preferable to a blunder, our failure in material prudence and close calculation cuts us deeply. Many a graver moral fault would seem light in comparison with our lack of business tact, and one would almost rather seem unamiable or wicked than unpractical and silly.

But all this, of course, is the way in which things look to our limited class—the sensitive, earnest, conscientious people who hate debt. There is of course a considerable class who suffer very little or not at all in the matter. In the first place, there are the business men, the merchants, manufacturers, brokers, and others, engaged in wide and complicated financial operations, who, along with the habits, the risks, and the opportunities of business life, have accepted also its code of ethics. And this code, to old-fashioned ideas, is a little peculiar. It assumes that, in the give-and-take of the world, no man should be held to a greater accountability toward others than the general body of his fellows acknowledge toward him. Commerce and speculation are a great game, in which one goes in to win, if possible, playing with all customary and conventional strictness, but with no superfluous or sensitive generosity. The lapses or indulgence we allow the other side we may claim to have reckoned in our own favor when the chances go against us. And these chances are terribly serious,—quite incalculable indeed, and not to be provided for by any human wit or foresight. In the blind excitement and fever of modern commercial operations, with the frightful fluctuation and uncertainty of currency, credit, or commodities, which have made "business" the intricate and hazardous thing it is, no one is permanently safe; every one may, and practically nearly every one at some time does, find himself beaten and helpless—crushed under a weight of obligations on all sides which he is in no condition to discharge. Under a primeval system of ethics he would be ruined forever, and furthermore tormented to his life's end by the sense of responsibilities unfulfilled. But the convenient morality of the day steps in and says, "Not so; it's a bad rule which won't work both ways. Our unlucky friend here has in his time suffered thousands on thousands of loss from others just as helplessly and innocently embarrassed as he at present. So, *à la guerre comme à la guerre*, let each one take his chances. Pocket your losses, gentlemen, and don't grumble; our friend here will pay us as many cents on a dollar as he can; we will leave him something to go on with, and if he can get on his legs again, so much the better for him."

Of the liberality and generosity of this method of *reasoning* there can be little doubt, —its practical wisdom is more questionable. The results are patent to every one. Its effect has been to terribly stimulate the thirst for enormous and hazardous speculation, and almost, in many cases, to undermine the foundations of commercial morality. Where "failure" brings so little of lasting inconvenience or discredit, there is little reason for the necessary precautions against failing. Boldness and enterprise are cheap virtues when others will have to pay the costs of disaster, while the gain is our own.

Of the immense fortunes so frequent in our large cities to-day, it is safe to say that a large proportion were rolled up by operations which, had they gone wrong—as they easily might have done—would have involved numberless innocent people in irretrievable disaster. The absolute freedom, too, technically created by a bankrupt's discharge in due form, and the resulting sense of moral repose and irresponsibility in the mind of the delinquent, are not only curious features in themselves, but occasion some very striking social paradoxes. The man who has "failed" to the tune of hundreds of thousands, may recover and grow rich; but no after-obligation is considered to obtain as toward his indulgent creditors of past time; and the millionaire of to-day may complacently patronize the man whom his failure but lately helped to ruin. Once in a long while comes a man of more irritable cuticle, who is restless in the enjoyment of a fortune built on others' indulgence, and who, like a worthy friend of ours, surprises his old companions by a handsome supper at Delmonico's, with a check for the respective "bad debt," principal and interest, under the plate of each guest. But such cases do not lose their significance by over-frequency, and the mild surprise with which such eccentric integrity is viewed by practical men is one of the most curious but most discouraging signs of the times.

But not all men are business men, nor all debts business debts. A large proportion of mankind have only to expect such income as flows from ordinary trade or profession, without the profits of speculative commerce, and to provide for mere personal or family expenditure, free from commercial risks and disaster. In this more orderly and equable stratum of existence, where income and outgo may be estimated and fitted to each other with comparative certainty, it might be expected

that we should find a corresponding regularity in the discharge, and sensitiveness in the recognition, of financial obligation. Practically, in the long run, this is true; and the experience of household furnishers of all kinds will probably show, that just in proportion to the regularity and certainty of their customer's income are the regularity and certainty of his payments. Even here, however, a quaint paradox is apt to obtain, and shrewd observers have declared that the poorer a man is, the surer he is to pay his debts. Admitting it true, a little reflection will supply one or two evident explanations. The man who is engaged in a steady struggle with economic difficulty, forced to careful calculation, to self-denial and frugality, naturally feels more keenly than his wealthier neighbor the importance of punctuality in small matters, the almost disproportionate effect, for good or ill, of meeting his minor financial engagements. Knowing as well as he does the pain or mortification of missing an expected ten-dollar bill at a pinch, he not unnaturally takes more pains, and cultivates a finer sensibility in such matters than the man who cannot carry his monthly expense account in his head, but must turn to cash-book and ledger to form any notion of either his income or his outlay. Living, too, *au jour le jour*, and liable at any moment to need a credit which must be based simply on his personal discretion and integrity, he is careful to cultivate a reputation as necessary to him at the grocer's or the tailor's, as to his neighbor Dives on 'Change, and to painfully earn from those about him an individual confidence which the other may command by ostentation, luxurious outlay, and Internal Revenue Returns. And here again the same principle—that of *regularity* of earnings—seems to obtain. Precarious and shifting incomes have a singular effect in dulling the finer delicacy, in creating a haphazard, reckless inconsiderateness in matters of monetary obligation. The man who is always looking forward to a big windfall next month is apt to think that others, like himself, can afford for a time to "eat the air, promise-crammed," and forgets that neither capons nor creditors grow fat on such diet. So even the so-called regular professions, those which bring the most uncertain though frequently the richest harvest, have shown a noticeable tendency to cultivate this disposition. When one of the greatest lawyers and statesmen of our time declared that the members of his profession work hard, live well, and die poor, he only said what the nature of their industry logically conditions. Had he added, that their very solvency often partakes of the glorious uncertainty of legal decisions, he would have stated a truth which observation confirms, and his own example sadly illustrated.

Apart, however, from any such secondary considerations of material necessity or convenience, and looking at things in a calmer and more abstract light, there is and always has been a considerable percentage of mankind who form our second class—who differ radically with the mass of their fellows, and view their debts as either no evil at all, or at most one for which they are not personally responsible. Especially in the higher and more brilliant circles of society does this comfortable insensibility seem to have been prevalent, and decidedly in greater measure of old than now. Commercial integrity was evidently a virtue only to those who knew or acknowledged commercial laws. The dashing "blood" of the Restoration, or the gay and courtly marquis of the Regency, knew of financial rules only so much as kept him in fair repute with his equals and left him some rag of credit with his *bêtes noires*, the usurers. In his code of morals honor stood for honesty, and honor obtains, of course, only in dealing with one's equals. Obligations contracted at the club or the gaming-table must be discharged at all risks; while the honest tradesman, who kept his lordship in shoes or beef or fuel, might starve or rot in jail till it suited his lordship's convenience to pay. Unless we are to mistrust all contemporary literature, the *bourgeois* creditor in the *ancien régime* must have had a terrible time of it with his noble debtors. A bill untimely or too pressingly presented might bring down a shower of Billingsgate from the great man, or of blows from his lackeys. When a tradesman wished to know when he might expect the amount of his little bill, Talleyrand is said to have answered, with an exquisite blending of wit, arrogance and impudence, "Sir! I think you extremely inquisitive!" Even when the creditor had law and its ministers on his side, the young man of fashion of a century or two ago—the Don Cæsar or Chevalier Faublas of the time—set himself to baffle his wicked persecutors with all the serenity of a good conscience, and amid all the miseries and vicissitudes of writs and arrests, and bailiffs and catchpolls, struggled manfully to the end as one upholding the cause of right against all the powers of evil. The one evident way out of the difficulty—simple payment—seems to have been the last thing to be dreamed of, as involving not only a reproach to one's caste, but a dis-

credit to one's personal abilities at evasion; and there is great force of suggestion in the comic indignation with which, in a comedy of the time, the rake of the piece, on coming into an inheritance, receives the unheard-of suggestion that he shall settle with the Jews and start fresh. Even in later times, literature and art persist in recognizing the same comic aspect of the matter. Half the fun in the *Vie de Bohème* consists in the "dodges" of Schaunard and his light-hearted companions to escape the importunate dealers of the *quartier;* and there is infinite depth of pathetic humor in Dick Swiveller's philosophic resignation when he shuts up the last—for him—practicable thoroughfare by the purchase of a pair of kids for Miss Cheggs' wedding. In our practical and commercial age, practical and commercial honesty has become more the order of the day, for high and low; and it is no longer a sign of high blood and breeding to make debts or to evade them. But such evasion still constitutes a sort of fine art and æsthetic accomplishment with a limited but still appreciable class. Jeremy Diddler is not yet an extinct personage in modern society; and there are even now a good many philosophic souls who still, in lily-like innocence, object to toil or spin, and repose with imperturbable serenity on the broad humanitarian principle that "the world owes them a living." *How* they get it is more than average discernment can explain, but that they *do* so in an immense number of cases, and that plentifully, is beyond dispute. It will always be a matter of curious question to the social philosopher, how so many men and women in his immediate neighborhood and under his own observation succeed in appropriating so many of the good things of this life—in clothing themselves with purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day—without paying any one, or paying at all events as few as possible. Two evident principles may aid in the explanation: the gullibility of human nature on the one hand, and the power of sheer, unadulterated impudence on the other. For nature, after all, asserts her rights, and the good old human constitution is much the same from age to age. Spite of all the sharpness and hardness, the cautious selfishness and sad sophistication of a material society, the radical elements of character and influence still come daily into play. The head is still the victim of the imagination or the feelings, and even the keenness of the "foxiest" negotiator is not always proof against the cool assumption and lofty dignity of the seeming millionaire, or the gentle flattery, the pleading glances, or the crocodile tears of a pretty woman. Even in the face of disclosure and disgrace, there is a wonderful power in the brazen assurance of cool rascality, and threats, reproach, and contumely alike glance harmless from the callous indifference which comes of utter lack of delicacy or principle. There is a temperament which has forgotten how to blush, and breaks all obligation with a serene unconsciousness, as Gail Hamilton puts it—that there was anything to break; which takes the most stinging assurance of its turpitude, in Lucian's phrase, as a pelting with roses, and maintains its easy audacity undisturbed at anything less tangible than a kicking or a constable. But both the kicking and the constable are gradually coming to be eliminated from our nineteenth-century amenity, as violent, exceptional, and unprofitable methods of redress, and so the confidence-man, the clergyman in difficulties, and the fashionable swindler continue to bloom almost untroubled on the bosom of a society whose laws they violate at every turn, but whose material vengeance they dexterously elude, and whose moral estimates they serenely disregard.

After all, however we may contemn the short-comings of these cheerful delinquents, however sorely they may on occasion try our tempers or our purses, perhaps we may borrow a useful hint from them, though hardly in any sense contemplated by themselves. Rightly viewed, they may serve to point out one of the world's most glaring inconsistencies, and waken in us a sense of our own evident failings. For what, after all, is this Juggernaut of debt, this delicate sensitiveness and scrupulous punctuality in discharge of money engagements, this crushing anxiety or responsibility under their non-fulfillment, but one form of the many in which the sense of moral obligation finds expression? Is not our morality in this matter a little cheap and vulgar, our philosophy a trifle material and narrow? Is there not a certain glaring inconsistency in the easy equanimity with which, while toiling to pay our debts in money, we overlook the infinitely higher and more momentous ones which no ledger records and no check will balance? Affection, gratitude, personal honor, sincerity, high intellectual responsibility, and a host of other bonds, impalpable, but real and essential—how calmly we postpone them one and all to our own sloth or convenience, prejudice or passion, while professing and perhaps practicing an almost Judaic strictness

in every obligation which can be estimated in filthy lucre! Mr. Dombey toils through a life of care and effort for mercantile credit, and distresses himself when it is lost,—but what in the mean time becomes of his higher debt of manly confidence and sympathy to his suffering though sinful wife, of fatherly love and protection to poor neglected Florence! Dives, with his stainless reputation on 'Change, would laugh to scorn any one who should hint that he ever wittingly owed any man a penny, but forgets that he is hopelessly bankrupt in his moral obligations to that community in which his wealth makes him a power—cold to all appeals to his personal charity, apathetic to all those duties of the citizen in neglecting which he turns over the management of the State and its affairs to rogues and thieves. Suppose he sometimes left a bill unpaid a few days longer, while he cared a little more for the interests of the community about him: should we prize him any the less? Young Rakewell, at the club, would fight with the audacious caviler who should question his personal integrity, and would sacrifice his "turn-out" and bachelor rooms at the Hoffman, pleasant as they are to him, rather than be behindhand with a friend. Yet he is drearily behindhand in that little transaction at Niagara last summer, and poor little Nellie G. carries deep written in the day-book of her soul an account which only death will blot. Aristides,—we all know him,—no truer man to his material obligations can be found; yet how shamefully he betrayed his intimate friend in that last competition for the collectorship at the Peiræus, and how humiliating was his "back down" when the Conservatives offered to land him in the Prytaneum if he would but forswear Cleon and the anti-Laconians! But why multiply instances? Is it not clear that this our vaunted honesty is sadly material, freakish, and altogether untrustworthy? Have we not with the usual indolence of human nature taken signs for things, and accepted as duties that which can be written down in figures and summed up in columns? The average morality of the world is always at the lower rather than the higher level of the universal consciousness, and contents itself with insisting only on that which is imperatively necessary for the material continuance of society. He who murders, burns, or steals, strikes at the comfort or perhaps the very existence of society; so murder, robbery, and arson are among the capital crimes. In a commercial society, too, like our own—like every civilized society, indeed—it is essential that money lent or earned should be paid; for money as the representative of all value and convenience becomes the source of all obligation, the type of all fulfillment. That which we can count and multiply, cipher and register, we prize and reverence; of that which escapes such material record we take such heed as we choose.

So we pay tithes of mint and cumin, and smile away the debts which the tax-gatherer overlooks. But in that fact alone lies the surest refutation of the optimist's premature chant of praise over the wondrous progress of the age. Far on in the future may come a time when the type shall be subordinated to the thing typified,—when we shall be as restless at the thought of owing a duty as a dollar,—when a secret shall be more sacred than a bill of exchange, and love and mercy and justice outweigh all drossier shekels in our finer balance. Till then the world will go its old stupid, inconsistent, blundering way, and only the sweeter souls, the fine and choice spirits who look beyond its coarser standard, will know the lofty joy which lies in the real, not figurative, *paying of debts*.

RACE-REARING.

"Other men labored, and ye are entered into their labors."

I.

EACH era hath its work to do,
Its thought to think, its wrong to right,
Its beacon-lamp to trim and light;
It dies what time its task is through.

It matters not that blinding tears,
And passion heats, and battle din
Commingle; all will usher in
Some crystal boon for coming years.

Then men will pause above the dust
Of those who fell in fiercest fight,
And muse how each helped on the Right;
And some will doubt, and some will trust,

And straightway in another guise
The old-time tragedy repeat,
And, when the curtain falls, will meet
And see it all with wiser eyes.

II.

'Tis said that yonder curving hill
Where grasses grow, and violets hide,—
And that cool vale the hill beside,
Which shades a softly-murmuring rill,—

And that bright landscape spreading wide,
Dotted with fields, and woodlands fair,
And homes where love bends low in prayer,
At morning and at evening-tide,—

Are born of warring elements,
Of fire, and flood, and earthquake roar,
And oceans thundering on the shore
Of dark, unshapen continents,

And long delays, wherein a race
Would people sea and earth and air,
And rear memorials wondrous fair,
And die to yield the next a place.

III.

Mayhap in some diviner time,
The conflicts of our dimmer years,
The heats, the passions, and the tears,—
At once so mean and so sublime,—

Shall form the strata, verdure crowned,
And shone upon with purest light,
And marred with naught of waste or blight
In all its wide-extended round,

Whereon a favored race shall dwell,
And till the warm, deep-lying soil,
And in the labor miss the moil,
And ever where the limpid well

Of Purity breaks forth abide,
And, filling life with all things meet,
Be gathered home amid the sweet,
Soft glimmer of life's evening-tide.

IV.

Then let the fight wax fierce and hot,
Let creeds contend, and words run high,
And doubt and trust their good blades try,
And each in conflict waver not.

The storm shall bring a clearer sky,
The rout and ruin, sturdier might;
One standing far above the fight
Weaves the bright web of destiny.

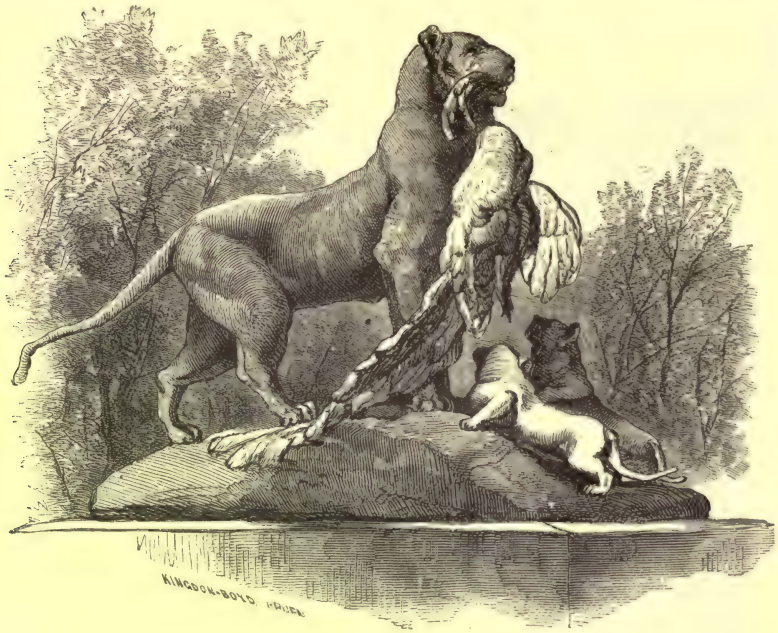
MUSIC.

TAKE of the maiden's and the mother's sigh,
Of childhood's dream and hope which age doth bless,
Of roses and the south-wind's tenderness,
Of fir-tree's shadow, tint of sunset sky,
Of moon on meadow where the stream runs by,
Of lover's kiss, his diffident caress,
Of blue eyes' yellow, brown eyes' darker tress,
Of echoes from the morning-bird on high,
Of passion of all pulses of the Spring,
Of pray'r from ev'ry death-bed of the Fall,
Of joy and woe which sleep and waking bring,
Of tremor of each blood-beat great and small;
Now pour into the empty soul each thing,—
And let His finger touch who moveth all!

CENTRAL PARK: II.

WARD'S STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE.

In all matters connected with the bettering of our condition—and the remark applies as well to spiritual as to material things—it is surprising what rapid progress we make as soon as we begin to crown our thoughts with acts, or, as the school-boys say, so soon as we "stop quarreling and go to fighting." Theories about steam, about electricity, about circumnavigation—how little they avail, until some John Fitch, or Ben. Franklin, or Vasco di Gama has made the first actual experiment! What to the boy is all the books' or his teachers' talk about positive and negative electricity in comparison with that he learns when for the first time he rubs a stick of sealing-wax on his coat-sleeve, and makes the back-hair of



THE TIGRESS.

the boy who sits in front of him stand on end with philosophy! The poets have been singing about Atlantis for ages; but we shouldn't have been groaning in it to-day, with our Irish servants and our politicians, if Columbus hadn't been a practical man, and taken that first step that has cost us all so much.

We pass over a hundred illustrations, one as bad as another, for we are riding to the Central Park in a New York hack, at as many dollars as the driver may please, an hour, and the sooner we can get there the better. We were thinking of landscape-gardening; and how much has been said and sung about it, first and last, in this country; and how in this, as in other things, the beginning of any knowledge on the subject worth having has come from setting in earnest about a piece of landscape-gardening, and seeing how our theories look in the light of practice.

The Central Park was to be a piece of landscape-gardening proper, in distinction from those cemeteries and "commons" about which we have spoken, that had hitherto been the only places where experiment in the art could be tried with us.

Landscape-gardening is an art for pure pleasure, and however beautiful a Mount Auburn or a Laurel Hill might be made with winding walks, and trees and flowers and quiet pools, it could not be a place where one would go to shake off sad thoughts, or escape from the company of care. Cemeteries are good schools, and Death reads us many a tender many a stern lesson from these marble pulpits but a garden is no less a school, and such places of recreation are necessary in every great city for health of body and mind. We would have them, if we could, free from everything that could distract the eye from the contemplation of nature, no less from architecture and statuary than from graves and monuments. We confess it—our own liking is for vast stretches of grass, with trees in plenty, and, if possible, a winding water. Hyde Park and the Fairmount Park are our models in this matter, and we wish our grandchildren joy of the Park they will see when the city is fairly planted in Westchester County, and their babies are giving the city-swans indigestion by feeding them with sugar-plums as they paddle about in the shallows of the Nepperhan. There will be a Park worth the having! and part of our patience with the mania for putting statues of anybody and everybody in the Central Park comes from our hope that the stock may be used up by the time we are ready to lay out our new acres, and that we shall not be moved to sudden wrath and feeling like breaking things as we turn sharp corners and come upon the Morses and Scotts and Elias Howes of the future.

Still, we must take things as we find them

nd it would argue a sour disposition not to e grateful, and very grateful, too, for the Central Park as it is; and if we allow ourelves to get too much riled sometimes at the nonsters in the way of statues that have been et in, we are at least thankful for the two r three that are by no means monsters, and hankful, also, that the Commissioners have een as discouraging to the Fine Arts as they ave been. Think of that saddest of words, it might have been," and how we should ll have felt if, in addition to the measly Morse, the squatty Scott, and the horrid Howe, e had been obliged to make long detours in rder to avoid the works of Vinnie Ream, or Clark Mills, or Horatio Stone, or the nameess author of the "Franklin" in Printing-House Square! At present, one soon learns hat paths to avoid, if he would not have his sthetic sensibilities hurt; but if the pressure n the Commissioners shall continue, we ay fear their heroism won't be equal to the sk of suppression, and that guys in bronze nd marble will abound.

It ought to be understood, however, that he Commissioners of the Central Park are not eally responsible for every work of art that ets a place in the ground of which they have he nominal charge. Literally, we suppose heir authority extends to saying absolutely hat such an abortion as the Scott statue shall ot be set up in the Park; but they must be ore than men, and more than New Yorks, if they can face the wrath that would llow their refusal put into action. In all ch matters, a body of directors or commisoners must feel the public behind them in rder to effect anything useful. We may ve our Commissioners too much credit if we ke it for granted that they all know how d the "Scott" is, or the "Morse," or the Elias Howe," or the "Tigress with her ubs;" but some of them do, and these could ve reasons that might convince the rest. pposing them all convinced, however, you ve still to convince the public, and this is harder task. For, the public is only halfducated in matters of taste, and not only dmires these very bad figures, but is continally pestering the Commissioners to put up ore like them. We have no manner of oubt that the Commissioners have done all ey could have been reasonably expected to o in hindering the setting up of statues in e Park. But they are often put in positons where they are not free to act. No eat harm is done by accepting from a rivate individual such a gift as the statue Commerce, which stands near the entrance-gate at Eighth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, because it may be tucked away anywhere; and so with the "Tigress and her Cubs," and the "Eagles bringing food to their Young," which will find a good place somewhere about the new Natural History Museum, if the live animals do not object to the indifferent drawing of the bronze ones. But the case is different with such statues as the "Scott," the "Morse" and the "Howe." It is true, we do not think the donors of the "Scott" did a thing very creditable to their taste when they fobbed us off with a copy of the Edinburgh statue, which everybody out of Edinburgh has been laughing at or angry over ever since it was put under the clumsy canopy that fortunately makes it difficult to see it. It was a cheap way of honoring their greatest man but one, and though no one can dispute their right to put up what they please in the Athens of the North, we think they might have done a more graceful thing than to put us off with second-hand goods of poor quality. If we had never seen the "Morse" nor the "Howe" nor the "Greek Slave," nor the greater number of the Capitol statues, nor Dr. Rimmer's "Hamilton," nor Powers's "Webster," nor Dr. Stone's "Hamilton," nor Vinnie Reams's "Lincoln," nor Randolph

STATUE OF COMMERCE.

Rogers' "Lincoln," nor Brown's "Lincoln," nor Tom, Dick and Harry's "Lincoln;" in fact, if we hadn't seen fifty American statues as bad, we should say there never was a worse statue than this of "Scott." But what could the Commissioners do? The givers of the statue were among our wealthiest, most respectable citizens, and they wouldn't have rested quiet under the indignity of a refusal to accept their gift. The only thing the Commissioners could have done to protect the community would have been to have taken at first, boldly, just the ground there is some hope of their taking to-day. For we read in the *Tribune* that certain persons having petitioned the Board for a site whereon to set up a statue of the late Elias Howe, the matter was referred to a committee composed of the Park President, Frederick E. Church, the artist, and Calvert Vaux, the architect, who have made their report. They recommend that hereafter no statue shall be accepted for the Park until it has been see in a finished condition, and that the site fo any statue must be reserved until it has bee accepted. We wish that to these very sen sible conditions there had been added another to wit: that the model of any statue pro posed for the Park should be exposed for a few months in some public place where i might be fairly judged by the people. If these conditions had only been in forc when the Scott and the Morse, the Con merce, the Tigress, the Eagle, and the Schil ler bust were foisted upon us, we might hav been saved from the annoyance they caus us. And even now we may hope that the come in time to prevent Mr. Ellis's "Elia Howe" from admission. If the Commis sioners will read the good-natured but qui truthful and unsparing criticisms upon thi unfortunate work that have appeared in th Philadelphia newspapers, they may feel son assurance that the community will stand b them in refusing to give a place. We are reall sorry for the sewing-gi whose generous contrib tions have been so misa plied, but we cannot co sent to let the mischief g any further.

THE INDIAN HUNTER.—By J. Q. A. WARD.

Not much need be sai about Ward's statue, "Th Indian Hunter," and th "Shakespeare;" the have been generally a cepted by the public a good work, and satisfa tion with them is not likel to diminish. A later a dition to the Park statue Miss Stebbins's "Angel, has received some adver criticism, and some moc rate praise. We confe we think the ridicule an abuse far-fetched and u deserved; there is harm in the statue, whic is a modest, neat adap tion of certain features the Italian Renaissan type; and we doubt if a sculptor living would hav made anything materia different from the prese figure out of the sam theme. The general e fect of the new founta crowned by this angel

VINERY NEAR CASINO, OVERLOOKING THE MALL.

raceful, and the Terrace is greatly indebted o it for a certain completeness we have long een waiting for.

Works of art unworthy of the name will isappear from the Park, or, what is better, ill never seek a place there, when the pub- c is educated to the point of not producing em, and not before. We are not very san- uine as to the nearness of that time for us. t has not come as yet for nations more ad- anced than we are, and where it might nat- rally be looked for. England, for all her ealth, is no better off than we, but rather orse, for she has not one respectable odern statue in a public place, and we ave two or three. Italy laughs all her lorious traditions in the face with her odern Dantes and Titians, Victor Emanuels nd Cavours. Germany and France are bet- r off, but, strange to say, not much better, r they have able sculptors—only, the light f the public square is not, somehow, good r them. But, be it as it may, we have only urselves to blame that there is poor work t up in our public places, especially in our entral Park. It is the public that accepts nd pays for it, and not till the public knows etter, will it do better.

When we decided that we must have a reat Park, it was in an evil hour that the arrow strip of land out of which we have ad to make it was chosen. It may be said, e think, without exaggeration, that it did ot have a single natural advantage. Worse an that, it had several material disadvan- ages. On the whole, it seems to us that land- cape-gardening was never set quite such a puzzling problem before! Long and narrow and flat, it was a despairing task to lay out drives with any variety, and an impossibility to escape the sight of the crowding houses of the future. Without a natural stream or any sheet of water, and with one of the most uninteresting varieties of rock-formation on which forming Nature ever tried her hand, the picturesque seemed impossible, while the demon-art of the civil-engineer had planted in the middle of this teasing exiguity two great water-tanks, one rectangular and the other amorphous, which can never be planted out, nor made to work into any design. Add, that there were no trees when the artists who were to dress it took possession, and that the soil was a thin sediment of sand deposited on a solid foundation of ungenerous rock.

This inventory of disagreeables fairly placed before the reader, how must he re-

BIRD-CAGE.

SKATING WEST OF BOW BRIDGE.

proach us with the want of generosity in our half-hearted praise of the Park! As he glances from our barely civil text to the pretty pictures that Mr. Bellows has supplied him with in such plenty, he must think that one of us is fibbing! But the truth is that the artist, contrary to his amiable custom, has not made his pictures half as pretty as he might have done and yet said only what was true. We don't think he has dressed up anything in the Park except the Shepherd, and we are glad he did that, for the Shepherd needed it. But for the rest, there is just the wonder of it—how, with all these difficulties to contend with, the architects and landscape-gardeners have been able to make such a pretty place of it!

Anybody who will study the plan of the Park will admit that it shows its designers to be possessed in large measure of that common-sense that is the foundation of good taste, and of that practical nature that knows how to do a great deal with a little. They have avoided, much more than could have been hoped, the tendency to prettify, and they would have avoided it altogether if they had been left to their own devices. On the whole, the guiding principle has been, to get the decoration as far as possible by making handsome the necessary features of Park architecture, and not by adding unnecessary features for the sake of getting decoration. This is a good principle to follow at all times,—in dress, in furnishing a house, in making a piece of furniture, in designing a building, or in laying out a park. If faithfully followed, it will secure as much substantial beauty, and exclude as much nonsense, as is possible to us humans. And it will be found one of the keys, at least, to the understanding of all good ornamentation, produced in whatever age or country.

Everybody knows the distinction between the French artificial gardening of the 17th century, still in fashion far down into the 18th, and of which magnificent specimens are still preserved, as at Versailles, for example, and the English natural style, of which Kew furnishes the most beautiful illustration. If our Central Park belongs to either of these styles, it is rather to the English; but, in places, it affects a more formal arrangement—in

THE CASINO, FROM THE EAST.

he Mall and Terace, for instance. The object of this disposition of the ground was by no means the mere getting of so much elegance or novelty. The arrangement is both novel and elegant, but if looked at carefully it will be found to be a perfectly sensible and useful arangement as well. The Mall—or, as we think it might better be called, the Broad Walk,—is an indispensable provision in any great park, and we know no great park anywhere in which here is a finer promenade, at least s it will be when the elms are airly grown. It makes a happy enter, too, with its pretty music-tand, its drinking fountains, and s "concourse," where a well-conceived, long trellis-walk with seats, nables loungers to look down on he gay scene presented by the Mall on music-days, as from a gallery. When the Park gets to be airly in use—and that it cannot be said to e until as many people visit it on one day as n another—this Mall will be, no doubt, as nuch a resort for children with their mothers nd nurses as is the Tuileries Gardens.

CHILDREN'S SHELTER, SOUTH-WEST OF MALL.

The descent from the plateau on which the Mall is laid out, to the level of the Lake, is he reason for the Terrace, and, to our thinking, it has been very happily managed. All he mason-work in the Park seems to be admirably executed; the workmen are skillful, nd they have been well looked after. Practically, the subterranean of the Terrace is very uccessful. It is, of course, no place to be in f a windy day, but it is free from damp and om smells, and no one need object to sing it as a means of access to the sunshine nd amplitude of the Piazza. The roofing ith its tiles we are not so well disposed to dmire. Plain stone, or plain tiles, would ave done as well as any arrangement of olor, for all ornament in a ceiling is thrown way; but here is defective arrangement of olor—too much white, and white in the wrong place. We venture to recommend the filling up the side panels with diaper patterns in low relief, rather than with flat color; the light enters this chamber in a way to give excellent effect to such relief, while color alone does not tell.

We believe we are right in saying that the Lake is purely artificial, all the water in it coming from the surface-drainage and from springs, with no addition from the Croton. Whatever water there is in the Park, whether in the shape of pond or running streamlet, is the result of the same clever management. The shaping of the basin in which the Lake lies is somewhat helped by art, but not materially changed from what it was when the marshy ground was first cleared of the tangled shrubbery that cumbered it. Little more was necessary than to cut this down, and then dig out the thin soil that had been washed off the rocks into this shallow basin, and spread it over the rocks again, afterward leading the abundant drainage of the water-shed to fill the place once occupied by an uncomfortable

RUSTIC BRIDGE AND CASCADE IN RAVINE.

marsh. There are three such water-sheds in the Park—this one drained by the Lake being the largest—and they have all been turned to good account in the same way.

As everybody knows, the Lake is a real godsend in the winter-season to skaters, and skateresses, and to skaterlings of both sexes. What the old Dutch and the new German blood in New York would do without a skating-place we cannot guess, but between the time when the old canal in what is now Canal-street was filled up—the old gentlemen are just turning yellow and dropping off the tree who remember the fun of that day—and the time when the Central Park Skating-pond was first opened to the public, there was a long period when the New York boy pined for lack of skating, and when the skate-sellers' trade threatened to become as obsolete as that of the crossbow-man. Indeed, to the city-boys who are now sailing dangerously near to the fifties, skating, in that dismal period, was only possible to such as had grandmothers in the country; and their only consolation in looking back upon it, is, to know that they *had* grandmothers, whereas the boys now-a-days *haven't*.

Since the Central Park Skating-ponds have become so well known, and their use such a thing of custom, not only has the art of skating been revived, but the trade in skates has taken on a very lively aspect, and the skate itself has been improved, and re-improved, until it has become as ugly and as admirably suited to its uses as the nineteenth-century mind could desire. And the Park not only furnishes skating itself, it is the cause why there is good skating in other places. No sooner had the Commissioners established the Winter Skating-pond than "Rinks," as they were called, were built in the city itself, and in the villages in the immediate vicinity, and every owner of a duck-pond saw his way to fortune by putting up a shanty on its edge and sending out the tidings of a new skating-place. The skating-pond in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, is larger than ours, and this is a great advantage, for next to the pleasure of smooth ice, is that of having plenty of room; but, leaving this out of consideration, there are certain advantages that the Central Park Lake will long be likely to enjoy over the outside places. The means of access to the Central Park are better, and more familiar; the Commissioners take pains, or rather the horse-car companies take pains, to let the skating-world know when the ice is in good condition, and by flooding it in cold weather, and keeping it well scraped and swept, it is of course oftener in good condition than that of ponds whose owners cannot afford to pay for so much labor. Another advantage is, that the Central Park Skating-lake is a more orderly place than the private ponds; there is no intoxicating drink sold there, and women and girls may skate there alone, or with their friends, without fear of being annoyed by roughs.

It is in the very nature of all monopolies, we suppose—and therefore there is not much use in complaining of it, but still—we will complain that the eating and drinking at the Park is not very good, and is unreasonably dear. For the matter of that, we never knew it good in any public place, and 'tis as easy to go hungry or to eat stale food in the beautiful kitchen at South Kensington as in the pretty dairy at the Central Park. Many a little *crêmerie*

n Paris has better milk than is brought to adies in their carriages by the neatly-capped vaiting-women of the stylish *crêmerie* in the Bois de Boulogne ; and Vaux may design a lining-parlor as prettily as he knows how, ıe can't put spirit into the designs of the cook, nor correct the drawing of his tea. Perhaps better days will come when the peo- ple will flock in numbers sufficient to sweep away the cakes and ale daily, and so prevent heir getting stale. Not to be unjust, we nust record that the gains of these res- aurant-keepers, even with their high charges, re probably not extravagant—as one of hem puts it, with a pathetic want of gram- nar, "There ain't no money into it ;" and or us outsiders there is this consolation, that the viands provided for us regardless of xpense are flat and stale, they are also un- profitable.

The charge of flatness must not be brought gainst Messrs. Schultz and Warker's mineral vaters, and we wish their enterprise might hrive better than it appears to do. They re prettily lodged, but in rather a retired pot, and in a sultry day a person must needs e very thirsty before he would find it ab- olutely necessary to search out the Min- ral Springs. No one can doubt, however, hat it is a great gain to have such an estab- ishment in the Park. The "come and take

BIRD-HOUSE IN RAMBLE.

a drink" is such an important item in our American social life out of doors, that who- ever hits on a harmless way of disposing of it, helps us all. Cold water won't do, and milk is not the thing, either : these sparkling waters answer the purpose, and gratify, besides, that incompre- hensible liking that belongs to civilized man for taking quack medicines. We regard the soda- water fountain as a good friend to temperance ; we are proud of it as an essentially American in- stitution, for, as our readers know, there is no soda-water fountain out of America that didn't *come* out of it. They tried one in Paris a few years ago, but it was as unsatisfactory as most importations—there was no *fizz* in it.

The ramps of the Terrace steps may well delay one in going up or down with the extremely pretty sculpture that covers them as well as the side-rails and posts. This carving, and that on the Na- tional Academy of Design build- ing, were the first work of the kind done in America, and it is only lately that the example thus set has been followed. The As- sociate Reformed-Dutch Church

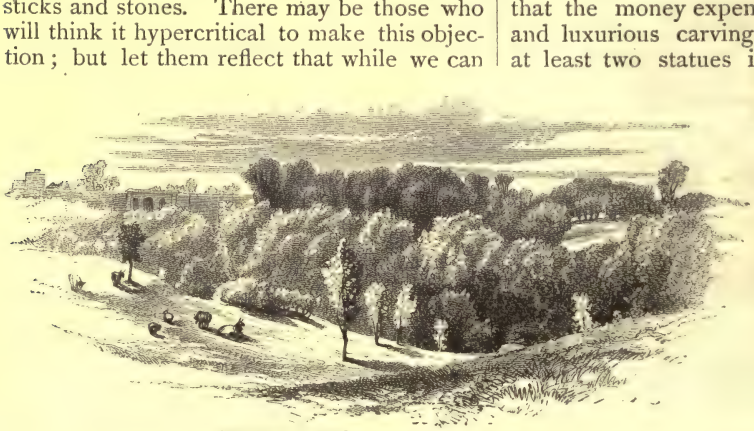
SABRINA'S POOL, NEAR THE RAVINE.

on the Fifth avenue is covered with the most profuse naturalistic carving, in stone, of flowers, birds, and foliage.

All this sculpture is extremely pretty, and it is executed with great skill, but it is only in its proper place in the case of the Academy of Design. There it is put where it can be seen distinctly and enjoyed, but where it cannot be harmed except by wilful hands throwing heavy stones. It is doubly misplaced on the church in question, for much of it is out of sight, and the rest is put where it must inevitably be seriously damaged before many years. Barring all that is fantastic and ugly because unmeaning and useless in this church, there is so much in its design and in the execution of the work that is praiseworthy, we are sorry to see an unexpected opportunity so thrown away as it has been in this carving. It is wholly opposed to the example set by every good building in which sculpture has been employed, for in them we always find that all delicate carving is put where it can be seen, but never where it can be reached.

BRIDGE OVER CASCADE.

This rule has been well followed in the National Academy of Design, except in the fountain under the steps, where, however, as also on the balusters of the external stairs, the carving shows but little projection, and being of marble is less liable to injury than if it were in sandstone. Practically, the Terrace steps in the Central Park afford the best example of what should not have been attempted. The design is very clever, and the execution is as neat, and in some of the smaller details as artistic, as has been done anywhere in Europe of late. But much of it is rather childish, and the whole of it misplaced, for it is all of it within easy reach of sticks and stones. There may be those who will think it hypercritical to make this objection; but let them reflect that while we can always dispense with ornament, we can never fully enjoy it unless it is good, and it is better for us to do without it than to get into the way of wasting it. Besides, it is getting more common to use carved ornament than it was a few years since, and we have among us several very expert carvers, sharp business-men, too, who can persuade us, against our better judgment, that there is nothing like leather, and who will carve the soles of our shoes, and the insides of our hat, if we will let 'em. Carving, well designed, and executed by an artist, is a good thing in its place, but it is of prime importance to decide justly what is its place. The stairs at the Terrace would have lost nothing in dignity if every bit of carving had been left out, and large forms and good mouldings been depended on for the effect; while we should think that the money expended on this intricate and luxurious carving would have given us at least two statues in the same material with which a beginning might have been made in putting to their proper use the rather heavy pedestals that make so important a figure in the general design of the Terrace.



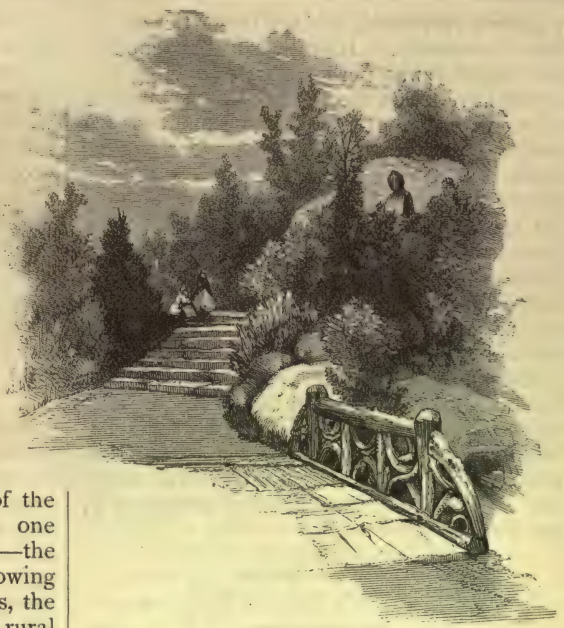
VIEW NEAR BOYS' GATE, LOOKING WEST.

The Ramble, as it is prettily named, to which the bridge across the Lake close by the Ter

ace quickly leads us, is to our mind he most attractive and satisfactory part of the Park. It is a happy hought, happily carried out. Exctly the best use possible has been nade of the ground, and no more has been attempted than could be done vell. Perhaps the writer is not an ntirely unprejudiced judge of this ural retreat; he has passed too many leasant hours there with his book or vith a friend, and loves the maze of valks and shrubbery too well, for nemory's sake, to judge it for its wn.

Still, he would ask the young whether it is not a pretty place for ove-making or for youthful chat in hat season when the sunshine of the reast reflects so easily the sunshine of the ky? It is a place very unlike what one ould expect to find in a great city—the inding, careless walks, the easy-growing hrubbery, the profusion of wild-flowers, the arless birds—make a much more rural cene than is to be found in many places here it would be naturally looked for.

Yet the Ramble is a pure bit of artificial ndscape-gardening. Nature had turned er back upon it for many years in the unandsomest way, and when the Commissionrs first took it in hand it was a sheet of ery dirty white paper — such a bit as e believe never was chosen before for any oet to write upon. Those who did not see before it was redeemed, can at any time know what it was like to nose and ear and eye, by visiting some of those purlieus of our city along its upper and western sides, where the shanties and piggeries of the Irish crown the rocky heights, and the market-gardens and cabbage-plots fill the lower ground. All this occupancy was swept away, and Art, contradicting Nature in nothing, but only following her hints, trying to improve her slight suggestions and take advantage of her help, however stingily proffered, set to work with a result that on the whole so resembles Nature, it is no wonder if the superficial observer does not easily see how vast is the amount of work that had to be performed before the Ramble could have been created.



BUST OF SCHILLER.

BEE-HIVE IN RAMBLE.

Yet the art of concealing Art was never better illustrated. And every year the Art becomes less and less, and the Nature more, as the trees and shrubbery grow, and the wild-flowers are reconciled to their new home; and in time the Art, it is to be hoped, will be entirely lost sight of, and a tame, civilized wildness take complete possession of these shady nooks.

We confess to but an indifferent interest in the new Belvidere. It is a toy-castle, and we are sure it would be improved by a can of nitro-glycerine and a careless Irishman. We should have preferred the bare rock with some simple seats to all this boudoir feudalism. But we are speaking only for ourselves. People in general like the new

platform very much, and the tower tickles the boys immensely. It really is not big enough, and bigness was perhaps the only thing that could have taken the taste of the rectangular Croton Reservoir tank out of our mouths. A simple platform with a low massive wall, solid seats and a lofty tower, the whole without a single ornamental detail, and depending only on its good proportions for its effect, would have satisfied us all. And there is a superfluity of stone. We believe this whole structure is built out of the blastings of the tunnel underneath it: it is, so to speak, the hill turned inside out.

One charm peculiar to the Ramble is in the number of birds that live in it. Besides our native birds, the robin, the bluebird, the wren, the chickadee, the yellowbird and catbird, common acquaintances, there are others not so every-day, and belated stragglers in the Park—

> "pairs of friends,
> Who, arm-in-arm, enjoy the warm
> Moon-births and the long evening ends,"

may sometimes have the luck to hear the velvet sigh of some sad little owl hid in the shadows—the most delicately plaintive sound in Nature's repertory.

But though we should soon miss our native singers, chirpers, and whistlers, we do not pay so much attention to them as to the strangers who are learning to live in the Park, and trying to like it. As for the English sparrows, they are now naturalized, and though their chirrup, rightly translated, means "What a blarsted country!" they earn their living, and show no intention of returning to the Fortunate Isles. They are such brisk, tight-bodied, chirruping, bright-eyed chaps, that after brief acquaintance with them we expect to see them do everything — fighting, love-making, eating and drinking, with as much fuss and fury as possible. We happened to be in the Park on St. Valentine's Day, and there was a hubbub, to be sure! The sparrows may have called it wooing, but it looked to us like a general scrimmage. Such scolding and chattering, such hard blows given and taken, such chipper defiance and hot pursuit! It was as noisy as the Gold-room, and sounded wonderfully like swearing!

The pea-fowls are the most striking ornament of the Ramble, and accustomed as we are to seeing them nowadays, they are rarely seen to more advantage than in grounds like these, where they are perfectly at home and can be studied at leisure. Living in a group in some dusky hollow in the autumn, the gleaming necks and long folded tails of the male-birds light up the withered leaves, or we watch them as with their measured gait they walk along the sward and catch the sun at intervals on their green and gold.

The storks and cranes somehow do not harmonize so well with our vegetation as the peacocks and guinea-fowl do. The truth is, as every tyro in Darwinism knows, these birds are merely reeds and rushes in a half-way condition of development, and they always look better when surrounded by their ancestral vegetation. Their peculiar perpendicularity is a further modification, slowly going on, in consequence of their living in very flat countries—(we don't know that they do, but it is absolutely necessary for our theory that we take it for granted)—and always trying to see what is going on in the horizon. In confirmation of the fact we

NOOK IN RAMBLE.

LAWN IN RAMBLE—GUINEA-FOWL.

have stated as to their being developed from rushes, it will be observed that, though owing to Dame Nature's unexplained penchant for symmetry,

> ("Order-loving Nature
> Makes all things in pairs,")

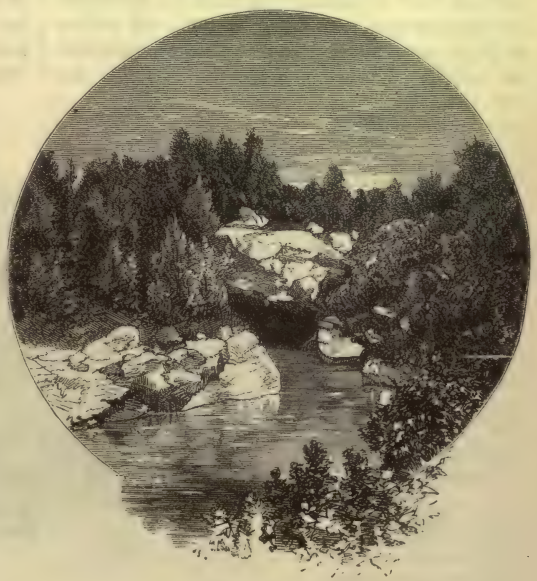
she has given them two legs, they rarely use but one, and our Central Park stork may constantly be seen standing on one leg with his bill buried in his breast-feathers, looking for all the world like a lady's parasol stuck on end in the sod and waiting for an owner. We expect to be asked scornfully by some orthodox person, how it happens, if these species are really developed from reeds, that they ever came to be possessed of feathers. But did our conservative demurrer ever see a cat o' nine tails? or sleep on a feather-bed stuffed with them?

We once knew a fastidious gentleman who teased his wife into dismissing their waiter, because she was too large for their little country-house. It may be unreasonable, but we feel somewhat in the same way about the Central Park swans. They do well enough on the large Lake, but they are out of proportion to the smaller waters. And there is something surreptitious and sly about a swan that prevents cordial sympathy. Somebody has compared them to creamy-necked Venetian ladies in black-velvet masks; but when one reflects how quarrelsome and greedy they are, their constant black-eyed condition suggests a less poetic solution. We think we should like them better if the poetic point of view were abandoned entirely so far as they are concerned, and a more mundane, practical way of looking at them were to come into fashion. For instance, if some one were to undertake to fatten them for market. We should like to eat a swan. We mean, a piece of one. They are probably good, for there was Chaucer's Monk—

> "He was not pale as a forepinéd ghost,
> A fat swan lov'd he best of any rost."

And if they were regularly brought to market it would be easier, we think, to get up a sentimental admiration of them. They would take the same place in the landscape that the turkey does. No doubt, he is a stately bird; but should we think him so if we had not another more inspiring association with him?

One thing we will say for the swaness, or she-swan. She makes a lovely mother! She and the cat are our ideal earthly types of the maternal relation. The mere human mother is an awkward thing alongside either of these creatures. To see the swan with her gray cygnets sailing about is not much more in itself than if she were a goose and goslings; but when she takes a mind to give the little things a ride, then we see riding pic-a-back "elevated," as the newspapers say of circus-riding, "to the rank of a Fine Art." She as-



CAVE, FROM LAKE.

sists the youngsters to mount her back either by lowering her tail into the water and thus teaching their infant minds the use of an inclined plane, up which they straightway walk, or she "sticks out the black fut of her," (as we once heard the performance of protruding her web-footed limb alluded to by a low person next us) and makes a convenient step. She then raises her wings, and arches back her neck, and thus makes a most comfortable cradle lined with swan's-down, impervious to the wind, in which the babies sit at their ease, or sleep, or look out on the landscape, and no doubt think very sweet and innocent thoughts.

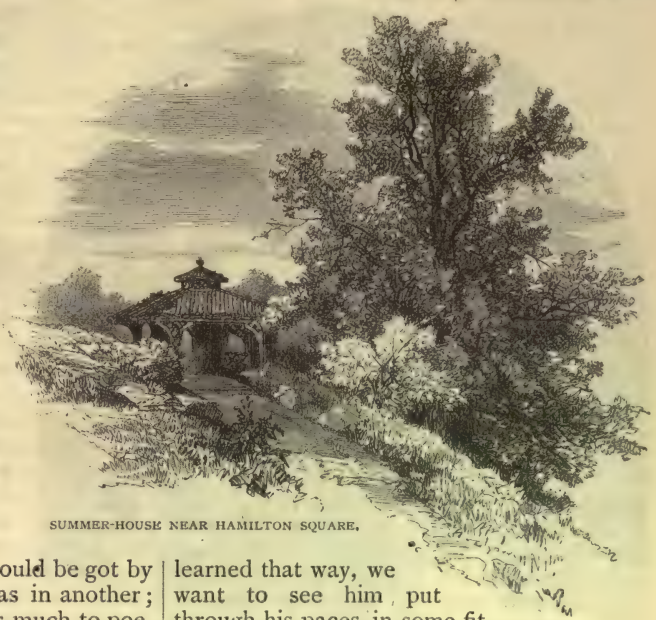
THE MUSEUM AND RESTAURANT, FROM HARLEM MEER.

Prettier than the swans, and more suited to the scale on which the Ramble is laid out, are the wood-ducks that spend their summers in the runnel that creeps through a marshy spot somewhere in this retreat. They are little creatures, finely shaped and delicately marked, and so elegant in their movements, we suspect they may have slipped off a box of Japanese gold-lacquer. Less aristocratic, but equally charming in another way, is the flock of small white ducks with canary colored crests and wing-tips,—just color enough to take off the edge of the white,—that go racing along the edge of the lake, as if their lives depended on their getting nowhere in particular, first.

Among all the scurvy tricks the Ring played us, hardly one was shabbier than the destruction of the work begun by Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins in reproducing for us here, as he had already done for the English, some of the extinct Fauna of the globe. Whoever has been at Sydenham, and has come, in his walks about the grounds, upon these monstrous shapes placed picturesquely in situations as near like as could be contrived to the original *habitats*, must have wondered why the experiment had never been tried before, so simple does it seem, and yet so perfectly adapted to give us a tangible idea of these creatures. Mr. Hawkins's work was so well done that he was invited to repeat it in our Central Park, where there are situations every way as good as are at Sydenham, but we believe, from some

SLEIGHING BY THE WILLOWS

istrust of our climate, it as intended to put the an-ediluvians under cover in-tead of planting them about n the open air. We think his would have been a seri-us error in judgment, but would have been so impor-ant to our popular instruc-on to have had them, we ould hardly have quarreled ith the way in which they ere shown us. Yet, as me day, no doubt, the work stupidly hindered will be sumed, we may as well ate our objection to the estored Fauna being put nder cover or hoisted on edestals. That objection simply sentimental. No oubt, just as complete a cientific notion of the beasts could be got by oking at them in one place as in another; ut these fellows belong just as much to poe-y as they do to science, and the only way which we can get an imaginative idea of em is by coming on them round corners. een that way, they would feelingly persuade s what they were, and to be so persuaded is ist what we want. For we can see the reds and patches of these extinct organisms they lie squeezed and flattened between e pages of Nature's stone book, shut in a rry and laid by—in our museums, or we n study Behemoth wired, restored, and set , in Collections here and there; but when e have learned all about him that is to be learned that way, we want to see him put through his paces in some fit-ting place, under the only roof that is worthy of him,—the dome of the sky.



SUMMER-HOUSE NEAR HAMILTON SQUARE.

The truth is, that if this were the place for it, we should like to unbottle a little of our discontent with Museums—but perhaps it would be to fly in the face of the popular opinion too shockingly. Perhaps, also, 'twould be a bit ungrateful. For Museums have their merits, and this is the age of Museums. They preserve some things that would otherwise be lost, and if well managed they give opportunities for comparative study which otherwise could only be obtained with great difficulty and expense, if obtained at all. But the Museum-makers are an ambitious race, and all, to a man, under the dominion of the demon of acquisition: each of them makes his daily prayer that his concern may get ahead of all the other concerns, and each of them is eager to get hold of a good specimen of anything rich or rare without caring a

VIEW NEAR BLOCK HOUSE, LOOKING EAST.

SPRING NEAR EIGHTH AVENUE.

button what was ruined that he might get it, what old-time monument was desecrated, what sacred or poetic association had its neck quietly wrung in enriching his glass cases. From the exquisite masonry of the Pyramids or the frescoes of the Tombs, to the last house opened at Pompeii, the agents of Museums, and the so-called archæologists (as a rule, true barbarians) stand ready to destroy anything for the sake of getting a specimen. We don't deny the convenience that sometimes

THE OVAL BRIDGE NEAR SEVENTH AVENUE.

results from their exploits, nor the fact that they increase learning, but we insist that much of their "collecting" has been very harmful, especially in the matter of pictures and statues. Seriously, if we could be despotic for a few years we would order every picture and statue in Europe back to the place it came from, excepting, of course, those that have been made during the last three hundred years; these might be allowed to circulate, very few of them having been painted or carved for any particular place or with any view to a permanent lodgment. The hobby of collecting, whether it is indulged by a private person or by the State, is a mere modification of the mania all human beings, especially the so-called civilized ones, have for picking and stealing when they find themselves face to face with curious or famous things. It is a simple transmigration of the want of soul shown in writing our names all over famous monuments, in knocking off delicate carvings from Italian monuments, and in picking away the Alhambra stuccoes bit by bit. What a thousand times more interesting world Europe would be, if all the pictures that make such wealth some galleries were restored to the places for which they were created, and the statues left in the lands where they were unearthed.

To wish to do away with museums, would be unreasonable; and to attempt anything so quixotic, is not in our intention. We owe them too much to be ungrateful to them; but our gratitude is not fanatic, and we know very well that they cannot accomplish everything; some things are better learned outside of them than in them. A great park might help us to study many things in a more satisfactory way than can be done

y a formal classification. Thus, it has been roposed to establish in the Central Park an rboretum, a Botanical Garden, and a Zoölo- cal Garden; but we should be sorry to see ything done that would take away from the haracter of the Park as a place of recreation. cience and art are excellent things, each in s way, but they are better outside the Park an in it; nor can we think it other than a istake to propose the building of even the useum of Art within the boundaries of the ark, considering how small the space for alking and driving is already, and that for e next generation it will be still less than it for this. The Zoölogical Garden, it is now cided, is to be placed where it was origi- lly intended to be, in Manhattan Square, on e west side of the Eighth Avenue, between enty-seventh and Eighty-first streets. here will be, we suppose, an arrangement ade by which the Garden can be entered rectly from the Park, either by a subterra- an passage or by a suspension bridge: is latter is the mode we should ourselves efer. In this Square, with its well contri- d buildings and sunken areas, the larger imals, the flesh-eaters and those unhandy have about, such as the elephants and rhi- ceroses,—and all, of whatever size or tem- rament, that need to be shut up,—may find home; but there are others that we hope ay be allowed to walk about in the open rk with their human analogues. We ould like to see the camels and the giraffes king their ease in an independent way on broad west-side lawns; for these creatures ed to be seen in perspective, to be fairly en in. Few of us have ever seen them cept in elevation. One would find a pleas- t relief from the monotony of feeding swans d sparrows, if he could stand on the upper tform of the terrace or on the Belvedere ver, and put cocoa-nut cakes or round- arts (considered by people in general, we ould imagine, to be his native food) into l giraffe's mouth, he standing at ease below. ere's a charm in unexpectedness—as every- dy will acknowledge who has groped in a k closet and had his hand scratched by l old cat who thought her new kittens in nger; and a giraffe, or a camel, or a all elephant seen on a Central Park lawn much at his ease as if at home, would ke a more effectual impression than if seen the common way through the bars of a e. Our point is, that we think any strictly entific object should not be pursued within Park, because that is, or ought to be, a ce for play; but that if we can give people information in a playful way in the Park, it will be a good thing to do. Whatever animals, therefore, can be safely allowed to roam about the Park, either with or without a guard, should be free to do so, not merely for their own sake, but for the sake of the public, who will thus get a much better acquaintance with them than can be done in the Zoölogical Garden proper. So with trees and flowers. The Arboretum and the Botanical Garden have their valuable uses; but we should prefer to study trees, and shrubs, and flowers growing comfortably scattered about in the Park, and without the consciousness that there were gardeners and men of science watching them. Let the reader smile (or sneer) if he will; we are convinced that there are plants whose kingdom of heaven will never come with observation. They can never reach their full stature nor come to perfect flower or fruit unless they can be left completely to themselves. No pokeberry, nor thistle, nor milkweed, nor greenapple can ever do itself full justice and show all its talents while there are boys, and cows, and jackasses on hand. Nor did anybody ever know what a climbing-rose is, or a wisteria, or a trumpet-creeper, or a grapevine, much less any tame garden or hot-house plant, where that most odious of human inventions, a head-gardener, was to be found. And therefore we think it will be always impossible to find out all about certain plants so long as they are ranged in the formal rows and squares of an orthodox Botanical Garden. To get their true characteristics, they must be let run wild, and grow as they will.

These remarks apply more particularly to our native wild-flowers, which are seldom found under cultivation anywhere, and which rarely do well under cultivation, for no other reason, we believe, than that they need to be left to themselves; and this is what no gardener worthy of the name ever conceded to any plant under heaven. And the Central Park is the only public place we ever heard of where the experiment has been tried, of inducing any wild-flowers to make-believe think themselves at home. One of the first experiments was tried with a pretty variety of prickly-pear—a cactus that grows on the rocks all over the island wherever there are rocks left, and is found in profusion on the western shore of the Hudson River, along Weehawken Heights, and on the Palisades. It is never very large, and out of its flat rosettes its pale-yellow flowers shine with a mild tropical light among the alien ferns and mosses. Having been found on the rocks in

the Park when it was first laid out, they were allowed the privilege of squatters, and have repaid the consideration shown them by blooming steadily every season. Other wildings,—the dog-torch violet, the blood-root, the blue violet, the marsh-marigold, the bulrush, and the red and yellow field-lilies,—have established themselves in by-places of the Park, and will no doubt come to forget in time that they ever lived anywhere else. As for dandelions, they didn't need asking, but came on with a rush the very first Spring, and have kept on coming in with a rush ever since. We are glad there seems to be no rule against children picking them, and we wish there were more flowers of other kinds that could be made free with by the small citizens.

There is hardly anything that children, especially the children of the poor—the waifs and ragamuffins of our great cities—covet more than flowers. The gardener of one of our city squares reported to his superintendent that the children of his neighborhood had stolen ten thousand plants from his beds while his back was turned, during the short time he had been in charge. Every humane person who loves flowers and children will rejoice to read such a statement as this, and will hope it is not exaggerated by the known morbid dislike of head-gardeners to women and children, especially if they are poor. We know a benevolent lady who came to town from the country, and being of a horticultural turn and used to having her front yard filled with plants at home, she naturally wished to have them in her front yard in the city. Accordingly, she began with an ivy which had grown under her fostering care from two small leaves to a foot-high nursling, and which she set out in a place where there was every inducement for it to get up in the world. This transplanting was done, according to rule, in the evening, and the next morning, on carrying water to it—the recipe for ivy is, keep the root soaked in water—she found that it had disappeared, and was no doubt cheering some lonely garret in the neighboring avenue. When she bewailed her loss to friendly neighbors, they shook their heads sorrowfully, and broke into a unanimity of identical experiences. From what they reported our rural friend was persuaded that the avenue in question, which she had always figured to herself as bare and squalid, must be clothed in verdure from end to end; and so it ought to be if half of what is stolen survives its rough transplanting. In many of the houses in my friend's neighborhood, the wisterias and ivies planted in the front yar are chained and padlocked to the trellise as the door-mats are, while one of her ac quaintances keeps a small but spunky sky slightly secured to the flower-stand that orna ments her front balcony.

These facts demonstrate the innate lov there is in the human heart for flowers, espe cially if raised and paid for by other people and it is a thousand pities that the Centra Park couldn't do more than it does to gratif the longing. Fortunately, dandelions ar cheap, and so are lilacs, syringas, and snow balls. These might be planted in thickets and the youngsters be supplied with flowe in rations by policemen detailed for the pu pose. Of course, the children would rathe steal them, but we are afraid we haven't ye reached the point where they can be allowe to do that. Stealing-days might, however, b set apart, or the policemen detailed on s occasions for other work, which would lea the coast clear. As it is, hard measure is dea out to the lovers of flowers. Not only are th forbidden to pick any in the Park, they ar not allowed to bring any in. We saw t other day a pretty company of clean, smart dressed children come out of a horse-ca at the Park terminus and form a sort of pr cession, headed by a small boy, who bor aloft a light pole wreathed with roses, an with a bunch of ribbons and streamers at th top. With what infantine confidence the marched up to the gate; and with wh dampened looks they turned away, repulse gently but firmly by the guardian, in obe ence to the rules! No doubt this is nece sary, but we wish it were not, and indee there might be regions in the Park whe some relenting could be shown.

Suppose some one were to turn this love o flowers to account, as has been done in pa of London, where young plants are given any children who will compete for a prize, be awarded to whoever brings in his plant finest condition at the end of the growing se son? This would be a good use to put th surplus slips and cuttings of the Park to, an there might be a charming autumn festiv contrived when the prize-day came aroun Certain parts of London are squalid plac —perhaps the squalidest man ever sees; b there is often a ray of sunshine in this awf gloom, in the shape of flowers,—and Engli flowers are the brightest, we almost believ in the world,—cultivated in window-boxes, windows that seem as if no sun ever enter them, nor any sunlit face ever looked out o them.

We have no class so desperately sunk in misery as the London beggars; but New York has foul places enough that could be brightened up a good deal by the ministry of flowers. At any rate, if the practical man should sniff at our sentimentalism, let us say that if the children will have the flowers, it is better for their morals to give them to them as prizes, than to force them to continue to steal them.

The upper part of the Park, above the great receiving Reservoir, is comparatively little known to that large portion of the population that has to make all its exploration on foot. We are not a nation that loves walking; and as driving and riding are absurdly dear everywhere, we prefer to read about places a few miles off, rather than to make their pedestrian acquaintance. The Park authorities have done a good deal to make it easy to get about the Park; but until we become a more gregarious people than we are at present, we shall prefer not to see the remoter beauties of the Park grounds, to seeing them sitting *vis-à-vis* with a company of strangers in a 'bus. And, as it isn't likely that cabs will ever be cheap in New York, or that donkeys enough will be imported to make riding on them as inconspicuous here as it is in England or Naples, it must follow that these large lawns and shaded walks will for a long time to come be the private preserve of whoever is fortunate enough to enjoy walking. The region will be a solitude until the tide of population has mounted so far, and the upper portion of the Park shall become the natural resort of the neighborhood. At present, it is as deserted and still, six days out of seven, as if it were fifty miles away from the great city.

Compared with the whole population of the island, those who may be said to frequent the Park are greatly in the minority, and even this minority is only to be found in that portion of the Park that lies south of the Reservoirs. But it will be found, we believe, that there is no great park in any city that is used by all the inhabitants of that city. Of course, the greater part of the laboring population can only hope to visit the parks when the day's work is over; and if the place of recreation is far away from their homes, they must often be too weary to avail themselves of it. This has been found to be the case in London and Paris, and the government has in each of these places opened new parks to meet local needs. Paris finds her Bois de Boulogne insufficient for her citizens, and provides them with numerous small squares and parkets; while London, whose parks—the largest in the world—were once all in her western quarter, has lately made new ones in the eastern part of her territory. New York, too, is not ill-provided with small squares; and whoever visits them on summer evenings will wish, for the sake of the multitudes of poor, that they were much larger and more numerous. The Central Park is visited only by such poor as live in its not thickly settled neighborhood, and by those to whom the price of a car-fare there and back is not a tax. Those of us to whom so small a sum is an unconsidered trifle, should reflect that there are thousands in our big city to whom it is no trifle, but an item in the week's earnings to be well considered. We are not of those who think a great park is made particularly for the poor, but we should be glad to see the power to enjoy it made more equal than it is. We do not, it is true, see the way in which this can be accomplished; and we can only hope that the greater park may be supplemented as much as possible by smaller parks and squares, until the area of ground devoted to open-air enjoyment may bear a larger proportion than it does at present to the closely-packed dwellings of our swarming human hive.

TURKISH PROVERBS.

A BOOK has been printed recently in Constantinople, in Turkish, which, more than most books in that language, is worthy the attention of Occidentals. The book is a book of Turkish Proverbs, collected by Ahmed Vefik Effendi, recently the Turkish Minister of Public Instruction, a well-known literary gentleman and author, well versed not only in Oriental, but also in European languages and literature. A somewhat careful examination of these rather more than three thousand proverbs has convinced the writer that the reading public of America will be likely to be interested in seeing some selections from this book, which are introduced with these general remarks.

A large proportion of the book, probably one-third, consists of common sayings, repeated in forms slightly varying from each other, which hardly rise to the dignity of the proverb. Of these but very few examples are given.

Another large proportion of the proverbs are positively untranslatable into any form of English which would retain the point of the proverb at all. Unquestionably many of the very best are to be found in this class. A few have been given with the original, in English letters, but only those who know the Turkish language can fully appreciate their beauty.

The language of these proverbs is the simplest and clearest possible, strikingly unlike that of Turkish literature generally.

The great majority of these proverbs have no relation to Islam, the faith of the Turks, and indeed some of them seem opposed to certain notions of their religion, having their basis in moral truths more lasting and of stronger practical influence than the tenets of any merely human religion.

The writer leaves the reader as free as himself to form conjectures as to the origin of proverbs which are identical with those in use among us, and especially with some found in the Bible. In cases where a translation is given in the exact words of a Scripture text or one of our own proverbs, it is to be taken as a faithful translation of the Turkish proverb; sometimes it is indeed *the* one literal translation.

The writer cannot lose this opportunity of expressing the wish that some competent person would undertake the task of collecting the proverbs in our English speech. It is believed that such a task would furnish a most pleasant recreation, and would prove not only interesting to curious readers, but really profitable to all readers. Certainly proverbs contain more of shrewd sense and practical wisdom than almost any other class of writing. A high authority has said that the result of years of philosophical discussion has often been simply a better definition of the subject-matter discussed. The proverb often gives what is better than such a result. It is the philosophy of *men*, not that of the schools. Of course, among these Turkish proverbs, one is occasionally found that we would not accept; but the great majority of those given below, and of all in the book from which they are taken, are the utterance, not of the wisdom of one race, but of that which men everywhere may alike accept. The proverbs that have been selected and translated will be given under three divisions of unequal length. From the nature of the case but very few are given under the second head:—

I. Turkish Proverbs which are one with existing English Proverbs.

1. He shuts the stable after the horse is stolen.
2. For a *man*, a word is sufficient. "Verbum sat," etc., not identical.
3. Let him accept our little for much. "Accept the will for the deed."
4. Just as the twig is bent the tree inclines (literally).
5. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.
6. He is a walking library.
7. Like a dog with a burnt foot—"sore head."
8. Think first and speak afterwards.
9. There is nothing new under the sun.
10. Two ears to one tongue, therefore hear twice as much as you speak.
11. No grass grows under his feet.
12. A true friend (or also old friend) is known in the day of adversity.
13. Goes in at one ear and out at the other.
14. Plenty of money, but few brains.
15. Like to his like.
16. Don't descend into a well with a rotten rope.
17. Blessing goes with labor.
18. He who sows here shall reap hereafter.
19. Don't promise what you cannot perform.
20. Health is better than wealth.
21. Don't think to-day of what you are to eat to-morrow,—cf. Matt. vi. 31–34.
22. Habit becomes a nature to a man.
23. The excuse is worse than the fault.
24. He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord (literally).
25. We die as we live.
26. One flower does not make a summer.
27. He sees the mote in other people's eyes, not the beam in his own eye.
28. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

29. Time is money. (The Turkish is vakut nakud.)
30. A dog knows his own master.
31. Out of sight, out of mind.
32. It is better to give than to receive.
33. Ex nihilo nihil fit. (Literally.)
34. A rolling stone gathers no moss.

II. Illustrations of Turkish Proverbs that have their point and their beauty in the Turkish words.

The *e* and *i* are French *e* and *i*.

35. Allah imhal eder, ihmal etmez. (A translation must be weak compared with the striking original) "God postpones,—he does not overlook."
36. Sen agha, ben agha,—boo ineghi kim sagha! 'You a gentleman! I a gentleman! who then will milk the cow?"
37. Sev seni seveni, yer ile yeksan isede; sevme seni sevmeyeni, aleme sultan isede. "Love one who loves you, though he be utterly bankrupt; love not the one who loves you not, though he be the world's king." (Constancy of friendship, not, as might appear, a bad version of the "golden rule.")
38. Hem okoodook, hem okoodook, hem oonootdook. "We have both learned it and taught it and forgotten it."
39. Kooroo cheshmede abdest almush; ihmal Pashada namaz kulmush. (This is given as a specially good pun for the two or three readers, perchance, who know Turkish.) "He performed his ablution at 'Dry fountain' (name of a village on the Bosphorus) and said his prayers at 'Neglect Pasha'" (another name of place): *i. e.*, he utterly neglects all his religious duties.
40. Beer emin iki yemindenen evla. "One honest word better than two oaths."

III. Miscellaneous Turkish Proverbs.

41. A horse is his who mounts it, a sword his who girds it on, a bridge his who passes it.
42. The horse and mule kick each other: between them the donkey dies.
43. He sees a glow-worm and thinks it a conflagration.
44. The hungry man is not satisfied by looking in the full man's face.
45. For a *man*, what need *words* of blame? a look is enough.
46. A *man* is one who is faithful to his word.
47. A man becomes learned by asking questions.
48. The hind-wheel of a carriage will pass where the fore-wheel has passed.
49. He gives grass to the lion, meat to the horse.
50. He who gives little, gives from his heart; he who gives much, from his wealth.
51. The lining is more costly than the original material. (Lit., "The *face*.")
52. The eye of the master is the horse's grooming.
53. That man is to be feared who fears not God.
54. The vein of shame in his forehead has burst.
55. Would that his mother had given birth to a stone instead.
56. One may not boast of father and mother.
57. Talking with him is like playing with a snappish dog. (Lit., "a biter.")
58. A distinguished house! his father a radish, his mother a turnip.
59. His mother an onion, his father garlic, himself comes out conserve of roses.
60. You must stretch out your feet according to the size of your coverlet.
61. You have the meat, I'll take the bone.
62. There is a remedy for all things but the appointed time to die. (The last five words *one* word in Turkish.)
63. It is no time to gossip with the dying.
64. The courteous learns his courtesy from the discourteous.
65. If you are a *man*, show yourself.
66. A man dies, his name remains.
67. The old Osmanlies have mounted the old-time horses and departed. (A striking confession of national degeneracy.)
68. Don't rummage among old straw.
69. The donkey dies on the mountain, his loss comes home.
70. Don't let escape the opportunity of the present moment, it will not return.
71. He knows neither Moses nor Jesus—only himself.
72. If a diamond be thrown into the mire it is a diamond still.
73. The owner has one house, the renter a thousand.
74. The master of the house is the guest's servant.
75. He who has no rest at home is in the world's hell.
76. He who does not beat his child will afterwards beat his own breast (same verb, transitive and reflexive).
77. He that does good shall find good; he that does evil shall find evil.
78. Good for good is natural; good for evil is manly.
79. Well-doing is the best capital.
80. Well-doing is not lost.
81. Good advice can be given; a good name cannot be given.
82. One already wet does not fear the rain.
83. Ague and fever says, "I know one I have once seized forty years afterwards."
84. Sweetmeats have been carried to the priest's house! Well, what is that to you?
85. A man doesn't seek his luck, luck seeks its man.
86. You see a man: what do you know of what is in his heart?
87. Man is harsher than iron, harder than stone, more delicate than a rose.
88. Equity is half of religion.
89. He wants work and then runs from work.
90. He became an infidel remaining between two mosques.
91. Two watermelons cannot be held under one arm.
92. Two captains sink the ship.
93. When two persons are conversing together, don't you make the third.
94. The beginning and finishing of this work remains.
95. I've shot my arrow and hung up my bow.
96. Like the conversation of ducks, nothing but wah, wah, wah, wah.
97. He bites those before and kicks those behind.
98. Those who are sorry for the orphans are many; there are none who give them bread.
99. A shameless face and endless gab.
100. Don't awaken the sleeping lion.
101. Eat the fruit and don't inquire about the tree.
102. A father gave his son a vineyard; the son gave his father—not even a cluster of grapes.
103. The bird of prosperity has lodged on his head.
104. Content is an inexhaustible treasure.

105. Any one can kill a bound foe.
106. The mouth is not sweetened by saying, Honey, honey.
107. The fish comes to his senses after he gets into the net.
108. A man had better die than lose his good name.
109. A nightingale was put in a golden cage;—"O for my home" she said!
110. Be my enemy far from me,—he may live a thousand years.
111. To-day's egg is better than to-morrow's hen.
112. One affliction is worth a thousand exhortations.
113. The Sultan's interdict lasts three days.
114. He neither fears God nor knows Turkish.
115. Just like trusting a cat with a piece of liver!
116. To a lazy man every day is a holiday.
117. Don't fall into the fire to be saved from the smoke.
118. Bagdad is not remote for a lover.
119. He that gives quickly gives double.
120. It is the cat and dog that go where they are not called.
121. Of lawful wealth Satan takes the half; of unlawful wealth, the whole and the owner too.
122. He who accomplishes his ends by deceit shall render up his soul with anguish.
123. A traitor is a coward.
124. He who has not learned to serve cannot command.
125. It is better to be sick than care for the sick.
126. Rejoice not in another's sorrow.
127. If people praise you for virtue you do not possess, take care! be not proud, but sorry the rather.
128. He that conceals his grief finds no remedy for it.
129. If the judge be your accuser, may God be your help!
130. Like carrying water to the sea.
131. The world is the infidel's paradise.
132. But yesterday out of the egg; to-day he despises the shell.
133. The kick of a camel is soft, but stunning.
134. Why is your neck crooked, was asked of the camel. What have I that is straight? he said.
135. The female bird builds the nest.
136. The tongue kills quicker than the sword.
137. He steals money from the beggar's dish.
138. No road is long with good company.
139. If the time don't suit you, suit yourself to the time.
140. Beauty comes not by forcing.
141. Unless you wish to have your enemy to know your secret, tell it not to your friend.
142. We eat and drink at your house, and laugh and play at mine!
143. His tongue has never had fever and ague.
144. Let me cook you an egg,—but the egg is at the vineyard and the vineyard is on the mountain; "obaghda, bagh da daghda."
145. When one hits you with a stone, you hit him with a piece of cotton.
146. You don't know the difference between alum and sugar.
147. A weapon is an enemy even to its owner.
148. Peace is in holding one's tongue.
149. Marry a girl who is your inferior; don't give your daughter to a superior.
150. The scales you are hunting for are weighing chestnuts at Brusa.
151. The sheep that wanders from the flock the wolf seizes.
152. If to speak be silver, to be silent is gold.
153. For a poet, even a rush may be vocal.
154. It does not thunder till the lightning has struck.
155. They say fame is a calamity—take care!
156. The sheikh's miracles are those of his own telling.
157. Satan's friendship reaches to the prison door.
158. To the well man every day is a feast-day.
159. Patience is bitter, but its end is yellow gold.
160. Patience is the key of paradise.
161. Even the hen, when it drinks water, looks towards heaven.
162. A true word needs no oath.
163. The prayer of the stranger is accepted.
164. God makes the nest of the strange bird.
165. Usage is preferable to purism (a translation of the sense, not literal.)
166. Profit is loss, brother.
167. The worth of good is not known but by experience of evil.
168. The fish that escapes is a big one.
169. Women have long hair, but short intellect.
170. You should believe one word in forty that a woman speaks.
171. He esteems the crow and the nightingale alike.
172. Don't say amen to an unacceptable prayer.

Besides the Proverbs there are a great number of fables circulating among the people, very much like the proverbs in their character. Two or three examples of these are here given:

1. A feeble horse, staggering under his load, begged a strong mule, his companion, to relieve him of part of his burden. But the mule would not listen, saying it was as much as he could do to carry his own load. Not long after, the poor horse fell and died by the roadside. The master then compelled the mule, in addition to his own load, to carry both the load and the skin of the dead horse.

2. An ostrich (in Turkish, *camel-bird*) came to the encampment of a caravan at evening and begged to be fed with the camels, as he also is a *camel*. "Very well," said the camel-driver, and gave him his portion. In the morning the man called the camel-bird with the camels, to take his load. "No! no!" said the ostrich, "I'm a *bird*, I can't carry a load."

3. A camel, in winter, came to the window of a mill, and begged the miller to be allowed to put his nose in at the window to warm it. "Very well," said the kind-hearted miller. So the camel put his nose in and presently his whole head, and it was not long before he managed to get in also his fore-feet, and by and by his whole body, when he lay down comfortably on the floor of the mill. The miller soon became annoyed by the smell of the dirty beast, and intimated to him that he had abused his privilege and must go out. "Thank you," said the camel, "*I'm* comfortable: if *you* are annoyed you are welcome to go outside."

A SONG OF THE SOUL.

I.

I KNOW the splendid jessamines can fill
The air with perfume, and the breeze that brings
The magic odor has a power to thrill
The senses of the little bird who sings
In yonder thicket, and to give a tone
Of sorrow to his sweet, melodious moan.
I know the soft reflection of the stars
Is tremulous along the mighty stream ;
I know that naught above deters or mars
The beauty of the mourning moon's faint gleam ;
And yet my spirit strangely seems to wear
A veil through which nor earth nor heaven is fair.

II.

I know a blessing cometh with a curse ;
I know a waking cometh with a dream ;
I know a better followeth a worse ;
I know an ocean lies beyond the stream ;
I know the perfume hath a power to bless ;
I think the bird once sang of happiness ;—
Yet all is dust and ashes now : the light
Is bloody, and the air is filled with fire ;
And nothing but the swift, o'erwhelming night
Can keep me from a vision grim and dire ;
For night is pitiful, and hides the face
Which cannot lighten with repentant grace.

III.

I know a soul who lost a treasure fair ;
Poor soul ! it nursed a wild, consuming pain !
Dear soul !—its sorrow was too hard to bear,
Yet soulfully it struggled, though in vain.
It rose to Heaven, and strode along the skies ;
It delved to hell, and heard the demons' cries ;
Then once again it took its place on earth,
Resolved to bear its bitter pang alone.
It could not move itself to worldly mirth,
But it had stronger, braver, purer grown ;
Yet, when it fell to thinking on its loss,
It seemed to murmur at its heavy cross.

IV.

The end of all things did it most desire
Save one eternal, sweet, delightful calm.
To that condition did it most aspire
Where it might find Oblivion's healing balm ;
Yet never dared it hope forgetfulness
Would come to pity, linger o'er, and bless ;
For in its struggles it had learned that sin
Keeps memory awake for evermore.
Sad soul ! it could not hope to enter in
To rest, and shut behind it the world's door,
And so it bowed beneath its heavy load,
And stumbled on—along a weary road.

AN EPISODE OF FIDDLETOWN.

III.

BY BRET HARTE.

THE LAST SCENE.

A WEEK before Christmas day, 1870, the little town of Genoa, in the State of New York, exhibited, perhaps more strongly than at any other time, the bitter irony of its founders and sponsors. A driving snow-storm that had whitened every windward hedge, bush, wall and telegraph pole, played around this soft Italian capital, whirled in and out of the great staring wooden Doric columns of its post-office and hotel, beat upon the cold green shutters of its best houses, and powdered the angular, stiff, dark figures in its streets. From the level of the street the four principal churches of the town stood out starkly, even while their misshapen spires were kindly hidden in the low driving storm. Near the railroad station the new Methodist chapel, whose resemblance to an enormous locomotive was further heightened by the addition of a pyramidal row of front steps, like a cowcatcher, stood as if waiting for a few more houses to be hitched on to proceed to a pleasanter location. But the pride of Genoa — the great Crammer Institute for Young Ladies — stretched its bare brick length and reared its cupola plainly from the bleak Parnassian hill above the principal avenue. There was no evasion in the Crammer Institute of the fact that it was a public institution. A visitor upon its doorstep, a pretty face at its window, were clearly visible all over the township.

The shriek of the engine of the 4 o'clock Northern express brought but few of the usual loungers to the depot. Only a single passenger alighted and was driven away in the solitary waiting sleigh toward the Genoa Hotel. And then the train sped away again—with that passionless indifference to human sympathies or curiosity peculiar to express trains—the one baggage truck was wheeled into the station again, the station door was locked and the station master went home.

The locomotive whistle however awakened the guilty consciousness of three young ladies of the Crammer Institute who were even then surreptitiously regaling themselves in the bake-shop and confectionery saloon of Mistress Phillips in a by-lane. For even the admirable regulations of the Institute failed

to entirely develop the physical and moral natures of its pupils; they conformed to the excellent dietary rules in public, and in private drew upon the luxurious rations of their village caterer; they attended church with exemplary formality and flirted informally during service with the village beaux; they received the best and most judicious instruction during school hours, and devoured the trashiest novels during recess. The result of which was an aggregation of quite healthy, quite human and very charming young creatures, that reflected infinite credit on the Institute. Even Mistress Phillips, to whom they owed vast sums, exhilarated by the exuberant spirits and youthful freshness of her guests, declared that the sight of "them young things" did her good, and had even been known to shield them by shameless equivocation.

"Four o'clock! girls, and if we're not back to prayers by five we'll be missed," said the tallest of these foolish virgins, with an aquiline nose and certain quiet *élan* that bespoke the leader, as she rose from her seat. "Have you got the books, Addy?" Addy displayed three dissipated-looking novels under her waterproof. "And the provisions, Carrie?" Carrie showed a suspicious parcel filling the pocket of her sack. "All right then. Come girls, trudge. Charge it," she added, nodding to her host, as they passed toward the door. "I'll pay you when my quarter's allowance comes."

"No, Kate," interposed Carrie, producing her purse, "let me pay—it's my turn."

"Never," said Kate, arching her black brows loftily—"even if you do have rich relatives and regular remittances from California. Never. Come, girls—forward, march!"

As they opened the door a gust of wind nearly took them off their feet. Kind-hearted Mrs. Phillips was alarmed. "Sakes alive! galls, ye mussn't go out in sich weather; better let me send word to the Institoot and make ye up a nice bed to-night in my parlor." But the last sentence was lost in a chorus of half-suppressed shrieks as the girls, hand in hand, ran down the steps into the storm and were at once whirled away.

The short December day, unlit by any sunset glow, was failing fast. It was quite dark already, and the air was thick with driving snow. For some distance their high spirits, youth, and even inexperience kept them bravely up, but in ambitiously attempting a short cut from the high road across an open field their strength gave out, the laugh grew less frequent and tears began to stand in Carrie's brown eyes. When they reached the road again they were utterly exhausted. "Let us go back," said Carrie.

"We'd never get across that field again," said Addy.

"Let's stop at the first house, then," said Carrie.

"The first house," said Addy, peering through the gathering darkness, "is Squire Robinson's." She darted a mischievous glance at Carrie that even in her discomfort and fear brought the quick blood to her cheek.

"O yes," said Kate, with gloomy irony, "certainly, stop at the Squire's by all means, and be invited to tea, and be driven home after tea by your dear friend Mr. Harry, with a formal apology from Mrs. Robinson, and hopes that the young ladies may be excused this time. No," continued Kate, with sudden energy, "that may suit *you*—but I'm going back as I came—by the window—or not at all." Then she pounced suddenly, like a hawk, on Carrie, who was betraying a tendency to sit down on a snow-bank and whimper, and shook her briskly. "You'll be going to sleep next. Stay,—hold your tongues, all of you—what's that?"

It was the sound of sleigh-bells. Coming down toward them out of the darkness was a sleigh with a single occupant. "Hold down your heads, girls, if it's anybody that knows us—we're lost." But it was not, for a voice strange to their ears, but withal very kindly and pleasant, asked if its owner could be of any help to them. As they turned toward him they saw it was a man wrapped in a handsome sealskin cloak, wearing a sealskin cap—his face, half concealed by a muffler of the same material, disclosing only a pair of long moustaches and two keen dark eyes. "It's a son of old Santa Claus," whispered Addie. The girls tittered audibly as they tumbled into the sleigh—they had regained their former spirits. "Where shall I take you?" said the stranger, quietly. There was a hurried whispering, and then Kate said boldly, "To the Institute." They drove silently up the hill until the long ascetic building loomed up before them. The stranger reined up suddenly. "You know the way better than I," he said; "where do you go in?"—"Through the back window," said Kate, with sudden and appalling frankness. "I see!" responded their strange driver quietly, and alighting quickly, removed the bells from the horses. "We can drive as near as you please now," he added by way of explanation. "He certainly is a son of Santa Claus," whispered Addie; "hadn't we better ask after

his father?"—"Hush," said Kate, decidedly. "He is an angel, I dare say." She added, with a delicious irrelevance, which was however perfectly understood by her feminine auditors. "We are looking like three frights!"

Cautiously skirting the fences, they at last pulled up a few feet from a dark wall. The stranger proceeded to assist them to alight. There was still some light from the reflected snow, and as he handed his fair companions to the ground each was conscious of undergoing an intense though respectful scrutiny. He assisted them gravely to open the window, and then discreetly retired to the sleigh until the difficult and somewhat discomposing ingress was made. He then walked to the window. "Thank you and good night" whispered three voices. A single figure still lingered. The stranger leaned over the window-sill. "Will you permit me to light my cigar here? it might attract attention if I struck a match outside." By the upspringing light he saw the figure of Kate very charmingly framed in by the window. The match burnt slowly out in his fingers. Kate smiled mischievously. The astute young woman had detected the pitiable subterfuge. For what else did she stand at the head of her class, and had doting parents paid three years' tuition?

The storm had past, and the sun was shining quite cheerily in the eastern recitation-room the next morning, when Miss Kate, whose seat was nearest the window, placing her hand pathetically upon her heart, affected to fall in bashful and extreme agitation upon the shoulder of Carrie her neighbor. "*He* has come," she gasped in a thrilling whisper. "Who?" asked Carrie sympathetically, who never clearly understood when Kate was in earnest. "Who?—why the man who rescued us last night! I saw him drive to the door this moment. Don't speak—I shall be better in a moment, there!" she said, and the shameless hypocrite passed her hand pathetically across her forehead with a tragic air.

"What can he want?" asked Carrie, whose curiosity was excited.

"I don't know," said Kate, suddenly relapsing into gloomy cynicism. "Possibly to put his five daughters to school. Perhaps to finish his young wife and warn her against us."

"He didn't look old, and he didn't seem like a married man," rejoined Addie thoughtfully.

"That was his art, you poor creature!" returned Kate scornfully; "you can never tell anything of these men—they are so deceitful. Besides, it's just my fate!"

"Why Kate," began Carrie, in serious concern.

"Hush, Miss Walker is saying something," said Kate laughing.

"The young ladies will please give attention," said a slow perfunctory voice. "Miss Carrie Tretherick is wanted in the parlor."

Meantime Mr. Jack Prince, the name given on the card and various letters and credentials submitted to the Rev. Mr. Crammer, paced the somewhat severe apartment known publicly as the "Reception Parlor," and privately to the pupils as "Purgatory." His keen eyes had taken in the various rigid details, from the flat steam "Radiator" like an enormous japanned soda-cracker that heated one end of the room, to the monumental bust of Dr. Crammer that hopelessly chilled the other; from the Lord's Prayer, executed by a former writing-master in such gratuitous variety of elegant calligraphic trifling as to considerably abate the serious value of the composition, to three views of Genoa from the Institute, which nobody ever recognized, taken on the spot by the drawing teacher; from two illuminated texts of Scripture in an English letter, so gratuitously and hideously remote as to chill all human interest, to a large photograph of the senior class, in which the prettiest girls were Ethiopian in complexion, and sat (apparently) on each other's heads and shoulders:—his fingers had turned listlessly the leaves of school catalogues, the *sermons* of Dr. Crammer, the *poems* of Henry Kirke White, the *Lays of the Sanctuary* and *Lives of Celebrated Women*;—his fancy, and it was a nervously active one, had gone over the partings and greetings that must have taken place here, and wondered why the apartment had yet caught so little of the flavor of humanity;—indeed, I am afraid he had almost forgotten the object of his visit when the door opened and Carrie Tretherick stood before him.

It was one of those faces he had seen the night before,—prettier even than it had seemed then,—and yet I think he was conscious of some disappointment, without knowing exactly why. Her abundant waving hair was of a guinea-golden tint, her complexion of a peculiar flower-like delicacy, her brown eyes of the color of sea-weed in deep water. It certainly was not her beauty that disappointed him.

Without possessing his sensitiveness to impression, Carrie was, on her part, quite as

vaguely ill at ease. She saw before her one of those men whom the sex would vaguely generalize as "nice"—that is to say, correct in all the superficial appointments of style, dress, manners and feature. Yet there was a decidedly unconventional quality about him—he was totally unlike anything or anybody that she could remember, and, as the attributes of originality are often as apt to alarm as to attract people, she was not entirely prepossessed in his favor.

"I can hardly hope," he began pleasantly, "that you remember me. It is eleven years ago, and you were a very little girl. I am afraid I cannot even claim to have enjoyed that familiarity that might exist between a child of six and a young man of twenty-one. I don't think I was fond of children. But I knew your mother very well. I was editor of the *Avalanche* in Fiddletown when she took you to San Francisco."

"You mean my stepmother—she wasn't my mother, you know," interposed Carrie hastily.

Mr. Prince looked at her curiously. "I mean your stepmother," he said gravely. "I never had the pleasure of meeting your mother."

"No, *mother* hasn't been in California these twelve years."

There was an intentional emphasizing of the title and of its distinction, that began to coldly interest Prince after his first astonishment was past.

"As I come from your stepmother now," he went on, with a slight laugh, "I must ask you to go back for a few moments to that point. After your father's death, your mother—I mean your stepmother—recognized the fact that your mother, the first Mrs. Tretherick, was legally and morally your guardian, and although much against her inclination and affections, placed you again in her charge."

"My stepmother married again within a month after father died, and sent me home," said Carrie with great directness, and the faintest toss of her head.

Mr. Prince smiled so sweetly, and apparently so sympathetically, that Carrie began to like him. With no other notice of the interruption he went on: "After your stepmother had performed this act of simple justice, she entered into an agreement with your mother to defray the expenses of your education until your eighteenth year, when you were to elect and choose which of the two should thereafter be your guardian, and with whom you would make your home. This agreement, I think, you are already aware of, and I believe knew at the time."

"I was a mere child then," said Carrie.

"Certainly," said Mr. Prince, with the same smile; "still the conditions, I think, have never been oppressive to you nor your mother, and the only time they are likely to give you the least uneasiness will be when you come to make up your mind in the choice of your guardian. That will be on your eighteenth birthday—the 20th, I think, of the present month."

Carrie was silent.

"Pray do not think that I am here to receive your decision—even if it be already made. I only came to inform you that your stepmother, Mrs. Starbottle, will be in town to-morrow, and will pass a few days at the hotel. If it is your wish to see her before you make up your mind she will be glad to meet you. She does not, however, wish to do anything to influence your judgment."

"Does mother know she is coming," said Carrie, hastily.

"I do not know," said Prince gravely; "I only know that if you conclude to see Mrs. Starbottle, it will be with your mother's permission. Mrs. Starbottle will keep sacredly this part of the agreement, made ten years ago. But her health is very poor, and the change and country quiet of a few days may benefit her." Mr. Prince bent his keen bright eyes upon the young girl, and almost held his breath until she spoke again.

"Mother's coming up to-day or to-morrow," she said, looking up.

"Ah!" said Mr. Prince, with a sweet and languid smile.

"Is Col. Starbottle here too," asked Carrie, after a pause.

"Col. Starbottle is dead—your stepmother is again a widow."

"Dead," repeated Carrie.

"Yes," replied Mr. Prince, "your stepmother has been singularly unfortunate in surviving her affections."

Carrie did not know what he meant, and looked so. Mr. Prince smiled reassuringly.

Presently Carrie began to whimper.

Mr. Prince softly stepped beside her chair.

"I am afraid," he said, with a very peculiar light in his eye, and a singular dropping of the corners of his moustache, "I am afraid you are taking this too deeply. It will be some days before you are called upon to make a decision. Let us talk of something else. I hope you caught no cold last evening."

Carrie's face shone out again in dimples.

"You must have thought us so queer! It was too bad to give you so much trouble."

"None whatever, I assure you. My sense of propriety," he added demurely, "which might have been outraged had I been called upon to help three young ladies out of a school-room window at night, was deeply gratified at being able to assist them in again." The door-bell rang loudly, and Mr. Prince rose. "Take your own time, and think well before you make your decision." But Carrie's ear and attention were given to the sound of voices in the hall. At the same moment the door was thrown open and a servant announced, "Mrs. Tretherick and Mr. Robinson."

The afternoon train had just shrieked out its usual indignant protest at stopping at Genoa at all, as Mr. Jack Prince entered the outskirts of the town and drove towards his hotel. He was wearied and cynical; a drive of a dozen miles through unpicturesque outlying villages, past small economic farm-houses and hideous villas that violated his fastidious taste, had, I fear, left that gentleman in a captious state of mind. He would have even avoided his taciturn landlord as he drove up to the door, but that functionary waylaid him on the steps. "There's a lady in the sittin' room waitin' for ye." Mr. Prince hurried up stairs and entered the room as Mrs. Starbottle flew towards him.

She had changed sadly in the last ten years. Her figure was wasted to half its size; the beautiful curves of her bust and shoulders were broken or inverted; the once full, rounded arm was shrunken in its sleeve, and the golden hoops that encircled her wan wrists almost slipped from her hands as her long, scant fingers closed convulsively around Jack's. Her cheek-bones were painted that afternoon with the hectic of fever; somewhere in the hollows of those cheeks were buried the dimples of long ago, but their graves were forgotten; her lustrous eyes were still beautiful, though the orbits were deeper than before; her mouth was still sweet, although the lips parted more easily over the little teeth, and even in breathing—and showed more of them than she was wont to do before. The glory of her blond hair was still left; it was finer, more silken and ethereal, yet it failed even in its plenitude to cover the hollows of the blue-veined temples.

"Clara," said Jack reproachfully.

"Oh, forgive me, Jack," she said, falling into a chair but still clinging to his hand, "forgive me, dear, but I could not wait longer. I should have died, Jack, died before another night. Bear with me a little longer—it will not be long,—but let me stay. I may not see her, I know—I shall not speak to her—but it is so sweet to feel that I am at last near her—that I breathe the same air with my darling—I am better already, Jack, I am indeed. And you have seen her to-day? How did she look? what did she say—tell me all—everything, Jack. Was she beautiful?—they say she is! Has she grown? Would you have known her again? Will she come, Jack? Perhaps she has been here already—perhaps—" she had risen with tremulous excitement, and was glancing at the door. "Perhaps she is here now. Why don't you speak, Jack,—tell me all."

The keen eyes that looked down into hers were glistening with an infinite tenderness that none perhaps but she would have deemed them capable of. "Clara," he said, gently and cheerily, "try and compose yourself. You are trembling now with the fatigue and excitement of your journey. I have seen Carrie—she is well and beautiful! Let that suffice you now."

His gentle firmness composed and calmed her now as it had often done before. Stroking her thin hand, he said after a pause, "Did Carrie ever write to you?"

"Twice—thanking me for some presents they were only school-girl letters," she added nervously answering the interrogation of his eyes.

"Did she ever know of your own troubles—of your poverty; of the sacrifices you made to pay her bills; of your pawning your clothes and jewels; of your—"

"No, no," interrupted the woman quickly—"no! How could she? I have no enemy cruel enough to tell her that."

"But if she—or if Mrs. Tretherick—had heard of it? If Carrie thought you were poor and unable to support her properly—it might influence her decision. Young girls are fond of the position that wealth can give. She may have rich friends—maybe a lover."

Mrs. Starbottle winced at the last sentence. "But," she said eagerly, grasping Jack's hand, "when you found me sick and helpless at Sacramento—when you—God bless you for it, Jack!—offered to help me to the East, you said you knew of something—you had some plan—that would make me and Carrie independent."

"Yes," said Jack, hastily, "but I want you to get strong and well first. And now that you are calmer, you shall listen to my visit to the school."

It was then that Mr. Jack Prince proceed

ed to describe the interview already recorded with a singular felicity and discretion that shames my own account of that proceeding. Without suppressing a single fact, without omitting a word or detail, he yet managed to throw a poetic veil over that prosaic episode —to invest the heroine with a romantic, roseate atmosphere, which, though not perhaps entirely imaginary, still I fear exhibited that genius which ten years ago had made the columns of the *Fiddletown Avalanche* at once fascinating and instructive. It was not until he saw the heightening color and heard the quick breathing of his eager listener that he felt a pang of self-reproach. "God help her and forgive me," he muttered between his clenched teeth, "but how can I tell her *all* now!"

That night when Mrs. Starbottle laid her weary head upon her pillow she tried to picture to herself Carrie at the same moment sleeping peacefully in the great school-house on the hill, and it was a rare comfort to this yearning foolish woman to know that she was so near. But at this moment Carrie was sitting on the edge of her bed, half undressed, pouting her pretty lips, and twisting her long, leonine locks between her fingers, as Miss Kate Van Corlear, dramatically wrapped in a long white counterpane, her black eyes sparkling, and her thorough-bred nose thrown high in air, stood over her like a wrathful and indignant ghost. For Carrie had that evening imparted her woes and her history to Miss Kate, and that young lady had "proved herself no friend," by falling into a state of fiery indignation over Carrie's "ingratitude," and openly and shamelessly espousing the claims of Mrs. Starbottle. "Why if the half you tell me is true, your mother and those Robinsons are making of you not only a little coward but a little snob, Miss. Respectability forsooth! look you! my family are centuries before the Trethericks, but if my family had ever treated me in this way, and then asked me to turn my back on my best friend, I'd whistle them down the wind," and here Kate snapped her fingers, bent her black brows, and glared around the room as if in search of a recreant Van Corlear.

"You just talk this way because you have taken a fancy to that Mr. Prince," said Carrie.

In the debasing slang of the period that had even found its way into the virgin cloisters of the Crammer Institute, Miss Kate, as she afterwards expressed it, instantly "went for her."

First with a shake of her head she threw her long black hair over one shoulder, then dropping one end of the counterpane from the other like a vestal tunic, she stepped before Carrie with a purposely exaggerated classic stride. "And what if I have, Miss? What if I happen to know a gentleman when I see him? What if I happen to know that among a thousand such traditional, conventional, feeble editions of their grandfathers as Mr. Harry Robinson, you cannot find one original, independent, individualized gentleman like your Prince! Go to bed, Miss! and pray to Heaven that he may be *your* Prince indeed! Ask to have a contrite and grateful heart, and thank the Lord in particular for having sent you such a friend as Kate Van Corlear." Yet after an imposing dramatic exit, she reappeared the next moment as a straight white flash, kissed Carrie between the brows, and was gone.

The next day was a weary one to Jack Prince. He was convinced in his mind that Carrie would not come, yet to keep this consciousness from Mrs. Starbottle, to meet her simple hopefulness with an equal degree of apparent faith, was a hard and difficult task. He would have tried to divert her mind by taking her on a long drive, but she was fearful that Carrie might come during her absence, and her strength, he was obliged to admit, had failed greatly. As he looked into her large and awe-inspiring clear eyes, a something he tried to keep from his mind,—to put off day by day from contemplation,—kept asserting itself directly to his inner consciousness. He began to doubt the expediency and wisdom of his management; he recalled every incident of his interview with Carrie, and half believed that its failure was due to himself. Yet Mrs. Starbottle was very patient and confident; her very confidence shook his faith in his own judgment. When her strength was equal to the exertion, she was propped up in her chair by the window, where she could see the school and the entrance to the hotel. In the intervals she would elaborate pleasant plans for the future, and would sketch a country home. She had taken a strange fancy, as it seemed to Prince, to the present location, but it was notable that the future always thus outlined was one of quiet and repose. She believed she would get well soon; in fact she thought she was now much better than she had been, but it might be long before she should be quite strong again. She would whisper on in this way until Jack would dash madly down into the bar-room, order liquors that he did not drink, light cigars that he did not smoke, talk with men that he did not listen to, and behave

generally as our stronger sex is apt to do in periods of delicate trial and perplexity.

The day closed with a clouded sky and a bitter searching wind. With the night fell a few wandering flakes of snow. She was still content and hopeful, and as Jack wheeled her from the window to the fire, she explained to him how that, as the school-term was drawing near its close, Carrie was probably kept closely at her lessons during the day, and could only leave the school at night. So she sat up the greater part of the evening and combed her silken hair, and, as far as her strength would allow, made an undress toilette to receive her guest. "We must not frighten the child, Jack," she said apologetically and with something of her old coquetry.

It was with a feeling of relief that, at ten o'clock, Jack received a message from the landlord, saying that the Doctor would like to see him for a moment down stairs. As Jack entered the grim, dimly-lighted parlor, he observed the hooded figure of a woman near the fire. He was about to withdraw again, when a voice that he remembered very pleasantly, said :—

"Oh, it's all right. I'm the Doctor."

The hood was thrown back, and Prince saw the shining black hair and black audacious eyes of Kate Van Corlear.

"Don't ask any questions. I'm the Doctor, and there's my prescription," and she pointed to the half-frightened, half-sobbing Carrie in the corner; "to be taken at once!"

"Then Mrs. Tretherick has given her permission?"

"Not much, if I know the sentiments of that lady," replied Kate, saucily.

"Then how did you get away?" asked Prince, gravely.

"BY THE WINDOW!"

When Mr. Prince had left Carrie in the arms of her stepmother, he returned to the parlor.

"Well?" demanded Kate.

"She will stay—*you* will, I hope, also, to-night."

"As I shall not be eighteen and my own mistress on the 20th, and as I haven't a sick stepmother, I won't."

"Then you will give me the pleasure of seeing you safely through the window again?"

When Mr. Prince returned an hour later, he found Carrie sitting on a low stool at Mrs. Starbottle's feet. Her head was in her stepmother's lap, and she had sobbed herself to sleep. Mrs. Starbottle put her finger to her lip. "I told you she would come. God bless you, Jack, and good night."

The next morning Mrs. Tretherick indignant, the Rev. Asa Crammer, Principal, injured, and Mr. Joel Robinson, Senior, complacently respectable, called upon Mr. Prince. There was a stormy meeting, ending in a demand for Carrie. "We certainly cannot admit of this interference," said Mrs. Tretherick, a fashionably-dressed, indistinctive-looking woman; "it is several days before the expiration of our agreement, and we do not feel, under the circumstances, justified in releasing Mrs. Starbottle from its conditions." "Until the expiration of the school term, we must consider Miss Tretherick as complying entirely with its rules and discipline," imposed Dr. Crammer. "The whole proceeding is calculated to injure the prospects and compromise the position of Miss Trethe rick in society," suggested Mr. Robinson.

In vain Mr. Prince urged the failing condition of Mrs. Starbottle, her absolute freedom from complicity with Carrie's flight, the pardonable and natural instincts of the girl, and his own assurance that they were willing to abide by her decision. And then, with a rising color in his cheek, a dangerous look in his eye, but a singular calmness in his speech, he added :

"One word more. It becomes my duty to inform you of a circumstance which would certainly justify me, as an executor of the late Mr. Tretherick, in fully resisting your demands. A few months after Mr. Tretherick's death, through the agency of a Chinaman in his employment, it was discovered that he had made a will, which was subsequently found among his papers. The insignificant value of his bequest—mostly land, then quite valueless—prevented his executors from carrying out his wishes, or from even proving the will, or making it otherwise publicly known, until within the last two or three years, when the property had enormously increased in value. The provisions of that bequest are simple, but unmistakable. The property is divided between Carrie and her stepmother, with the explicit condition that Mrs. Starbottle shall become her legal guardian, provide for her education, and in all details stand to her *in loco parentis*."

"What is the value of this bequest?" asked Mr. Robinson. "I cannot tell exactly, but not far from half a million, I should say," returned Prince. "Certainly, with this knowledge, as a friend of Miss Tretherick, I must say that her conduct is as judicious as it is honorable to her," responded

Mr. Robinson. "I shall not presume to question the wishes or throw any obstacles in the way of carrying out the intentions of my dead husband," added Mrs. Tretherick, and the interview was closed.

When its result was made known to Mrs. Starbottle she raised Jack's hand to her feverish lips. "It cannot add to *my* happiness now, Jack, but tell me, why did you keep it from her?" Jack smiled but did not reply.

Within the next week the necessary legal formalities were concluded, and Carrie was restored to her stepmother. At Mrs. Starbottle's request a small house in the outskirts of the town was procured, and thither they removed to wait the spring and Mrs. Starbottle's convalescence. Both came tardily that year.

Yet she was happy and patient. She was fond of watching the budding of the trees beyond her window—a novel sight to her Californian experience—and of asking Carrie their names and seasons. Even at this time she projected for that summer, which seemed to her so mysteriously withheld, long walks with Carrie through the leafy woods whose gray, misty ranks she could see along the hill-top. She even thought she could write poetry about them—and recalled the fact as evidence of her gaining strength—and there is, I believe, still treasured by one of the members of this little household, a little carol so joyous, so simple and so innocent, that it might have been an echo of the robin that called to her from the window, as perhaps it was.

And then without warning there dropped from Heaven a day so tender, so mystically soft, so dreamily beautiful, so throbbing and alive with the fluttering of invisible wings, so replete and bounteously overflowing with an awakening and joyous resurrection not taught by man or limited by creed—that they thought it fit to bring her out and lay her in that glorious sunshine that sprinkled like the droppings of a bridal torch the happy lintels and doors. And there she lay, beatified and calm.

Wearied by watching, Carrie had fallen asleep by her side, and Mrs. Starbottle's thin fingers lay like a benediction on her head. Presently she called Jack to her side.

"Who was that," she whispered, "who just came in?"

"Miss Van Corlear," said Jack, answering the look in her great hollow eyes.

"Jack," she said, after a moment's silence, "sit by me a moment, dear Jack; I've something I must say. If I ever seemed hard or cold or coquettish to you in the old days it was because I loved you, Jack, too well to mar your future by linking it with my own. I always loved you, dear Jack, even when I seemed least worthy of you. That is gone now, but I had a dream lately, Jack, a foolish woman's dream, that you might find what I lacked in *her*," and she glanced lovingly at the sleeping girl at her side,—"that you might love her as you have loved me. But even that is not to be, Jack—is it?" and she glanced wistfully in his face. Jack pressed her hand but did not speak. After a few moment's silence she again said, "Perhaps you are right in your choice. She is a good-hearted girl—Jack—but a little bold."

And with this last flicker of foolish weak humanity in her struggling spirit she spoke no more. When they came to her a moment later, a tiny bird that had lit upon her breast flew away and the hand that they lifted from Carrie's head fell lifeless at her side.

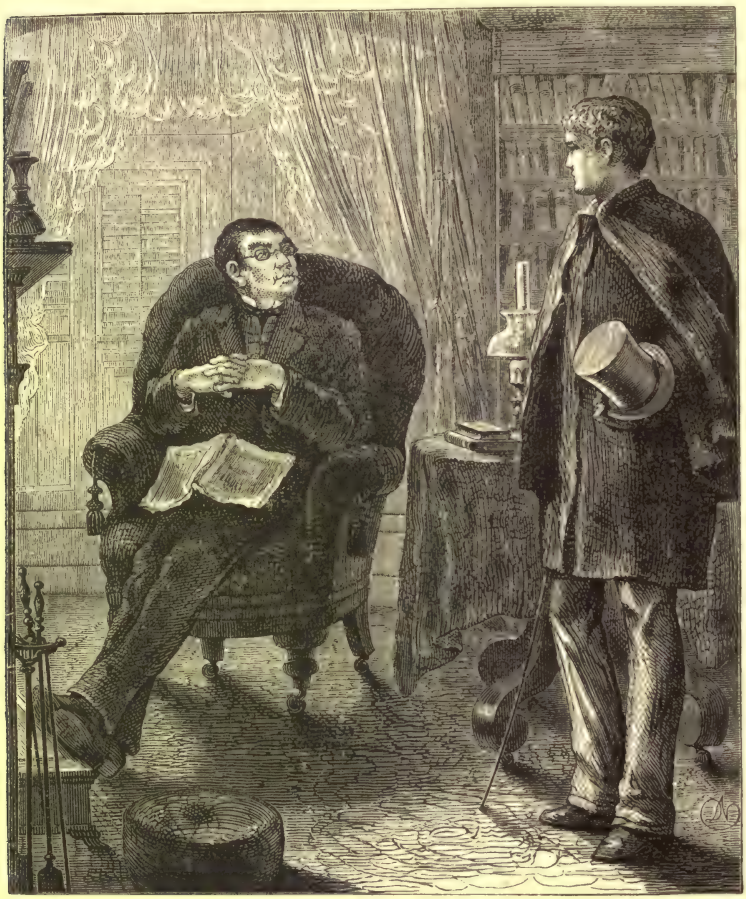
(THE END.)

HARK!

A TRUANT child o'ertaken by the dark,
In sad bewilderment, where two ways meet;
White robes of morning draggled; and her feet
Beclogged with mire; and many a bleeding mark
Of awkward reach through briers, bristling stark,
For flowers, or berries which she dares not eat,
But clutches still; scared at her own heart's beat,
And crying to the lonesome sky. When, hark!
A voice! And from that frightened heart a voice
Responsive, thrilling up through cloud and night!
"My child!" "O, father, take me to the light!"
Her apron emptied now from blessèd choice!
Such, Lord, was I, when, through the dark, Thy call
Made empty all my heart for Thee, my All.

ARTHUR BONNICASTLE.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.



THE REV. PETER MULLENS "AT HOME."

CHAPTER XXIII.

It must have been three or four years after Henry took charge of his parish, and I had entered upon the duties of my profession, that I met him one morning upon the street, wearing that peculiar smile on his face which said, as plainly as words could have told me, that he was the bearer of news.

"Who do you think spent the night at The Mansion, and is even now reveling in the luxuries of your old apartment?" said he.

"I was never good at conundrums," I replied. "Suppose you tell me."

"The Rev. Peter Mullens."

"Clothed, and in his right mind?"

"Yes, clothed, for he has one of my coats on, which I have told him he may carry away with him; and in his right mind, because he has the coat, and expects to live upon the donor for a few days."

We both laughed over the situation, and then Henry told me that Mullens was in a good deal of perplexity on account of the fact that he had two "calls" on hand, to which answers must be made immediately.

"I have agreed with Mullens," said Henry, "to invite you to dinner, in order that he may have the benefit of your advice."

"Thank you. Is there a fee?"

"Nothing stipulated, but I think you had better bring a pair of trowsers," he replied. "Mullens, you know, wants to see the advantages that are likely to come from following

your advice, and if he has them in hand he can decide at once."

The prospect of dining with Mullens was not an unpleasant one. I was curious to see what he had made of himself, and to learn what he was going to do. So I congratulated Henry on the new light that had risen upon his domestic life, and promised him that I would meet his guest at his table.

On entering The Mansion that day in my usual informal way, I found the Rev. Peter Mullens lying nearly upon his back, in the most luxurious chair of the large drawing-room, apparently in a state of serene and supreme happiness. He was enjoying the privileges of the cloth, in the house of a professional brother who had been exceptionally "favored." For the time, the house was his own. All petty cares were dismissed. All clouds were lifted from his life, in the consciousness that he had a good coat on which had cost him nothing, and that, for a few days at least, board and lodging were secure at the same price. His hair was brushed back straight over his head in the usual fashion, and evidently fastened there by the contents of a box of pomatum which he had found in my old chamber. He had managed to get some gold-bowed spectacles, and when I met him he presented quite an imposing front. Rising and greeting me with a cordial and somewhat patronizing air, he quickly resumed his seat and his attitude, and subsided into a vein of moralizing. He thought it must be a source of great satisfaction to me that the property which had once been my own, apparently, had been devoted to the ministry, and that henceforth The Mansion would be the home of those who had given themselves to the church.

Mullens evidently regarded himself as one who had a certain pecuniary interest in the estate. The house was to be his tavern—his free, temporary home—whenever it might be convenient for him to pass a portion of his time in the city. Indeed, he conducted himself as if he were my host, and expressed the hope that he should see me always when he should visit the town. His assumptions amused me exceedingly, though I was sorry to think that Henry and Claire would feel themselves obliged to tolerate him.

At the dinner-table, Mr. Mullens disclosed the questions in regard to his settlement. "The truth is," said he, "that I am divided on a question of duty. Given equal opportunities of doing good and unequal compensation, on which side does duty lie? That is the question. I don't wish to be mercenary; but when one Church offers me five hundred dollars a year, payable quarterly in advance, and the other offers me five hundred dollars a year, payable quarterly at the end of the quarter, with an annual donation-party, I feel myself divided. There is an advantage in being paid quarterly in advance, and there is an advantage in a donation-party, provided the people do not eat up what they bring. How great this advantage is I do not know; but there is something very attractive to me in a donation-party. It throws the people together, it nourishes the social element, it develops systematic benevolence, it cements the friendship of pastor and people, it brings a great many things into the house that a man never can afford to buy, and it must be exceedingly interesting to reckon up the results. I've thought about it a great deal, and it does seem to me that a donation-party must be a very valuable test of usefulness. How am I to know whether my services are acceptable, unless every year there is some voluntary testimonial concerning them? It seems to me that I must have such a testimonial. I find myself looking forward to it. Here's an old farmer, we'll say, without any public gifts. Hosannas languish on his tongue, and, so far as I can tell, all devotion dies. He brings me, perhaps, two cords or two cords and a half of good hard wood, and by that act he says, 'The Rev. Mr. Mullens has benefited me, and I wish to tell him so. He has warmed my heart, and I will warm his body. He has ministered to me in his way, and I will minister to him in my way.' Here's a woman with a gift of flannel—a thing that's always useful in a minister's family—and there's another with a gift of socks, and here's another with a gift of crullers, and here's a man with a gift of a spare-rib or a ham, and another with a gift of potatoes, and"—

Mr. Mullens gave an extra smack to his lips, as, in the midst of his dinner, this vision of a possible donation-party passed before the eyes of his imagination.

"It is plain to see which way your inclination points," I said to him.

"Yes, that is what troubles me," he responded. "I wish to do right. There may be no difference between having your pay quarterly in advance and the donation-party; but the donation-party, all things considered, is the most attractive."

"I really think it would suit you best," I said, "and if the opportunity for doing good is the same in each place, I'm sure you ought not to hesitate."

"Well, if I accept your advice," said Mr.

Mullens, "you must stand by me. This place is only six miles from Bradford, and if I ever get hard up it will be pleasant to think that I have such friends at hand as you and Brother Sanderson."

This was a new aspect of the affair, and not at all a pleasant one; but I had given my advice and could not retract it.

Mullens remained at The Mansion for several days, and showed his white cravat and gold-bowed spectacles all over the city. He was often in my office, and on one occasion accompanied me to the court-room, where I gave him a seat of honor and introduced him to my legal friends. He was so very comfortable in his splendid quarters, so shielded from the homely affairs of the world by his associations, and so inexpensive to himself, that it was a hardship to tear himself away at last, even with the prospect of a donation-party rising before him in the attractive perspective of his future.

He had been several days in the house, and had secured such plunder as would be of use to him, when he surprised us all by the announcement that he was a married man, and was already the father of a helpless infant. He gave us also to understand that Mrs. Mullens was, like himself, poor, that her wardrobe was none of the most comfortable, and that her "helpless infant" would rejoice in garments cast off by children more "favored" than his own. His statement was intended to appeal to Claire and Millie, and was responded to accordingly. When he went away, he bore a trunk full of materials that, as he said, "would be useful in a minister's family."

Henry and I attended his installation shortly afterwards, and assisted him in beginning his housekeeping. We found Mrs. Mullens to be a woman every way adapted to the companion she had chosen. She was willing to live upon her friends. She delighted in gifts, and took them as if they were hers by right. Everything was grain that came to her mill in this way. Her wants and her inability to supply them were the constant theme of her communications with her friends and neighbors, and for ten long years she was never without a "helpless infant" with which to excite their laggard and weary charities. Whenever she needed to purchase anything, she sent to me or to Millie, or to her friends at The Mansion, her commission,—always without the money. She either did not know how much the desired articles would cost, or there was such danger of losing money when sent by post, or she had not the exact change on hand; but she assured us that Mr. Mullens would call and pay us when he should visit Bradford. The burden thus rolled upon Mr. Mullens was never taken up by him; and so, year after year, we consented to be bled by this amiable woman, while the Mullens family went on increasing in numbers and multiplying in wants.

It became a matter of wonder that any religious society should be content with the spiritual ministrations of such a man as Mullens; but this society was simple and poor, and their pastor had an ingenious way of warming over his old broth and the old broth of others which secured for him a certain measure of respect. His tongue was glib, his presence imposing, and his self-assurance quite overwhelming.

But at last there came a change. New residents in the parish saw through his shallow disguises, and raised such a storm of discontent about his ears that he was compelled to resign his pulpit and to cast about for other means of living. No other pulpit opened its doors to him. The man's reputation outside of his parish was not a desirable one. Everybody had ceased to regard him as a man capable of teaching; and he had so begged his way and lived upon his acquaintances, and had so meanly incurred and meanly refused to recognize a thousand little debts among his early friends, that it was impossible for him to obtain even a temporary engagement as a preacher.

There was nothing left for him to do but to become a peddler of some sort, for which office he had rare natural gifts. Leaving his family where they were, he took an agency for the sale of the Cottage Bible. He drove a thrifty business with this publication, going from house to house, wearing always his white cravat, living upon the ministers and deacons, and advertising himself by speeches at evening meetings and Sunday-schools. Sometimes he got an opportunity to preach on Sunday, and having thus made his face familiar to the people, drove a brisk business among them on Monday. His white cravat he used as a sort of pass on railroads and steamboats, or an instrument by which it was to be secured. Every pecuniary consideration which could be won from a contemptuous business world, by the advertisement of the sacred office which he once held, he took the boldest or the most abject way to win.

It must not be supposed that "old Mullens," as people learned to call him, was really distressed by poverty. Never paying out a cent of money that came into his

hands if he could avoid it, he accumulated a handsome property, which he skillfully hid away in wise investments, maintaining his show of poverty, through all his active life. Henry shook him off at last and helped me to do the same. We heard of him not long ago lecturing to Sunday-schools and buying wool, and it is not ten years since he appeared in Bradford as an agent of a life-insurance company, with specially favorable terms to clergymen who were kind enough to board him during his visit. I shrink from writing here the stories I heard about him, concerning the way in which he advertised his business by mixing it with his public religious teachings, because it associates such base ideas with an office which I revere as the highest and holiest a man can hold; but when I say that in his public addresses he represented the Christian religion as a system of life-insurance of the spiritual kind, I sufficiently illustrate his methods and his motives.

He passed a useless life. He became a nuisance to his professional brethren, a burden to all who were good-natured enough to open their houses to him, and a disgrace to the Christian ministry. Wearing the badge of a clergyman, exacting as a right that which was rendered to others as a courtesy or a testimonial of love and friendship, surrendering his manhood for the privileges of ministerial mendicancy, and indulging his greed for money at the expense of a church to which he fancied he had given his life, he did, unwittingly perhaps, what he could to bring popular contempt upon his profession, and to associate with the Christian religion the meanest type of personal character it is possible to conceive.

Amid the temptations of this poor, earthly life, and the weaknesses of human nature, even the most sacred profession will be disgraced, now and then, by men who repent in dust and ashes over their fall from rectitude, and the dishonor they bring upon a cause which in their hearts they love; but Mullens carried his self-complacency to the end, and demonstrated by his character and influence how important it is that dunces shall not be encouraged to enter upon a high walk of life by benefactions which rarely fail to induce and develop in them the spirit of beggars. I am sure there is no field of Christian benevolence more crowded with untoward results than that in which weak men have found the means for reaching the Christian ministry. The beggarly helplessness of some of these men is pitiful; and a spirit of dependence is fostered in them which emasculates them, and makes them contemptible among those whom they seek to influence.

Though the Rev. Peter Mullens is still living, I have no fear that I shall be called to an account for my plain treatment of him, as he will never buy this book, or find a friend who will be willing to give or lend it to him. Even if he had such a friend, and he should recognize his portrait, his *amour propre* would not be wounded, and he would complacently regard himself as persecuted for righteousness' sake.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THUS I have lived over the old life, or, rather, the young life which lies, with all its vicissitudes of pain and pleasure, and all its lessons and inspirations, embalmed in my memory; and here, alas! I must re-write the words with which I began. "They were all here then—father, mother, brothers and sisters; and the family life was at its fullest. Now they are all gone, and I am alone. I have wife and children and troops of friends, yet still I am alone." No later relation can wipe out the sense of loneliness that comes to him whose first home has forever vanished from the earth.

As I sit in my library, recording this last chapter of my little history, I look back through the ceaseless round of business and care, and, as upon a panorama unrolling before me, I see through tears the events which have blotted out, one after another, the old relations, and transferred the lives I loved to another sphere. I see a sun-lit room, where my aged father lies propped among his pillows, and tells me feebly, but with a strange light in his eyes, that it is so much better for him to go before my mother! She can do better without him than he can without her! It is sweet to learn that she who had always been regarded by her family and friends as a care and a burden to him, had been his rest and reward; that there had always been something in his love for her which had atoned for his hard lot, and that, without her, his life would be undesirable. I read to him the psalms of assurance and consolation: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." I repeat the words of the tried and patient patriarch: "I know that my Redeemer liveth." I join with the family in singing the inspiring lines which he had never undertaken to read aloud without being crushed into sobbing silence:—

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

"The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

"I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

"The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die."

I press his hand, and hear him say: "It is all well. Take care of your mother."

We all bend and kiss him; a few quick breaths, and the dear old heart is still—a heart so true, so tender, so pure, so faithful, so trusting, that no man could know it without recognizing the Christian grace that made it what it was, or finding in it infallible evidence of the divinity of the religion by whose moulding hand it was shaped, and from whose inspirations it had drawn its life. Then we lay him to rest among the June roses, with birds singing around us, and all nature robed in the glowing garb of summer, feeling that there are wings near us which we do not see, that songs are breathed which we do not hear, and that somewhere, beyond the confines of mortal pain and decay, he has found a summer that will be perennial.

The picture moves along, and I am in the same room again, and she who all her life, through fear of death, had been subject to bondage, has come to her final hour. She has reached the door of the sepulchre from a long distance, questioning painfully at every step: "Who shall roll away the stone?" and now that she is arrived, she finds, to her unspeakable joy and peace, that the stone is rolled away. Benignant nature, which has given her so strong a love of life, overcomes in its own tender way the fear of death that had been generated in her melancholic temperament, and by stealing her senses one by one, makes his coming not only dreadless, but desirable. She finds the angels too, one at the head, the other at the foot where death has lain, with white hands pointing upward. I weep, but I am grateful that the life of fear is past, and that she can never live it again, —grateful, too, that she is reunited to him who has been waiting to introduce her to her new being and relations. We lay her by the side of the true husband, whose life she has shared, and whose children she has borne and reared, and then go back to a home which death has left without a head—to a home that is a home no longer.

The picture moves on, and this time I witness a scene full of tender interest to me in my own house. A holy spell of waiting is upon us all. Aunt Flick comes in, day after day, with little services which only she can render to her tenderly beloved niece, and with little garments in her hands that wait the coming of a stranger. It is night, and there is hurrying to and fro in the house. I sit in my room, wrapped in pity and feverish with anxiety, with no utterance save that of whispered prayers for the safety of one dearer to me than life. I hear at last the feeble wail of a new being which God has intrusted to her hands and mine. Some one comes and tells me that all is well, and then, after a weary hour, I am summoned to the chamber where the great mystery of birth has been enacted. I kneel at the bedside of my precious wife. I cover her hands and her face with kisses. I call her my darling, my angel, while my first-born nestles upon her arm, wrapped in the atmosphere of mother-love which her overflowing heart breathes out upon it. I watch her day by day, and night by night, through all her weakness and danger, and now she sits in her room with her baby on her breast, looking out upon the sky and the flowers and the busy world.

Still, as the canvas moves, come other memorable nights, with varying fortunes of pain and pleasure, till my home is resonant with little feet, and musical with the voices of children. They climb my knees when I return from the fatigues of the day; I walk in my garden with their little hands clinging to mine; I listen to their prayers at their mother's knee; I watch over them in sickness; I settle their petty disputes; I find in them and in their mother all the solace and satisfaction that I desire and need. Clubs cannot win me from their society; fame, honor, place have no charms that crowd them from my heart. My home is my rest, my amusement, my consolation, my treasure-house, my earthly heaven.

And here stoops down a shadow. I stand in a darkened room before a little casket that holds the silent form of my first-born. My arm is around the wife and mother who weeps over the lost treasure, and cannot, till tears have had their way, be comforted. I had not thought that my child could die—that *my* child could die. I knew that other children

had died, but I felt safe. We laid the little fellow close by his grandfather at last; we strew his grave with flowers, and then return to our saddened home with hearts united in sorrow as they had never been united in joy, and with sympathies forever opened toward all who are called to a kindred grief. I wonder where he is to-day, in what mature angelhood he stands, how he will look when I meet him, how he will make himself known to me, who have been his teacher! He was like me: will his grandfather know him? I never can cease thinking of him as cared for and led by the same hand to which my own youthful fingers clung, and as hearing from the fond lips of my own father, the story of his father's eventful life. I feel how wonderful to me has been the ministry of my children—how much more I have learned from them than they have ever learned from me—how by holding my own strong life in sweet subordination to their helplessness, they have taught me patience, self-sacrifice, self-control, truthfulness, faith, simplicity and purity. Ah! this taking to one's arms a little group of souls, fresh from the hand of God, and living with them in loving companionship through all their stainless years, is, or ought to be, like living in heaven, for of such is the heavenly Kingdom. To no one of these am I more indebted than to the boy who went away from us before the world had touched him with a stain. The key that shut him in the tomb was the only key that could unlock my heart, and let in among its sympathies the world of sorrowing men and women, who mourn because their little ones are not.

The little graves, alas! how many they are! The mourners above them, how vast the multitude! Brothers, sisters, I am one with you. I press your hands, I weep with you, I trust with you, I belong to you. Those waxen, folded hands, that still breast which I have so often pressed warm to my own, those sleep-bound eyes which have been so full of love and life, that sweet, unmoving, alabaster face—ah! we have all looked upon them, and they have made us one and made us better. There is no fountain which the angel of healing troubles with his restless and life-giving wings so constantly as the fountain of tears, and only those too lame and bruised to bathe miss the blessed influence.

The picture moves along, and now sweeps into view The Mansion on the hill—my old home—the home of my friend and sister. I go in and out as the years hurry by, and little feet have learned to run and greet me at the door, and young lips have been taught to call me "uncle." It is a door from which no beggar is ever turned away unfed, a door to which the feeble, the despairing, the sorrowing, the perplexed have come for years, and been admitted to the counsels, encouragements, and self-denying helpfulness of the strongest and noblest man I know. The ancient mistress of the establishment is quite forgotten by the new generation, and the house which, for so many years, was shut to the great world by the selfish recluse who owned it, is now the warmest social center of the town. Its windows blaze with light through many a long evening, while old age and youth mingle in pleasant converse; and forth from its ample resources go food and clothing for the poor, and help for the needy, and money for those who bear the Good Tidings to the border. Familiar names are multiplied in the house. First there comes a little Claire, then an Arthur Bonnicastle, then a Ruth, and last a Millie; and Claire, so like her mother in person and temper, grows up to be a helpful woman. I visit my old room, now the chamber of little Arthur Bonnicastle, but no regrets oppress me. I am glad of the change, and glad that the older Arthur has no selfish part or lot in the house.

And now another shadow droops. Ah! why should it come? The good Lord knows, and He loves us all. In her room, wasting day by day with consumption, my sister sits and sees the world glide away from her, with all its industries and loves, and social and home delights. The strong man at her side, loaded with cares which she so long has lightened, comes to her from his wearying labor, and spends with her every precious flying hour that he can call his own. He almost tires her with tender ministry. He lifts her to her bed; he lifts her to her chair, he reads to her; he talks calmly with her of the great change that approaches; he sustains her sinking courage; he calls around her every help; he tries in every way to stay the hand of the fell destroyer, but it is all in vain. The long-dreaded day comes at last, and The Mansion—nay, all Bradford—is in mourning. A pure woman, a devoted wife, a tender mother, a Christian friend, sleeps; and a pastor, whose life is deepened and broadened and enriched by a grief so great and lasting that no future companionship of woman can even be thought of, goes to his work with a new devotion and the unction of a new power. There is still a Claire to guide the house, and the memory and influence of a saint to hallow all its walls, and chasten all its associations.

The picture sweeps along, and presents to my imagination a resistless river, calm in its beginnings, but torn and turbulent as it proceeds, till it plunges in a cataract and passes from my sight. Along its passage are little barks, each bearing a member of my family —my brothers and sisters—separated from me and from each other by miles of distance, but every one moving toward the abyss that swallows them one by one. The disease that takes my sister Claire takes them all. Each arriving at her age passes away. Each reaching the lip of the cataract, lets go the oars, tosses up helpless hands, makes the fatal plunge, and the surge and sob of the waters, wind-borne to my shrinking ears, is all that is left to me. Not all, for even now a rainbow spans the chasm, to promise me that floods shall never overwhelm them again, and to prove to me that tears may be informed with the same heavenly light that shines in living flowers, and paints the clouds of sunrise.

The noise of the cataract dies away in the distance, the river dissolves, and I sit inside a new and beautiful church. The old one has been torn down to make way for a larger and better one. It is communion-day, and behind the table on which is spread the Christian feast of commemoration sits my boyhood's companion, my college friend, my brother and pastor, Henry Sanderson. The years have strewn silver over his temples and graven furrows upon his face, but earnestness, strength, and benignity are the breath and burden of his presence. An event is about to take place of great interest to him, to the church, and to a large circle of business men. Mr. Bradford, for the first time, publicly takes his stand among the Christian family. He is old now, and the cane which he used to carry for company, and as a habit, has become a necessity. He takes his place in the aisle, and by his side my own dear wife, who from her childhood has stood loyally by him and refused to unite with a church until he could do so. The creed has been revised. The refinements and elaborate definitions and non-essential dogmas have been swept away, and the simple old Apostle's Creed, in which millions of disciples and saints have lived and died in the retiring centuries, is all that is read to him, and all to which he is called upon to respond. Home at last! Received into the fold where he has always belonged! A patriarch, seated at the table of the Lord from which he has been shut away by children in experience, wisdom, and piety! He is my father now, the grandfather of my children, and the little wife who has trusted him and believed in him all her life has at last the supreme happiness of communing with him and her daughter in the holy festival.

Why do I still watch the unrolling canvas? The scenes that come and go are not painful to me, because they are all associated with precious memories and precious hopes, but to those who read they must be somber and saddening. Why tell of the news that reached me one day from Hillsborough? Why tell of that which reached me six months afterward from the same place? They sleep well and their graves are shrines. Why tell how Aunt Flick, from nursing one with malignant disease, came home to die, and left undone a world of projected work? Why tell how Mr. Bradford was at last left alone, and came to pass the remnant of his life with me? Why tell of another shadow that descended upon The Mansion, and how, in its dark folds, the lovely mother of my friend disappeared? It is the story of the world. We are born, we grow to manhood and womanhood, we marry, we work, we die. The generations come and go, and they come without call and go without significance if there be not a confident hope and expectation of something to follow, so grand and sweet and beautiful that we can look upon it all without misgiving or pain. Faith draws the poison from every grief, takes the sting from every loss, and quenches the fire of every pain; and only faith can do it. Wisdom, science, power, learning—all these are as blind and impotent before the great problem of life as ignorance and weakness. The feeblest girl, believing in God and a hereafter, is an archangel by the side of the strongest man who questions her simple faith, and mounts on wings where he stumbles in doubt and distress, or sinks in darkness.

To those of two homes who are living, through six long and ever-memorable evenings, I have read my book, and now they are all with me to-night as I draw the chair to my library-table, to write these closing paragraphs. The center of the group is Mr. Bradford, an old, old man, though he is still strong enough to hold my youngest upon his knee. Henry sits near him, talking with Millie, while the young people are gathered in a distant corner, conversing quietly among themselves about the events I have for the first time fully unveiled to them. Their talk does not disturb me, for my thoughts linger over what I have written, and I feel that the task which has been such a delight to me is

soon to pass from my hands. No work can come to me so sweet as this has been. I have lived my life again—a life so full of interest that it seems as if I could never tire of it, even though death should come nearer and nearer to me, waiting for my consent to be pushed from the verge of earthly existence.

I hear the quiet voices around me. I know where and what I am, but I cannot resist the feeling that there are more forms in the room than are visible to my eyes. I do not look up, but to me my library is full. Those who are gone cannot have lost their interest in those who remain, and those who are gone outnumber us two to one. My own, I am sure, are close about me, looking over my shoulder, and tracing with me these closing words. Their arms are intertwined, they exchange their thoughts about me all unheard by my coarse senses, and I am thrilled by an influence which I do not understand. My sister sits by the side of her husband unseen, and listens to the words which he is speaking to my wife, and hears her own name pronounced with grateful tenderness. Mr. Bradford has a companion older than the little one that sits upon his knee and plays with his great gold chain, but sees her not. There are wistful, sympathetic faces among the children, and they cannot know why they are so quiet, or what spell it is that holds them. A severe, restless little woman watches her grandson with greedy eyes, or looks around upon those she once had within her power, but regards us all in impotent silence. Of them, but apart, companions in the new life as they were in the old, are two who come to visit their boys again—boys growing old in labor and preparing to join them in another school, among higher hills and purer atmospheres, or to be led by them to the tented shores of the River of the Water of Life. The two worlds have come so near together that they mingle, and there are shadows around me, and whispers above me, and the rustle of robes that tell me that life is one, and the love of kindred and friends eternal.

To-morrow, ah! golden to-morrow! Thank God for the hope of its coming, with all its duty and care, and work and ministry, and all its appeals to manliness and manly endeavor! Thank God, too, for the long dissipation of the dreams of selfish ease and luxury! Life has no significance to me, save as the theater in which my powers are developed and disciplined by use, and made fruitful in securing my own independence and the good of those around me, or as the scene in which I am fitted for the work and worship of the world beyond. The little ones and the large ones of my own flock are crowding me along. Soon they will have my place. I do not pity, I almost envy them. Life is so grand, so beautiful, so full of meaning, so splendid in its opportunities for action, so hopeful in its high results, that, despite all its sorrows, I would willingly live it over again.

Good-night!

THE END.

DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.

"CALL no man happy until he is dead." It is our painful privilege to sum up and contemplate the grand, useful, and finished life of Francis Lieber; and viewing it as we do any completed work, from far and near, with the eye of criticism and the eye of affection, we cannot but consider it a fortunate, happy, and well-arranged life.

His youth was full of adventure; of hardship which he conquered; of noble and romantic effort; and in all circumstances he was able to come out successfully in the end. What more does youth ask than this?

His middle life, full of usefulness, and an enormous industry, devoted to the work he loved best, having always a happy home,—that consideration amongst his fellows which is so dear to all of us—surely this was a successful middle age.

His old age serene and composed, surrounded by "love, honor, obedience, troops of friends," still useful and thoughtful, still commanding all the resources of his mighty mind,—not living to "assist at his own decay," but to the last moment of his life enjoying the great consolation of noble thoughts, brought to him by the voice he loved best,—surely this was an old age of surpassing beauty. He had known sorrows deep and trying, but he bore them with the philosophy of a

thinker, and the humility of a Christian. Nowhere in Francis Lieber's great mind lingered that arid unbelief which makes Gibbon say that "all religions are equally true in the eyes of the people, equally false in the eyes of the philosopher, and equally useful in the eyes of the statesman." Francis Lieber was a Christian, and when the angel of sorrow brushed his heart with her wing, she but added a new tenderness and a profounder faith to that which was there before. Sorrow, to such a mind, is but a visit from the gods. Great and terrible is the honor; may we none of us be found unequal to it!

In his life, and since his death, the world has conspired to do him honor. All nations knew him as a great, patient scholar, a man who knew all that other men had thought, and who originated great and good thoughts for other men.

Voltaire says of D'Alembert, "Humanity had lost its title-deeds, but he recovered them." We might alter the epigram, and say that "what humanity had forgotten, Lieber remembered for them." As Sydney Smith says wittily of Whewell, "Omniscience was his foible;" he knew everything; his mind was a catalogued library; he could walk into it, and find whatever he wanted. And around this colossal intellect—so profound, so serious, and so useful—played the rainbows of poetry, fancy and wit; from the composition of a great political paper, he would turn to a bit of note-paper, and write a billet to a lady so graceful and so playful that Horace Walpole and Madame de Sévigné might have envied it. His mind was a lofty and magnificent column, but it was wreathed with flowers.

Francis Lieber was born in Berlin, in 1800. His childhood fell on troublous times; his first memory, when a child of six years, was of seeing the French army march into Berlin after the battle of Jena; he stood crying at the window, an atom in the mighty grief which was all around him. Those tears were the baptism of that faith in liberty which was ever afterwards in him. The future expounder of civil liberty washed away with those tears all the mists which might have come over his mind, had he lived in a prosperous and opulent empire. He saw the wrong side of tyranny, and he became one of the profoundest, clearest, and most emphatic of the friends of a Christian and consistent freedom.

Lieber's mother was one of those noble, patriotic German women who threw their gold wedding-rings into the public treasury, receiving one of iron in its place, marked with the imperial signet and the words: "We gave gold for iron." Prussia was poor enough in those days, and Lieber's father was poor. The young boy, however, was rich in the incorruptible treasures of the intellect, and he had an ardent love of study. One day as he was deep in "Loder's Anatomical Tables," his father entered and said: "Boys, clean your rifles; Napoleon is loose again; he has returned from Elba."

Kissing his mother, "who, if she had been the mother of twenty sons, would have sent them all," the youthful Lieber and his brother marched out of the "beautiful Brandenburg gate" toward the seat of war. His first engagement was at Ligny, and he was fond of dating his notes, written more than forty years after, "Day of Ligny." He says, in his own account of this battle:

"Hostilities had begun on the 14th. We marched the whole day and the whole night; in the morning we arrived not far from the battle-field of Ligny, and halted. Before us was a rising ground, on which we saw innumerable troops ascending from the plain, with flying colors and music playing. It was a sight a soldier likes to look at. I cannot say with Napoleon, that the earth seemed proud to carry so many brave men; but we were proud to belong to these brave and calm masses. Orders for charging were given; the pressure of the coming battle was felt more and more. Some soldiers, who carried cards in their knapsacks, threw them away, believing that they bring bad luck. I had never played cards, and carried none; but this poor instance of timid superstition disgusted me so that I purposely picked up a pack and put it in my knapsack. Our whole company consisted of very young men, nearly all lads who were impatient for battle, and asking a thousand questions, in their excitement, of the old, well-seasoned sergeant-major, who had been given to us from the regiment; his imperturbable calmness, which neither betrayed fear nor excited courage, but took the battle like a master, amused us much."

He was slightly wounded at Ligny, but escaped and killed his antagonist. His next battle was Waterloo; of his share in this famous day he gives the following account:

"Early in the morning of the 18th we found part of our regiment, from which we had been separated. Our men were exhausted, but old Blucher allowed us no rest. As we passed the Marshal, wrapped up in a cloak and leaning against a mound, our soldiers began to hurrah. 'Be quiet, my lads,' he

aid; 'hold your tongues; time enough after he victory is gained.' We entered the attle of Waterloo with Blucher; you know he history of that eventful day.

"The great body of the Prussian and English rmies marched toward Paris; but half our rmy corps, to which I belonged, received rders to pursue Vandamme, who had thrown inself into Namur. We marched the whole of the 19th; the heat was excessive, nd our exhaustion and thirst so great, that wo men of our regiment became deranged n consequence. At four in the afternoon ve went to bivouac; we started early again, nd now my strength forsook me. I could ot keep up with the troops, and began to ag behind. Suddenly about noon I heard the rst guns. The battle of Namur had begun. When I arrived where my regiment stood, or, s I should say, the little band representing it, dropped down; but fortunately one of ny comrades had some eggs, one of which ave me great strength.

"Our Colonel came up to us, saying: 'Riflemen, you have twice fought like the oldest oldiers; I have no more to say. This wood s to be cleared; be steady; buglemen, the ignal!' and off we went with a great urrah! driving the French before us down a hill toward Namur, which lay on our front. When I saw our men rushing too fast down he hill, I was afraid that some enemies night be hid under the precipice to receive hem. Holding myself with my left hand by a tree, I looked over the precipice and saw about seven Frenchmen. 'They will hit me,' I thought; and turning round to call to our soldiers, I suddenly experienced a sensation as if my whole body were compressed in my head, and this, like a ball, were quivering in the ear. I could feel the existence of nothing else; it was a most painful sensation. After some time I was able to open my eyes, or to see again with them. I found myself on the ground; over me stood a soldier firing at the enemy. I strained every nerve to ask, though in broken accents, whether, and if so, where I was wounded. 'You are shot through the neck.' I begged him to shoot me; the idea of dying miserably, half of hunger, and half of my wound, alone in the wood, overpowered me. He, of course, refused, spoke a word of comfort that perhaps I might yet be saved, and soon after himself received a shot through both knees, in consequence of which he died in the hospital, while I am writing an account of his sufferings here in America. My thirst was beyond description; it was a feverish burning; I thought I should die, and prayed for forgiveness of my sins as I forgave all. I recollect I prayed for Napoleon, and begged the Dispenser of all blessings to shower His bounty upon all my beloved ones, and, if it could be, to grant me a speedy end of my sufferings. I received a second ball, which, entering my chest, gave me more local pain than the first; I thought God had granted my fervent prayer. I perceived, as I supposed, that the ball had pierced my lungs, and tried to breathe hard to hasten my death. A week afterwards, while I lay ill with my two wounds in a house at Liege, one of my brothers was in the hospital at Brussels, and another at Aix-la-Chapelle; we were just distributed at the points of a triangle."

It was not to be the fate of such a truthful and outspoken person as Lieber to escape the suspicion of even the government for whom he had fought. He talked and sang too much of liberty; was arrested and put in prison; when discharged from prison, this *paternal* Prussian government still persecuted him, and forbade his studying in the Universities. He consequently went to Jena, where he took his degree in 1820. After a time permission was granted to him to study at Halle; but he was under the surveillance of the police, and so much annoyed by them that he took up his residence in Dresden. The warm-hearted patriotic boy had even then a dream of "German unity," and fifty years after, wrote these memorable words:

"I have this very moment read in the German papers (1868) that Bismarck said in the Chamber the very thing for which we were hunted down in 1820."

He finally escaped, by means of the greatest courage and ingenuity, from his native land, and took part in the Greek war of independence. He wrote an account of his wanderings, sufferings, and disappointments in this miserable struggle, and published it under the title of "My Journal during my Sojourn in Greece in 1822," afterwards translated into Dutch, as the "German Anarchasis." He embarked from Missolonghi, rendered immortal by the name and fame of the "most celebrated Englishman of the nineteenth century," Lord Byron, on a little vessel bound for Ancona, from which place he made his way to Rome.

The poor and ragged scholar could scarcely conceal the delight which thrilled him when he saw the wonders of the Eternal City. He tried to pass the Porta del Popolo as if he had seen it before; for his position in Rome, owing to the informalities of his passport, was fraught with danger. He resolved, with the

intuitive conviction of a noble mind, which trusts other noble minds, that he would appeal to Niebuhr, the Prussian ambassador, for, said he, "I knew that a scholar who had written the history of Rome could not be so cruel as to drive me from Rome without allowing me to see and study it."

Niebuhr read him at a glance. He made him come to dinner, although his dress was, as he describes it, "a pair of unbrushed shoes, a pair of socks of coarse Greek wool, the brownish pantaloons frequently worn by sea-captains in the Mediterranean, and a blue frock-coat through which two balls had passed, a fate to which the blue cloth cap had also been exposed. The socks were exceedingly short, hardly covering my ankles, and so indeed were the pantaloons; so that when I was in a sitting position they refused me the charity of meeting, with the obstinacy which reminded me of the irreconcilable temper of the two brothers in Schiller's Bride of Messina."

There was a gentleman under these shabby clothes who could not be disguised. Niebuhr recognized his kind, made Lieber the tutor to his son, and treated him with distinguished courtesy and kindness. In this elegant household Lieber lived a year, embalming his gratitude afterwards in a memoir of his friend, every word of which is poetical.

The King of Prussia visiting Rome during Lieber's residence in the family of Niebuhr, declared that if he would return to Prussia he should not be molested. But this promise was not kept. On his return he was arrested upon the old charge of entertaining republican sentiments, was thrown into prison, where he languished some months. Released at last by Niebuhr's good offices, he went to England and thence to America.

Niebuhr wrote to him in 1827:

"I approve of your resolution to go to America so entirely that, had you been able to ask my advice beforehand, I should have unqualifiedly urged you to go. Only beware that you do not fall into an idolatry of the country, and that state of things which is so dazzling because it shows the material world in so favorable a light. Remain a German, and without counting hour and day, yet say to yourself that the hour and day will come when you will be able to come home."

Lieber did not follow this advice. He was naturalized as soon as possible, and lived all his life in his adopted country, certainly one of its most loving and distinguished citizens. His first residence was in Boston, where he began and completed his useful work, "The Encyclopedia Americana," founded on the "Conversations Lexicon," but enriched from his own unrivaled stores. In 1832 he removed to New York, where the same enormous literary industry accompanied him. He lived in Philadelphia three years, to prepare and organize the system of education in Girard College. In 1835 he removed to Columbia in South Carolina, where he filled the Chair of History and Political Economy for twenty years. Always writing, always publishing, the very record of his invaluable works would fill a volume; and the wonder of the world will ever be that young men, who had the advantages of Lieber's instruction, could have adopted the error of secession. It was, however, deeply grounded in the South Carolina mind by the teachings of Calhoun; and even Lieber, who "stood on the altitudes of history, and not on a mere political platform," could not erase it.

In 1856 Lieber resigned his Southern professorship, and, regretted by all those members of its alumni who had known him, including the immortal name of James L. Petigru, "that Abdiel, faithful among the faithless found," he came to New York, where in a similar position in Columbia College, New York, the remainder of his life, and probably its happiest portion, was passed, although it was his misfortune to see our political mistakes, and to feel the horrors of our civil war.

He did noble service with voice and pen during the dreadful period between the election and death of Lincoln. Often summoned to Washington, at dead of night, to give his advice, appealed to by every sort of committee writing to the General-in-Chief, and finally, as his biographer beautifully says, "adding a new chapter, replete with noble and human sentiments, to the art of war"—by his latest, greatest work, "Instructions for the Government of the Armies of the United States in the Field." Such were the benefits conferred on his adopted country by Lieber, the youth who had found by bitter experience that "the fellest of things is armed injustice,"—and who was determined that, so far as he could prevent it, the evils which he had seen and suffered from, should not attach to this new and experimental government, which he loved, and believed in.

Scarcely had our war terminated—and its results of disorganization and incomplete restoration had not terminated—they have not terminated yet—when Lieber was called on to sympathize with his own country in her struggle which was to end with the establishment of German unity, that dream of his

outh! He was no stepson to Germany; he orgot his own grievances and wrongs, as we orget the occasional injustice of a parent whose faults we cover with the mantle of our filial trust and affection. He wanted to go and fight for Germany. In 1870 he writes: 'I am writing at random, for my very soul s filled with that one idea, one feeling—Germany! The stream of blood which will flow will probably not be very long but very wide; wide like a lake, and *very* deep." "My German letters confirm that all Germans are animated by the noblest feelings, and are ready o sacrifice money, life, everything in defence of their country. The fathers of families supporting them by their hands, *refuse to be refused*, until the king is obliged to telegraph, 'Accept them;' and judges and civil officers of high station volunteer and join the ranks, and I sit here and write like a dullard! It s very hard." He was seventy years of age when he wrote those words!

It is almost appalling to the average intellect to try to catalogue Lieber's published works. Contemporaneously with his constant labors as a professor in colleges, he wrote and published the *Encyclopedia Americana*, in thirteen volumes; various translations from the French and German; a *Manual of Political Ethics; Legal and Political Hermeneutics; Civil Liberty and Self-Government* (said to be his greatest work); and pamphlets and able articles innumerable, for the papers, and for foreign reviews. A paper by Lieber was read by all the thinking world, and translated often into the popular European languages. They were, even if short, "fragments struck off a great resplendent mind," containing specimens at least of the purest gold. Such men as Prescott, Bancroft, Everett, Webster, Chancellors Kent and De Saussure, Ruggles, Bryant, Seward, Morse, Halleck, Marcy, Fish, and Lincoln thanked him over their own hand and seal for his contributions to the treasury of noble thoughts; while a recent article by M. Rolin Jacquemyns, the editor of the *Revue de Droit International*, shows us that the great minds of Europe watched for and appreciated his opinions and ideas, with the same unqualified respect which they received here.

Such was the deserved fame of this great man. It is now our privilege to turn to the charm and grace which adorned his private character. During his earlier life in New York he was very much in society, one of its most conspicuous ornaments. His splendid head formed the most remarkable distinction of some gay party or some well-selected dinner company. He spoke English with that terseness and originality which often accompanies its acquirement as a foreign language. He was very witty and ready at a repartee. A lady once told him that he showed his great knowledge of English in his ability to understand all jokes. "Yes," he said, "but sometimes I *say* a stupid thing. That is because I have not yet conquered all the *delicatesse* of the language; the stupidity is in the language, not in me."

He was very fond of writing notes; and a few quotations from some of them, perhaps, would throw a pleasant light on his great, lovable, and genial nature, particularly as they refer to a subject then and now of universal interest—Dr. Hayes's expedition to the Arctic regions: "Come," says one of these graceful *billets*, "will you not grace our meeting to-morrow? Come, pray, with your husband, and encourage a 'timid speaker!' as I am, by your presence. The accompanying card is not a ticket of admission, but rather of admonition; you may give it to some one else to induce him to come. Dr. Hayes is a noble creature; I think you ladies of New York should work him some *nose* and *ear* preservers."

The lady declining this gracious invitation, "as not approving of Arctic explorations," he wrote her the following:

"Oh! ah! your tender heart permits you to hear Mr. B—— on Jonathan Edwards, the man who proved so logically the beauty of predestined everlasting *roasting;* but your feelings will not permit you to hear Francis Lieber on the possibility of some brave men and stout, freezing to death for this world only! I shall punish you, my fair friend, for your icy and unmelting heart, by sending you soon a pamphlet, and making you promise to read it, on this very expedition; old Mrs. R—— was there, and when I took the glorious old lady home she told me that she went with much prejudice against the undertaking, but that we had changed her mind. What do you think of this? When I had finished, a lady went up to Dr. Hayes, and with moistened eyes said to him, 'You must take a widow's mite,' and gave him a dollar! Bache says: 'Hayes ought to nail that widow's mite to the mast.'

"To-morrow I shall try to see you and your picture, but only on condition that I do not give my opinion; I know the value of that kind of criticism; I have lived too long in Rome. If I find it good, I shall speak out; if not, I shall rest on the old saying, 'Le silence du peuple est le jugement des rois!'

"Now unbend, Mrs. Ermine, and send some plum-pudding for the Arctic sailors!"

On sending the pamphlet, he says: "It may not be very polite to send you my speech in favor of the Arctic expedition after you have expressed yourself so strongly against it, but then a man likes to be read by a woman; so pardon me, if there be anything which requires pardon. Pardon is so easily granted in America! Imagine yourself a Governor, and me one of the *worst* murderers, and your pardon will be ready!" (This was in 1858, not in our enlightened 1873, when we have Dix for our Governor. (To another lady who asked him for some literary information, he wrote: "The literary pack-horse of the nineteenth century has been searching for your facts all day, digging in a used-up memory—searching for and pulling over dusty folios. What can a pair of bright eyes want of these dull facts? However, Caliban will always pile logs at the bidding of Miranda. He is as faithful as Ferdinand, but he must not expect the smiles which are bestowed on Ferdinand!"

He was once asked by a lady for a few hints about a Louis Quinze dress; and it is a singular proof of his immense versatility, that he answered the light question with a learned treatise on powdered hair, and gave many valuable hints as to the colors which should be worn with it, winding up his note with: "I demand for my wages, to see you 'en Marquise,' and I am always yours, whether I am endusted or enbooked, or whether you are en-violeted, en-rosed, or en-pinked."

Once, on being asked to go and pay a visit in some circle rather given to "mutual admiration," he declined; on being asked why, he said: "I do not wish to be like Joseph in the Holy Family, the only one without a halo round my head."

He wound up one of his most serious letters from the South, after considering all the questions of her political position, with the playfulness: "Take me from this land, where the skies are so blue, and the negroes are so black."

He considered no subject as beneath him if, by illuminating it with his knowledge, he could make it useful, witty, or agreeable to his friends.

It was a serious sorrow to those many friends, when, yielding to the gravity of advancing years, and a certain deep melancholy (not always read aright) which formed an undertone to his richly gifted nature, he withdrew from general society. He had always preferred his happy home and its gentle influences to all other places. It finally became all in all to him. At a delightful dinner given by one of his oldest, truest, and best friends—Mr. Ruggles—to the Bishop of Lichfield, about a year before the death of Lieber, he appeared, and talked with his accustomed grace and felicity; but on being rallied after dinner, on his neglect of that society which so assiduously sought him, he said touchingly: "All noble things are difficult; society is difficult after you get old and you grow less noble!"

This phrase, "All noble things are difficult," was one of the mottoes in which he delighted. Mottoes and busts ornamented his house. He greatly admired Alexander Hamilton; named a son for him; and had his bust in his library. Many of the portraits of his favorite heroes, as William of Orange, Washington, Hampden and Pym, hung about the room. In the vestibule over his inner door, he placed: "Die Studirende Eule," the studying owl, imported from Berlin. He dated his notes from "The Owley," and declared that he bore himself strong resemblence in feature to the bird. "It has the advantage of looking wise, and being stupid," he was fond of saying.

On the ceiling of the vestibule he caused to be inscribed:

Patria Cara.
Carior Libertas.
Veritas Carissima.

Wherever his eyes looked, they fell on these noble and suggestive thoughts and images. Although his was no "mind of hearsays," he was not indifferent to the fact that poor human nature must work hard to keep always up to the highest note. He was a man with an infinity of work in him, needing little sleep and little rest. The still hours of the night and the early morning found him at his books.

He was very fond of art. "What will become of the world when there is no Raphael!" he exclaimed. He loved and read poetry in all languages; was fond of flowers, perfumes, and little children. Most beautifully would he talk about Goethe and his universality; but how much higher was the *morale* of Francis Lieber than that of Goethe!

On what subject did he not talk well? And his voice, rich, deep-toned like an organ, gave new attraction to his wise and witty words.

Lieber was married in 1829, and led a domestic life of great beauty and devotion.

He left two sons, Captain Hamilton Lieber and Major Norman Lieber, both officers in the Army of the United States. He lived to taste one of the greatest blessings of declining years—to take his grandchildren on his knees.

Fortunate in all great things, Lieber has been especially fortunate in his biographer. The Honorable M. Russell Thayer, of Philadelphia, whose discourse, delivered before the Historical Society of Philadelphia, on the "Life, Character, and Writings of Francis Lieber," has been freely drawn from in these hasty paragraphs, has written with masterly success a sketch of this great man, which should be republished, for the reading and use of all young men. Nor could his adopted country do a better thing for her schools and colleges than to present them all with his profound and learned treatises.

Lieber also deserves of his adopted country a statue. Well would this massive figure, so indicative of great strength; that head, superbly intellectual, adorn the Park which is to be our Pantheon. He was fitted by nature for bronze or marble. He looked the great man he was.

Well may we hold up to the youth who come after us the incorruptible integrity and faithful industry of this her adopted son.

Living in times of great political and historical interest in various countries of the Old World, and while here, passing long periods of an observant life in different parts of the United States, he was enabled to look at our position in the family of nations with a certain perspective which few men could command; his advice was therefore of enormous value. Wisdom and experience were in his case added to the clairvoyance of genius. No man had ever greater aptitude for the study of political economy; and the young citizen of the future can do no better thing than to drink deeply of the wise and eloquent teachings of FRANCIS LIEBER.

A DAY IN THE FRENCH ASSEMBLY.

THERE is something melodramatic in the French Assembly which is heightened by theatrical surroundings, for the Capitol is a theater of Louis the Fourteenth's construction. It is full of the traditions of the Grand Monarch and his brilliant court, and of 750 deputies now sitting as provisional rulers over the destinies of France. In this place, according to the ancient courtiers, the sun arose when the king appeared, and went down at his departure; here the powdered and bewigged old sovereign deigned to patronize Molière. The rough flirtation and intrigue in the nooks and corridors of the olden time have given place to the button-holing, gesticulation, and babel of the modern legislature; frills, fans, and flounces, small swords, ribbons, and buckles, have yielded to the more somber costumes of to-day.

The parquette and first tier of boxes are devoted exclusively to the use of deputies, and constitute the floor of the Chamber. The stage is closed behind the first wings by a painting which serves as a background to the lofty seat of the President of the Assembly. Before him rises up, out of the place of the ancient orchestra, the tribune or pulpit where France delivers all her legislative speeches, whether they be of five minutes' or two hours' length; and the appearance of some of the deputies in this box recalls the home souvenir of a boy speaking his piece at a school exhibition. The tribune is in front and below the President of the Assembly, in a position corresponding to that of the clerk's desk in the House of Representatives at Washington. To the Anglo-Saxon mind there is something unpleasantly theatrical in this pulpit of the speaker, but it is well adapted to French character. If deputies were recognized as having the floor in their seats, many of them would speak at once, and without having anything to say. As it is, a certain preparation and force of character are necessary to mount the tribune and encounter, in the most conspicuous place of the Chamber, the gibes of the opposition. The groans and laughter which salute the hesitating speaker are pitiless; and if one voice rises high enough out of the general confusion to be heard, it is to throw a disrespectful epithet, as if it were a dead cat or a foul egg. To the timid, the trials of this conspicuous box are something approaching to martyrdom. Thus, the privilege of getting up in his seat to make a remark or two is denied to the deputy. He must mount the tribune or hold his peace; or rather he

has not the official ear of the Chamber, for he cannot hold his peace. Some of the speakers ascend the stairway with the mien of Brutus; and one fancies, were they in toga and sandals, their harangue would be a close imitation of the old Roman manner. This disposition to act must render it difficult sometimes for the orator himself to distinguish the sham from the real in what he says; and when there is an unusual show of austerity and abnegation, the greater part is comedy.

In the tribune the speaker's back is turned to the President of the Assembly, whom he practically ignores. He speaks directly to the deputies, addressing them as Messieurs; and this way of speaking straight to the hearers, in a mercurial people like the French, incites to disturbance. It is a wise rule in the English and American legislatures for the speaker to address himself to the presiding officer only, and to refer to adversaries in the third person, and without calling the individual name, thus diminishing the chances of offensive personality. In the heat of angry discussion the Frenchman sometimes singles out his man and talks to him face to face, in a manner not far removed from that of a fishwoman of the Hall. Besides, in following this direct mode of address, he is led into extravagances which would be curbed somewhat under the restriction of the parliamentary forms of England and America. Thus, in speaking *to* a body of 750 men representing the people, he often unduly exalts himself with the idea that the ear of the nation is listening to his words through these 750 men; he no longer addresses an assembly of individuals, but gives rein to his patriotic sentiments and harangues the country at large with inflated periods and some rather wild talk; he speaks to France entire, and from France, as he grows warmer, he communicates his thoughts to Europe, then to the civilized world, and possibly in the end to the universe. This tendency, however, is held in check to a certain degree by the fear of ridicule. If the expansive orator soars too high and too long, a bullet, in the shape of one of those sharp words in which Frenchmen are such adepts, brings him floundering down to earth again. These men of the Chamber are saved from many a serious denouement through a keen sense of the ridiculous. In a word, the Gaul is born a *blagueur*, and when he laughs he is disarmed. Thus, at a critical moment in electoral reform, so-called, when all are devoured with political ambition and ready to resort to extreme measures in the way of attack and reprisal, the following resolution is passed around the Chamber:—

Article I. That all Frenchmen are, and are hereby declared, Presidents of the Republic.

Article II. That alone, the chief executive officer of the nation is, and shall remain, a private citizen.

This is offered as a solution of the pending difficulty, and, for the time, it brings hilarity and sequent calm to the perturbed spirits of Versailles. *Mots* are then in order. A man of the Left observes that the President of the Assembly holds himself remarkably well on the political tight-rope, considering that his balance-pole is nearly all on one side. Others quickly follow, and general good-humor is restored.

The President has a large bell with which he strives to keep order. A half-dozen tip-staffs in different parts of the Chamber endeavor to assist him by crying "silence" from time to time, but their cries are little heeded, for they have no authority to act. These subordinates are garbed in silver-embroidered coats, and wear decorative swords. Part of the time the President reads bills and puts questions, and none but those in his immediate vicinity hear him. Again, when the business or question is very interesting, there is a complete lull, showing how quiet the body can remain if it so desires. This lull is followed by a burst of feeling which has been dammed up in the few minutes of order—in loud laughter, groans, or shouts. Little restraint is exercised, and the Assembly is gregarious in its manifestations, the Right approving and the Left condemning, systematically or *vicè versa*. The most frequent words of interruption are "*très bien, très bien*," or "*assez, assez*," mingled with laughs of derision and partisan plaudits. In the British Parliament and the American Congress it is understood that the adversary is to have some sort of fair play—that is, he is allowed to make his argument, and if reply is to be made, it is when he is done; here the reply is frequently a running accompaniment in addition to what follows. Much of the time the Assembly is like the New York Gold-room, the voices swelling into a steadily sustained roar.

In America, committees, and especially their chairmen, are selected by the Speaker of the House and the President of the Senate, and with some regard to fitness; in France, the committees are drawn by lot, and are called bureaus. Thus, a deputy who has spent

s life in the construction of railways may be ppointed to look after the interests of public ducation; and another, whose life has been evoted to the latter, may be called to super- tend the workings of the former. The draw- g by lot in the making-up of these bureaus conducted by the President of the Assem- y, aided by the tip-staffs and other subor- nates. When a vote is taken in the Cham- er, green urns of classic shape are carried ound by the tip-staffs, in which each deputy eposits his card, for or against, as the case ay be.

There is a ministerial bench immediately in ont of the tribune, where some of the mem- ers of the Cabinet are always to be found hen the Assembly is in session. Each one, in the British Parliament, advocates and efends the measures emanating from the anch of government over which he has harge. Furnishing nuts for the ministers to ack, is called interpellation. The defense the general policy of the government is sually confided to the ablest speaker of the abinet; under Thiers it was Dufaure, un- er MacMahon it does not yet appear to have een definitely settled. In the American ongress there are usually two divisions, al- ough at the present time there are three, onsisting of Republicans, Democrats, and iberals; in France there are no less than ve;—the Right, Right Center, Left Center, eft, and Extreme Left, or Radical, often de- sively called by its adversaries *La Nouvelle ouche Sociale.* One or two black-robed cclesiastics occupy seats with the Right; r the Church, as a rule, sustains the idea of monarchy in France. As there is no law prevent the holding of two offices under e government at the same time, there are veral generals and colonels in the Chamber, it they do not appear in uniform. A depu- may be elected by a constituency that he as never seen; several prominent men are turned from departments where they do not ve, and in case of great popularity the same presentative is elected by several constitu- ncies; when he makes a choice, then the oth- s proceed to a new election.

A number of men in the Right Center and e Left Center are not possessed of political onvictions, and their position enables them go to one side or the other as they may feel clined. They affirm that their action is etermined by the question of maintaining der, but it is doubtless rather a question of ersonal interest. The men of the Right and e Left who boldly proclaim what they want nd struggle for it openly, hold them as ob- stacles in the way of progress. The men in question consider themselves as oil on troubled waters.

The deportment of some of the deputies appears rather light and trivial to American eyes. They bring opera-glasses with them, and while the body is in session they stand up with their back to the presiding officer and take a cool and lengthy survey of the galleries, as spectators do in the orchestra stalls of the French theaters. When the glass encounters a pretty face among the women, it dwells there an unseemly time, and turns away with reluctance; occasionally, when it meets an acquaintance among the sex of which the possessor of the lorgnette is always an ardent admirer, he exchanges salutations of a demonstrative character, resorting sometimes to signs to make himself better understood. In two instances I saw women endeavoring to communicate from the galleries with their friends on the floor, by speaking behind their hands, and the men making gallant efforts to respond in the same way, and looking as if they were laying their hearts at the feet of those who spoke to them. It is evident that when one of these deputies undergoes the trials of the tribune, there is a pair of eyes somewhere in the gallery that dances with joy at his triumph and weeps with sympathy at his failure. In manifestations between the sexes, from gallery to floor, there seems to be no consciousness of any infringement of the rules of decorum which usually govern legislative bodies. A pictorial journal has a caricature of this expansiveness in the Assembly; a woman is leaning over the gallery, with anxiety in her face and a glass of sugared water in her hand. "Mon cher Anatole," says she, addressing a man in the tribune, "for Heaven's sake do not begin to speak before you have taken something." On slight provocation there is expansion. During the election for Vice-Presidents of the Assembly, an honorary position hardly equivalent in importance to the chairmanship of an American congressional committee, one deputy, hearing that his favorite candidate is elected, rushes forward and kisses him several times on both cheeks, which is unfortunate, as it turns out when the votes are counted that his candidate is defeated. Fancy the effect if some one of his friends were to clasp Mr. Blaine in his arms, with effusive osculation, on hearing that Mr. B. had been elected Speaker of the House. It is hardly a mild conjecture to suppose, under such circumstances, that one of those grim laconic members from the far West, would move for the immediate ex-

pulsion of the man so offending, and a vote of sympathy for the victim in the person of the unfortunate Speaker.

Men of talent in the legislature of America possibly place as high an estimate on their ability as men do in the French Chamber, but they show it less; for with us when men act out the presumption of being superior to their neighbors, they dig their graves politically; hence a certain reserve is observed in our public men touching their own qualities, and in those of England it is still more pronounced. The repressive faculty in the Frenchman is not strong, and his views as to himself are soon ascertained. Occasionally a British member of Parliament is seen who is rated higher by his constituents than he is by himself, but this is rare in France. The calm repressive power of the Briton is now what France stands more in need of than anything else. To triumph in his success is a temptation the Frenchman cannot withstand. To be decorated with the Legion of Honor and not have the red ribbon in the button-hole of all his coats, to be shown in public as well as private, would grieve him sorely; an Englishman has the Order of the Bath, and there is no indication of it on his dress, although it is of more value, being rarely conferred save for distinguished service. To make brilliant, effective phrases on the floor of the Chamber or elsewhere, and then talk about them with friends and admirers, is one of the Gaul's pleasures. To keep the secret of one of his successful strokes to himself, is a trial to which he is not often equal. To possess a talent and be silent about it, is a hardship. Thus, in his successes, the colloquial expansion to which they give rise is the next thing of importance to the successes themselves.

The central figure is not in the chair of the presiding officer, nor on the ministerial bench. It is Thiers in one of the seats of the Left Center, where he occasionally appears a careful observer of the proceedings. In the flesh, he is the shortest man in the Chamber, and in intellect, head and shoulders taller than the most gifted. The name of Little Giant would be still more appropriate to him than it was to Stephen A. Douglas, for he is shorter. He is rather burly than fat, for his shoulders are broad and he is thick through; he carries his head as erect as it is possible to do. Like most men with a big body and short legs, he has an iron constitution, that stands, even at his advanced age, any sudden and extraordinary demand made upon it; and this healthy organization evidently contributes to the unfailing good-nature which he exhibits. Most of the time there is a smile twinkling behind the spectacles and turning up the corners of his large mouth; but there are two smiles, one for his opponents and another for his friends; the first has malice in it, and the second is good-nature itself. He is essentially Gallic in finesse and rapidity of thought. In reply, whether in the tribune or in hours of social relaxation, no man is quicker than he. Some of his countrymen show a tendency to talk without a purpose, but this is not one of his faults. He is an indefatigable worker, and whatever he undertakes he does thoroughly, be it negotiating treaties, speaking in the tribune, or writing history. He is a complete man, who finds time in the midst of his literary and political labors to hunt up rare objects in the way of books, pictures and general *bric-à-brac*. Where his duties admit of it, he is regular and temperate in his habits, and is seldom if ever known to complain of illness or any incapacity for work. He is somewhat of a statesman of the Talleyrand school, where diplomacy and expediency exert too great an influence to admit of very high moral aims. Something of the bourgeois too, adheres to him, and prevents the growth of moral grandeur, which, in the crisis through which he has passed, would appear to be the complement to a man of his genius and sterling qualities. In a word, he is not a Washington, although he has an ambition to imitate that great character; he is incapable of great personal sacrifice for the good of his country in the matter of material interests, and this is the most disagreeable blemish in the man.

Thus, in material affairs he is acquisitive and narrow, although rich and without children. When his hotel was burnt down under the Commune, the state, although not responsible for this act of the Communists, offered him a handsome sum for its reconstruction in a style superior to what it was before, and at a time when France was struggling to pay her indemnity to Prussia; and Thiers accepted the money without hesitation. This is in striking contrast to the acts of some of our public men: Washington declined his salary as commander-in-chief of the army; and Lincoln, when Congress proposed to double his salary as President, replied that he could not spend that which they had already given him. This unfortunate trait is ingrained in the character of Thiers, and he is now too old to change.

Thiers is gifted with rare penetration of men and things, joined to a natural prudence which has grown with age. The latter part of his presidency of the Republic furnishes

illustration of this, in his applying tests, so far as he was able, to ascertain the real sentiments of France with regard to the kind of government which she preferred. In this waiting, halting, and experimenting to see his way, the Right saw only cunning and vacillation; but when he finally made up his mind, he showed that he was the last man to compromise. In answer to the suggestion of the Right, that he would make his ministers responsible, and thus avoid it himself, by assuming a position analogous to the sovereign of Great Britain, he firmly declined, resolving to throw the weight of his prestige on the side of his combating ministers, and stand or fall with them. Obeying an impulse creditable to the dignity of his manhood, he went a step further, and endeavored to assume the faults of one or two members of his cabinet as his own. The last day of his presidency he spoke for two hours in the tribune for the republican form of government as being the only one possible in France; and after he was through, the Assembly adjourned in compliance with a special law made for Thiers, to the effect that an adjournment should always follow his speeches, to give deputies time to get over his eloquence and recover their usual faculty of judgment before proceeding to legislative action—a law which showed plainly that the Assembly was afraid of him, and the extent of his influence over it. To some friends who went to see him after his defeat, he said: "I fall with my flag in my hand; I give up my place to those who are entering on a perilous career; I will take my seat in the Assembly; I hold to that, for the nation gave it to me. I am now a simple deputy, and I like the title." This was something in the spirit of John Quincy Adams, who, instead of the title of President of the United States for his tomb, preferred that of Representative of the People of Massachusetts. On learning of his defeat, which involved his resignation as President and the resumption of his seat as deputy, Thiers said: "Now the Chamber will not be under the necessity of adjourning after one of my speeches." Mark Tapley could not have come out stronger under adverse circumstances.

There was a simplicity in the life of Thiers during his presidency striking compared to the luxury of the Tuileries a few years ago. His habits, so far as possible, were the same in public as in private life. It was customary for the Bonapartists to reproach him with being too simple and bourgeois for the ruler of a nation; to which it may be answered, better that than the gilded vice of the Empire. The new President, MacMahon, is not of the same mind as his predecessor, and his increased household and guard of honor look like the first steps toward a monarchical government.

As a rule, the ability of orators is over-estimated, for they convey the idea, perhaps unconsciously, that they can act as well as they speak. The listener is so carried away with their eloquence, that he invests them for the time with a certain divinity, and believes that to them all things must be easy. The two greatest orators in France—by which is understood their power to move the feelings of the people—are Jules Favre and Gambetta. The first has so lost character, both in judgment and as a man of action, among his colleagues, that he does not appear in his seat in the Assembly. The blatant defiance about not surrendering a foot of wall nor an inch of territory to the Prussians, and the breaking down and weeping at his interview with Bismarck, were too much for his countrymen, and they covered him with reproaches and ridicule. His conduct on these occasions has even lessened the effect of his pleading before the courts, where he was once a powerful advocate. Gambetta has not lost character like Favre, but it is the subject of no little discussion. Most of his friends aver that he is as strong in the council-chamber as he is in the tribune or in the reunions of the people, but there are men of his party who distrust his judgment as a leader. He showed, from the fall of the Commune to the late elections, an admirable discretion, but committed a serious blunder in putting forward extreme radical candidates in opposition to the conservatives favored by Thiers; for this aroused the apprehensions of the Right in the Chamber, and drove them into that union which overthrew the old President. The republic was slowly but surely gaining ground every day under the rule of Thiers,—who understands his people and his epoch as well as any man living,—when the impatience of Gambetta, in thrusting forward his crude men, some of whose skirts were stained with the blood of the Commune, alarmed those who had something at stake in the country, and formed the present tripartite coalition. Those of the Left Center, sharing the opinion of Talleyrand that in politics a blunder is a crime, are naturally bitter against this young chief for interrupting as he did the growth and development of the republic. On the other hand, the friends of Gambetta say that the zeal of his followers

in the Extreme Left got beyond his control, and that they imposed their candidates upon him, and especially Barodet, whose election stirred up the Right to relentless battle. In this there is probably some truth, for Gambetta is a shrewd politician; and he must have seen, by supporting Thiers in a sufficiently conservative policy to maintain his power, that he became his natural successor. Gambetta, as the fiery orator of the tribune, where he appears as if led by impulse alone, is deceptive. He knows what he is doing when he looks as if burning to a white heat, and his words are as discreet as if he wrote them down in the quiet of his cabinet. He is one of those men who, beginning their political lives as agitators, become conservatives after assuming the responsibilities of power; and it is safe to predict, if Gambetta proves successful, five or ten years hence, that no man will be a stouter defender of the then existing institutions than he. His position at this time is a singular one; he strides the Left and the Extreme Left, a foot in each, and even reaches to the edge of the Left Center. He is the political friend of Thiers as well as of Jules Favre and of Ranc, and he has done more toward keeping the three divisions together in legislative action than any other man. His affinities are more pronounced for the Left, and his manifestation of friendship for the Extreme Left is probably for the purpose of using it to arrive at the possession of power. The Extreme Left is turbulent, with something of the spirit of the Commune, in the way of sacrificing its favorites, and this doubtless Gambetta is well aware of; hence the day when he shall have climbed to the place which he covets, if he ever does, one of his first acts will probably be to draw up the ladder after him and leave his radical friends below in the lurch, whereupon there will of course be the usual chorus about being betrayed.

The extremists on the side of Gambetta saw at last that their future was bound up in the continuance of the Thiers' government, but the discovery came too late, and their efforts to keep him in power were futile. They furnished, during this last strenuous support, the spectacle of men adhering to a leader who repudiated them and their principles in the tribune, and in language that was like a castigation. They received the lashing without a murmur, and continued to vote for him to the end; they could do nothing else, and Thiers knew it, whereas the denunciation, he hoped, might bring over a few hesitating deputies from the Right Center; but these hopes were doomed to disappointment. The defeat of Thiers is a lesson to the radicals of the Left, which will probably teach them a little discretion in conducting the campaigns of the future, and bring the three divisions into something like solidarity. They have learned, in short, that success and their acceptance of Thiers as a leader are inseparable; that Gambetta must be regarded as a lieutenant, but not as the captain.

Those who, by their official position, are most prominent, naturally occupy the ministerial bench. Of these the Duke de Broglie, so far, has been the principal mouthpiece of the MacMahon government. He is an active, cheerful man, in the neighborhood of fifty. His face is pale, full-cheeked and wide-mouthed. His accents are strange, and his manner of speaking unpleasant. It was to de Broglie that Thiers sped his Parthian arrow in the last sentence which he delivered in the tribune as President of the Republic: the arrow was a rebuke at the present duke's departure from the political rectitude of his father. The Minister of Public Works, Deseilligny, is a mild-looking young man, with florid complexion and chestnut hair, and resembles an English dandy. Ernoul, the Minister of Justice, was a procureur under the Empire. Batbie, the Minister of Public Instruction, was the originator of the combat which resulted in the overthrow of Thiers. He is a great, unwieldy man, over six feet in height, whose head sinks between his shoulders and gives him the appearance of a man without a neck. He has a plodding talent and an urbane manner, and to these two qualities he is mainly indebted for his ministerial portfolio. He was a professor of law and a *protégé* of Louis Veuillot, the violent but able editor of the *Univers*. M. Batbie began his political life as a Red Republican, and during the latter part of the Empire changed to an ardent Imperialist. Magne, the Financial Minister, is a tall, rather stout, elderly man, with iron-gray hair, red face, and a slight stoop. He was a Minister under Louis Napoleon, and is as much a friend of the Empire now as he was then. His appointment to the present cabinet was a concession to the Bonapartist faction of the coalition. Beulé, the Minister of the Interior, is a nineteenth-century pagan; tall, thin, melancholy-looking, and a rhetorician by vocation, for he is a member of the Institute, where he is an accomplished lecturer. He made a discovery at Athens considered important in the archæological world; it was this that opened the door of the Institute to

im. He is the author of an interesting ook on Augustus and Nero, ostensibly writ- en as a lash against the Roman Cæsarism, ut meant to reach the shoulders of the late mperor. Beulé is an Orleanist of the trongest character—equal to de Broglie. he Minister of the Interior is regarded at he present time as the most important func- ionary of the state, for through him the gov- rnment of MacMahon hopes to retain its najority in the Assembly. As was expected, ie changed most of the prefects and sub-pre- ects, and other civil officers, a few days after ie entered upon his functions; and the new nen naturally are to exert themselves to the ıtmost in coming elections to return de- uties devoted to the present government, or their continuance in office depends upon he parliamentary majority. It is generally nown that the Left would have a majority if he people were allowed to vote of their own ree will; but the Right believe, by a skillful nanipulation of their agents, that this may be educed to a minority.

The cumulative system existing in France, he Minister of War and the Minister of Marine, occupying seats in the Chamber, are aid for three different functions: one draw- ng a salary as Minister of War, General, and is Deputy, the other as Minister of Marine, Admiral, and as Deputy, and each deriving his powers from the central government for each separate function. There is, in a word, no law to prevent a man from absorbing a dozen places if he has the influence to obtain them.

The Right endeavors to fasten the stigma of he Commune on the Left, because two or three deputies of the Extreme Left were to some extent identified with that mob-govern- ment; and the conservatives are thus made to wince occasionally for the sins of the radi- cals. The bond of union between these divisions of the Left is the republic, and still they are not in harmony as to the kind of republic. The radicals desire a socialistic republic, and the conservatives want a dem- ocratic republic pure and simple, free from all kinds of socialism. The group of men among the radicals most prominent is composed of Lockroy, a journalist; Naquet, a physician; Barodet, the former Mayor of Lyons; and Ranc, the ablest of them, who is the principal editor of the *République Fran- çaise*. These representatives claim that Gam- betta is also with them; but this is denied by the conservatives, who affirm that he is with them; and it is possible that this saga- cious chieftain has persuaded them that he is with them both. It is generally considered that the radicals in power would be the ruin of France; and the body of the Left, rather than have the socialistic republic established such as the radicals desire, would swing round to the Right and favor a monarchy.

In the Left and Left Center, after Thiers, among the conspicuous men are Jules Simon, Saint-Hilaire, Saint George, Dufaure, and Grévy. Dufaure is an orator who comes from a family of poor laborers, whose rude, rustic manners he has conserved, notwith- standing his political and parliamentary asso- ciations. He did the wheel-horse work of the Thiers ministry in the tribune to the last, and the day of its fall he disputed the ground inch by inch with greater tenacity than he had ever shown in any previous contest. The character of Jules Simon is not wrecked as badly as that of Jules Favre, but it is much damaged; for he is now pretty generally re- garded as a pliant, affable demagogue, but able and possessed of remarkable attain- ments. He affects a Socratic indifference for place and power, and no man is believed to long for them more ardently than he. He is always surrounded by a group of disciples, to whom he teaches the philosophy of life and the general vanity of earthly things. He was in place under the Empire, and under the Thiers republic, where one of the journals affirms that he hung with such tenacity to his portfolio of minister that he was only sepa- rated from it by an act of violence. He is a free-thinker, and one of the strongest friends of the Church. Thiers, overhearing him in an adjoining room talking with a Roman Catholic bishop, at first thought Simon was the ecclesiastic and the other was the layman, so unctuous and edifying was he in discussing the affairs of the Church. A better idea per- haps may be given of the man by calling him a compound of Pecksniff and Socrates. At his fall from the ministerial bench, he was the target for the gibes of the journalists, and he had the wit to take them good-naturedly, doubtless saying to himself, "he laughs well who laughs last," for the cat-like qualities of Jules Simon will probably enable him to climb again into office.

Grévy, the former President of the Assem- bly, is a conservative republican, whose rela- tions, social and political, are of an intimate character with Thiers. Should the ex-Presi- dent decline to be the standard-bearer of the Left by reason of age or too much work, the distinction will probably fall to the lot of M. Grévy, who is able and generally respected. In the event of the death of Thiers, it is possi-

ble that Grévy may become his successor as the recognized leader of the opposition instead of Gambetta.

Some of the old faces still linger behind, and one of the oldest is that of Barthélemy-Saint-Hilaire, eighty-two years of age, who has been a stanch republican all his life—a man of progress and independent character. He was once editor of the old *National*, and began his republican life, in 1848, under Cavaignac, from whom he separated, and whom he afterward attacked in the Assembly and in his journal. Since the organization of the provisional government he has been one of the most faithful adherents of Thiers, by whom he has been consulted on every important question of the administration. Changarnier is another of the old men who still linger on the parliamentary stage, now in his seventy-fourth year, and looking ten years older. He was an ardent republican in 1848. Under the Empire he melodramatically offered his sword to the Emperor—the same turning out to be a sorry blade; and now he is in full sympathy with the Right. His political souvenirs of the Reds of '48 estranged him from his liberal ideas; in a fit of indignation he said of them: "Sacré bleu! those brutes have so disgusted me with fraternity, that if I had a brother I would call him my cousin." M. C., in short, is one of those who consider republicanism impracticable in France, and who advocate the government of the sword.

In the Left are also conspicuous the well-known faces of Louis Blanc, Edgar Quinet, and Esquiros, the author of two interesting books on Holland and England, and an occasional contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* and in the Left Center, General Chanzy, de Rémusat, and Casimir Périer.

Among the leaders of the Right are the Dukes d'Audiffret-Pasquier, d'Aumale, and Decazer; Duval, Goulard, and Rouher. The last-named is probably the most skillful debater on his side, but in recent discussions he has taken no part, except to vote. The ability with which Rouher defended the acts of the Empire, even to the Mexican expedition, is still fresh in the memory of Frenchmen. He still adheres to the Bonaparte dynasty, and when the time comes for a division among the monarchists, he will doubtless be found using his voice to seat the fourth Napoleon on the throne. The fire-eating element predominates in the faction with which he is identified, but he is a logical speaker, whose equanimity is not easily disturbed—a kind of Dutch-Frenchman, like his old imperial master.

The men who hold the reins of powe cover themselves with the republican flag i order to accomplish their object. Their offi cial existence is a falsehood; for they profes to be maintaining the republic when they ar doing everything in their power to brin about its fall. They have not the courage t stand by their opinions; their proceeding show an insincerity and concealment incon sistent with the character of honest men and their only defense is, that the end justi fies the means. It is an injustice to the con servatives of England to liken them to thes men, as is frequently done. The Tories, what ever their other shortcomings may be, i their contests with adversaries, meet thei on equal terms and ask no odds; in short boldly proclaim their opinions and accep the consequences, good or bad, like men The so-called conservatives of France pro fess one thing and hold to another. With a army of prefects, sub-prefects, and othe agents, which they put in place immediatel after the defeat of Thiers, they hope by tam pering and manipulating the suffrages to se cure a majority in the Chamber. Tha Thiers did not do this was their chief griev ance against him; for the former Presiden held, with all men who profess a prope regard for political liberty, that universal suf frage should be untrammeled and uninflu enced.

In the discussions of the Chamber, the ora tors of the Right seldom neglect to repre sent themselves as belonging to *the* govern ment of order, and especially of moral orde as they are never tired of phrasing it. Ac cording to them, the Left is composed of those who, besides holding pernicious doc trines, are given to violence in act and word What renders this pretension absurd is, tha the greatest intemperance of speech come from the Right. It is common to hear them affirm on that side that they are well born well educated, and of aristocratic origin, and hence are superior to their neighbors of the Left. Considering the daily provocation of this kind, to which the latter are subjected they conduct themselves with a certain de gree of moderation, which in Frenchmen is rather remarkable, and is probably the resul of party discipline.

The reiteration of the claim to a mo nopoly of morality in the conduct of the affairs of the present government g ows tiresome when one compares its acts with its claim. One of the *brusque* departure from that morality which the Right affect was the transmission of secret instructions t

the agents of the government throughout the country, to enter into negotiations with the editors of the different newspapers, and ascertain what amount of government patronage would be necessary to obtain their support. In other words, this was an effort made to buy up the press with the government funds. The secret circular stated "that the time had come to exercise an authority and influence over the press which an affectation of neutrality had destroyed." To the credit of Thiers be it stated, that the press in his time was neither threatened nor bought, and this course was, in the private circular, what was called an "affectation of neutrality." When the Minister of the Interior endeavored to explain away the bad effect of the secret circular, his political supporters said that he was wrong to defend his act, and that his proper course was to charge those who spoke against him with *their* misdemeanors and not mind *his*. If there is any doubt as to the expediency of treating such a question in this way, there can be none as to the lack of morality involved.

Another measure of the same unscrupulous character was the prohibition of the sale of journals on the streets and on the public stands of Lyons. The importance of this order will be understood when it is explained that the cheap journals purchased by the working classes are sold in this way, and that they are all of the political faith of the Left. Another act of the same kind was the ordering to Africa of General Chanzy, who is known to be a republican, in order, as it is conjectured, to have him out of the way in case there should be a resort to the sword. The suppression of the *Corsaire* newspaper, on insufficient grounds, was another effort to stifle the tendencies of public opinion, and it is in such acts as these that the government of France is now perhaps sowing the seeds of revolution.

The tendency to the abuse of power is the bane of the nation, for the authorities hunt down opposition until they drive it into open revolt. Only a few statesmen like Thiers, in France, understand that the true policy of a government is to administer justice tempered with mercy: and that to punish with severity, creates political martyrs whose blood is as much the seed of revolution as it is of the Church.

MODERN SKEPTICISM.

THIRD PAPER.

WHAT OUR LAYMEN MUST DO ABOUT IT.

We saw in our preceding paper that, putting aside all mooted matters in philosophy, the leading modern skeptics, and their avowed disciples, have firmly taken the stand that either all the supernatural features of Christianity must be placed upon a basis of evidence and reasoning of a like character to that which claims our assent to ordinary scientific propositions, or else they can have nothing whatever to do with those features of Christianity. We also closed the paper instanced with the prediction that it will be found, upon mature examination, that, before the problem of placing the Christian faith and system upon a truly scientific basis, the professional theologians not only stand to-day, but must forever stand, but little more than powerless.

First, then: The only concern of a truly scientific investigation is, in religious, just as in all other matters, merely to find and verify the truth. Moreover, says the Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol: "With all their faults, men are now certainly seeking for truth. There may be misapplications of historical criticism, there may be misuses and misapprehensions of the real testimony of science, but amid all, there is clearly a searching for truth."

Nor are the leading modern skeptics so supremely self-conceited as to assume that they alone have a sort of patent-right to truth. Conversely, says Renan: "No one is so completely in the right that his adversary is completely in the wrong;" or, as Herbert Spencer has it: "None are completely right and none are completely wrong."

According to which supposition, he who goes forth in quest of truth, must seek for her in every hostile camp, as well as in his own; stand ready to recognize her wherever she is discovered; and bring her home with equal triumph wherever she is found.

Infidel truth is a thousand-fold more worthy to be embraced than orthodox error, and—*vicè versa.*

But manifestly we have here at the very outset touched upon a supposition, which the true theologian never could for a single instant concede as a common basis of investigation between himself and the most advanced and fearless thinkers of the present epoch. Take, for illustration, the single subject of the evidential value of the Scriptures. The theologian would, of course, insist that, in some substantial sense or another, the Bible is to have the authoritative decisiveness in all its declarations of the very word of God. The free-thinker, equally of course, and with an equal emphasis, will insist that the very Gospels, on the other hand, can have no greater evidential value in a given deliberation than, as Strauss would assume, a mythological production; or, as Renan would prefer, a legendary biography. Imagine now, therefore, a genuine verbal inspirationist admitting even in his dreams that such a monstrous proposition as this is about the Scriptures, can rest for its support on any final trace of truth.

What, accordingly, will the theologian do in the case supposed? In far too many instances he will forthwith convert himself into a mere controversialist, and undertake to defend against all comers, and with every conceivable sort of weapon, the proposition that the theological view of the Scriptures is so undeniably and so absolutely true, that the skeptical view of the Scriptures must be just as undeniably and just as absolutely false.

But what impression alone does this mere theological controversialist make either upon the leading modern skeptics, or his avowed disciples? "Without knowing it or wishing it," says Renan, "religious controversy is always a dishonesty. It is not always its province to discuss with independence and to examine with anxiety, but it must defend a determined doctrine, and prove that he who dissents from it is either ignorant or dishonest. Calumnies, misconstructions, falsifications of ideas or words, boasting arguments on points not raised by the opponent, shouts of victory over errors which he has not committed,—none of these seem to be considered unworthy weapons by those who believe they are called upon to maintain the interests of absolute truth."

Besides, as Renan adds: "One is never very tolerant when he believes himself entirely in the right and his opponents entirely in the wrong." And preëminently the mere theological controversialist is responsible for that almost bitter and relentless animosity which has unfortunately sprung up between the partisans and the rejecters of Christianity. This animosity, says Herbert Spencer, is "fatal to a just estimate of either party by the other. . . . . Each combatant, seeing clearly his own aspect of the question, has charged his opponent with stupidity or dishonesty in not seeing the same aspect of it, while each has wanted the candor to go over to his opponent's side, and find out how it was he saw everything so differently. . . . . In proportion as we love truth more and victory less, we shall become anxious to know what it is which leads our opponents to think as they do; . . . and we shall aim to supplement the portion of truth we have found with the portion found by them."

Manifestly, therefore, the mere theological controversialist has absolutely no mission whatever, except one of further mischief-making, among the modern skeptics and their avowed disciples. Whatever can, by any possibility, be done toward his suppression, will be so much done toward keeping the flames of unbelief at least from spreading further—for this sort of "a defender of the faith" is but a firebrand, to make the best of him.

But the mere theologian also is, *per se*, almost as utterly without a vocation as is the mere theological controversialist, in the matters mentioned. For, in the first place, it is no more the province of the one, than it is the province of the other, "to discuss with independence and to examine with anxiety," but they must both alike "defend a determined doctrine." The mere theologian may indeed, for the simple sake of argument, make the supposition, for example, that whether the Scriptures are substantially the word of God, or are mythical, or legendary, are fairly open questions; but he is always bound to reach the predetermined doctrine that the former view alone is true. Says Renan of Channing: "If he bids men search for themselves, it does not enter his imagination that independent search can carry anybody outside of Christianity." So in general, when the theologian sets out bravely to investigate whether any given dogma of his religious system is a true or false one, he never is to dream that, as a matter of fact, discussed with independence, examined with anxiety, the conclusion ever can be reached that the dogma most certainly is false, but he is beforehand committed and pledged conversely to arrive only at the conclusion that un-

doubtedly it is true. If he sees any peril whatever that he is to be swept beyond, and away from, this predetermined goal, by a free and full surrender to the proof, he must then always and instantly turn bravely against the current of all the fatal facts and figures, and swim for his very theological life, until his predetermined goal is reached. "The orthodox theologian," says Renan, "may be compared to a caged bird; all freedom of movement is denied him. The liberal theologian is a bird, some of whose wing-feathers have been clipped. You believe him his own master; and he is so in fact, until the moment when he attempts to fly. Then you see that he is not altogether a child of the air." The theologian is, in short, only free to prove his dogma true, but absolutely bound not to prove it false. Which is all very well so long as a perfectly free and fearless investigation into the question of its truthfulness or falsity would prove it true. But in the reverse case —then what? Why then the mere theologian can be of signal service only to those who, like himself, are beforehand determined that, after a theological, or even after a controversial fashion, the endangered dogma shall be defended as a true one, whether true or false. Those whose sole interest it is to determine that the dogma is a false one, if such it is in fact, recoil at once here from the mere theologian, and turn to such alone for light as are, in the strictest scientific sense, perfectly free and fearless searchers after truth.

But not only does the mere theologian, for the reason instanced, find himself thus possessed of but a perfectly one-sided freedom, in case he makes a single movement toward a perfectly free and fearless search for truth, in fundamental questions of religion. Conversely, if he should once seriously attempt to break his chains in this direction, he would at once discover how firmly, and even how hopelessly, he is, in his proper sphere and character as a theologian, forever fastened hand and foot in massive, moveless fetters. Let a man, for example, who is a professional theologian, begin to say to himself, that, true or false, he will forthwith institute a perfectly free and fearless scrutiny into all the challenged current Christian dogmas, and then, when he knows the truth, whatever it may be, he will proclaim it. He thereupon instantly becomes reminded that he is bound in every conceivable direction of public Christian expectation, as well as by his own most honorable and formal, legal or ecclesiastical pledges of fealty to the special Christian sect in which he is a preacher of the gospel, that, in case he ever should reach the conclusion, in his private studies, that a given determined dogma of his church is a false one, he will yet never formally, or in any public manner, promulge anything whatever counter to the supposition that such dogma is a true one,—that is, will never do so, so long as he remains a preacher of the gospel in the especial Christian communion to which his loyalty is pledged.

Besides, what lies prospectively beyond any projected act of priestly treason to these pledges, in case such treason ever is committed? "If," says Froude, "a clergyman in trouble, amidst the abstruse subjects with which he has to deal, or unable to reconcile newly discovered truth of science with the established formulas, puts forward his perplexities, . . . there is an instant cry to have him stifled, silenced, or trampled down; and, if no longer punished in life and limb, to have him deprived of the means on which life and limb can be supported; while, with ingenious tyranny, he is forbidden to maintain himself by any other occupation."

The simple fact is, that the professional theologian is not only expressly pledged and paid, except within the limitations of the determined dogmas of his special ecclesiastical sect or clique, not to be, on vital questions in religion, an independent and scientific searcher after truth, but that he cannot for the first time look the question of becoming such a searcher after truth fairly in the face without a thrill of horror.

And yet there is a very decided present tendency in certain influential quarters fairly to urge and goad the clergy forward into speaking with perfect independence about religious matters, despite established dogmas. Thus, says Froude: "We are fed with the professional common-places of . . . men . . . with a strong temporal interest in the defense of the institution which they represent. . . . We desire to know what the clergy think whose love of truth is unconnected with their prospect in life." Or this: "Let those who are most capable of forming a sound opinion, after reviewing the whole relations of science, history, and what is now received as revelation, tell us fairly how much of the doctrines popularly taught, they conceive to be adequately established, how much to be uncertain, and how much, if anything, to be mistaken."

Which is all very well, confined within the proper limits. The laity doubtless have the perfect right to demand from "the trustees of their spiritual interests," who are "maintained

in well-paid leisure to attend to such things," very much in this direction. It was most assuredly high time, for example, that in England such movements were instituted by the clergy as the formation of the Christian Evidence Society, whose objects, and methods of working, will be found fully explained in the second paper of the present series. But the entire conception of the Christian Evidence Society, and of every other kindred movement initiated by the Christian clergy in connection with modern skepticism, is, of course, within well-defined and well-established limits. Whatever of "the doctrines popularly taught" may *not* be found "adequately established, after reviewing the whole relations of science, history, and what is now received as revelation," that much of the doctrines popularly taught, it is the determinate theological intention now at last adequately to establish; and that in view of every conceivable requirement of modern thought, and scholarship, and culture. Such a thing, however, as conceding anything of these doctrines, as popularly promulgated and defined in the current Christian dogmas to be "uncertain," and much more "mistaken," is utterly foreign to the thought of every responsible theologian connected with the movements mentioned.

Thus far the clergy plainly ought to go. But when, in addition to this, the modern men of letters seek to goad the clergy forward into saying which of the determined Christian dogmas they regard uncertain, and which mistaken, then the clergy must forever firmly pause, so long as they either remain incumbents of a parish, or claim the right to mount a pulpit. They must ever remember here, in short, that they are now being goaded forward beyond all proper limits, to a free discussion of theological difficulties against which every principle of common professional honor, as well as every legal, ecclesiastical, and moral obligation, at once arise in a most indignant protest.

But, says Froude: "If the popular theory of subscription be true, and the Articles are articles of belief, a reasonable human being, when little more than a boy, pledges himself to a long series of intricate and highly difficult propositions of abstract divinity. He undertakes never to waver or doubt; never to allow his mind to be shaken, whatever the weight of argument or evidence brought to bear upon him. That is to say, he promises to do what no man living has the right to do."

And yet, despite all this, the professional theologian never can alter the fact that he *has* promised so to do, and that, if his opinions change, he can either keep them quiet, or take the legal or ecclesiastical consequences of their avowal.

If, therefore, it should ever become a case of conscience with any professional theologian openly to denounce this Christian dogma as "uncertain," and that Christian dogma as "mistaken," by all means let him keep his conscience clear. But while he does this, let him not for a single instant, after he begins his assault upon the current Christian dogmas, continue to claim either the position or the perquisites of a loyal teacher of the very dogmas he is denouncing. Let him suffer deposition from his office, let him resort to some honest secular pursuit to secure his livelihood, or even let him beg his bread from door to door, if that be necessary, but let him evermore most jealously preserve himself from such a breach of fealty and trust as the one suggested.

But suppose he adopts the counter course of seeking deliberately to mount the pulpit, denounce the determined dogmas of the special Christian church to which his loyalty is pledged, while he yet continues to demand support from his parishioners? In that event, why should there not be an instant cry to have him stifled, silenced, or trampled down, and, if no longer punished in life and limb, to have him deprived of the means on which life and limb can be supported? Why, indeed, should *not* "the pulpits and the religious press ring again with the old shrieks of sacrilege; the machinery of the law-courts be set creaking on its rusty hinges, and denunciation and anathema in the old style take the place of reasoning?" From the stand-point of his theological authorities and supporters, the clergyman in question has undeniably been guilty of the most glaring sacrilege; the machinery of the law-courts, or of the purely ecclesiastical judicatures, as the case may be, ought to be set in motion for his repression; and it is not reasoning, but only denunciation and anathema, that he richly merits. Nor, if in any other profession except the theological, he had only been guilty of a corresponding breach of every pledge and obligation, would any one whatever ever think to question that precisely such a course of treatment is the very one he ought alone to look for.

The truth is, that, as Froude himself observes, in all religious matters, "discussion is not free so long as the clergy who take any side but one are liable to be prosecuted and deprived of their means of living; it is not free so long as the expression of doubt is

considered a sin by public opinion, and as a crime by the law." And to issue throughout the Christian church, therefore, inflammatory appeals to incite the clergy to a free discussion of modern religious difficulties, despite, and even to the denunciation of, the determined Christian dogmas, is, all the conditions of the problem duly borne in mind, as heartless as it is thoughtless.

Besides, in putting forth his celebrated "Plea for the Free Discussion of Theological Difficulties," by the professional theologians, very little did Froude himself suspect how almost fearfully free that discussion would require to be, in order to probe the requisitions of the present religious epoch to the very bottom. For example, take the vital question of the modern views of Scripture. On this subject we have already, in a former paper, heard our brilliant author bravely calling for "an edition of the gospels in which the difficulties will neither be slurred over with convenient neglect, or noticed with affected indifference." And just before saying this, he had likewise quite as bravely said: "Every thinking person who has been brought up a Christian, and desires to remain a Christian, yet who knows anything of what is passing in the world, is looking to be told on what evidence the New Testament claims to be received . . . . Every other miraculous history is discredited as legend. . . . We crave to have good reason shown us for maintaining still the one great exception."

Manifestly, however, as Renan remarked above, concerning Channing, that, "if he bids men search for themselves, it does not enter his imagination that independent search can carry anybody outside of Christianity;" so we must here aver, concerning Froude, that, while he so courageously calls for a full and fearless investigation of the modern gospel question, it does not once enter his imagination that such an investigation might possibly result in the conviction that, if every other miraculous history is to be discredited as legend, so the gospels are to this doubtless *not* the least exception. Having "been brought up a Christian," he "desires to remain a Christian," in his views of Scripture. Or, as he elsewhere says: "The inspiration of the Bible is the foundation of our whole belief, and it is a grave matter if we are uncertain to what extent it reaches, or what and how much it guarantees as true." That is to say, while he demands that the clergy shall plumply speak their mind about the difficulties connected with the modern Bible controversy, he wishes and expects them to encounter these perplexities not only "honorably," but "successfully." With any less decided result in the direction of his Christian desires than at least the establishment of "the truth of the main facts of the gospel history," he would not have the slightest patience. But suppose that the free discussion of the difficulties in question should, in the estimation of certain of the clergy, conversely eventuate in the conclusion that, even in regard to its principal recitals of a supernatural order, the gospel history is but a tissue of unhistoric falsehood. Plain speaking on the part "of those other clergy whose love of truth is unconnected with their prospects in life," having been demanded, those other clergy must, of course, be as free to say the Bible abounds with myths and legends, as to say the Bible is the very Word of God,—if only such should chance to be the honest final outcome of their free discussion of the Bible question, as that issue is now fairly up before the world of scholars for discussion and decision.

Or take the still more fundamental question of the person of our Lord. Here "regardless of the faith of eighteen centuries," the modern investigator now asserts the right, as Renan says, "to cite before his tribunal the man whose brow seems to us always surrounded with the halo of divinity." And not only so, but here also the modern requisition is that "the historian of Jesus shall be as free in his judgments as the historian of Bouddha or of Mahomet." But what if, as the net result of a free discussion of the question now before us, a clergyman concludes that the traditional dogma of our Lord's divinity is not only "uncertain," but palpably "mistaken," and that the view advanced by Renan that Jesus was but a divine pretender, supporting his claims by common tricks of thaumaturgy, is doubtless the view yet to be adopted. Plain speaking before his parishioners can be truthful only when the aforesaid clergyman mounts the pulpit and frankly tells precisely the results which he has reached on this question of the person of our Lord.

Or let it be instead conceived that the subject of the very existence and personality of the Deity himself is to be taken up for a full and fair inspection. If, despite all the determined religious dogmas, the Christian clergyman is indeed to be free to say how much of the doctrines popularly current are either uncertain or mistaken, he then must be placed not merely at that most limited liberty which will answer for a Christian Froude among his parishioners, but he must be placed also at

that most absolute liberty which will alone respond to the widest modern latitude of doubt and skepticism among his parishioners, and thereby be precisely as open to say that he has concluded his full and free inspection of this special topic as the honest and open pantheist, materialist, or even atheist, as he is to say that he has concluded the same as the honest Christian theist.

"Let us declare it distinctly," says Renan: "The critical studies relating to the origin of Christianity will only speak their deepest utterances when they shall be cultivated in a purely secular and non-religious spirit, according to the method of the Hellenists, the Moslems, the Hindoos, men strangers to all theology, who dream neither to applaud nor to defame, neither to defend nor to overthrow the dogmas."

Here, then, we have a requisition made by one of the most leading minds, and one of the most influential scholars of the present generation, for a discussion of the most fundamental questions in religion, not merely in a non-theological, but also in a non-religious, purely secular and scientific spirit.

"The whole system of modern education," moreover, says the Duke of Somerset, "tends toward the same result. Men who have been carefully trained to distrust authority, and to rely for the acquisition of knowledge upon experiment, analysis and patient research, cannot subsequently divest themselves of a habit of mind which has become a part of their nature. They must either suppress and relinquish all religious thought, or they must apply to the records of revealed religion the same spirit of investigation which has reopened the sources of history and extended the domain of science."

A few words just here are accordingly in place, as it concerns the purely secular and non-religious spirit of the scientist, as distinguished from the counter-spirit of the theologian, when the subject-matter of investigation partakes of a distinctively religious character.

The scientist, then, according to Renan's remark above, is, first of all, "a stranger to all theology, who dreams neither to applaud nor to defame, neither to defend nor to overthrow the dogmas." And from this very fact he is of course utterly unfettered in connection with those dogmatically determined views of religious faith which are current in the Christian churches, but in connection with which we have already seen that the theologian, on the contrary, has voluntarily placed it beyond both his option and his sense of right and wrong to be an independent searcher after truth. Neither pledged nor paid to preach or defend any given view of Christian faith, he, the scientist, is equally free to reach and teach either this or that conclusion precisely as he pleases. If he chooses, in view of all the light he has upon the subject, to say that the Bible is inspired, that Jesus is divine, and that a personal God exists, well. If otherwise, he still violates no vow; he insults and outrages no patron.

But the theologian, as compared with the scientist, is bound hand and foot within himself, as well as without himself, before the question of a fearless scientific scrutiny of his own religious faith and system.

And first: "To men or women," says Froude, "of tender and sensitive piety, . . . an inquiry into the ground of its faith appears shocking and profane . . . . And yet this devotedness of devotion . . . is but one element of excellence. To reverence is good, but on the one condition that the object of it be a thing that deserves reverence." "Religion," says Max Müller, "is a sacred subject, and . . . has a right to our highest reverence. . . . But true reverence does not consist in declaring a subject, because it is dear to us, to be unfit for free and honest inquiry. True reverence is shown in treating every subject, however sacred, however dear to us, with perfect confidence; without fear and without favor, with . . . an unflinching and uncompromising loyalty to truth."

But suppose that the spirit of religion becomes, for reasons such as these, so far undevout as seriously to contemplate a formal inquiry into the why and wherefore of its belief, as, for example, on the subject of the Godhead of our Lord. Still, from the strictly religious point of view, devout believers "are not," says Liddon, "seeking truth; they are enjoying it. . . . It is even painful to them to think of 'proving' a truth which is now the very life of their souls. In their whole spiritual activity, in their prayers, in their regular meditations, in their study of Holy Scripture, in their habitual thoughts respecting the eternal future, they take Christ's Divinity for granted; and it never occurs to them to question a reality from which they know themselves to be continually gaining new streams of light and warmth and power."

Not all implicit Christian believers, however, herein possess the pure religious spirit. By all their innate tendencies of mind they are the rather placed under a sort of mental necessity to be more or less inquirers,

doubters, disbelievers, unless they know the basis of their faiths.

These latter Christians are accordingly impeded from being scientific investigators into the fundamentals of their own religious belief—neither because they regard it too sacred for inspection, nor because their pietistic enjoyment of it is too excessive for them seriously to think of its deliberate analysis and demonstration. At the same time, these persons do not doubt any vital Christian dogma, but they even stand prepared not only to proclaim the full Christian faith in the face of all the world, but also to defend it, if needs be, in the midst of every peril.

And thus we have attained to—what? Not by any means to the independent and scientific searcher after religious truth. Conversely, we have still to do merely with a man who most unquestionably believes that he is already in the full possession of all religious truth, and who, in his lowest form, is the mere religious controversialist, and even in his highest form is nothing beyond the mere dogmatical theologian. So long as this sort of a religious investigator can proceed upon the supposition that a free and fearless inspection of the basis of his religious belief will undoubtedly result in his being able more and more clearly to demonstrate how very valid are his dogmas, he is the bravest of the brave. Reverse the matter, and you have at once quite another sort of hero. Merely the well-defined suspicion that a free and fearless search for religious truth might possibly convert him into a skeptic concerning even minor points of Christian doctrine, would in itself suffice to make him quake and tremble. But let him once be fairly confronted with the distinct preconception that such a search for truth might possibly, in its final outcome, result in his turning an infidel in his views of Scripture, a scoffer in his views of Christ, a pantheist, materialist, or even atheist in his views of God, and then his heart would in an instant altogether fail him, in the presence of the undertaking instanced. Indeed, the most valiant defenders of the Christian religion very little suspect how almost entirely their valor is dependent upon this single thing, namely, the implicit confidence with which they undertake and prosecute their boldest researches into the why and wherefore of the current Christian dogmas. If that confidence shall only once fairly begin to waver, forthwith signs of giving way, of rout and of panic would overspread their pallid faces.

But suppose that, overcoming the internal impediments of devout reverence, and pietistic enjoyment, and implicit confidence, the Christian theologian begins to say to himself: So many of the most candid and the most capable of men are now so deeply unsettled in their religious views, so many of the most thorough scholars and the most profound and careful thinkers are to-day openly hostile to the Christian faith and system, it is high time to see precisely what is true and what is false about the current Christian dogmas. Still, even then, it is inherent to the very nature of the case that the theologian should always conduct his whole inquiry into the validity of any given Christian view of truth, with the entire bias of his education, all his prejudices, all his prepossessions, all his prejudgments, and the like, sweeping him forever, as by an almost irresistible tide, solely in the direction of his own religious standpoint. "To say that the clergy," says Froude, "who are set apart to study a particular subject, are to be the only persons unpermitted to have an independent opinion upon it, is like saying that lawyers must take no part in the amendment of the statute-book; that engineers must be silent upon mechanism; and, if improvement is wanted in the art of medicine, physicians may have nothing to say about it."

But by this time it must be patent enough, we answer, how utterly impossible it is that the professional theologian either can be free, or can be made free, to discuss the fundamental religious questions now fairly up before the thinking world for inspection and decision, as the requisitions of the age most palpably require. Released though he should be from every formal pledge to preach and defend the current Christian dogmas, expressly salaried though he should become to pronounce a perfectly fearless verdict on the question how many of these dogmas are uncertain and how many are mistaken, the Christian clergyman would even then require to habituate himself for many a long year to a free and fearless private study of these matters, before he could become internally liberated from a thousand mental habitudes and feelings which utterly unfit him to fulfill the task supposed. If, as the Duke of Somerset above substantially observes, the whole system of modern secular education tends to make it a sort of mental necessity that the laity must either suppress and relinquish all religious thought, or else they must apply to the records of revealed religion the same free and fearless spirit of experiment, analysis,

and patient research, which appertains to all investigations in the field of science; if this be true, we say, equally true is it that the traditional theological education tends to make it a sort of counter mental necessity that the clergy must either suppress and relinquish all proclivities and habits of religious thought to which they have been accustomed, or else they must *not* apply to the fundamental questions connected with the Christian faith and system any such spirit of investigation as the one suggested.

But, in addition to "the internal liberation of the feelings and intellect for certain religious and dogmatical presuppositions," the modern investigator of great religious questions ought also to possess, according to Strauss, a "scientific indifference to results and consequences."

Not every one is slow to speak about the lowest aspect of the interest which the regular professional theologians have in proclaiming and defending the current Christian views. Froude, for instance, taunts them above with having "a strong temporal interest in the defense of the institutions which they represent;" and then forthwith demands to "know what those of the clergy think whose love of truth is unconnected with their prospects in life."

Now there doubtless are, and especially in the Church of England, many theologians who look upon their profession almost exclusively from the single stand-point of its perquisites. To be maintained in well-paid leisure, to be advanced from position to position, and the like, constitutes with them the *summum bonum* of their being clergymen at all.

But the men of culture ought to know that it is precisely from this class of professional theologians that, in the long run, no difficulty whatever will be experienced, in case a perfectly outspoken denunciation of the current Christian dogmas ever comes in fashion. Only let that style of being a Christian clergyman become remunerative and popular, and they will not for an instant hesitate to adopt it. In fact, these mere camp-followers of Christ and Christianity, these mere time-servers in the Christian ministry,—these are the very theological recreants and renegades who are already beginning to yield to the taunt and pressure of the modern anti-dogma movement, and deliberately to mount the pulpit, fairly to tell "how much of the doctrines popularly taught they conceive to be uncertain and how much to be mistaken."

But precisely those other professional theologians who are most steadily refusing to enter upon a "free discussion of theological difficulties," wholly irrespective of their formal pledges in connection with determined Christian dogmas,—these latter are the very clergymen who are at bottom the least of all affected, whether by their present maintenance, or by their future prospects, in the ministry of Jesus Christ. To be sure they may just now chance, in many instances, to be in the chief positions of honor and emolument throughout the Christian church, and to be in those positions mainly because of their loyalty and zeal in connection with the current Christian views. But let times change, let this same loyalty and zeal come to cost them not only the loss of all things that they now secure thereby, but the loss of all things that they have and hope and are beside, and still they would all the same adhere to every view in question. Here are, in fact, if need should ever be, your future sufferers and martyrs for the doctrines popularly taught throughout the Christian church to-day. They do not defend these doctrines merely, mainly, or any otherwise than almost accidentally, because they have a strong temporal interest in doing so. They would defend these doctrines with an equal zeal, even if they had a most overwhelming temporal interest not to do so, but rather to denounce them. They have the most absolute conviction, not merely of the entire truthfulness of all these doctrines, but also of their life-and-death importance to all the human race. To expect these theologians, when it comes to speak of fundamentals and essentials, to admit the to them monstrous proposition that this Christian dogma is uncertain, and that Christian dogma is mistaken, is like asking them, from their own point of view, to plunge the whole Christian world backward again into pre-Christian darkness, and so to destroy the light and hope eternal of all the family of man.

It is, accordingly, a simple impossibility for the true professional theologian to discuss the Christian faith and system with anything even approximating to a "scientific indifference to results and consequences." He could with a thousandfold more impartial composure sit in deliberate judgment in the case of a trial where his own life and fortune were at issue.

But with the mere scientific searcher after religious truth, all here again at once is changed. He has no absolute conviction, either of the truthfulness of the current Christian views, or of their practical importance to any one at all. Conversely, merely whether

those views are true or false, is what alone he seeks or cares to learn. And all that he is accordingly concerned about is simply to guard against mistakes in reaching his results. So long as his results are verifiable from a strictly scientific point of view, whether the views themselves are discovered true or false, is all the same to him. "We," says Renan, as the simple man of science,—"we seek only pure historical truth without one shadow of theological or politic after-thought;" "content," as Huxley adds, "to follow reason and fact in singleness and honesty of purpose wherever they may lead, in the faith that a hell of honest men will be more endurable than a paradise full of angelic shams."

To the professional theologians, therefore, it belongs at the present religious crisis to bring up, as much as in them lies, *the discussion and the defense, not the scientific testing*, of every fundamental Christian tenet fully abreast with every intelligent requisition of modern thought and culture.

But all this must of course be done by the theologians upon the presupposition that every one of those fundamental Christian tenets is a true one. So soon as the problem ceases to be how theologically to set forth and defend a given dogma as a true one, and becomes how scientifically to determine whether that dogma is a true or false one, forthwith the occupation of the professional theologian is taken from him. In other words, a new order of Christian work has been specifically created by the special religious emergencies of our day; a work for which the theologian proper was no more originally intended than he was intended for a civil engineer, or a military commander; a work against taking up which he is not only expressly pledged, but paid; and a work, too, for the practical execution of which he is utterly disqualified by his entire theological education, by all his mental habitudes, prejudices, preconceptions, prejudgments, as well as by his inevitable regard for what he considers to be the most momentous results and consequences to all the family of man.

But not so with the thoughtful and the scholarly friends of Christ among the laity. Conversely, these latter persons are, comparatively speaking, both externally and internally free herein to serve, or rather to propose to serve, the Christian cause at pleasure. Not only are they, without either resignation or deposition, already in "lay-communion." If they venture "to put forward their perplexities," no one, beyond a mere handful of local church officers, can rightfully protest, much less can forcibly prevent. Besides which, unlike those of a purely theological education, the laity have already, in many cases, been "carefully trained to distrust authority, and to rely for the acquisition of knowledge upon experiment, analysis and patient research," and are accordingly, relatively speaking, prepared from the very outset to apply to all questions related to Christianity the same purely secular and non-religious spirit of investigation which the rigid scientist applies to every question in his peculiar province.

But not only is this peculiar field of Christian service as freely open to the Christian laity, as it is on all sides hedged in and walled about against the Christian clergy. That entire tendency and temper of our times which create the very need which we have been discovering and discussing of a purely secular and scientific, as distinguished from a purely religious and theological discussion of the current Christian dogmas, have themselves been primarily created, not by the theologians, but by the laymen. Thus Renan, Darwin, Huxley, Herbert Spencer, and almost every other distinguished founder or leader of the now popular and powerful modern schools of Antichristian thought are persons in the lay-communion.

Manifestly, however, when the laity have themselves created this very necessity for a purely secular and non-religious discussion of all religious questions, to which the professional theologians cannot possibly respond, it is very difficult to perceive how Froude should ever be entitled to put it in the form of a reproach that he, and others like him, "have no hope from theologians, to whatever school they may belong." Why should they have? And why should the Christian laity *not* proceed at once to do as Froude proposes, that is, "to take the matter into their own hands, as they did at the Reformation." In fact, unless our *Antichristian* men of culture are to be the only laymen sufficiently interested in the fortunes of Christianity to tell us fairly, from the scientific stand-point, "how much of the doctrines popularly taught they conceive to be uncertain, and how much to be mistaken," then our *Christian* men of culture in the lay-communion themselves *must* rally to the rescue.

And so we helpless and fettered Christian clergymen desire, on our part, to know on many a vital religious question, what those of the Christian *laity* think "whose love of truth is unconnected with their prospects in life." We must in fact protest against the right

of "the educated laymen, the lawyers, the historians, the men of science, the statesmen," and the like being, as Froude says they were in 1863, either for "the most part silent, or modestly uncertain." They, compared with the clergy, are not only free and fitted to meet the grave religious issues of the present epoch in a truly scientific spirit, but, as we saw above, they are much more morally responsible for doing so than are the clergy.

And by way of impressing this point of moral obligation still more upon the mind and conscience of the learned laity, let us revert for a moment to the very vital subject selected by Froude, in 1864, for one of his most important essays, namely, "Criticism and The Gospel History."

There was not, of course, the very slightest objection that England's great historian should, in his treatment of this topic, "put forward some few perplexities of which it would be well if English divinity contained a clearer solution than is found there." Neither was there the slightest objection that he should raise a ringing protest against the tardy recognition and superficial handling which alone the modern Bible question had succeeded in securing from the English clergy, prior to the publication of his essay mentioned. But after a not very profound or intelligent handling of the same question by himself, what does our learned layman do? Why, he merely turns around upon his literary heel and says: "But the object of this article is not to press either this or any other theory.... .Hard worked in other professions, and snatching with difficulty sufficient leisure to learn how complicated is the problem, the laity can but turn to those for assistance who are set apart as their theological trustees."

Now we clergymen must in turn here crave a word with Froude, and that is this. Having put forward his few perplexities, having snatched sufficient leisure to learn how complicated is the modern gospel problem, why did he then presume merely to roll the entire burden of clearing up this matter wholly over upon us theologians. Why did he not proceed, in short, with his own investigations of the matter until he had either failed or else succeeded in getting his demanded "edition of the gospels, in which the difficulties are neither slurred over with convenient neglect, nor noticed with affected indifference?" When Strauss, for example, undertook, in 1835, on the skeptical side of the question, to create all the more scholarly perplexities still afloat about the Bible, he made thorough work. Let the laymen "who [like Froude] have been brought up Christians, and wish to remain Christians," in their views of Scripture, at least, make as thorough work, when they once begin to defend the Bible, as those other laymen make by whom it is assaulted.

Or, take the case of Renan, whose open boast it is that his works are not theological but merely scholarly researches, applying to the Christian religion the same scientific principles of criticism adopted toward other branches of investigation. And how, pray tell us, did this hard-worked *Membre de l'Institut* proceed in the composition and perfection of his famous *Vie de Jésus?* Did he merely snatch sufficient leisure to learn how complicated was his problem, put forward a few perplexities to puzzle the theologians, call on the clergy to allay the thunderstorm of doubts which he had himself thus set afloat against the wind, and then retire to the safe retreat of his own secular profession? Conversely, we discovered in a former paper how Renan fairly toiled upon his *Vie de Jésus;* reflecting upon his subject day and night; neglecting no source of information, ancient or modern, in the whole range of literature; exploring in addition the entire evangelical province;—all this before he gave his volume to the world and after that, even, steadily searching for four entire years together through an immense and wearisome mass of criticisms, however outrageous and calumnious, for valuable suggestions, in view of which to give his work its final casting.

And what is true of Renan's *Vie de Jésus,* is more or less equally true, as we have said before, of Seeley's *Ecce Homo,* of Darwin's *Origin of Species,* of Herbert Spencer's *First Principles,*—is more or less equally true, in short, of all the Antichristian volumes, whether of these or other authors, which have produced a powerful, widespread and permanent impression upon the minds of thoughtful men throughout the length and breadth of Christendom. These works, be it here repeated, have had not merely first-class genius, but long time, and deep thought, and thorough research, and the most painstaking labor put upon them. It is only when we turn to such volumes as *Christian Theology and Modern Skepticism,* by the Christian Duke of Somerset, or to such essays as "Criticism and the Gospel History," by a Christian Froude, that we find mere works of superficial smatterers. Instead of "Short [and Superficial] Studies on Great Subjects" in religion, it is high time that our learned laymen were giving long and deep and great ones.

But the Christian laity here of course can plead that they have all along proceeded on the supposition that to produce the works of anything more than mere superficial smatterers on the great religious questions now before the world, belonged specifically, not to them, but rather to the theologians. And so far as the mere past is concerned, so let the matter be accepted. But for the present and for the future, let it henceforward everywhere be proclaimed and understood throughout the Christian world that, while the professional theologians doubtless have their duties and their responsibilities, in connection with the fundamental religious unsettlement of the present generation, so likewise have the Christian laymen also their duties and their responsibilities.

To the professional theologians it belongs, for the theologically minded, theologically to discuss and settle,—to the laymen in the Christian church it belongs, for the scientifically minded, scientifically to discuss and settle,—all the cardinal questions in religion with which the minds of thoughtful men today are everywhere throughout the Christian world perplexed.

Nor must we fail just here to note and hail it as being among the most hopeful aspects of the present status of the conflict, at least in England, that already, as contrasted with the past, the laity are beginning, so largely and so rapidly, and with more or less intelligence, to rally to the rescue. Thus, while every lecture in the course delivered, in 1870-71, on Modern Skepticism, before the Christian Evidence Society of London, was by a professional theologian, five out of the eleven lectures in the course delivered before the same Society in 1871-72, on Faith and Free Thought, were by Christian laymen.

But this new order of Christian work, thus devolved upon the Christian laity, as distinguished from the Christian clergy, is doubtless one of the most paramount importance ever devolved upon the friends of Christ in all the history of Christendom.

Already in our opening paper, for example, the startling fact was brought to light that, compared with the issues now fairly up before the reading and thinking masses for a fearless scrutiny, and for a final answer, all the issues connected with Christianity which were decided even at the Reformation, do not deserve the very slightest mention. Then, roughly speaking, it was merely a question between Christians about the doctrines and practices of that Christian Church at large which, however divided into sects and cliques, yet, in some sense or another, held to the Bible as a common hope and heirloom. Now, on the contrary, not only the Christian Scriptures, but the Christian miracles, the Christian Christ, and the very Christian God, are the prizes for which the Christian world must struggle and struggle on until the day is either lost or won.

Besides, says Froude: "For fifteen centuries of its existence, the Christian church was supposed to be under the immediate guidance of the Holy Spirit, which miraculously controlled its decisions, and precluded the possibility of error. This theory broke down at the Reformation, but it left behind it a confused sense that theological truth was in some way different from other truth." "Mr. Mansell tells us that in the things of God reason is beyond her depth, and that we must accept what is established, or we must believe nothing."

Over against which remark of Mansell, Huxley tells us that "the present antagonism between theology and science does not arise from any assumption by the men of science, that all theology must necessarily be excluded from science, but simply because they are unable to allow that reason and morality have two weights and two measures: and that the belief in a proposition, because authority tells you it is true, or because you wish to believe it, which is a high crime and misdemeanor when the subject-matter of reason is of one kind, becomes, under the *alias* of faith, the greatest of all virtues, when the subject-matter of reason is of another kind." "Nothing could be more satisfactory to the worshiper of the severe truthfulness of science than the attempt to dispense with all beliefs, save such as could brave the light, and seek, rather than fear, criticism."

"And it is because," says Herbert Spencer, "they are conscious how undeniably valid are most of its propositions, that the theological party regard science with so much alarm. They know that during the two thousand years of its growth, some of its larger divisions—mathematics, physics, astronomy—have been subject to the rigorous criticisms of successive generations, and have notwithstanding become even more firmly established. They know that, unlike many of their doctrines, which were once universally received, but have age by age been more frequently called in question, the doctrines of science, at first confined to a few scattered inquirers, have been slowly growing into general acceptance, and are now in great part admitted as beyond dispute. They know

that men of science throughout the world subject each other's results to the most searching examination; and that error is mercilessly exposed and rejected as soon as discovered."

Thus, during all this time that the clergy are being prohibited from a perfectly free and fearless inspection of the question in how far the current Christian dogmas are either true or false, the impression is swiftly sweeping like a tidal wave across the more reflective minds throughout the Christian world, that "theological truth is in some way different from other truth," in quite another sense than Mr. Mansell ever dreamed. Men will no longer "allow that reason and morality have two weights and two measures." Religion must be a subject-matter of investigation in the same scientific sense that anything besides is a subject-matter of investigation. Dogmas that are said to be too deep for reason, are becoming very widely thought to be too shallow for inspection. Matters of faith which are being so jealously guarded by the theologians against a free and fearless scientific scrutiny, are becoming more and more suspected of not being able to bear a free and fearless scientific scrutiny.

Accordingly the proposal is constantly becoming more and more extended and more and more imperative to dispense with all beliefs, saving only such as can brave the light, and seek rather than fear criticism. And if the question be raised where, from the truly scientific point of view, such beliefs alone are found, the men of science answer very glibly. We men of science, they affirm, subject the results of each other to the most searching examinations, mercilessly expose and reject error so soon as discovered, and yet the great conclusions of science are being more and more established. But in the case of the dogmas of theology, they continue, all this is exactly reversed. The more these dogmas are subjected to the scientific tests of the advancing ages, the more they are subverted. Once, in comparatively unscientific ages, almost universally received, these dogmas are now becoming more and more universally called in question, exploded, and discarded, among the cultured and the thoughtful.

Manifestly, in times when the entire intellectual atmosphere is surcharged, even to the explosive point, with such a tone and temper, either the current Christian dogmas must be rested fairly and firmly "upon evidence and reasoning of a like character to that which claims our assent to ordinary scientific propositions," or else the men of thoughtfulness and culture, who have already so largely overrun the Christian world in a successful apostleship of antichristian views of God, of Christ, of revelation, and the like, ere long will number their disciples by even more astounding numbers than they number them at present, wherever they disseminate their doctrines.

But will Christianity indeed be able to stand a thorough scientific sifting? If not, then so much the worse for Christianity. For, as has already been substantially observed, if Christianity is hereafter to command a name and place at all among immense masses of the modern men of thoughtfulness and culture, and also among their much more immense retinue of followers, then Christianity must hasten to demand and to secure acceptance from these persons, just as other scientific matters do. Unless it does this, every one of the many forms of religion now brought forward in the name of modern thought and culture, to take the place of Christianity, must continue more or less overwhelmingly successful in their struggle for the mastery.

Nor must we Christians delude ourselves as if the men of thoughtfulness and culture, who now demand to have a scientific basis for their religious faith, all belong to "the present generation of infidels!" So far otherwise, whatever many of these men may become to-morrow, to-day they claim and wish to keep the name of Christians. But says Froude: "We are arrived visibly at one of those recurring times when the accounts are called in for audit; when the title-deeds are to be looked through, and established opinions again tested." "In the ordinary branches of human knowledge, or inquiry, the judicious questioning of received opinions has been regarded as the sign of scientific vitality, the principle of scientific advancement, the very source and root of healthy progress and growth." "It might have been that Providence . . . had raised religion into a higher sphere, and had appointed on earth a living and visible authority which could not err, guided by the Holy Spirit into truth, and divinely sustained in the possession of it. Such a body the Roman Catholic Church conceives itself to be, but, in breaking away from its communion, Protestant Christians have declared their conviction that neither the Church of Rome, nor they themselves, nor any other body of men on earth, are exempt from a liability to error . . . . And it becomes thus our duty, as well as our right, to examine periodically our intellectual defenses; to abandon

positions which the alterations of times makes untenable; and to admit into the service of the sanctuary the fullest light of advancing knowledge."

Nor must we here forget the language also of the Christian Duke of Somerset above, who speaks in behalf of multitudes throughout the Christian Church in averring that "they must either suppress and relinquish all religious thought, or else they must apply to the records of revealed religion the same spirit of investigation which has already opened the sources of history and extended the domain of science."

Indeed, the great secret of the most rapid and the most appalling spread, in every conceivable direction, of modern skepticism among Christians of the higher mental grades, is here discovered. They feel that they must know religious truth for at least as valid reasons as they know any other truth. They feel, and rightly feel, that Christianity, as theologically established, is very often not rested upon evidence which would rationally satisfy a fearless scientific thinker. The various antichristian forms of faith, now current in the several Christian countries, are, however, conversely put forward with at least a vast array of truly scientific seeming. Here, therefore, in some form or another, is a religious faith, these persons say, that at least *appears* and *purports* to rest upon a rigidly scientific basis; which Christianity, as theologically presented, confessedly does not. What wonder, therefore, that Christianity is rejected, and that some form or another of antichristian credence is accepted, by such constantly increasing numbers of the men throughout the Christian Church, whose attitude of mind is above depicted?

Manifestly the only conceivable remedy for this is promptly to place Christianity, in comparison with all other systems of religion, upon a truly scientific basis,—if such a thing is possible. When men are everywhere becoming more and more determined to be able to give a rigidly scientific reason for the religious faith that is in them, either these men must everywhere be made able to give such a reason for adhering to the Christian faith, or else they must everywhere be permitted to give in their adhesion to some other form of faith, for which they at least *suppose* such a reason is assignable.

Whatever current Christian dogma is found unable to give a truly scientific reason for demanding a continued credence from the truly scientific thinker must, of course, at once put aside all claims upon the credence of the truly scientific thinker.

But what if certain of the current Christian dogmas should, on the contrary, only be found but too anxious to repudiate all merely theological defenses, and bravely court the testing of the modern world of savants? So soon as this fact is demonstrated, that much of Christianity at least will soon get a solid footing in the world referred to. For any learned savant hereafter to affect to patronize that much of Christianity will be very much the same as if he should condescend to speak with sympathy of the law of gravitation. For any distinguished leader of public opinion in the higher mental circles hereafter to speak sneeringly of that much of Christianity will be very much the same as if he should attempt to overwhelm with ridicule some settled fact in physics. For all the world of scholars hereafter to seek to undermine and explode that much of Christianity will be very much the same as if they should expend all their engineering skill, and all the resources of their magazines, beneath one of Euclid's best-established problems.

Here, then, is a wide and open field of most momentous Christian service, into which our Christian laymen can and ought at once to enter.

Nor, whatever may be the hopeless doom of very much of the so-called *Christian Theology*, do we personally feel that the effort to place *Christianity* upon a truly scientific basis will be at all abortive in the final outcome. Conversely, we have already attempted in these pages to place at least the miracles of the Christian Christ upon as firm a footing in the solid world of fact and figures as are the battles of a Cæsar. We do not say that we succeeded in the effort; but we do say that we fairly threw down the gauntlet at the feet of modern scientists to discover any error in the process by which our proposition claims to be established, and that thus far the gauntlet lies untouched precisely where we threw it.

Hereafter we may be able to see how sundry other cardinal tenets of the Christian faith will stand the testing of the fearless scientific thinker.

Meanwhile, we are nothing but a professional theologian; and, whatever we shall always hold ourselves in readiness to do extra-professionally, as a professional theologian we can merely pioneer the way a little in these matters for our learned Christian laymen.

But when our learned Christian laymen once fairly undertake to place the Christian faith and system on a purely scientific basis, there must after that be, as there shall on

our personal part be, neither sign nor show of after-thought or vacillation. It must be remembered, in short, that every determined Christian dogma, however sacred, and however vital, is thereby fairly placed on trial before the world of savants, and not only so, but fairly placed on trial before the world of savants, on the simple issue of its truthfulness or falsity. And to guard against all possibility of error here, the whole conduct of the inquiry must, as Renan rightly urges, be "in a purely secular and non-religious spirit, according to the methods of the Hellenists, the Moslems, the Hindoos; men strangers to all theology; who dream neither to applaud nor to defame, neither to uphold nor to overthrow the dogmas." Truth, and truth only; truth not as a consequence, but as a cause; truth for only valid reasons; truth at the merciless exposure of all errors and all sophistries; truth at all costs, and truth at all hazards,—such alone must be the constant watchwords.

Whenever, after the essential preliminary stages of careful preparation, the discussion of the current Christian dogmas shall have been undertaken by our Christian laymen in this truly scientific spirit, and with the simple end in view of deciding, from the strictly scientific stand-point, in how far those dogmas are either true or false, forthwith our Christian laymen will discover that they are merely working at a common problem with all the leading modern skeptics who possess the truly scientific tone and temper. For the leading modern skeptics mentioned do not by any means propose to dispense with all religious beliefs, simply because such beliefs are Christian. Conversely, they merely propose to dispense with all such beliefs, whether Christian or Antichristian, as cannot brave the light, and seek, rather than shun, a fearless scientific scrutiny. They do not demand that the current Christian dogmas shall be set aside by the modern savant merely because such dogmas chance to be the current Christian ones. Conversely, they confine themselves to the thoroughly reasonable requisition that either every one of those dogmas must be fairly rested upon evidence and reasoning of a like character to that which claims our assent to ordinary scientific propositions, and so take its legitimate place as in itself a part of science; or else that every one of those dogmas must be frankly conceded to have no scientific basis, and so be discarded as having neither part nor lot with science.

It is indeed true that, in thus undertaking to decide, from the strictly scientific point of view, in how far the current Christian views are either true or false, the Christian layman will, to begin with, assume such views are true; whereas the antichristian will also, to begin with, assume such views are false—that is, in so far as they either assert or imply the supernatural.

But while this is true, it is also true that, in the battle of opinion now supposed to be joined between the Christian laymen and the antichristian, neither the one nor the other will have it for his ultimate object to establish that his own opinion is the right one, whether right or wrong; but both the one and the other will have it for his ultimate object solely to discover in how far his own opinion, and that of his opponent alike, is either right or wrong. In other words, the merciless exposure of all error, his own included, and the discovery of all truth, his opponent's included, will thus become the common aim of both the Christian and the antichristian layman.

And in this way we should at once have done with all that traditional contention for the mere triumph of a given religious view, whether right or wrong, which has thus far succeeded almost exclusively in making the very name of religion but little better than a bitter battle-cry, and in converting only too many of the so-called religious investigators, whether orthodox or infidel, into little more than the commonest contestants in a coarse religious quarrel. Religion, that is to say, would, by the simple expedient suggested, be forthwith removed altogether from the vulgar and obscuring region of passionate and partisan contention; religious investigations would forthwith partake of the dignity, and the calmness, and the candor which their gravity demands; and all sincere religious investigators would forthwith come to recognize in all other sincere religious investigators, whether orthodox or infidel, a common brotherhood of seekers after truth. And such a brotherhood all sincere religious investigators, whether orthodox or infidel, plainly ought to be, in fact as well as feeling,—mutually assisting the one the other to expose that error which it is their common aim to shun, and to discover that truth which it is their common aim to find.

Looked at from this stand-point, all honor to those American publishers who are giving a free circulation here, whether through the formal volume, or in any other form, to the most intrepid antichristian thinking from the other side. All honor to those American

scholars, also, who, whether by their voice or pen, are already beginning fairly to force the earnest and honest Christian thinker here manfully to take the field for a free and fearless scientific sifting of the current Christian views. Let the battle now, in every great arena of the struggle, and on every vital aspect of the questions involved, be fairly and squarely joined. Without fear and without favor, let Christianity from this moment onward march forth to meet in open, honest conflict, whatever anti-christian form of faith is anywhere being put forward, in the name of modern thought and culture, to take her ancient place. If they, in comparison with herself, stand upon a truly scientific basis, let us know the truth; if she, in comparison with them, stands upon a truly scientific basis, then let us know the truth as well. And just so surely as she does so stand, just so surely shall she yet resume her more than pristine sway among and over all the finer souls of every Christian land. If otherwise, then otherwise her future must be augured, and augured by her friends.

'SIEUR GEORGE.

A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS.

In the heart of New Orleans stands a large four-story brick building, that has so stood for about three-quarters of a century. Its rooms are rented to a class of persons occupying them simply for lack of activity to find better and cheaper quarters elsewhere. With its gray stucco peeling off in broad patches, it has a solemn look of gentility in rags, and stands, or, as it were, hangs, about the corner of two ancient streets, like a faded fop looking for employment.

Under its main archway is a dingy apothecary-shop. On one street is the bazaar of a *modiste en robes et chapeaux* and other humble shops; on the other, the immense batten doors with gratings over the lintels, barred and bolted with masses of cobwebbed iron, like the door of a donjon, are overhung by a creaking sign (left by the sheriff), on which is faintly discernible the mention of wines and liquors. A peep through one of the shops reveals a square court within, hung with many lines of wet clothes, its sides hugged by rotten staircases that seem vainly trying to clamber out of the rubbish.

The neighborhood is one long since given up to fifth-rate shops, whose masters and mistresses display such enticing mottoes as "*Au gagne-petit!*" Innumerable children swarm about, and, by some charm of the place, are not run over, but obstruct the banquettes playing their clamorous games.

The building is a thing of many windows, where passably good-looking women appear and disappear, clad in cotton gowns, watering little outside shelves of flowers and cacti, or hanging canaries' cages. Their husbands are keepers in wine-warehouses, rent-collectors for the agents of old Frenchmen who have been laid up to dry in Paris, custom-house supernumeraries and court-clerks' deputies (for your second-rate Creole is a great seeker for little offices). A decaying cornice hangs over, dropping bits of mortar on passers-by, like a boy at a boarding-house.

The landlord is one Kookoo, an ancient Creole of doubtful purity of blood, who takes all suggestions of repairs as personal insults. He was young when his father left him this inheritance, and has grown old and wrinkled and brown, like a mummy, in the business. He smokes cascarilla, wears velveteen, and is as punctual as an executioner.

To Kookoo's venerable property a certain old man used to come every evening, stumbling through the groups of prattling children who frolicked about in the early moonlight,—whose name no one knew, but whom all the neighbors designated by the title of 'Sieur George. It was his wont to be seen taking a straight—too straight—course toward his home, never careening to right or left, but now and then forcing himself laboriously forward as though there were a high gale in front, or scudding briskly ahead at a ridiculous little dog-trot as if there were a tornado behind. He would go up the main staircase very carefully, sometimes stopping half-way up for thirty or forty minutes' doze, but getting to the landing eventually, and tramping into his room in the second story, with no little elation to find it still there. Were it not for these slight symptoms of potations, he was such a one as you would pick out of a thousand for a miser. A year or two ago he suddenly disappeared.

A great many years ago, when the old house was still new, a young man with no baggage but a small hair-trunk came and took the room I have mentioned and another adjoining. He supposed he might stay fifty days—and he stayed fifty years and over. This was a very fashionable neighborhood, and he kept the rooms on that account month after month.

When he had been here about a year something happened to him, so it was rumored, that greatly changed the tenor of his life. Hints of a duel, of a reason warped, of disinheritance, and many other unauthorized rumors, flickered up and died out, while he became recluse, and, some say, formed one most unmanly habit. His neighbors would have been neighborly had he allowed them, but he never let himself be understood, and *les Américains* are very droll anyhow; so, as they could do nothing else, they cut him.

So exclusive was he that (though it may have been for economy) he never admitted even a housemaid, but kept his apartments himself. Only the merry serenaders, who in those times used to sing under the balconies, would now and then give him a crumb of their feast for pure fun's sake; and after a while, because they could not find out his full name, called him, at hazard, George—but always prefixing Monsieur. Afterward, when he began to be careless in his dress, and the fashion of serenading had passed away, the commoner people dared to shorten the title to "'Sieur George."

Many seasons came and went. The city changed like a growing boy; gentility and fashion went up-town, but 'Sieur George still retained his rooms. Every one knew him slightly, and bowed, but no one seemed to know him well, unless it were a brace or so of those convivial fellows in regulation-blue at little Fort St. Charles. He often came home late, with one of these on either arm, all singing different tunes and stopping at every twenty steps to tell secrets. But by-and-by the fort was demolished, church and government property melted down under the warm demand for building-lots, the city spread like a ringworm,—and one day 'Sieur George steps out of the old house in full regimentals!

The Creole neighbors rush bareheaded into the middle of the street as though there were an earthquake or a chimney on fire. What to do or say or think they do not know; they are at their wits' ends, therefore well-nigh happy. However, there is a German blacksmith's shop near by, and they watch to see what Jacob will do. Jacob steps into the street with every eye upon him; he approaches Monsieur—he addresses to him a few remarks—they shake hands—they engage in some conversation—Monsieur places his hand on his sword!—now he passes.

The populace crowd around the blacksmith, children clap their hands softly and jump up and down on tiptoes of expectation—'Sieur George is going to the war in Mexico!

"Ah!" says a little girl in the throng, "'Sieur George's two rooms will be empty; I find that very droll."

The landlord,—this same Kookoo,—is in the group. He hurls himself into the house and up the stairs. "Fifteen years pass since he have been in those room!" He arrives at the door—it is shut—"It is lock!"

In short, further investigation revealed that a youngish lady in black, who had been seen by several neighbors to enter the house, but had not, of course, been suspected of such remarkable intentions, had, in company with a middle-aged slave-woman, taken these two rooms, and now, at the slightly-opened door, proffered a month's rent in advance. What could a landlord do but smile? Yet there was a pretext left; "the rooms must need repairs?"—"No, sir; he could look in and see." Joy! he looked in. All was neatness. The floor unbroken, the walls cracked but a little, and the cracks closed with new plaster, no doubt by the zealous hand of 'Sieur George himself. Kookoo's eyes swept sharply round the two apartments. The furniture was all there. Moreover, there was Monsieur's little hair-trunk. He should not soon forget that trunk. One day, fifteen years or more before, he had taken hold of that trunk to assist Monsieur to arrange his apartment, and Monsieur had drawn his fist back and cried to him to "drop it!" *Mais!* there it was, looking very suspicious in Kookoo's eyes, and the lady's domestic, as tidy as a yellow-bird, went and sat on it. Could that trunk contain treasure? It might, for Madame wanted to shut the door, and, in fact, did so.

The lady was quite handsome—had been more so, but was still young—spoke the beautiful language, and kept, in the inner room, her discreet and taciturn mulattress, a tall, straight woman, with a fierce eye, but called by the young Creoles of the neighborhood "confound' good-lookin'."

Among *les Américaines*, where the new neighbor is called upon by the older residents, this lady might have made friends in spite of

being as reserved as 'Sieur George; but the reverse being the Creole custom, and she being well pleased to keep her own company, chose mystery rather than society.

The poor landlord was sorely troubled; it must not that anything *de trop* take place in his house. He watched the two rooms narrowly, but without result, save to find that Madame plied her needle for pay, spent her money for little else besides harp-strings, and took good care of the little trunk of Monsieur. This espionage was a good turn to the mistress and maid, for when Kookoo announced that all was proper, no more was said by outsiders. Their landlord never got but one question answered by the middle-aged maid:

"Madame, he feared, was a litt' bit embarrass' *pour* money, eh?"

"Non; Mademoiselle [Mademoiselle, you notice!] had some property, but did not want to eat it up."

Sometimes lady-friends came, in very elegant private carriages, to see her, and one or two seemed to beg her—but in vain—to go away with them; but these gradually dropped off, until lady and servant were alone in the world. And so years, and the Mexican war, went by.

The volunteers came home; peace reigned, and the city went on spreading up and down the land; but 'Sieur George did not return. It overran the country like cocoa-grass. Fields, roads, woodlands, that were once 'Sieur George's places of retreat from mankind, were covered all over with little one-story houses in the "Old Third," and fine residences and gardens up in "Lafayette." Streets went slicing, like a butcher's knife, through old colonial estates, whose first masters never dreamed of the city reaching them, —and 'Sieur George was still away. The four-story brick got old and ugly, and the surroundings dim and dreamy. Theaters, processions, dry-goods stores, government establishments, banks, hotels, and all spirit of enterprise were gone to Canal-street and beyond, and the very beggars were gone with them. The little trunk got very old and bald, and still its owner lingered; still the lady, somewhat the worse for lapse of time, looked from the balcony-window in the brief southern twilights, and the maid every morning shook a worn rug or two over the dangerous-looking railing; and yet neither had made friends or enemies.

The two rooms, from having been stingily kept at first, were needing repairs half the time, and the occupants were often moving, now into one, now back into the other; yet the hair-trunk was seen only by glimpses, the landlord, to his infinite chagrin, always being a little too late in offering his services, the women, whether it was light or heavy, having already moved it. He thought it significant.

Late one day of a most bitter winter,—that season when, to the ecstatic amazement of a whole cityful of children, snow covered the streets ankle deep,—there came a soft tap on the corridor-door of this pair of rooms. The lady opened it, and beheld a tall, lank, iron-gray man, a total stranger, standing behind—Monsieur George! Both men were weather-beaten, scarred and tattered. Across 'Sieur George's crown, leaving a long, bare streak through his white hair, was the souvenir of a Mexican saber.

The landlord had accompanied them to the door: it was a magnificent opportunity. Mademoiselle asked them all in and tried to furnish a seat to each; but failing, 'Sieur George went straight across the room and *sat on the hair-trunk.* The action was so conspicuous, the landlord laid it up in his penetrative mind.

'Sieur George was quiet, or, as it appeared, quieted. The mulattress stood near him, and to her he addressed, in an undertone, most of the little he said, leaving Mademoiselle to his companion. The stranger was a warm talker, and seemed to please the lady from the first; but if he pleased, nothing else did. Kookoo, intensely curious, sought some pretext for staying, but found none. They were, altogether, an uncongenial company. The lady seemed to think Kookoo had no business there; 'Sieur George seemed to think the same concerning his companion; and the few words between Mademoiselle and Monsieur were cool enough. The maid appeared nearly satisfied, but could not avoid casting an anxious eye at times upon her mistress. Naturally the visit was short.

The next day but one the two gentlemen came again in better attire. 'Sieur George evidently disliked his companion, yet would not rid himself of him. The stranger was a gesticulating, stagy fellow, much Monsieur's junior, an incessant talker in Creole-French, always excited on small matters and unable to appreciate a great one. Once, as they were leaving, Kookoo,—accidents will happen,—was under the stairs. As they began to descend the tall man was speaking: "—better to bury it,"—the startled landlord heard him say, and held his breath, thinking of the trunk; but no more was uttered.

A week later they came again.

A week later they came again.

A week later they came yet again!

The landlord's eyes began to open. There must be a courtship in progress. It was very plain now why 'Sieur George had wished not to be accompanied by the tall gentleman; but since his visits had become regular and frequent, it was equally plain why he did not get rid of him;—because it would not look well to be going and coming too often alone. Maybe it was only this tender passion that the tall man had thought "better to bury." Lately there often came sounds of gay conversation from the first of the two rooms, which had been turned into a parlor; and as, week after week, the friends came down-stairs, the tall man was always in high spirits and anxious to embrace 'Sieur George, who,—"sly dog," thought the landlord,—would try to look grave, and only smiled in an embarrassed way. "Ah! Monsieur, you tink to be varry conning; *mais* you not so conning as Kookoo, no;" and the inquisitive little man would shake his head and smile, and shake his head again, as a man has a perfect right to do under the conviction that he has been for twenty years baffled by a riddle and is learning to read it at last.

A few months passed quickly away, and it became apparent to every eye in or about the ancient mansion that the landlord's guess was not so bad; in fact, that Mademoiselle was to be married.

On a certain rainy Spring afternoon, a single hired hack drove up to the main entrance of the old house, and after some little bustle and the gathering of a crowd of damp children about the big doorway, 'Sieur George, muffled in a newly-repaired overcoat, jumped out and went up-stairs. A moment later he reappeared, leading Mademoiselle, wreathed and veiled, down the stairway. Very fair was Mademoiselle still. Her beauty was mature,—fully ripe,—maybe a little too much so, but only a little; and as she came down with the ravishing odor of orange-flowers floating about her, she seemed the garlanded victim of a pagan sacrifice. The mulattress in holiday gear followed behind.

The landlord owed a duty to the community. He arrested the maid on the last step: "Your mistress, she goin' *pour marier* 'Sieur George? It make me glad, glad, glad!"

"Marry 'Sieur George? Non, Monsieur."

"Non? Not marrie 'Sieur George? *Mais comment?*"

"She's going to marry the tall gentleman."

"*Diable!* ze long gentyman!"—With his hands upon his forehead, he watched the carriage trundle away. It passed out of sight through the rain; he turned to enter the house, and all at once tottered under the weight of a tremendous thought,—they had left the trunk! He hurled himself up-stairs as he had done seven years before, but again —"Ah, bah!!"—the door was locked, and not a picayune of rent due.

Late that night a small square man, in a wet overcoat, fumbled his way into the damp entrance of the house, stumbled up the cracking stairs, unlocked, after many languid efforts, the door of the two rooms, and falling over the hair-trunk, slept until the morning sunbeams climbed over the balcony and in at the window, and shone full on the back of his head. Old Kookoo passing the door just then, was surprised to find it slightly ajar—pushed it open silently, and saw within, 'Sieur George in the act of rising from his knees beside the mysterious trunk. He had come back to be once more the tenant of the two rooms.

'Sieur George, for the second time, was a changed man—changed from bad to worse; from being retired and reticent, he had come by reason of advancing years, or mayhap that which had left the terrible scar on his head, to be garrulous. When, once in a while, employment sought him (for he never sought employment), whatever remuneration he received went its way for something that left him dingy and threadbare. He now made a lively acquaintance with his landlord, as, indeed, with every soul in the neighborhood, and told all his adventures in Mexican prisons and Cuban cities; including full details of the hardships and perils experienced jointly with the "long gentleman" who had married Mademoiselle, and who was no Mexican or Cuban, but a genuine Louisianian.

"It was he that fancied me," he said, "not I him; but once he had fallen in love with me I hadn't the force to cast him off. How Madame ever should have liked him was one of those woman's freaks that a man mustn't expect to understand. He was no more fit for her than rags are fit for a queen; and I could have choked his head off the night he hugged me round the neck and told me what a suicide she had committed. But other fine women are committing that same folly every day, only they don't wait until they're thirty-four or five to do it.—'Why don't I like him?' Well, for one reason, he's a drunkard!" Here Kookoo, whose imperfect knowledge of English prevented his intelli-

gent reception of the story, would laugh immoderately.

However, with all Monsieur's prattle, he never dropped a word about the man he had been before he went away; and the great hair-trunk puzzle was still the same puzzle, growing greater every day.

Thus the two rooms had been the scene of some events quite queer, if not really strange; but the queerest that ever they presented, I guess, was 'Sieur George coming in there one day, crying like a little child, and bearing in his arms an infant—a girl—the lovely offspring of the drunkard whom he so detested, and poor, robbed, spirit-broken and now dead Madame. He took good care of the orphan, for orphan she was very soon. The long gentleman was pulled out of the old basin one morning, and 'Sieur George identified the body at the Trème station. He never hired a nurse—the father had sold the mother's maid quite out of sight; so he brought her through all the little ills and around all the sharp corners of baby-life and childhood, without a human hand to help him, until one evening, having persistently shut his eyes to it for weeks and months, like one trying to sleep in the sunshine, he awoke to the realization that she was a woman. It was a smoky one in November, the first cool day of Autumn. The sunset was dimmed by the smoke of burning prairies, the air was full of the ashes of grass and reeds, ragged urchins were lugging home sticks of cordwood, and when a bit of coal fell from a cart in front of Kookoo's old house, a child was boxed half across the street and robbed of the booty by a *blanchisseuse de fin* from over the way.

The old man came home quite steady. He mounted the stairs smartly without stopping to rest, went with a step unusually light and quiet to his chamber, and sat by the window opening upon the rusty balcony.

It was a small room, sadly changed from what it had been in old times; but then so was 'Sieur George. Close and dark it was, the walls stained with dampness and the ceiling full of bald places that showed the lathing. The furniture was cheap and meager, including conspicuously the small, curious-looking hair-trunk. The floor was of wide slabs fastened down with spikes, and sloping up and down in one or two broad undulations, as if they had drifted far enough down the current of time to feel the tide-swell.

However, the floor was clean, the bed well made, the cypress table in place, and the musty smell of the walls partly neutralized by a geranium on the window-sill.

He so coming in and sitting down, an unseen person called from the room adjoining (of which, also, he was the rentee), to know if he were he, and being answered in the affirmative, said, "Papa George, guess who was here to-day."

"Kookoo, for the rent?"

"Yes, but he will not come back."

"No? why not?"

"Because you will not pay him."

"No? and why not?"

"Because I have paid him."

"Impossible! where did you get the money?"

"Cannot guess?—Mother Nativity."

"What, not for embroidery?"

"No? and why not? *Mais oui!*"—saying which, and with a pleasant laugh, the speaker entered the room. She was a girl of sixteen or thereabout, very beautiful, with very black hair and eyes. A face and form more entirely out of place you could not have found in the whole city. She sat herself at his feet, and, with her interlocked hands upon his knee, and her face, full of childish innocence mingled with womanly wisdom, turned to his, appeared for a time to take principal part in a conversation which, of course, could not be overheard in the corridor outside.

Whatever was said, she presently rose, he opened his arms, and she sat on his knee and kissed him. This done, there was a silence, both smiling pensively and gazing out over the rotten balcony into the street. After a while she started up, saying something about the change of weather, and, slipping away, thrust a match between the bars of the grate. The old man turned about to the fire, and she from her little room brought a low sewing-chair and sat beside him, laying her head on his knee, and he stroking her brow with his brown palm.

Thus they sat, he talking very steadily and she listening, until all the neighborhood was wrapped in slumber,—all the neighbors, but not Kookoo.

Kookoo in his old age had become a great eavesdropper; his ear and eye took turns at the keyhole that night, for he tells things that were not intended for outside hearers. He heard the girl sobbing, and the old man saying, "But you must go now. You cannot stay with me safely or decently, much as I wish it. The Lord only knows how I'm to bear it, or where you're to go; but He's your Lord, child, and He'll make a place for you. I was your grandfather's death; I frittered your poor, dead mother's fortune away: let that be the last damage I do."

From all Kookoo could gather, he must have been telling her the very story just recounted. She had dropped quite to the floor, hiding her face in her hands, and was saying between her sobs, "I cannot go, Papa George; oh, Papa George, I cannot go!"

Just then 'Sieur George, having kept a good resolution thus far, was encouraged by the orphan's pitiful tones to contemplate the most senseless act he ever attempted to commit. He said to the sobbing girl that she was not of his blood; that she was nothing to him by natural ties; that his covenant was with her grandsire to care for his offspring; and though it had been poorly kept, it might be breaking it worse than ever to turn her out upon ever so kind a world.

"I have tried to be good to you all these years. When I took you, a wee little baby, I took you for better or worse. I intended to do well by you all your childhood-days, and to do best at last. I thought surely we should be living well by this time, and you could choose from a world full of homes and a world full of friends.

"I thought that education, far better than Mother Nativity has given you, should have afforded your sweet charms a noble setting; that good mothers and sisters would be wanting to count you into their families, and that the blossom of a happy womanhood would open perfect and full of sweetness.

"I would have given my life for it. I did give it, such as it was; but it was a very poor concern, I know—my life—and not enough to buy any good thing.

"I have had a thought of something, but I'm afraid to tell it. It didn't come to me to-day or yesterday; it has beset me a long time."

The girl gazed into the embers, listening intensely.

"And oh! dearie, if I could only get you to think the same way, you might stay with me then."

"How long?" she asked, without stirring.

"Oh, as long as Heaven should let us. But there is only one chance," he said, as it were feeling his way, "only one way for us to stay together. Do you understand me?"

She looked up at the old man with a glance of painful inquiry.

"If you could be——my wife, dearie?"

She uttered a wail of anguish, and, gliding swiftly into her room, for the first time in her sweet young life turned the key between them.

And the old man sat and wept.

Then Kookoo, peering through the keyhole, saw that they had been looking into the little trunk. The lid was up, but the back was toward the door, and he could see no more than if it had been closed.

He stooped and stared into the aperture until his dry old knees were ready to crack. It seemed as if 'Sieur George was stone, only stone couldn't weep like that.

Every separate bone in his neck was hot with pain. He would have given ten dollars—ten sweet dollars!—to have seen 'Sieur George get up and turn that trunk around.

There! 'Sieur George rose up—oh, what a face!

He started toward the bed, and as he came to the trunk he paused, looked at it, muttered something about "ruin," and adding audibly, "What a fortune is in you!" kicked the lid down and threw himself across the bed.

Small profit to old Kookoo that he went to his own couch; sleep was not for the little landlord. For well-nigh half a century he had suspected his tenant of having a treasure hidden in his house, and to-night he had heard his own admission that in the little trunk was a fortune. Kookoo had never felt so poor in all his days before. He felt a Frenchman's anger, too, that a tenant should be the holder of wealth while his landlord suffered poverty.

And he knew very well, too, did Kookoo, what the tenant would do. If he did not know what he kept in the trunk, he knew what he kept behind it, and he knew he would take enough of it to-night to make him sleep soundly.

No one would ever have supposed Kookoo capable of a crime. He was too fearfully impressed with the extra-hazardous risks of dishonesty; he was old, too, and weak, and, besides all, intensely a coward. Nevertheless, while it was yet two or three hours before daybreak, the sleep-forsaken little man arose, shuffled into his garments, and in his stocking-feet sought the corridor leading to 'Sieur George's apartment. The night, as it often does in that region, had grown warm and clear; the stars were sparkling like diamonds pendent in the deep blue heavens, and at every window and lattice and cranny the broad, bright moon poured down its glittering beams upon the hoary-headed thief, as he crept, like a prowling dog, along the mouldering galleries and down the ancient corridor that led to 'Sieur George's chamber.

'Sieur George's door, though ever so slowly opened, protested with a loud creak. The landlord, wet with cold sweat from head to foot, and shaking till the floor trembled, paused for several minutes, and then en-

ered the moon-lit apartment. The tenant, ying as if he had not moved, was sleeping eavily. And now the poor coward trembled o, that to kneel before the trunk, without alling, he did not know how. Twice, thrice, e was near tumbling headlong. He be- ame as cold as ice. But the sleeper stirred, nd the thought of losing his opportunity trung his nerves up in an instant. He vent softly down upon his knees, laid his ands upon the lid, lifted it, and let in the ntense moonlight. The trunk was full, full, rowded down and running over full, of the ickets of the Havana Lottery!

A little after daybreak, Kookoo from his vindow saw the orphan, pausing on the cor- ner. She stood for a moment, and then dove nto the dense fog which had floated in from he river, and disappeared. He never saw ner again.

'Sieur George is houseless. He cannot ind the orphan. And she,—her Lord is tak- ng care of her. Once only she has seen Sieur George. She had been in the belve- lere of the house which she now calls home, ooking down upon the outspread city. Far away southward and westward the great river glistened in the sunset. Along its sweeping bends the chimneys of a smoking commerce, the magazines of surplus wealth, the gardens of the opulent, the steeples of a hundred sanctuaries and thousands on thou- sands of mansions and hovels covered the fertile birthright arpents which 'Sieur George, in his fifty years' stay, had seen tricked away from dull colonial Esaus by their blue-eyed brethren of the North. Nearer by she looked upon the forlornly silent region of lowly dwellings, neglected by legislation and shun- ned by all lovers of comfort, that once had been the smiling fields of her own grandsire's broad plantation; and but a little way off, trudging across the marshy commons, her eye caught sight of 'Sieur George following the sunset out upon the prairies to find a night's rest in the high grass.

She turned at once, gathered the skirt of her pink calico uniform, and, watching her steps through her tears, descended the steep winding-stair to her frequent kneeling-place under the fragrant candles of the chapel-altar in Mother Nativity's asylum.

A SPIRITUAL SONG. X.

FROM THE GERMAN OF NOVALIS.

WHO in his chamber sitteth lonely,
And weepeth heavy, bitter tears;
To whom in doleful colors only,
Of want and woe, the world appears;

Who of the past, gulf-like receding,
Would search with questing eyes the core,
Down into which a sweet woe, pleading,
From all sides wiles him evermore;—

'Tis as a treasure past believing
Heaped up for him all waiting stood,
Whose hoard he seeks, with bosom heaving,
Outstretched hands and fevered blood;

He sees the future, arid, meager,
In horrid length before him lie;
Alone he roams the waste, and, eager,
Seeks his old self with restless cry:—

Into his arms I sink, all tearful:
I once, like thee, with woe was wan;
But I am well, and whole, and cheerful,
And know the eternal rest of man.

Thou too must find the one consoler
Who inly loved, endured, and died—
For those who wrought him keenest dolor,
With thousand-fold rejoicing died.

He died—and yet, fresh every morrow,
His love and him thine eyes behold :
Reach daring arms, in joy or sorrow,
And to thy heart him, ardent, fold.

From him new life-blood will be driven
Through thy dry bones that withering pine ;
And once thy heart to him is given,
Then is his heart for ever thine.

What thou didst lose, he found, he holdeth ;
With him thy love thou soon shalt see ;
And evermore thy heart infoldeth
What once his hand restores to thee.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Gentleman in Politics.

WE do not doubt that many thousand readers of SCRIBNER have shared with us the pleasure of reading Mr. Whitelaw Reid's Dartmouth address, on "The Scholar in Politics," published complete in our September number. The programme of active influence which he spreads before the American scholar is sufficiently extensive, and the arguments by which he commends it for adoption sufficiently strong and sound. Yet the question has occurred to us whether, after all, Mr. Carlyle's "Able Man," and Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Thinker," and Mr. Reid's "Scholar," who are one and the same person, are quite sufficient for the just and satisfactory handling of the matters which this address spreads before us in detail. "How are you going to punish crime?" We do not quite see what scholarship has to do with the settlement of that question, or what the scholar has to do with it, specially, beyond other men. "How are you going to stop official stealing?" The question may interest the scholar, and he ought, indeed, to assist in settling it aright, but as a scholar, specially, we do not see what he can do, or may be expected to do, beyond other men. "How are you going to control your corporations?" Here cultivated brains may help us to do something—to contrive something; yet, after all, what we want is not the way to control corporations, but corporations that do not need to be controlled. "What shall be the relations between capital and labor?" The scholar ought to be able to help us here. "What shall be done with our Indians?" "How may we best appoint our civil officers?" These questions, with others relating to universal suffrage and the unlimited annexation of inferior races, make up M Reid's very solid and serious catalogue.

There is work enough, legitimate work, for t American scholar, in the study and intelligent ha ling of these questions; but the fact that there i considerable number of American scholars mixed with every scheme of iniquity in the country leads to suspect that the country is not to be saved scholarship alone. There are two sides to the matt as there are to most matters. In our late civil war, was West Point pitted against West Point, each si being actuated by its own independent ideas of d and patriotism. Military scholarship had a very i portant office to perform in settling the questi between the two sections of the country, but it had struggle with military scholarship in order to do i We do not know why we are not quite as likely find the scholar on the wrong side as on the right si of politics. Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Everett were neig bors once. They represented the height of schola culture, and the two extremes of political opinio They certainly assisted in making respectable wh ever was bad in the party to which they respectiv belonged, whatever else they did or failed to do. A that we wish to say, in dissent from Mr. Reid, rather, in addition to him, is that scholarship does n necessarily lead to any common good conclusion politics, and that it may be, or may become, as ba as any other element.

What we really want is gentlemen in politics. I our political men were only gentlemen, even if th were no more than ordinarily intelligent, we shou find our political affairs in a good condition, and t

great questions that stand before us in a fair way of being properly adjusted. A gentleman is a person who knows something of the world, who possesses dignity and self-respect, who recognizes the rights of others and the duties he owes to society in all his relations, who would as soon commit suicide as stain his palm with a bribe, who would not degrade himself by intrigues. There are various types of gentlemen, too, and the higher the type the better the politician. If his character and conduct are based on sound moral principle—if he is governed by the rule of right—that is better than mere pride of character or gentlemanly instinct. If, beyond all, he is a man of faith and religion—a Christian gentleman—he is the highest type of a gentleman; and in his hands the questions which Mr. Reid has proposed to the scholar would have the fairest handling that men are capable of giving them. The more the Christian gentleman knows, the better politician he will make, and in him, and in him only, will scholarship come to its finest issues in politics. We do not think that the worst feature of our politics is lack of intelligence in our politicians. There is a great deal of cultivated brain in Congress. Public questions are understood and intelligently discussed there. Even there, it is not always that scholarship shows superior ability. Men who show their capacity to manage affairs are quite as apt to come from the plainly educated as from the ranks of scholarship. Congress does not suffer from lack of knowledge and culture half as much as it does from lack of principle. It is the men who push personal and party purposes that poison legislation. If Congress were composed of gentlemen, we could even dispense with what scholars we have, and be better off than we are to-day.

In the government of our cities, we could very well afford to get along without scholars, if we could have only modestly educated gentlemen. If the heavy-jawed, florid-faced, full-bellied, diamond-brooched bully who now typifies the city politician were put to his appropriate work of railroad-building, or superintending gangs of ignorant workmen, and there could be put in his place good, quiet business men, of gentlemanly instincts and of sound moral principle, we could get along very comfortably without the scholar, though there would not be the slightest objection to him. In brief, we want better men than we have, a great deal more than we want brighter or better educated men. Scholarship is a secondary, rather than a primary consideration: the gentleman first, the scholar, if he is a gentleman, and not otherwise. If Christian gentlemen were in power, many of the questions that appeal to us for settlement would settle themselves. We should not be called upon, for instance, to stop official stealing. Instead of trying to ascertain how we shall punish murder, we should dry up the fountains of murder. Instead of seeking a mode of controlling corporations, we should only need to find some mode of putting only gentlemen into corporations. Our laws are good enough in the main: we want them executed, and in order that they may be executed, we need a judiciary of Christian gentlemen, with executive officers, loyal to the law. As long as notorious scamps, scholarly or otherwise, are in power, not much headway can be made in politics. Until we demand something more and something better in our politicians than knowledge or scholarship, until we demand that they shall be gentlemen, we shall take no step forward. George Washington got along very well as a politician on a limited capital of culture, and a very large one of patriotism and personal dignity. Aaron Burr was a scholar, whose lack of principle spoiled him for any good end in politics, and made his name a stench in the nostrils of his country.

Moderate Prices.

IT seems to be admitted, on all sides, that the past season was not a prosperous one for the summer hotels. Various reasons are assigned for the fact—among others, that multitudes of those who usually frequent them went to Europe in the spring. Still, if this be true, the question remains undecided whether they did not go to Europe in order to get more pleasure and profit out of the same amount of money that they would be obliged to spend here,—nay, whether they did not go to save money. Indeed, we are inclined to think that the lack of patronage at the hotels, and the enormous deportation of our wealthy population, are both owing to the high prices demanded at our watering-places for genteel fare and accommodation. If a man can have the benefit of a sea-voyage and a delightful summer in Switzerland, for what it would cost him to make a tour of our principal watering-places, he will be very apt to pack his trunks for the foreign trip; and we must honor his good taste and good judgment in the matter.

While the mammoth hotels and the high-priced places have mourned over their slender patronage, the second-class houses have very generally been full. At Saratoga, the small hotels and boarding-houses have had guests in plenty. The boarding-houses and farm-houses in all directions about the country have had an abundance of summer visitors. The truth is, we suppose, that business has not been good, money has been scarce, and the people have studied economy. The expensive hotels can only be supported during periods of easy and large money-making, and the moment there comes a pinch, they feel it. They are keyed too high, even for the average American high life. They never make too much money in the best seasons; and when the bad seasons come, they either make none at all, or lose. Who it is that goes on building from year to year these expensive establishments, we do not know, for nearly everybody who meddles with them loses by them. They cost immense sums, they burn up, or they fail to pay rent and dividends.

The permanent hotels of the great cities are built and furnished at the cost of millions, in which families pay from five thousand to ten thousand dollars a year

for board. We may say here that much of the economy practiced in the summer is owing to the absolute impossibility of living at a reasonable price in the winter. Whether one live at a hotel or buy or rent a house, it matters not. The reason why the great hotels are prosperous in the city is because a family can live cheaper in them than at housekeeping. If we seek for the reason of this, we find that only certain localities and only a certain grade of building and furniture are considered respectable. Respectable life—genteel life—is all on an expensive scale. A man with an income of less than ten thousand dollars a year cannot support his family and entertain his friends in a style that would be considered genteel—much less, generous.

Our whole American life is keyed too high. If a man go into business, he will not be content with either a moderate business or moderate profits. Everything must be on a large scale—business, living, hospitality—everything. The hotels are like the rest, and their proprietors expect to make fortunes in ten years, and many of them do it. There really seems to be no respectable place for a respectable family of moderate means. The low-priced hotels are not genteel; the low-priced houses are either unfit to be lived in or are in mean localities; and thus the great need of the time—respectable homes for respectable men of moderate incomes—is unprovided for. If the Saratoga hotels should reduce their prices to $2.50 or $3.00 per day, and give their guests plain, wholesome fare, minus the splendor and the music, they would not only be crowded, but they would make money. If a nice three-dollar hotel could be established in a respectable quarter of New York, it would be crowded from year's end to year's end, and give a remunerative income to all connected with it. If plain, comfortable houses could be built in districts now unoccupied, for what their owners were willing to take a fair rent, people would not be driven by thousands, as they are now, either into hotels or into the suburban towns. We have now in New York only the rich and the poor. The middle class, who cannot live among the rich, and will not live among the poor, and take the risk of living among the vicious, as all do here who live among the poor, go out of the city to find their homes. So the words "To Let" stare upon us from the windows of a multitude of houses, which many would take at a fair rent, but which nobody can afford to hire. Real estate is very high, and considering the scarcity of money, wonderfully firm; but a change will come sooner or later. Our greatest fear is that it can only come through a great commercial disaster, involving the overthrow of all existing prices, and another beginning at the bottom of the ladder.

A New Woman's College.

THERE is to be a new Woman's College at Northampton, Mass. It will be founded on a generous bequest made by Miss Sophia Smith, of Hatfield—a town adjoining Northampton—who, very sensibly, took it upon herself to appoint the Board of Trustees. This Board embraces the names of Professors Tyler and Julius Seelye, of Amherst College; Professor Park, of Andover; Joseph White, of Williamstown; B. G. Northrop, of New Haven; and Governor Washburn, of Massachusetts. Such a board of trustees "means business," and the business is, in fact, begun. A site for the college has been purchased, and is everything that it ought to be. Professor L. Clark Seelye, of Amherst, has been elected the President of the institution, and has accepted the place. What remains to be done is to erect the buildings and determine upon the scheme to be pursued. Exactly here we wish to offer a few suggestions.

The Board of Trustees of Smith College have in their hands the power to solve some very grave questions in connection with the higher education of woman. They know just what Mount Holyoke Seminary is, and whether an institution constituted like that will answer their purpose. If Mount Holyoke is perfect, all they will wish to do will be to duplicate it as nearly as possible. They know what Vassar is; are they satisfied with Vassar? If so, they will repeat Vassar in Smith, and that will be the end of it. It is, however, only fair to state that there is in the public mind a feeling or conviction, that, with all their acknowledged excellencies, neither Mount Holyoke nor Vassar is the ideal Woman's College. We share in this conviction, and for this reason we write.

We do not believe in bringing large bodies, either of young men or young women, under a single roof, and keeping them there for a period of four years. Young men can be managed in a college because they can be parceled out in families. They are able to be out in all kinds of weather, and are kept healthy in body and mind by being constantly in contact with the world. Young women cannot be managed in this way. They must live within the college walls, and thus they must be confined to each other's society. The mischiefs that are bred by circumstances like these none know so well as those who have had charge of large bodies of girls under any circumstances. We are free to say that no consideration would induce us to place a young woman—daughter or ward—in a college which would shut her away from all family life for a period of four years. The system is unnatural, and not one young woman in ten can be subjected to it without injury. It is not necessary to go into particulars, but every observing physician or physiologist knows what we mean when we say that such a system is fearfully unsafe. The facts which substantiate their opinion would fill the public mind with horror if they were publicly known. Men may "pooh! pooh!" these facts if they choose, but they exist. Diseases of body, diseases of imagination, vices of body and imagination—everything we would save our children from—are bred in these great institutions where life and association are circumscribed, as weeds are forced in hot-beds.

Can we have a college for women and save ourselves and them from these dangers and damages? We believe it is possible; and, furthermore, we believe that if it is not possible, we had better throw our money into the river, and stop building Women's Colleges altogether. Women, as a rule, are better educated for their positions than men are, now. There are no great exigencies in the case, and there is no reason for exposing hundreds of girls to the perils of college life as they at present exist. If we can have a college in which these perils are mainly avoided, let us have it; if we cannot, the quicker the buildings burn down, and the longer they remain burned down, the better.

Smith College will do a great thing for America and woman if it can furnish a college education and avoid the college perils. We can think of only one way in which this can be accomplished, and that is, instead of having the girls all under one roof, to bring them under twenty. Let the college consist of one central building, for class and assembly rooms, and of tasteful dwelling-houses, each capable, say, of boarding twenty girls. Let each dwelling-house be conducted by a professor, who, with his wife and children, shall form the center of the family. *Insist that there shall be a real family in every house*, and it will not be hard for every young woman to feel that, for the time, she is a member of it. Do not shut out men from the daily conduct of school affairs. Have no church or chapel on the place. Smith College is located almost in the center of one of the most thriving and beautiful of New England villages. There are, within easy walking distance of the college grounds, Baptist, Methodist, Congregational, and Episcopal churches, into which the pupils should all go according to their varied predilections, and in which they should be encouraged to engage in active work. The Sunday Schools of Northampton, every one, should be enriched by these young workers. The girls would thus become a blessing to the town, and the effect upon themselves would be eminently healthful. We regard this matter as of prime importance. Don't shut the girls up on Sunday to one another. Don't undertake to run any theological machine in connection with the institution. Wherever it is safe to do so, let the girls come into vital contact with society, and if they can do so at all they can do so on Sunday, and in connection with the work of the church.

We do not know whether the Trustees of Smith College have settled upon their plans or not, but we can safely say to them that the country expects of them something which it has not had. It expects a bold, original move in the right direction. It expects some plan that shall not shut up three hundred women together, away from all family influence and beyond the possibility of family sentiment and feeling, —some plan that will connect the college with the world. If there is any plan better than that which we have outlined, let us have it; but if we must have the same over again, that has already been done too often, we shall wish that Sophia Smith had had less money, and had left that to—well—to us.

THE OLD CABINET.

I FEEL inclined to speak only with the most profound respect of the Stagey Person. I am chagrined to find that the adjective here applied to him, while thoroughly descriptive, is at the same time somewhat jaunty to the ear and savorous of disesteem. I would wish my language, while conversant with such a theme as this, to move with fit and becoming stateliness, expressive not only of the character and bearing of the person alluded to, but of my appreciation of his many virtues and my awe of his deportment.

For he is as eminent in manners as he is in morals. In a word, he never forgets himself. More than that, he never forgets his part nor his audience. It is, moreover, one of his most characteristic traits that the complexion, social grade, appreciativeness, and numbers of his audience are all alike indifferent to him. He is a true artist. He plays to well-nigh empty benches with the same lofty standards in view as ever animate his action before a full and enthusiastic house. The applause of the pit, let it be said to his credit, is received with the same flattering assumption as that of the private boxes.

Of course my gentle reader has not allowed this seductive simile of the stage, so easily suggested by the circumstances, to mislead him as to the object of my tribute. He is not a professional at all. Indeed, I never heard of his indulging even in the amusement popularly known as "private theatricals," although this phrase might be with propriety selected as illustrating his entire method of life.

He never forgets himself, I said;—he never forgets his costume, his pose, his movement, his voice, his phrases, his background. Each is not only fine in itself, but has the proper relation to all the rest, as well as to the present situation—which includes occupation, time of day, and other minutiæ. A studied negligence in dress, diction, or surrounding, forms, of course, a legitimate part of the adaptation of everything to the intended effect. I can hardly find language sufficiently subtile by which to convey an impression of the fine modulations of his art. For though a lock of hair may have strayed, as if by accident, from its apparently legitimate position—mark you, it is with no coy or coquettish design, but merely a grave simulation of that in a spirit purely artistic—and in such a manner that no one is deceived. She would not have you for a moment suspect that her motives were anything but æsthetic, and you do not so suspect; her

picture (to change the figure) is full of the delicacies of half-tints and reflected lights.

Ah—that is the trouble. It is art, not nature. I have said often as she has swept by me on the street or in the saloon—What a master ! never, What a woman !

And yet I know that she is truly kind and womanly; admirable in all the relations of life; a gracious presence in her home and in society,—and not without traits that are noble. But—did you ever read Taine's comparison of Tennyson with Alfred de Musset?

I see that I have betrayed myself, and that my readers have discovered that my stagey person is by no means a man, as I at first weakly pretended. Never mind; I shall not change the pronouns. I feared that she might read this and be hurt, and I would rather cut off this hand than bring even a passing sorrow to her heart. But I am sure she has not read far enough to discover my ruse, and, judging from some former experience of mine in such matters, I am reasonably certain that even if her eyes are upon these words she will never suspect that her portrait has been placed in the Old Cabinet.

A FRIEND with a single fault ! Have you never formed one of a little company all engaged in talking about just that one little fault of a friend? To the rest of us it is so apparent. If it were not for the solitary flaw we say, the dear boy, the dear girl, would be perfect. Sometimes it is fretfulness; sometimes conceit; sometimes a morbid self-abasement; sometimes a touch of selfishness; a disposition to dwell upon the failings of others; a faculty for interference; a lack of attention to personal appearance; procrastination—or dear knows what. Now is it not very much like a nightmare—the way we live in the same house with these people, year in and year out, and see the petty fault growing bigger and bigger, and can raise no voice against it—can do nothing but say "if, if, if," —"alas and alas !"

"O but we do speak !"

Yes, sometimes we do; and sometimes the warning voice is enough. But the tragedy appears in those cases where either the warning cannot be given, or where it is unheeded. A family might be described as a succession of conventicles, composed always of the same members, save that at each session a different member is absent, and is by the others apprehended and discussed in a way in which he can neither apprehend nor discuss himself.

It has come to be considered a point of humor—to be played upon as may happen—that we can see other people's faults so much better than our own. Now while this is very true, it is also very true that we do generally know our own faults, have had at least side-glimpses of them, and that they grow upon us because we dread to apply the knife; because, to be honest, we are every one of us shirks, more or less.

In these slight etchings of character you know I do not care to seize upon those patent vices—or (let me call them) follies—and virtues which flaunt along the street, and with which every one is familar enough; but rather to look up from my desk at the ordinary man or woman who goes past the window on the lawn, or comes in to dust the room, or spend an evening with me,—with his or her ordinary failings and attainments. In other words, my gentle reader, nothing would please me more than to give you the sensation of coming unexpectedly upon a mirror; I should like you to be startled at seeing your own face look up at you from the page.

So my friend Philip hardly answers my purpose as an example—he who began by being very fine in his moral purposes, and very clean in his person, who gradually neglected his appearance till he became more than untidy, and ended in complete personal demoralization and moral dirt. I saw how it all began; he shirked his duty with regard to soap and water. He knew he shirked his duty; knowing it, he did not cease to do so,—and ungodliness followed uncleanliness in natural sequence.

One of the signs of advancing age is our acceptance of certain foibles, of which our friends have told us, and which up to this year of grace we had been in the habit of looking upon as mere accidental and transient peculiarities. It is a sad day for us when we make that acceptance. There is some hope for us when the joke about our prospect of being fifteen minutes late at the door of Heaven has a certain sharp freshness; but when we settle down into the conviction that we are likely to be lives behindhand all our—well, perhaps the first gray hair has not been discovered, perhaps the grasshopper is not yet a burden, but we are "ageing."

The older and wiser I grow the more am I impressed with the idea of every man's personal responsibility. Make what allowance you will for taint in the blood, sordid circumstance, and all that, I believe more and more that every soul has a chance. I doubt if there is any well deep and dark and smooth-walled enough to keep a poor devil down if he is determined to get to the top of it. He will win out if he wants to hard enough. It is wonderful how good-luck follows the hospitable mind and honest endeavor.

I wish my friend the parson would hurry up that essay of his on "How not to go Mad !"

Morning, Noon and Night.

THE mountain that the morn doth kiss,
Glad greets its shining neighbor :
Lord ! heed the homage of my bliss,—
The incense of my labor !

Sharp smites the sun like burning rain,
And field and flower languish :
Hear, Lord ! the prayer of my pain,—
The pleading of my anguish !

Now the long shadows eastward creep,
The golden sun is setting :
Take, Lord ! the worship of my sleep,—
The praise of my forgetting !

HOME AND SOCIETY.

A Plea for Age.

THE semi-annual house-cleanings being imminent, e want to say a word in behalf of the old things. fter each carnival of soap and water, dusting-cloths nd scrubbing-brushes, some ancient piece of furniture apt to be banished to a back chamber, or to an odd orner in the attic. It may have had the misfortune o break a leg, or lose an arm, or to be so generally icked and unsightly as to render further association ith comely modern contrivances impossible. But it ay also be hustled out merely because it is old, and is is an insult and an injury which it has never erited.

What can be more hopelessly, helplessly unhome-ke and inhospitable than a parlor full of span-new rniture? There stand the chairs, and sofas, and bles, staring you out of countenance with their un-mpromising freshness. Pretty, graceful though ey be, still they are so reeking with newness as to pel when they should attract. Even a well-worn oor-mat is some relief; but a familiar lounge, a tat-red "sleepy hollow," an every-day footstool, will aven the whole.

Ancient furniture is much in vogue now, and those ho have it, without buying it at ruinous rates, may onsider themselves fortunate. Mahogany chairs, raight of back and broad of seat, such as are com-on nowhere but in New England, are sought far and ide. Those monuments of mahogany, half secretary nd half chest of drawers, that were at once the em-lem of the solidity and solemnity of our ancestors, re seized upon with avidity by relic-buyers. Cheval lasses, pier-tables, claw-footed tables, and number-ss last-century bits, are deemed rare prizes. A dish f one's great-grandmother's dinner-service is regarded ith awe, while one's great-grandfather's silver-capped ane is preserved with care.

Doubtless much of this newly-aroused admiration r the ancient is simply affectation, but there is much enuine liking as well. Time-honored household ods are one of the few links with the fast obscuring ast that this rapid and iconoclastic age has left us; herefore let us adore them while we may,—as long s they have a leg to stand on or an arm to uphold.

Coming Styles.

OF Autumn modes it is hardly time to speak definite-, only one thing being assured. The promise of lainness, made in the early Summer, will be strictly ept. Superabundant flounces and furbelows will ake an unlimited leave of Winter wardrobes, and rtistic simplicity reign in their stead. How our eary and over-dressed women have sighed for this hange, they only are aware; and that they will hail e new order with delight is undoubted. It is hinted hat the prospective styles will require not more than alf the quantity of the past; but this is a dream that eems impossible of realization.

It is not improbable that the newly-modeled garments may have a "skimpy" appearance, but familiarity will soon arrange that, and once accustomed to it, weary eyes will be thankful they are no longer compelled to wander over vast fields of flutings and hedgerows of headings.

Plainness of fabric, no less than of fashion, is to be the rule. New goods, different from any yet produced, will soon be shown, and new colors, or rather new shades, are imminent. The tints and double-distilled shades of last year were so unbecoming to Americans that the dry-goods houses are importing only novel hues, which it is expected will satisfy the most exacting.

Reform in Dress.

WITH all the talk to be heard on every side about reform in women's dress, very little of it points to any really wise and practical solution of the much mooted question. It is easy to discover the evils, but most difficult to present the remedy. Plausible theories are as plenty as grapes in Malaga, but practicable suggestions as rare as water in the desert. Some persons seem to think that to be hideous is to be healthy; while others hold that short skirts are but another name for prolonged existence.

Hygienically considered, it is scarcely questionable that feminine attire is not all that is desirable; but, thus far, no very acceptable substitute has been offered, even by the most radical reformers. Meanwhile, a few alterations will make the existing costume less injurious and certainly quite endurable, till the perfect model, that is to be at once beautiful and healthful, shall be evolved from somebody's interior consciousness. In the first place, waists should be made loose enough to permit a full expansion of chest and lungs, when the dress is buttoned. This is quite possible without looking baggy or wrinkling, if the corsets and underwaist are as loose as they should be. The same system should be tried when lacing corsets, and these should be tied when the chest is expanded. Then they will cease to do harm by compressing the lungs, and will do good by sustaining the skirts.

Waists ought to be cut very short on the shoulder, to give perfect freedom to the movements of the arm, which cannot be free where the arm-hole comes low down over the shoulder-joint. If not tight, plain waists, with biases, are probably as healthy as full loose waists, there being no more cloth in them than is actually needed, and not so much tendency to drag from the shoulder.

It would, undoubtedly, be generally better were the weight of a woman's dress supported by her shoulders; but to some women this is so painful as to be nauseating. Therefore, the next best way seems to be to have as little weight as possible hung from the hips. Shorter skirts, scantily trimmed, especially

for the street and ordinary use, are very desirable. Trains are unquestionably graceful, but to constantly drag about the heavy folds of a trailing robe cannot be otherwise than unwholesome. Since the blessed fashion of walking-dresses, cut at a convenient length, was introduced, women have taken at least twice as much out-door exercise as formerly, and they are just so much the stronger for it. But recently there has been a tendency toward long street-dresses, which must be either speedily repressed, or there is an end of long, vigorous, life-preserving walks for our girls. Exercise in the fresh air has but begun to be appreciated by our women as a means of retaining not only health but beauty. And for its full enjoyment they must have a convenient and simple costume, which shall be the one they ordinarily wear, so that no consideration of change of attire need prevent their going out of doors at any moment their occupations will permit.

Even these few suggestions, if carefully observed, will make the present dress less objectionable until a better can be had.

Domestic Silks.

AMONG the very best goods in the market for Autumn and Winter are the American silks. They are heavy and warm, of excellent material, fine in color—coming in all the rich, dull browns, grays, plums, greens and maroons as well as black—and, more than all, they wear, femininely speaking, forever. They are not so handsome as the foreign silks, are not so smoothly finished; but they will outlast two or three of those. It is partly the smooth finish of the French and Belgian silks that makes them crack and wear shiny, as they are so likely to do nowadays. In the concluding processes of manufacture, they are passed over hot cylinders to give them the required lustre, but the heat injures the thread, and renders it liable to break. But the most serious cause of this defect is the extensive adulteration of the material used. The demand for silk has greatly increased in the last ten or fifteen years. Women who had two silk gowns twenty years ago, now have six, or eight, or ten in their place. Where silk was formerly used only for important occasions, it is now constantly and indiscriminately worn for house, street, shopping, church, even for morning. To meet this new demand, which came with heavier expenses for labor, manufacturers have been too often forced to sell poor articles instead of good ones, but poor articles of fair appearance. Nobody is willing to pay even a small price for an inferior looking stuff. Many, however, are beguiled into buying that which is actually bad, but seems good. To produce a handsome lustrous silk at a moderate price the makers have created a flimsy fabric, filling it in with oxides of lead and other substances in the dye to give it the proper weight; trusting wholly to the satiny finish to make it salable. When the sale of silks depended upon their real worth only worthy qualities were to be had; but now, when anything under the name of silk can be sold, every grade of the goods is alike put forward by the dealers.

The $2 American silk, which is objected to by many because it resembles a nice poplin more than a fine silk, is the most serviceable and thoroughly satisfactory made in the country. It can be washed like a piece of white cloth, and seems never to suffer from the ordinary exigencies of apparel. We know a lady who wore one five years, and during that period had it subjected three times to the wash-tub.

The American silks which come at $2.50, $3.00, and even as high as $3.50 a yard, we believe, have the foreign virtue of a smooth finish; but with the virtue have, perhaps, some of the foreign vices as well.

Besides these different qualities of dress-silks, there are made in this country beautiful foulards, both plain and twilled; soft twilled silks, such as heretofore have been chiefly used for neckties, but which will be widely employed for trimming and drapery the coming season, gros-grain ribbons, black and colored beltings, white and colored silk handkerchiefs, and numerous other articles.

Homekeeping versus Housekeeping.

THE truest homes are often in houses not especially well kept, where the comfort and happiness of the inmates, rather than the preservation of the furniture, is first consulted. The object of home is to be the center, the point of tenderest interest, the pivot on which family life turns. The first requisite is to make it attractive, so attractive that none of its inmates shall care to linger long outside its limits. All legitimate means should be employed to this end, and no effort spared that can contribute to the purpose. Many houses called homes, kept with waxy neatness by painstaking, anxious women, are so oppressive in their nicety as to exclude all home-feeling from their spotless precincts. The very name of home is synonymous with personal freedom and relaxation from care. But neither of these can be felt where such a mania for external cleanliness pervades the household as to render everything else subservient thereto. Many housewives, if they see a speck on floor or wall, or even a scrap of thread or bit of paper on the floor, rush at it, as if it were the seed of pestilence which must be removed on the instant. Their temper depends upon their maintenance of perfect purity and order. If there be any failure on their part, or any combination of circumstances against them, they fall into a pathetic despair, and can hardly be lifted out. They do not see that cheerfulness is more needful to home than all the spotlessness that ever shone. Their disposition to wage war upon maculateness of any sort increases until they become slaves of the broom and dust-pan. Neatness is one thing, and a state of perpetual house-cleaning quite another.

Out of this grows by degrees the feeling that certain things and apartments are too good for daily use.

Hence, chairs and sofas are covered, and rooms shut up, save for special occasions, when they are permitted to reveal their violated sacredness in a manner that mars every pretense of hospitality. Nothing should be bought which is considered too fine for the fullest domestic appropriation. Far better is the plainest furniture, on which the children can climb, than satin and damask which must be viewed with reverence. Where anything is reserved or secluded, to disguise the fact is extremely difficult. A chilly air wraps it round, and the repulsion of strangeness is experienced by the most insensible.

There are few persons who have not visited houses where they have been introduced to what is known as the company parlor. They must remember how uncomfortable they were while sitting in it; how they found it almost impossible to be at ease, and mainly for the reason that their host and hostess were not themselves at ease. The children were watched with lynx eyes, lest they should displace or soil something; so that the entertainment of friends became very much like a social discipline. They must recall, too, how sweet the fresh air seemed out-of-doors, and how they inwardly vowed, in leaving that temple of form and fidgetiness, that something more than politeness would be required to incite them to return.

Home is not a name, nor a form, nor a routine. It is a spirit, a presence, a principle. Material and method will not, and cannot make it. It must get its light and sweetness from those who inhabit it, from flowers and sunshine, from the sympathetic natures which, in their exercise of sympathy, can lay aside the tyranny of the broom and the awful duty of endless scrubbing.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

The New York Central Park.

SINCE the articles on the New York Central Park were written, the ill news has come to us that Mr. Stebbins, who has so long been President of the Central Park Commission, has resigned his position, and that his resignation has been accepted. This is an event to be seriously regretted, and it cannot fail to be regretted by all who know how well Mr. Stebbins has filled the difficult post of President, and how much he has done toward making the administration of the Park what it has been, the one thing in our city government which decent citizens could contemplate with honest satisfaction. But it makes those who have the interests of the Park at heart still more uncomfortable to know the reasons why Mr. Stebbins has resigned the Presidency. It is, purely and simply, because he is tired of fighting with the politicians. These men were battering at his door night and day, in season and out of season, crying like the daughters of the horse-leech, "Give! give!" They want places for their friends, and they demand them as a right; they insist upon being paid in kind, as it were, for their services in getting the party into power that gave the new Commissioners their places. It is an open secret that there has been a steady fight with the politicians ever since the Park was created, and that they have not been kept at bay without much labor and sorrow. But, until the Ring got into power, they were kept at bay, and the Park was perhaps the only public department in America where politics were forbidden to enter. No man was ever appointed to any place in the Park service, from the lowest to the highest, from political consideration; and so far as human power could avail to make it so, the politics of the men employed in the works were as free from interference or dictation as those of any other private citizens. We believe all the Commissioners were united in the endeavor to keep the record clean in this respect. With Messrs. Olmstead, Vaux and Green, this was a religion, and the record of their administration is an honorable exception to the usual history of such affairs in our country. Then there came a melancholy break when the Ring burst in and trampled with their hoofs over the Central Park and its orderly government, and broke down the palings and made room for all the rest of the unclean herd. We had hoped there had been a recovery, but it seems not: another set of men have taken the place of the fellows who are hiding from justice, and are doing all they can to drag the Central Park down to a level with all our public administrations. We wish Mr. Stebbins could have felt strong enough to go on fighting them to the end, for they must be fought if we would preserve the Central Park for the people.

Huxley's Addresses.*

IT may seem paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, that a mind which is singularly affirmative, not to say positive, in one direction, is often at the same time as singularly negative in another direction. A mind which sees certain truths, or supposed truths, with unusual clearness, and is willing to accept these truths upon even a slender basis of testimony, is often disposed to reject truths of a different order, even when these are supported by a broader foundation of evidence. At the present moment modern science, though we may reasonably hope that the tendency is not inherent and ineradicable, undoubtedly tends to produce minds which are thus lop-sided and unequal, and it may fairly be said that few more prominent and

* *Critiques and Addresses.* By Thomas Henry Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

striking examples in point could be selected than the eminent author of these critiques and addresses. Though he explicitly rejects "Materialism" as a creed, and with the utmost contempt and scorn defines "Positivism" as "Catholicism minus Christianity," he yet accepts thoroughly and ardently the doctrine of Evolution in its most "advanced" form, and accepts it not only as being probable but as being proved; whilst he turns a dull and indifferent eye upon the higher order of spiritual truths, and declares these to be so shadowy and unsubstantial as not even to merit serious investigation. From an ideal point of view, such a state of things must be abnormal and unnatural; and instead of being really the product of the highest civilization, it is truly a proof that the intellectual development of the race has for a time outstripped the spiritual development.

However, from a different and more restricted point of view, we are all mere intellectual machines, all more or less imperfect, but some much more elaborate than others; and it is not easy to find a machine capable of performing more than one kind of work, supposing that work is to be of a high order. In judging of such a man as Huxley we may fairly take this ground, as being probably the one upon which he would himself prefer to be estimated. Bearing this in memory, and not expecting from our machine work for which its construction unfits it, it is the mind of an intellectual giant with which we are brought into contact in the pages of these for the most part well-known critiques and addresses. "Not one but all mankind's epitome," one cannot but regard with astonishment the varied intellectual acquirements of this most strenuous worker and most powerful writer. The mere enumeration of the essays which compose this remarkable volume—and we have hardly room for more—will bear out this assertion; and their careful perusal will conclusively prove that it is not exaggerated. Everywhere we meet with detailed knowledge of the most dissimilar subjects, with the keenest and most subtle logic, a biting and caustic sarcasm, relieved by a playful and genial humor, a fearless expression of opinions which the writer believes to be true, and an unquestionable reverence for human nature and love of his fellow-creatures, which wants but an abiding faith in the great truths of Christianity for its perfection. It must be added in fairness that opponents are sometimes treated, no doubt unconsciously, with hardness if not with injustice—great skill in fencing infallibly predisposing to the use of foils with the button off—and that there is marked tendency to the acceptance of extreme views upon subjects regarding which much difference of opinion still subsists.

The first two essays in the volume present to us Professor Huxley as a politician in the highest sense of which this term is capable. One of them, entitled "Administrative Nihilism," deals with the much-vexed question of the true functions of the State, more especially as regards the expediency of State education. The practical good sense of this country has long ago decided in favor of State education, and it is, therefore, unnecessary to say that all Americans must agree with the main conclusions of the writer on this question. We would, however, recommend a careful perusal of the final passages of this powerful essay to those who have been accustomed to regard the name of Huxley as significant of unbelief, skepticism, and materialism. That he is not a "believer" in the ordinary sense of this term is sufficiently certain; but the groundwork of the highest morality is in him who sees that "the highest, as it is the only permanent, content is to be attained, not by groveling in the rank and steaming valleys of sense, but by continual striving towards those high peaks, where, resting in eternal calm, reason discerns the undefined but bright ideal of the highest Good—'a cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night.'" Noble words, though but partially embodying the truth, and not spoken, we may be sure, without their being felt.

The second essay, on the English School-boards, and the third, on Medical Education, are especially directed toward institutions which exist in Britain, and do not specially concern us, though there is much in the latter which might well be taken to heart by those who discharge the important function of educating the medical men of the future. The fourth essay, entitled "Yeast," appeared in the *Contemporary Review*, and obtained such notoriety that we may conclude that most of our readers are already acquainted with it. Leaving out of sight the vast amount of reading of which it is an evidence, it is chiefly remarkable for a somewhat ungenerous attack upon Dr. Hutchison Stirling, the well-known Hegelian, who had replied to Prof. Huxley's celebrated lecture on "the Physical Basis of Life" by an elaborate critical lecture, subsequently published under the title of "As Regards Protoplasm." Most unprejudiced readers will have arrived at the conclusion that in this controversy Dr. Stirling had clearly the best of it; and it may be questioned if Prof. Huxley has bettered his position by the rough handling to which he subjects his adversary in the present article.

Lectures the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth treat respectively of the Formation of Coal, of Corals and Coral Reefs, of the Methods and Results of Ethnology, and of some Fixed Points in British Ethnology; and none of these require further comment, beyond saying that they are admirable examples of the popular treatment of scientific subjects. The ninth lecture is a celebrated one, being the "Anniversary Address to the Geological Society of London for 1870," and treating of the bearing of Paleontology upon the Doctrine of Evolution. Being himself a pronounced evolutionist, Prof. Huxley endeavors in this essay to bring together all the leading paleontological facts which in his opinion favor evolution, and nothing could excel the clearness of his argument so far as it goes. We fancy, however, that not many paleontologists are prepared at present to accept the conclusions here arrived at. So far, at any rate, as the doctrine of Evolution is

synonymous with the Darwinian theory of the origin of species, we fail to see that any favorable arguments can be drawn from the science of Paleontology. The Darwinian hypothesis demands the existence in past time of a *graduated* series of types intermediate between existing forms. But, even in the case of the genealogy of the horse, and *a fortiori* in all other cases at present known to us, no such graduated series can be shown to exist or to have at any time existed. We do know, thanks to recent discoveries, many and striking links between Reptiles and Birds, but assuredly, in this as in other cases, we know of no such intermediate series of transitional forms as would in any way support the Darwinian theory. Evolution may have been at work; but, if so, it has been a kind of evolution which has not as yet been dreamed of in the philosophy of the Darwinian school.

The tenth essay, though certainly not such pleasant reading, is almost as famous as the ninth, and deals with those who have criticised Mr. Darwin's doctrines, and more especially with Mr. Wallace and Mr. Mivart. Into the merits of the controversy between the latter and Prof. Huxley we shall not enter; it being, in our opinion, sufficient to indicate that Mr. Mivart stands in the astoundingly anomalous position of being at the same time a well-known scientific observer, an advocate of the general doctrine of evolution, and a Roman Catholic by religion. As regards Mr. Wallace's argument that if man be descended from the same stock with the monkeys, it is inexplicable that the brain of the savage should be so large and well developed, Prof. Huxley seems to us to put himself into a fatal dilemma. He asserts, namely, that the brain of savage man is *not* disproportioned to his requirements, as Mr. Wallace states, because savage life requires great intellectual activity, and "the intellectual labor of a 'good hunter or warrior' considerably exceeds that of an ordinary Englishman." If this be so—and we are delighted to believe upon such high authority that it *is* so—what becomes of the doctrine so persistently harped upon by so many Darwinians that the lowest races of men are little elevated above the highest monkeys? Surely, it is not merely human vanity and arrogance which makes us think that even an "ordinary Englishman," with all his imperfections, is of a different and higher order than the Chimpanzee, the Gibbon, or the Gorilla?

The eleventh essay is in many respects one of the most remarkable in the book, but anything like adequate criticism of it would demand a special article. It is professedly a review of Dr. Ernst Haeckel's *Natural History of Creation;* but it has much more of Huxley in it than of Haeckel. We cannot criticise it now, and, indeed, its real date of publication (1869) is so old that criticism is almost superfluous. We note in it with regret the extent to which the author has been led by his preconceived opinions to accept in their entirety theories which are at best but theories, and which are as yet supported by few facts, and these certainly capable of a different explanation. We had not thought that the Doctrine of Design, for example, was so wholly dead, that it could reasonably be said that the belief "that the eye, such as we see it in man or one of the higher vertebrata, was made with the precise structure which it exhibits, for the purpose of enabling the animal which possesses it to see, has undoubtedly received its death-blow." Nor do we think that "the fundamental proposition of evolution," as defined in this article, can, upon the most favorable showing, be regarded as anything more than an unproved and probably unprovable hypothesis.

The last essay in the work, on the metaphysics of sensation, and especially on Bishop Berkeley's views on this subject, we are still less inclined to criticise. It may be regarded as an exposition of the author's views as to the relative position held by the schools of Idealism and Materialism respectively. If obliged to choose between absolute Materialism and absolute Idealism, Professor Huxley explicitly states that he would choose the latter; and though we cannot but welcome such a powerful adherent, we do not clearly see how any form of Idealism can be practically reconciled with the theory of Evolution in which our author is such a firm believer. To the study of this problem, and to the earnest perusal of this earnest and genuine book, we relegate our readers, firmly convinced that there is no nature strong enough to maintain its own equilibrium in the face of even the highest authority, but will be materially benefited by being brought into intellectual contact with such a fearless and independent mind.

"Literature and Dogma."

READERS of *The Cornhill* of two years ago will remember the beginning of Mr. Matthew Arnold's new book (J. R. Osgood & Co., publishers), which was first published in the pages of that magazine, and somewhat abruptly left unfinished. The continuation and conclusion, which now at last, after a long delay, are furnished, will sadly disappoint those whose expectations were based on the first chapters. So far as the book is a protest against a narrow and "proof-text" style of interpreting the Scriptures, it is a book deserving of praise for its good intention; but even then we may well dread an ally so savage in his sarcasm, so destructive in his negations, and so lacking even in good taste, as Mr. Arnold shows himself. "*Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis,*" is the cry with which we read his most readable pages. Surely one can hold Mr. Arnold's main position—that the Bible needs a broader and more literary style of interpretation than it has ever yet received at the hands of dogmatic commentators, without jumping at all his radical conclusions, which have sometimes an ugly pantheistic look, and sometimes a well-nigh blasphemous and brutal tone. In the interests of truth, and even of courtesy, we can only hope that his present temper may not be of long continuance. It is easy for a critic to fall into such

temptation that he becomes a literary Ishmaelite, "his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him,"—and it looks as if Mr. Arnold had not prayed sufficiently to be delivered from that evil!

In spite, however, of all the grave objections to the book, both in regard to its statements and its temper, —objections so serious as to make its general circulation undesirable,—it is easy to see how it may be useful. Over-emphasized as it is, the main position of the book—the premise on which all its argument and statement rests—is most important. An improved method of scriptural interpretation,—more free and broad, and, to use the word which Mr. Arnold gives us,—more *literary*,—is fundamental to all other improvements in Christian theology. We may thank Mr. Arnold for compelling our attention to a truth of such immense practical importance. Moreover, there is on almost every page some felicity of literary style, or some profound suggestion of thought, for which the judicious reader will be deeply grateful.

"Scottish Chap-Books." *

MR. FRASER gives in this little volume a novel and entertaining account of the literature that circulated among the lower classes in Scotland during the last half of the eighteenth century. He prefaces it by a hasty but sufficiently accurate sketch of the habits of a rude and isolated population, neglected by government, and repressed by puritanism. With public amusements frowned upon, and intercourse almost impossible, owing to the primitive state of roads and conveyances, the wandering peddler or chap-man became the connecting link between these secluded rustics and the outer world. Not the least welcome part of his pack consisted of the broadsides and coarse penny prints containing ballads, stories, and satires, which supplied the only intellectual food known to his customers. These chap-books were of great variety. Some were historical or biographical, giving metrical accounts of events old and recent, and of the lives of heroes, sacred, profane, or felonious, in a wonderful medley. Others offered manuals of instruction for various homely arts, or the solaces and promises of religion, in doggerel verse or rough prose. Others again were romances, either founded on national tales, or borrowed from the great repertory of unfathered legends as old as the race and common to all mankind. But whatever their subject, they were all coarse, vigorous, and humorous, often sharply satirical, and always intensely Scotch in their filling up of incidents and manners. Many of the more popular ones took the form of dialogue, presenting wonderfully fresh and natural descriptions of persons and customs. To these primitive communities the chap-books were what the newspapers of our day would be to our rural neighborhoods, if reporters were natural poets and dramatists.

As reflections of a past time, these collections would be invaluable, had not the more genuine portion of them in their original form been allowed to perish through neglect. Filling up the interval between Allan Ramsay and Burns, otherwise barren of literary production, these homely educators both influenced and revealed the popular mind and feelings. They were the only literature known to the middle and lower classes in Scotland. They were universally diffused, and in the most effective form and manner, those of quaint rhyme and dramatic recitation by the minstrel-peddlers, who thus became at once schoolmasters and recorders for the time. The authorship of the greater part of this fugitive literature that remains extant is ascribed to Dougal Graham, a bellman of Glasgow, a natural humorist of uncouth but genuine power, whose name this tribute will keep unforgotten. Scott confessed himself indebted to these classics of the vulgar for many a stroke of manners and thread of legend; and Motherwell did not think them unworthy of the attempt to preserve and classify their remains. In the interest of curious research it is to be hoped that Mr. Fraser will perform the promise he holds out of further exploration in this original field, and will add to the few specimens he gives us of these quaint and pungent relics of popular literature.

Hamerton's "Intellectual Life." *

IT seems easy to give the advice to learn what is fittest, to learn that thoroughly, and to learn nothing besides. This has often been done already, both in particular and general ways, and if that had been Mr. Hamerton's only aim, we should still have to thank him for a book full of wise direct counsels, enforced by acute applications. In choosing for his work the frame of fictitious letters, addressed to persons imagined like the real ones with whom his experience has brought him in contact, he avoids didactic formality, and follows his subject with natural ease through its relations to the various conditions of life. But his object is not merely to point out what kinds of knowledge are serviceable for different kinds of men, and which are the best ways each may take for gaining that kind which he requires. He explains why it is well to have knowledge at all, not because it is power, but because it is delight. Its aspects and uses as an instrument are subordinated to its worth as the satisfaction of a divinely-given instinct. For its own sake it will be sought by many, and should be sought by all, and the purpose of the book is to show the errors to be shunned, and the helps to be used, if we would make the search its own sure reward. The distinction is made between the intellectual man and the merely learned man, and the intellectual life described as flowing from a sort of virtue which delights in vigorous and beautiful thinking, just as moral virtue delights in vigorous and beautiful conduct, and as consisting

* *Scottish Chap-Books.* By John Fraser. New York: Henry L. Hinton.

* *The Intellectual Life.* By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

mainly in a constant preference for higher thoughts over lower thoughts. But as the intellectual life is never on all points perfectly in accordance with man's instincts, it is always a contest or a discipline. The art or skill of maintaining it consists chiefly in compelling every circumstance and condition of our lives to yield us some tribute of intellectual benefit or force. These clearly-stated, simple truths are then applied to the different classes of men, and used to demonstrate the elevating proposition that any mind of large natural capacity, without regard to its amount of information, may reach the state in which it seeks earnestly and habitually for the highest and purest truth.

The treatment of the matter is of course discursive, since its plan ranges through all conditions of life, as age, sex, health, or social position determines them, and fragmentary, because no symmetrical arrangement of such materials is possible. But the main thought is kept steadily in view, under the different lights in which it is presented, and enforced with a wealth of illustration and apt anecdote. Of course, many of the so-called social problems and questions of the day attract incidental consideration. Without discussion or decision, they are treated as elements of opinion and prejudice with regard to their effect in furthering or disturbing the search for knowledge or truth in any given case. Thus the letters upon women and marriage arrive at no choice between the differing views of the equality of the sexes, but dwell on the influence over the intellectual life which either supposition, if proved to be true, would exert. Yet while leaving the conclusion of the controversy to each one's individual conviction, they state its present aspect and the reasons why it is in debate with great clearness and a strong leaning toward the generous side. So the letters which find occasion to speak of religion carefully mark the dividing line between it and philosophy. They frankly declare that the religious life and the intellectual life are quite distinct, and that it is disingenuous to call philosophy the religion of the intellectual. The religious life is founded upon authority, the intellectual life upon personal investigation. The difficulty of the intellectual life is, that whilst it can never assume a position of hostility to religion, it is nevertheless compelled to enunciate truths which may happen to be in contradiction with dogmas received at this or that particular time. Yet we are not on that account to restrain the spirit of investigation, which will always lead ultimately to truth. The state of modern thought in this respect is well illustrated by the anecdote of the erection of a monument to Copernicus at Warsaw in 1829, when a scientific society waited in the Church of the Holy Cross for the sanction of a religious service, but waited in vain, no priest appearing to countenance a scientific discovery once condemned by the spiritual power.

Another striking letter, addressed to a conservative, and defining the power to regulate morals exerted in our day by spiritual authority and by public opinion respectively, should be read in connection with the chapter which enlarges upon disinterestedness as the essential virtue. To be ready to accept the truth, even when it is most unfavorable to ourselves, is a mark of intellectual strength and openness rare among most classes and professions, yet more common now than in the past. It is an approach on the part of the individual toward that *altruism* which Spencer insists on as the term of human improvement. It falls in with that truer public opinion of modern times, eloquently adduced by Littré as the proof that "humanity growing ever better, accepts more and more readily the duty and the task of widening the domain of justice and good-will." There is a chapter of sensible suggestions for economizing time, and another, its proper complement, on the value of occasional idleness, illustrating that "immortal sentence" of Claude Tillier, expressing a dangerous doctrine, but one full of intellectual truth, that "the best-employed time is that which one loses." One letter explains the paradox involved in congratulating a friend on his miserable memory, by dwelling on the advantage of a memory that selects and rejects, instead of storing up promiscuously, and condemns the patent systems for improving that faculty by cultivating absurd associations of ideas closely allied to a common form of insanity. An admirable chapter is that on the counterbalanced effects on the intellectual life of newspapers. It enlarges on the false emphasis they give to mere novelty, the wasteful uselessness of their constant speculations on the near future, their controversial unfairness which pains and humiliates the cultivated reader. Against these it sets the considerations that they are the daily house-talk of mankind, that their rough common-sense keeps the mind out of isolation, and sympathetic with the interests and ways of thinking of ordinary men, that their spirit is alive and modern, and that though their work is neither complete nor orderly, it is the fresh record of the mighty drama of the world.

Many other letters and detached passages would repay meditation on the sound sense and experience they embody. Thus the impatience in intellectual work felt by amateurs and men of temporary purposes, and the imperative need of continuity and deliberation, are strikingly expressed in the saying, which might have a far wider application, "You cannot take a bit out of another man's life and live it, without having lived the previous years that led up to it, without having also the assured hopes for the years that lie beyond." So too the lines addressed to an English democrat are full of grave matter for thought, generalizing as they do in a manner that recalls the broad philosophy of De Tocqueville, upon democratic intolerance of dignity and compulsion to uniformity in mental views as in manners. Indeed, there is scarcely a page without some thought new in its turn and application, if not of original substance, or some sprightly illustration or anecdote. And such is the variety of subjects touched upon in the book, and the ingenuity with which they are all attached to its thread, that it may be opened almost at random with the

certainty of finding something to attract and instruct.

"Ups and Downs." *

MR. HALE carries us back thirty years in American history to gain a rather clearer field, in the beginnings of out-western civilization, for illustrating his belief that "the man who always does the duty that comes next to his hand finds that the world needs his help as much as he needs to help the world." This manly, common-sense faith leavens all the crotchety forms in which the author likes to throw out ideas in his writings, for the sake of drawing our attention to it. It is put forth in the didactic tone Athens usually adopts when she condescends to speak to Bœotia and the rest of the republics; but for all that the story is lively and true, and ranges through most of the diversities of American social life in the youth of this generation. It detects the romance of every-day existence, while bringing together, and parting, and reuniting young people of very different origin and ways, as occasions naturally spring from the changing incidents that affect a mixed and restless population in a new country. A Harvard collegian, losing his fortune, learns a trade, and falls in love at Detroit with a German girl, who returns to Hamburg in pursuit of an East Indian inheritance, fascinating and refusing an agreeable Englishman on the way. No one regrets that the oriental vision fades, and she comes back to join her humble fortunes to those of her constant lover, turned editor. The subordinate romance between his Norwegian apprentice and the pretty Manito schoolmistress is still more naturally and cleverly worked out. The shiftless, abstracted German papa of course plays his part—mostly a musical one—and the swindling German merchant, with his coarse wife, helps out the situations and the contrasts; nor does native shrewdness, both in its honest and dishonest works, miss recognition.

The difference existing between even so near a past and our present is very well sustained, except in one or two minor points, at which the author fails through carelessness or overdrawing. He forgets, in making Jasper say, not more than twenty-seven years ago, of a time just preceding, "there was no attorney then at what is now Chicago," that the city, when incorporated thirty-six years ago, held more than a dozen lawyers. If he chooses to overlook Memphis and New Orleans in speaking of New York, at the same period, as the worst city in America—well, probably we owe that to invincible Athenian habit, with a bit of exaggeration not far from Cretan in this instance.

There is another difference between that time and our own worth developing more fully. In a story of action, not reflection, like this, which brings the lives of its personages into incidental connection with so many others, an art of epitomizing biographies is required for the satisfactory explanation of these touch-and-go influences. Mr. Hale is very skillful in this art, and employs it well in the few sentences which give a *résumé* of Dr. Withers's work and power. "At five-and-fifty he was a good deal younger than he had been at five-and-twenty." His moral qualities and his observation had preserved his freshness. But something of that sympathy with his juniors must have been due to material circumstances which have ever since tended with greater force to lessen the difference between old and young. Apart from the change in manners which has suppressed reverence, the greater freedom of intercommunication, and the fact that the same subjects are brought home by the press to minds of every possible degree of maturity, and are considered and discussed by them in common, have aided in effacing the distinction between juniors and seniors, and equalizing the ages of this generation. It is worth considering what the effect of this continuing process may be upon the next, in promoting unity and coherence in the mental labors of mankind.

* *Ups and Downs.* By Edward E. Hale. Roberts Brothers.

NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Anæsthesia by Cold.

THE question of the existence of separate conductors for impressions of touch, tickling, pain, temperature, and for the muscular sense, was originally broached by M. Brown-Séquard, who brought much pathological evidence to bear upon the point.

A series of researches has just been published by Dr. A. Horvath, of Kieff, which give some support to Brown-Séquard's theory, so far as impressions of pain are concerned. Dr. Horvath states that, having been engaged in some investigations upon the effects of cold on frogs, he was struck with the fact that, although immersion of the hand in ice-cold water soon produced intolerable pain, no pain was experienced when it was plunged into alcohol, even though this might be several degrees below the freezing-point of water (—5° C.). Further experiments showed that ice-cold glycerine was equally ineffective in producing pain; whilst cold ether, on the other hand, caused severe suffering, and mercury was still less easily borne. The curious point about these experiments was, however, that when the finger was plunged into cold alco-

hol, although the sense of pain caused by cold appeared to be deadened, the finger was perfectly sensitive to even slight contact of another body or to pressure, and yet more, pricking with a needle to a degree which produced considerable pain in any of the other fingers was only perceived as a simple contact on the one immersed in cold alcohol. Thus it was apparent that, whilst the sense of pain for mechanical injury and for cold was abolished, the tactile sensibility of the skin was retained. Dr. Horvath suggests that the explanation may be found in the power of alcohol to withdraw water from the nerve-tissue, or perhaps in its capability of inducing temporary coagulation of the nerve-substance.

Some interesting points are opened by these researches, and it would be important to know how far cold alcohol might be applied to alleviate the pain of wounds and especially of burns. Dr. Horvath states that in one or two instances of slight degrees of burn that have occurred to himself and in his friends he has found it has a remarkably calmative effect, the pain almost entirely disappearing, and the subsequent progress of the case being singularly favorable. He suggests that the fatal termination of the severer cases of burn, which is generally attributed to the depression produced by the pain, might thus be prevented. —*Lancet.*

Wines in Fevers.

In a recent work on the use of wines as medicine Dr. Robert Druitt says: One of the important medical uses of the Bordeaux wines is to relieve the restlessness, nightly wandering, and thirst of the exanthemata, and especially of scarlatina and measles in children. If a child is very stout and red-lipped I should not press the use of wine during the first day or so: neither, in fact, need one *press* it at all. Mix one part of pure Bordeaux wine with one or two of pure cold water, according to the patient's age, and let him drink it at night *ad libitum*. I know of no diaphoretic, saline, or sedative, so admirably adapted to allay the miserable wandering, the headache and thirst of scarlet fever. In measles, as soon as the rash becomes dusky, Bordeaux wine allays the great restlessness. This, be it observed, is not a treatment founded on any hypothesis that alcohol is a good aliment for the nervous system, but on observation of facts at the bedside.

Original Research.

The Editor of *Nature* urges the necessity for the endowment of institutions of research, and the proper remuneration of the men engaged therein. The dearth of original investigation in England he attributes to the greater attractions offered by professional life. "A glance," he says, "at the condition of things in France and Germany, will strengthen this view. Why was Germany, till lately, the acknowledged leader in all matters connected with the advancement of knowledge? Because there were no such brilliant and highly-paid careers open there as here to those who choose politics, the bench, the bar, or commerce, in preference to science. And what is happening there at present? a decline visible not alone to the far-sighted, because Germany is getting rich as England has long been rich. Why is France now endowing research on a large scale, and even proposing that the most successful students in her magnificent Polytechnic School should be allowed to advance Science as state servants? Because in France there is a government instructed enough to acknowledge that a decline of investigation may bring evil to the state, and that it is the duty of the state to guard against this condition of things at all cost."

Identity.

The Lancet, in discussing the question of identity, says: The difficulties of proof and the dangers of making positive assertions as to personal identity have again been shown by the extraordinary mistakes which have occurred in relation to Mr. Robinson, whose attack of delirium tremens has thrown his widow into weeds and his friends into mourning. When Mr. Robinson disappeared six weeks ago, a body found in the Thames, near Greenwich, was identified as his beyond, it would have seemed, a possibility of doubt. The deceased not only resembled Mr. Robinson in general configuration, but a tuft of hair on the forehead, his baldness, his dress, a scar on the right leg, an overlapping tooth, together with the positive assertions of his wife, his servant, and a friend who had known him twenty-six years, left no doubt in the minds of the coroner's jury that the body had been properly indentified. All writers on medical jurisprudence recognize the occasional difficulties of identifying dead bodies. This is due, it is said, to "a peculiar change" which comes over the features after death. The mistakes, however, are obviously caused, not by any change of features, but by the absence of all that enables us to recognize a living man—expression, voice, gesture, and the like. The late Lord Mansfield, in the celebrated Douglass Peerage case, said that, in an army of a hundred thousand men, every one may be known from another. This may be true of living men, but we strongly suspect that amongst the dead upon a battle-field the mistakes as to the identity are numerous, though such mistakes would of course be easily remedied. The resemblance of separate features of individuals is usually tolerably strong, and the difference in the noses, eyes, lips, etc., of the average of mankind (except of course in such cases as Socrates, the late Duke of Wellington, and the race of Hapsburg), is not such as to enable us to swear positively to identity.

With regard to "change of feature" after death, we have heard, on undoubted authority, a curious account of a gentleman who was killed some ten or twelve years since in a railway accident. A friend went to recognize the body, which he was enabled to do by the striking resemblance which the features of the deceased gentleman bore to those of his sister, a resemblance which was not recognizable during life. The face

had received a squeeze, and had been somewhat distorted, and in this way a latent family likeness had been developed.

Electricity.

IN a recent work on electricity by Professor Jenkin, the author tells us that there are now two sciences of electricity—one that of the lecture-room and the popular treatise; the other that of the testing-office and the engineer's specification. The first deals with sparks and shocks which are seen and felt, the other with currents and resistances to be measured and calculated. The popularity of the one science depends on human curiosity; the diffusion of the other is a result of the demand for electricians as telegraph engineers.

A writer in *Nature*, in reviewing this book, remarks: It is not without great effort that a science can pass out of one stage of its existence into another. To abandon one hypothesis in order to embrace another is comparatively easy, but to surrender our belief in a mysterious agent making itself visible in brilliant experiments and probably capable of accounting for whatever cannot be otherwise explained; and to accept the notion of electricity as a measurable commodity which may be supplied at a potential of so many Volts at so much a Farad, is a transformation not to be effected without a pang. The distinction between free electricity and latent, bound, combined, or dissimulated electricity, which occurs so frequently, especially in continental works on electricity, is not, so far as we can see, even alluded to in these pages; so that the student who takes Professor Jenkin as his sole guide will not have his mind infected with a set of notions which did much harm in their day. On the other hand, terms which are really scientific—the use of which has led to a clearer understanding of the subject—are carefully defined and rendered familiar by well-chosen illustrations.

Suppression of Scent in Birds.

MR. TEGETMEIER says, in a discussion of this curious subject: The pheasant, from nesting on the ground, is peculiarly exposed to the attacks of four-footed or ground vermin, and the escape of these and other ground-nesting birds and their eggs from foxes, polecats, hedgehogs, etc., appears at first sight almost impossible. This escape is attributed by many, possibly by the majority of sportsmen, to the alleged fact that in nesting-birds the scent which is given out at other times is suppressed: in proof of this statement the fact is adduced that dogs, even those with the keenest powers of smell, will pass within a few feet, or even a less distance, of a nesting pheasant without evincing the slightest cognizance of her proximity, provided she is concealed from sight. By others this circumstance is denied; they reason that it is impossible for an animal to suppress the secretions and exhalations natural to it—secretion not being a voluntary act. I believe, however, that the peculiar specific odor of a bird is suppressed during incubation, not, however, as a voluntary act, but in a manner which is capable of being accounted for physiologically. The suppression of the scent during incubation is necessary to the safety of the birds, and essential to the continuance of the species. I believe this suppression is due to what may be termed vicarious secretion. In other words, the odoriferous particles which are usually exhaled by the skin are, during the period of incubation, excreted into the intestinal canal, probably into the cæcum or the cloaca. The proof of this is accessible to every one: the excreta of a common fowl or pheasant ordinarily have no odor like that of the bird. On the other hand, during incubation the excreta of the hen have the odor of the fowl, but greatly intensified and similar to that developed during roosting. By this vicarious secretion the ground-nesting bird becomes scentless, and her safety and that of her eggs is secured.

Larvæ.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK states that the form of the larvæ of insects depends very much on their mode of life. Thus, he says those larvæ which are internal parasites, whether in plants or in animals, are vermiform, and the same is the case with those which live in cells, and depend on their parents for food. On the other hand, larvæ which burrow in wood have strong jaws and generally somewhat weak thoracic legs; those which feed on leaves have the thoracic legs more developed, but less so than the carnivorous species.

In the case of the sitaris, which is a parasite on the anthophora, M. Fabre finds that the eggs are laid in the galleries of the hive and hatched in September or October, the young larvæ remaining *in situ* without food until April following; they then throw off their lethargy, but instead of devouring the honey, as he expected, they turn away from it and are unable to deal with it. Proceeding to a more careful examination of the matter, he discovered that the males of the anthophora emerge before the females, and as they pass through the galleries the sitaris larvæ fasten upon them. From the male the larva passes to the female bee when the opportunity offers, and as the latter lays her egg and fastens it up in a cell with honey, the sitaris larva attaches itself to the egg, which floats on the surface of the honey. Almost at once the larva commences to devour the egg-raft on which it is resting. On this it feeds for about a week; it then undergoes its first metamorphosis in the empty shell, and, making its appearance in a very different form, feeds on the honey. This consumed, other transformations take place, and the perfect sitaris finally emerges in August.

Habits of Wild Rabbits.

MR. WILLIAM EARLEY relates the following observations on this subject: As is well known, the doe rabbit does not produce her young in any ordinary rabbit-warren, but invariably selects a quiet, out-of-the-way situation wherein to form a nursery for them. Now the reason for this peculiar practice has always been attributed to the fact that they leave their legiti-

mate homes at this all-important period, simply because the male parents invariably destroy the offspring if an attempt be made to breed them in the permanent warren. I incline to believe we must look elsewhere for the explanation.

A close atmosphere seems all important to their development, as the old doe rabbit not only denudes her breast of its natural fur covering wherein to ensconce them warmly all around, but also closes up the usual entrance to the nursery firmly, even patting the soil down to exclude the colder outer air. In due time, as the young increase in size, she makes air-holes, commencing with very minute ones, which are gradually enlarged as the inmates gain strength and size.

The Sulphites in Intermittent Fever.

DR. G. FARELLI thus sums up the results of the experiments hitherto made on the use of sulphites and hypo-sulphites in intermittent fever:—1. It is not shown that intermittent is of a zymotic character. 2. The sulphites, in many cases, cure intermittent fever, though their action is not so rapid and constant as that of quinine. 3. Their mode of action seems to depend on their reductive rather than on their antifermentative power. 4. The only result really due to them, and established by a number of accurate observations, is the greater rapidity with which they seem to combat abdominal phenomena. 5. Their protracted use brings on a certain degree of anæmia. 6. They have no prophylactic power, as has quinine. 7. They are less efficacious than chinchona and its preparations, and should only be used when these have failed. 8. They are not as efficient as arsenic in the treatment of miasmatic fevers.

Scientific Expeditions.

No less than seven scientific expeditions are now investigating the condition and products of our western territories. The first is the International Northern Boundary Commission, which is surveying the line of the forty-ninth parallel. The second is examining the line of the Northern Pacific Railway, and includes a body of 2,000 troops, under the command of Colonel D. N. Stanley. The third is that of Prof. F. V. Hayden, who continues his work of past years, starting from Denver. The fourth is that of Lieutenant George M. Wheeler, which is divided into four parties, and gives its attention chiefly to the regions about New Mexico and Arizona. The fifth is that of Major J. W. Powell, on the Colorado river in Utah. The sixth, that of Captain Jones, from Cheyenne, along the Ward river mountains. The seventh that of Mr. William H. Dall, in Alaska. In addition to these, Mr. Clarence King is reviewing a portion of the work on the line of the fortieth parallel, on which he has been engaged for many years past.

The Brain and Education.

M. PAUL BROCA publishes a series of researches he made some years ago upon the relative size of the heads of the infirmiers and of the internes of the Bicêtre. He gives a series of comparative measurements, which he contrasts with those obtained some years ago by Parchappe; and he believes he has demonstrated that, on the one hand, the cultivation of the mind and intellectual work augment the size of the brain; and, on the other hand, that this increase chiefly affects the anterior lobes, which he regards as being the seat of the highest faculties of the mind. Education, he remarks, does not only render man better, and enable him to make the best use of the faculties with which he is endowed, but it possesses the wonderful power of making him superior to himself, of enlarging his brain and perfecting its form. Those who insist that education should be given to all have both social and national interest to support them; but if the brain really enlarges with education there is an additional motive—the evolution of the human race.—*Lancet.*

Alternation of Generations.

IN an article on the Metamorphoses of Insects, Prof. Lubbock says: The caterpillar owes its difference from the butterfly to the early stage at which it leaves the egg; but its actual form is mainly due to the influence of the conditions in which it lives. If the caterpillar, instead of changing into one butterfly, produced several butterflies, we should have an instance of alternation of generations. Until lately, however, we knew of no such case. Each larva produced one imago, and that not by generation, but by development. It has long been known, indeed, that there are some species in which certain individuals remain always apterous, while others acquire wings. Many entomologists, however, regard these abnormal individuals as perfect, though wingless insects; and, therefore, though these cases appear to me to deserve more attention than they have yet received, I shall not found any argument on them.

Recently, however, Prof. Wagner, of Kazan, has discovered that, among certain small gnats, the larvæ do not themselves directly produce the perfect insect, but give rise to other larvæ, which undergo metamorphoses of the usual character, and eventually become gnats. His observations have been confirmed, as regards this main fact, by other naturalists; and there can, I think, be no doubt that they are in the main correct.

Here, then, we have a distinct case of alternation of generations, as characterized by Steenstrup. Probably other cases will be discovered, in which insects, undeniably in the larval state, will be found to be fertile. Nay, it seems to me possible, if not probable, that some larvæ which do not now breed, in the course of ages may come to do so.

Agency of Insects in Obstructing Evolution.

IN a paper read before the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia, Mr. Thomas Meehan remarks: It has fallen to my lot to observe that art

has not so much to do with garden variations as is generally supposed. Variations in nature are as great as in horticulture; and the florist's credit is chiefly due to the preservation of the forms which unassisted nature has provided for him. It was at one time part of the essential idea of a species, that it would reproduce itself. If any variations occurred in nature, it was taken for granted that seedlings from this variation would revert to the parent form. But it is now known that the most marked peculiarity in variation can be reproduced in the progeny, if care be taken to provide against fertilization by another form. Thus the blood-leaved variety of the English beech will produce blood-leaved beeches; and as I have myself found, by experiment, the very pendulous weeping peach produces from seed plants as fully characteristic as its parent; and when the double-blossomed peaches bear fruit, as they sometimes do, I have it on the authority of a careful friend, that the progeny is double, as its parent was.

Since, then, varieties once evolved reproduce themselves from seed, why does not some one of the *Linarias*, which has been struck off into a distinct mould, reproduce itself from seed, and establish, in a state of nature, a new race, as it would do under the florist's care? Why, for instance, is there not a spurless race? The humble-bee furnishes the answer. They, so far as I have been able to see, are the only insects which visit these flowers. They seem very fond of them, and enter regularly at the mouth, and stretch down deep into the spur for the sweets gathered there. The pollen is collected on the thorax, and, of course, is carried to the next flower. The florist, to "fix" the form, carefully isolates the plant; but in the wild state a spurless form has no chance; the bee from the neighboring flower, of course, fertilizing it with the pollen from any of the other forms.

If there were no bees, no agency whatever for cross-fertilization, nothing but the plant's own pollen to depend on, there would undoubtedly be races of this linaria, which again, by natural evolution at times changing, would produce other races, and in time the difference might be as great as to be even thought generic. But we see that by the agency of the humble-bee the progress of the newly-evolved form is checked. The pollen of the original form is again introduced to the offspring, and it is brought back at least half a degree to its starting-point.

Memoranda.

M. P. Bert suggests that the evil consequences to men and animals of a sudden change from a compressed atmosphere to one of normal pressure is owing to the conversion of the dissolved nitrogen of the blood to the free state. The gas thus set free, by occupying the capillary vessels of various organs, obstructs the circulation in these vessels. If the quantity is small, it tends to act in the lumbar region and on the spinal cord, causing softening of the cord and paraplegia. If it is large, the lungs are obstructed and the action of the heart interfered with.

In 1867 M. Rabuteau announced that the poisonous power of the metals was greater as their atomic weights were higher and their specific heats lower. He now shows that the atomic weights of calcium and potassium being nearly the same, the toxic effects produced by injecting similar solutions of their salts into the blood are also the same, both acting as poisons to the muscles and causing death by arrest of the action of the heart when administered in sufficient dose.

Nature records the death of the wasp rendered famous by Sir John Lubbock in his address at the meeting of the British Association last year. "It slept away as it were on February 20th last, first the head dying, then the thorax, and then the abdomen." The remains are deposited in the British Museum.

Professor Mayer describes in *Silliman's Journal* a new device for showing the movements of the galvanometer on a screen.

M. M. Becquerel finds that during rainy seasons the temperature of a soil covered by vegetation is about one degree centigrade lower than that of a naked soil, the temperature being taken at a depth of about eighteen to twenty inches. He explains this difference by the fact that the roots of the plants mat the soil together in such a manner that the rain, which presents the same temperature as the air, cannot permeate the soil covered by vegetation as readily as it does that which is free from roots.

By the use of thin leaves of steel in the construction of artificial magnets, M. Jamin has so increased the carrying power of these magnets as to construct one weighing about four and a half pounds, which could carry a weight of ninety-nine pounds. The great advantage to be expected from this discovery is the reduction in the weight of the magneto-electric machines of all kinds, and especially of those employed in the production of light.

Dr. J. R. Lewis, of the Sanitary Commission in India, states that in all the cases of chyluria he has examined, minute active worm-like creatures were found in the blood.

M. Champouillon recommends the use of the silicate of soda in the treatment of all superficial wounds and abrasions of surface. It acts, he says, not only as an antiseptic, but also protects the surface from the action of the air and of any germs it may contain. He also states that excellent results have followed its use as an injection in cases of ulceration or purulent discharge from all mucous membranes. The strength of the solution is to be varied according as it is applied to the skin or to cavities lined with mucous membranes.

M. E. Decaisne has collected observations on thirty-four drinkers of vermouth and eleven kinds of the

preparations of different prices. His deductions are as follows: 1st. It is made of certain tonic or bitter herbs and white wine, and is a powerful excitant. 2d. It produces the ordinary effects of alcohol, and also originates serious disorders of the digestive and nervous systems. 3d. As in the case of absinthe, the evil consequences of its use are to a great extent owing to the sophistications to which it is subjected. 4th. As in the case of bitter wines, as the wine of quinquinia, it should be only used medicinally, and vermouth even of the best quality should not be used continuously, merely to stimulate the appetite.

The construction of the breakwater at Alexandria involves the labor of over two thousand Arabs, assisted by a dozen locomotives, several hundred trucks, forty other steam-engines both stationary and moving, a dozen lighters, six steamers, and an immense floating steam-derrick. The breakwater is composed of blocks of concrete, each of which weighs twenty tons, and it will consume in all about 35,000 of these blocks.

The most accurate estimates state that China possesses coal-fields to the extent of over 400,000 square miles, one province (Shausi) having no less than 31,000 square miles with veins from 12 to 30 feet in thickness.

A firm is at present engaged in Berlin in manufacturing ozonized water for medicinal purposes. From the prevailing opinion, which is not altogether without scientific probability, that the sanitary effects of sea-air are to be ascribed to its relatively great proportion of ozone, the enterprise of the manufacturers will most likely be rewarded by a considerable demand for the substitute they offer. (Journal Franklin Institute.)

The span of the great Rotunda of the exhibition building at Vienna is over 110 yards, or double the size of the dome of St. Peter's, at Rome.

Perhaps no greater injury has ever been done in horticulture than the recommendation by inexperienced writers of *chip manure* as a dressing. Its danger arises mainly from its ready disposition to spread fungi, which inevitably arise in soils naturally a little moist and tenacious. When once formed, such fungi spread with astonishing rapidity, totally preventing growth, and finally killing the plants. (*Horticulturist.*)

It is stated by Mr. Robert S. Gregg that the echoes in buildings may be broken or destroyed by stretching fine wires across the rooms in which they exist. According to the experiments related, care must be taken not to use too many wires, or the necessary resonance of the sounds will also be destroyed.

The Zoölogical Station at Naples has already commenced its career of usefulness by sending specimens of Mediterranean animals to different universities and laboratories in Europe. Among other instances of the kind, specimens of Amphioxus have been received as a charged letter-parcel at the London Crystal Palace Aquarium.

To carry out the designs of the International Metric Commission, ingots of pure iridio-platinum alloy were recently cast in the laboratory of Sainte-Claire Deville. The President of the French Republic and several of the ministers assisted. The ingot weighed about twenty pounds, one-tenth being iridium.

A consignment of Russian sheet iron has been sent to Liverpool from Pittsburgh. It appears that this variety of iron can now be manufactured here and sent to England at a cheaper rate than it can be made in Russia. (*American Manufacturer.*)

Professor Young recommends the use of ruled gratings in observations upon the chromosphere of the sun.

Dr. Elsner of Berlin has exposed wrought iron to a temperature of 3,000° C. for several hours. On removing the porcelain crucible in which it was contained from the fire, the cover was found to be dotted with minute needles of metallic iron, thus showing that at very high temperatures iron is volatile.

It is stated that the use of tar as a preventive against potato disease is attended with the most satisfactory results.

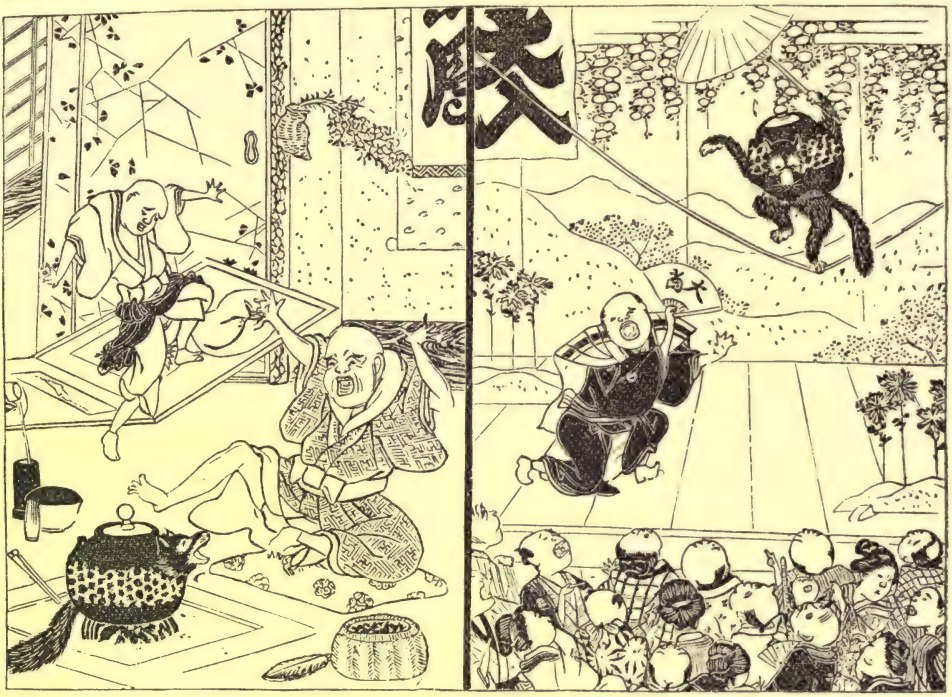
M. Janssen proposes two methods of quantitative spectroscopic examination, which are to be used together. One is to measure the intensity of the bright lines produced, the other is the determination of the time required for the complete volatilization of the substance.

The use of volcanic ashes is recommended in the treatment of diseases of the vine.

M. Goubareff relates that at the summer resorts in Russia the vapor-baths are in small houses constructed for this purpose, and they are only warmed when the baths are to be used. One of these bath-houses was crowded with flies in August, and in October they passed into the state of hibernation. On the 3d of January and the 15th of February the house was warmed for the use of the bath, and on each occasion the flies came out, and were as active as on a summer day. He therefore concludes that these insects have the power of assuming the torpid state at least three times in one season.

In place of steam or hot-water baths in the treatment of rheumatism, hot sand is recommended as not being subject to the objections to which steam and hot water are liable.

"Embryology is especially valuable for the light it throws on the more ancient forms of the primordial period; by it alone do we learn that these primitive forms must have been simple cells, similar to eggs—that these cells, by their segmentation, their conformation, and their division of labor, have given birth to the infinite variety of the most complicated organisms"



The Accomplished and Lucky Tea-Kettle.*

A LONG time ago, at a temple called Morinji, in the province of Jôshin, there was an old tea-kettle. One day, when the priest of the temple was about to hang it over the hearth to boil the water for his tea, to his amazement, the kettle all of a sudden put forth the head and tail of a badger. What a wonderful kettle, to come out all over fur! The priest, thunderstruck, called in the novices of the temple to see the sight; and whilst they were stupidly staring, one suggesting one thing and another another, the kettle, jumping up into the air, began flying about the room. More astonished than ever, the priest and his pupils tried to pursue it; but no thief or cat was ever half so sharp as this wonderful badger-kettle. At last, however, they managed to knock it down and secure it; and, holding it in with their united efforts, they forced it into a box, intending to carry it off and throw it away in some distant place, so that they might be no more plagued by the goblin. For this day their troubles were over; but, as luck would have it, the tinker who was in the habit of working for the temple called in, and the priest suddenly bethought him that it was a pity to throw the kettle away for nothing, and that he might as well get a trifle for it, no matter how small. So he brought out the kettle, which had resumed its former shape, and had got rid of its head and tail, and showed it to the tinker. When the tinker saw the kettle, he offered twenty copper coins for it, and the priest was only too glad to close the bargain and be rid of his troublesome piece of furniture. But the tinker trudged off home with his pack and his new purchase. That night, as he lay asleep, he heard a strange noise near his pillow; so he peeped out from under the bed-clothes, and there he saw the kettle that he had bought in the temple, covered with fur, and walking about on four legs. The tinker started up in a fright to see what it could all mean, when all of a sudden the kettle resumed its former shape. This happened over and over again, until at last the tinker showed the tea-kettle to a friend of his, who said, "This is certainly an accomplished and lucky tea-kettle. You should take it about as a show, with songs and accompaniments of musical instruments, and make it dance and walk on the tight-rope."

The tinker, thinking this good advice, made arrangements with a showman, and set up an exhibition. The noise of the kettle's performances soon spread abroad, until even the princes of the land sent to order the tinker to come to them; and he grew rich beyond all his expectations. Even the princesses, too, and the great ladies of the court, took great delight in the dancing kettle, so that no sooner had it shown its tricks in one place than it was time for them to keep some other engagement. At last the tinker grew so rich that he took the kettle back to the temple, where it was laid up as a precious treasure, and worshiped as a saint.

* We take this story and native illustration from Mitford's *Tales of Old Japan*.

JOHN ROGERS'S STATUETTES.

THE famous old king who saw a man sitting under a tree, with a book in his hand, and a face resplendent with smiles, rightly conjectured that he was reading Don Quixote. Had he lived in this generation, and seen the crowds of radiant faces which, during a certain week last Spring, came and went at an art-window on Broadway, he must have lost half his intuition if he could not have guessed that, somewhere within, beaming with life and making the most different natures kin in admiration of it, was another new group by Rogers. Gathered around this one window was the very cosmos of the street, forming a scene in which the student of caste and the comparative physiognomist would have been equally at home. Here the Bowery trod half-

maliciously upon the toes of Murray Hill; the dilettante peered curiously over the shoulder of the connoisseur, and the vagrant pin-vender, in ragged and faded calico, edged up past the silks of ladies whose liveried footmen waited for them at the curb. At one side of the window a cockney caught a delightful view with an eyeglass, and obscured an equally delightful one with a sun-screen; over there was a literary man with a trademark of MSS; yonder a knot of Spanish officers from a vessel in the bay, and an errand-boy with parcels which were evidently overdue; while on the outskirts business men loitered on the way back from lunch, and one talkative young-fellow from Hoboken remarked that he had seen Jefferson, and was reminded of him by the Rip Van Winkle groups.

We have passed and repassed the same window twice a day since that week, but have not seen the equal of those crowds. "Hero and Leander," "Marguerite in Prison," Müller's "Holy Family," and a whole gallery of Madonnas have been since displayed, but they do not seem to touch the great popular heart, or, at least, to retain their hold upon it, as did these little mauve-colored figures of Rogers.

As we have hinted, here were the inimita-

ble Rip Van Winkle pieces, now so familiar to American homes, the legend of which, handed down by an American trio—historian, actor and artist—will doubtless eventually supplant the exotic fictions of Crusoe as the supreme story for the future American boy. At one side stood the *genre* sketch of "Courtship in Sleepy Hollow," with its quaint suggestion of little Dutch goblins and vaned-and-gabled architecture. In the center of all, as it was also the center of attention and remark, was "The Favored Scholar," the last and, in many respects, the best of the sculptor's work. The master, young and susceptible, is engaged in the explanation of some complex problem for a pretty pupil at his side, who, by her "coy and furtive graces," is leading him into something more complex than mathematics. In front of the desk, on a well-whittled bench, sits a mischievous urchin—probably placed in this conspicuous position for endeavoring to solve the relations between experimental philosophy and paper wads. He knows well enough who it was that brought the bunch of lilacs on the teacher's desk, and, by means of unwearied grimaces, and a fantastic draping of his ears with shavings, is doing his worst to distract her attention, which is riveted intently on the master's figures. Nature evidently designed this boy for the pictorial press, as witness his ingenious cartoons of "Old Switchum," done with a jack-knife on the front of the desk.

And what is it in these diminutive pieces that gives them this magnetism for the popular heart? Judged by the canons of the schools, they are not high art, though tried by the ca-

nons of the soul, they are. The distinctions of past ages very properly deny them a place beside the Venus de Milo or the Apollo Belvidere; nor do we know of any one who aspires to catalogue them there—last of all, their author. They have not that splendid classic ideality in them to which we must climb up by dint of the lore of the schools before we can fully appreciate it; but they have, as Robert Collyer once said, "enough of the ideal to exalt the actual, both in the idea and the embodiment." They cannot be compared with the results of that marvelous and prolific period of the Renaissance, because the two differ as widely and radically as the genius or methods of Burns and Homer, or Hogarth and Raphael; and indeed in

very much the same respect, since it has been to find broader and deeper channels in our ordinary human nature that Mr. Rogers has so consistently steered clear of the schools. Their narrowness would require a higher order of mind than his, but it would also hedge in his ideas and cramp their development. As it is, he is a rival to the memory of no man, because his field and genius are unique. His business is not with the grand conceptions of an ancient epic, nor with the vagaries of an effete mythology, but with the salient features and changing moods of his own land and time. Having limited himself to this field, "a world is all before him where to choose," and the prolificness of his work—in which has lain his greatest danger—shows him to be as many-sided in his sphere as the great Goethe was in his. He has sounded almost the whole gamut of human feeling from tragic to grotesque, lingering longest on the middle notes of humor and pathos. History, fiction and the drama—most of all the drama of common life—have been full of suggestion to him, and he has been an attentive student of their lore. Best of all, he has had the good sense to confine himself strictly to the work he set out to do; in which respect he is a striking contrast to some of our excellent young artists, whose restless conceit is leading them away from past successes to ventures palpably beyond their depth.

In his subjects Mr. Rogers has not been at a loss for native material. The life he deals with is preëminently American, and needs no other indication of its habitat beyond his portraiture. His war-groups, generally regarded as his best, were the outcome of a patriotic nature untainted by any rancor of the conflict—a nature whose manly reverence for womanhood did not disdain to overstep the lines of sectional strife to find its subject. They have caught the characteristic shades of army-life, both light and somber, without, except in the remotest way, suggesting thoughts of a former foe. They are full of the spirit of a soldier, without the ephemeral feeling of a partisan, and therefore will last the longer, and have the truer honor while they last. In his home-pieces, the sculptor's quiet pathos—

which, though rarer, has some of the powerful touches of Dickens's finer moods,—and his delicate humor, always keen in its perception of the incongruous, have both materially assisted in the reaction toward the art-resources which are waiting under our own skies for sympathetic interpreters. Indeed, his whole strength of character has gone to help create for us an heroic age—not through an overwrought or quixotic spirit, nor, primarily, through glimpses of the glories of war, but by a sort of healthful and hopeful philosophy of life, which endears to us the most ordinary occasions and incidents.

In the matter of his exquisite grouping Mr. Rogers is almost alone. With the exception of a few pieces, such as "Cupid and Psyche" and the "Laocoön," in early times, and later, a few sculptors like Thorwaldssen and Canova, grouping, as a method of expression, has always been rare. Wherever it has existed, it has been busy chiefly with mythology and allegory. By this one man alone has the spirit of a social age been caught in statuary, and the thrill and identity brought out of its life-scenes without either warping the subject or spoiling the conception. There is no hint at isolation in his figures; they suggest one another as naturally as an angle does its complement. Nor is there any loss of individual detail in the gain, by grouping, of general effect; we are left no need to clamber up to the ideas of the artist, for they flash upon us electrically. To our thinking it is more than pantomime; it is almost colloquy in plaster!

So much interest has been shown in the manufacture of the groups, and so little information has been published on the subject, that a brief sketch of the process is here subjoined.

Starting with the ideas which have etched themselves upon the sculptor's mind, we find their first embodiment in moistened clay, the crudities of which rapidly disappear under the skillful manipulations of his moulding-stick. It is in the laborious working-up of this material that his power and patience are most apparent. Here it is, in fact, that he stamps upon them the imprint of his genius, and throws into them all that marvel of expression which delights our hearts, and that anatomical detail which has borne scrutiny so well. From the clay is taken a cast in plaster, which is finished by Mr. Rogers with the most scrupulous care. With the exception of his constant and conscientious supervision, there is now no longer any connection between himself and the groups as we see them. The plaster is sent to the foundry, where, at a great expense, it is cast in bronze, this cast being reserved by him as the model from which are made the future moulds for the reproduction of the design. Before leaving the foundry it is again finished by an experienced workman. So particular is Mr. Rogers about this portion of the process, that it is often four months before it is completed—although bronze is very susceptible to detail in casting; in which respect, indeed, neither plaster nor marble begins to compare with it—not a difficult fact to believe when one has seen the Amazon of Kiss at the entrance to the Berlin Museum.

In order to see the remainder of the process we must go to the factory, which (not

to be too definite), we will locate in, say, Hammer-and-Tong Street—a region of the metropolis suggestive of anything but art. Here, up two flights of stairs, in a little back room, are half a dozen clever workmen—Italians to a man,—to whom an apprenticeship to similar work in the land of the chisel has probably given a monopoly of this sort of thing. Scattered around the room are dismembered Rip Van Winkles, headless Scouts, and a generous distribution of fragmentary figures, in all stages of finish. In one corner is a quantity of what seem to be pottery relics from Golgos or the Nile, but which we are informed are plaster cases for the moulds. Each of these cases is divided into two nearly equal parts, within which the bronze cast is admitted and the interstices filled with liquid glue, which in the course of twelve hours congeals to the consistency of a rubber shoe. The case being now taken off, the glue mould is left, entirely covering the bronze. It is then cut open with a knife sufficiently to allow it to be pulled off the bronze (now no longer necessary, except for other moulds), and is restored to the case, the parts of which are bound together tightly by cord and rowel-pins, and all is ready for the final cast. Meanwhile the material of the groups has been mixed with water so as to make a thin paste, into which the coloring is introduced before casting. The case containing the mould is then inverted, and the mixture poured in, care being taken that it fills every niche and cranny. Wires are introduced to give strength to the frailer parts, and after half an hour's standing, the moulds are removed. The glue mould is a French invention, and possesses many advantages over plaster, requiring fewer pieces in the cast, and being elastic, so that it is removable without injuring any of the delicate surface projection. Each of the statuettes is cast in from three

to eight pieces, and in each piece, wherever the mould has before been cut, there will be more or less of a seam. It is the work of the finishers to remove all traces of these and any other blemishes formed in casting and joining, and to give the figures the final touches. The groups are detained a week in quarantine at the drying-room, and then taken for a week to the coloring-room, where they undergo a process which gives them their uniform clay-colored appearance, and hardens the surface so that they will bear washing as well as Parian itself. Last of all they are stored away in a capacious fourth-floor to await a market, or are carefully packed with sawdust in boxes made expressly for the purpose—so carefully, indeed, that, incredible as it may seem, not more than one in five hundred is ever broken in transit, such ones being always replaced by the sculptor.

We remember last Spring standing in front of the quaint old house at Sunnyside, and wondering that Irving is not classed with the poets. We have had much the same thought of John Rogers. He has all the feeling of a poet without the words of one, and for these we have the voices of his hand. His themes are those which poetry has delighted to touch in all ages. No Knight of the Round Table ever had deeper honor for womanhood than the officer in the war-sketch of "Taking the Oath." "The Fugitive," at the sight of which Sojourner Truth burst into tears, is full of the thoughts of Mrs. Browning's Slave-Woman at Pilgrim Point. The sprite of "The Fairy's Whisper" is one of Titania's own; while in "The Foundling" it would take but a little more despair in the woman to make Hood's great threnody appropriate to her.

Every one sees how excellent is the rendition of the legendry of Irving—especially in the vivid Rip Van Winkle groups, modeled from Mr. Jefferson. In fact, throughout the sculptor's entire repertoire the poetic nature is uppermost, standing for much that is good and characteristic in American life.

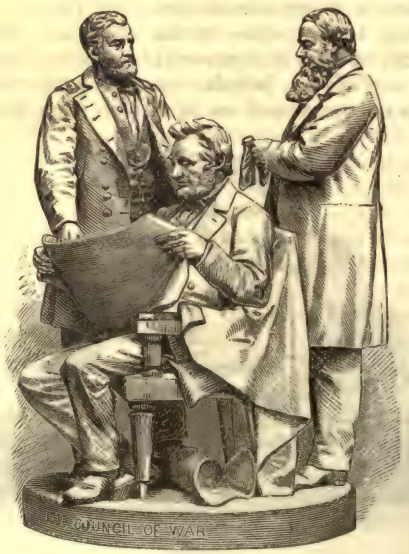
One of the highest things that can be said of Mr. Rogers is that he has given us, in "The Council of War," perhaps the best face, and we think certainly the best figure, of Mr. Lincoln, which we have yet had. Mr. Lincoln is notably the most difficult subject recently attempted in sculpture—a kind of touchstone to try every man's (and every woman's) work, whether it be art or artifice. The temptation is always to sacrifice historic accuracy for elegance of form and manner; it is so much easier and more in harmony with certain flimsy notions of what ought to be, to look up to a pigment of fancy than down to the hard lines of fact. We are glad, therefore, that Mr. Rogers has not belied his subject by engrafting upon him the airs of a courtier. We well know that the President was sent to school "to the necessities rather than the graces;" that

> "his brawny arms
> Had other work than posturing to do!"

and any conception of him that drops this great central fact out of its thought is unartistic and incomplete. Every rustic air, every awkward look was a premium on his honesty; and the American people, proud of Mr. Lincoln as he was, will not be flattered into accepting any false representation of him though it deify him.

The pose of Mr. Lincoln's figure has been the despair of artists. "Who is the sculptor of that blanketed Indian with his arm in a sling?" was an interrogatory at the foot of Union Square the other day. It was rather a severe way of putting it about any work of Henry K. Brown, one of the foremost sculptors of the New World; and yet, from one approach, there seems some basis for it, for, in addition to the native awkwardness of the subject, the attitude is faulty and the drapery not well chosen; but from a nearer front view this partly vanishes, and you begin to feel that there are power and expression in the fine face and head. Mr. Rogers has chosen a sitting posture for his hero—we wish Mr. Brown had done so,—and it is greatly enhanced by the size and the skillful surroundings which he has given it. We doubt whether he would succeed as well with a solitary full-length statue of the President, but we should expect of him no such blundering forgetfulness as that which elevates the wrong shoulder in a certain travesty of that great man at Washington.

Speaking of full-length pieces, we have recently seen in the plaster a life-size group, or rather a single figure, by Mr. Rogers, which is now being cast in bronze in this city, and which will probably be ready for the public by the first of December. It is fully three feet in height, and besides being suitable for the parlor, is intended, in the summer, for the lawn, the piazza, or other out-door position. In order to compass this design, the sculptor has made two valuable improvements in his work: a thin metallic base has been added to give increased stability to the figure; and by



a new process of hardening, the surface is made as impervious to rain and weather as any native stone. The new group has been christened "Bubbles." The study is of a merry boy seated upon the end of a rude door-step, with one bare foot resting on the lower sill and the other upon the ground, among clover and dandelions, and in his right hand holding up, to catch the shimmer of the sun, one of those ephemeral creations which cost so little and give such a world of ecstasy while they last. He is full of boyish glee, and so engrossed with his half-blown castle that he does not notice that the bowl of bubbling suds in his other hand is about to empty its contents upon the grass. Behind and under the boy is a timid mouse peeping out of a knot-hole in the pine, and watching him with an intenser interest than admiration.

The compass of the sketch is narrow, and its execution consequently the more difficult. There is no range of detail to rely upon for incident. Whatever of power it possesses is concentrated upon the figure of the child, whose abstraction of thought and unconscious admiration of the magic colors before him are deftly united in the expression of the face. The drapery—a loose blouse, belted at the waist, and open at the throat,—gives the artist much freedom in his work, and otherwise brings evidence of being well chosen. The poise is natural, and adds much to the strength of the piece. As a whole, the group—if we may call it such,—while not high nor deep in its idea, seems to us a clever stroke of representative work, fully equal to anything of the sculptor's in point of execution, and one which, though greatly tentative in point of size, will meet a reception by the public which will justify the production of others on the same plan.

While we have no doubt that the least worthy of Mr. Rogers's groups are those which were originally suggested to him by others, yet we cannot forbear, in conclusion, to venture the hope that he will yet enter one more realm—one which it strikes us would be remarkably congenial to his tastes and powers: we mean the character sketches of Dickens. It is true this is foreign to the scope of his previous labor, but after all it would be only a change of longitude to reach characters that are ours by naturalization if not by nativity. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that in this same studio we may some time clap delighted hands before the Captain of the Cautious Clara—wooden buttons and all—in some of his famous conversations with his laconic "shipmet" of the watch and hook; or love over again in plaster the very oddities of rough John Browdie and unintelligible Newman Noggs; or laugh our sides sore at the vagaries of the Wellers and the Club; or catch glimpses of a dozen skeletons over the shoulders of dear, devoted Traddles; or peep through the well-worn keyhole at Dick and the Marchioness at cribbage; or see, in this guise, some of the hundreds of scenes which, by their graphic detail and representative nature, are so admirably adapted to the purposes of popular sculpture.

Perhaps we are rash or premature with this cartload of suggestions. We only know that this is a field of surpassing promise for some Darley of sculptors, and that his work may here be readily verified. We care less who the man may be than that the work be done. Whether it be John Rogers or not, the Vasari of American artists will have these facts to record of him: that, professionally, his course has been a steady, independent development of an idea, without patronage sought or received; and that while his groups are teaching patriotism and integrity—without the least design of arrogating such a lofty tuition—he has put more manliness, and honor, and sympathy with men into his own life, proving, both personally and professionally, that "Art has a nobler mission than merely to tickle our fancy or amuse our elegant leisure."

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1874

A RARE CHANCE TO OBTAIN ROGERS'S GROUPS.

THE publishers of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY have made arrangements to supply Rogers's groups in connection with SAINT NICHOLAS, their new Illustrated Magazine for girls and boys, the first number of which will be issued next month—October.

Although the full details of the plan have not yet been matured, it will be such as to bring the groups within the reach of many who might otherwise be unable to purchase them. In this way, also, parents, teachers, and others may have the double opportunity of obtaining these unique and beautiful ornaments for the parlor, and at the same time doing a genuine service to their friends among the little folks, by sending them a wide-awake juvenile. Or the children may in this way quietly procure a tasteful holiday present for friends or teachers. Nothing could be more appropriate to a teacher than "The Favored Scholar," a picture of which will be found on the second page of the preceding article; and in the great variety of the artist's studies, there is something to suit almost every taste. The Christmas days will soon be here, and we give our subscribers and the public at large a substantial opportunity to "do a good deed by stealth and have it found out by accident." All who are interested in these charming pieces of American sculpture, as well as all who desire to forward the success of a bright and entertaining magazine for boys and girls, are invited to send for our Premium List, which will also include a few choice gift-books.

The publishers design to make ST. NICHOLAS the most attractive juvenile magazine in the world. It will aim at the same high degree of excellence in its own particular field as that which a wide and constantly increasing popularity testifies that SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY has attained. It will be the study of the editors and publishers to adapt it to the real wants and circumstances of the children. All things savoring of the impure or sensational will be carefully excluded, while everything that will help the young to form correct views of life will be eagerly sought after. The tone of the juvenile will be hopeful and earnest, and every page will be one in which the children can take a thorough interest.

The illustrations in ST. NICHOLAS will be a decided feature. We have already obtained a number of very beautiful sketches by noted American artists, and no pains will be spared to maintain a uniform excellence in this respect.

As the magazine will be sold only through the book-trade and to subscribers, it will be seen that our scheme of premiums is not designed for the professional book-agent.

We have named the magazine for St. Nicholas, the patron-saint of American children, and we would like to have every parent and teacher in the land who loves the little folks, and desires to place in their hands healthful reading for out-of-school hours, to take an interest in commending this enterprise to them in a practical way.

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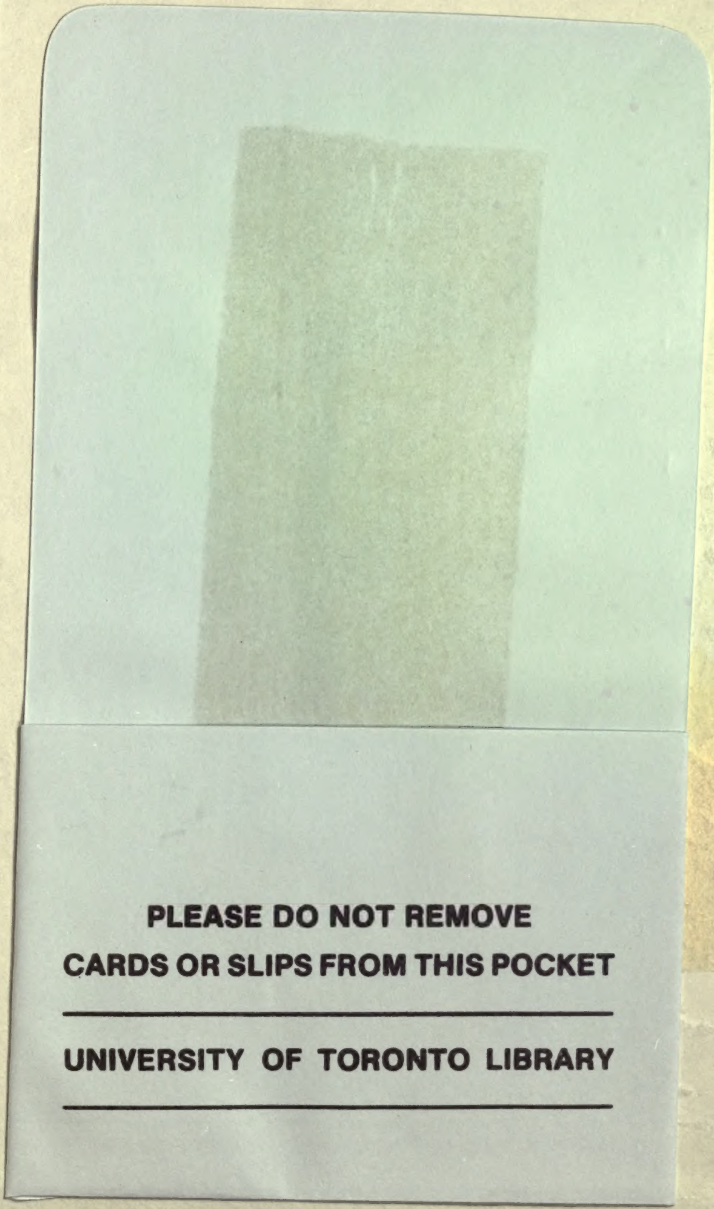
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